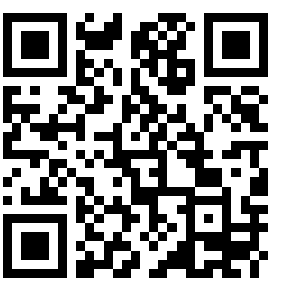
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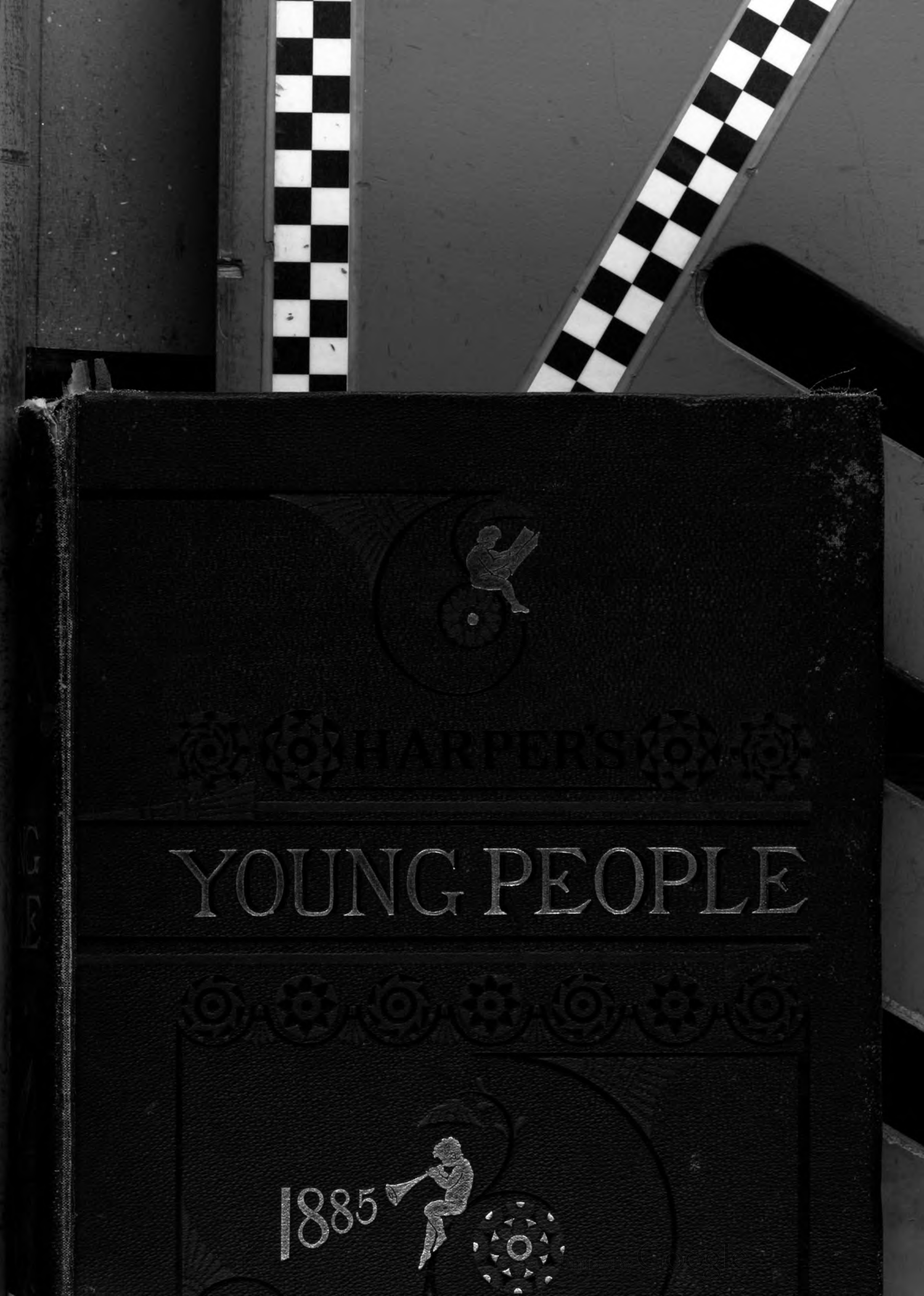
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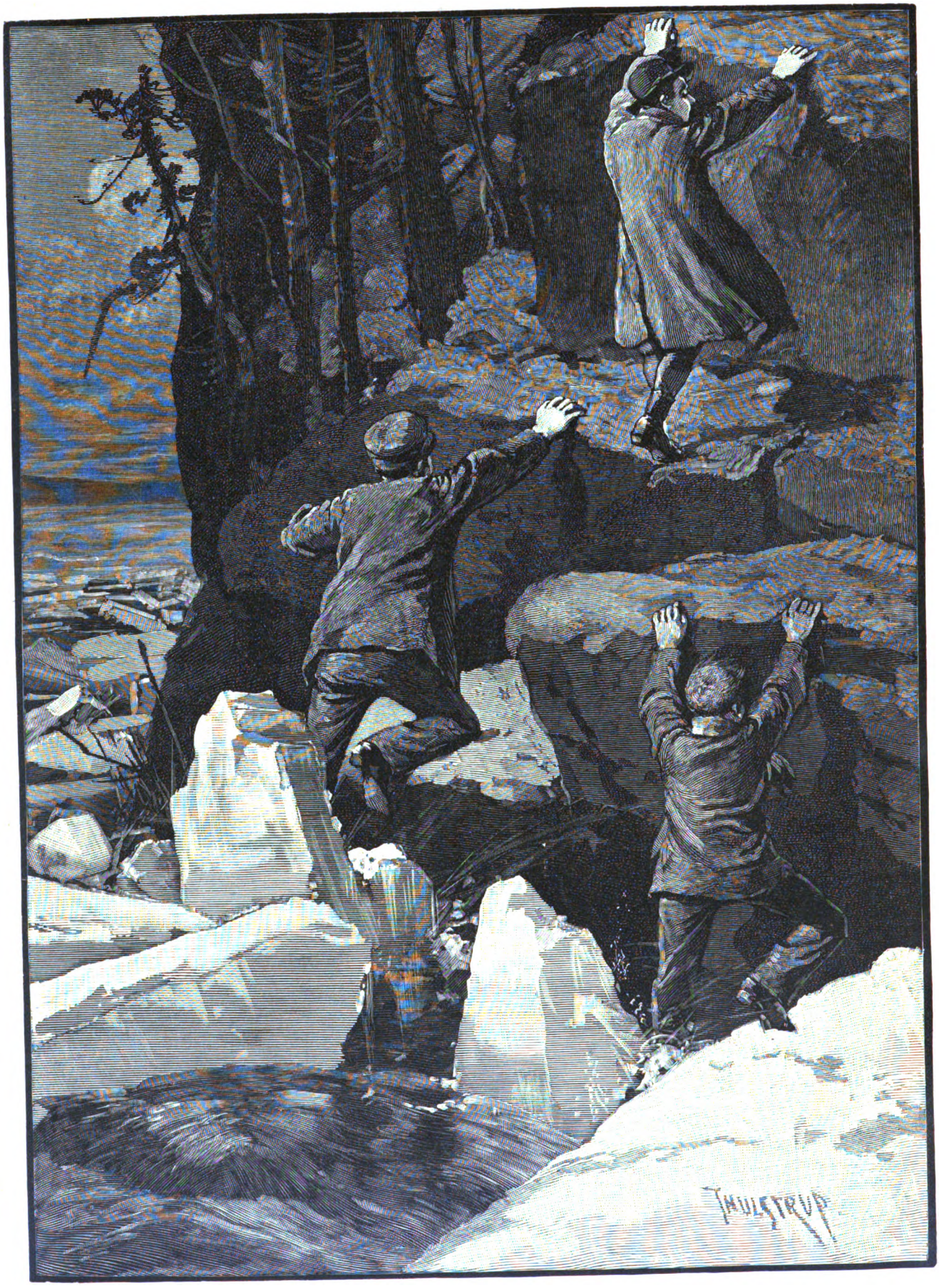
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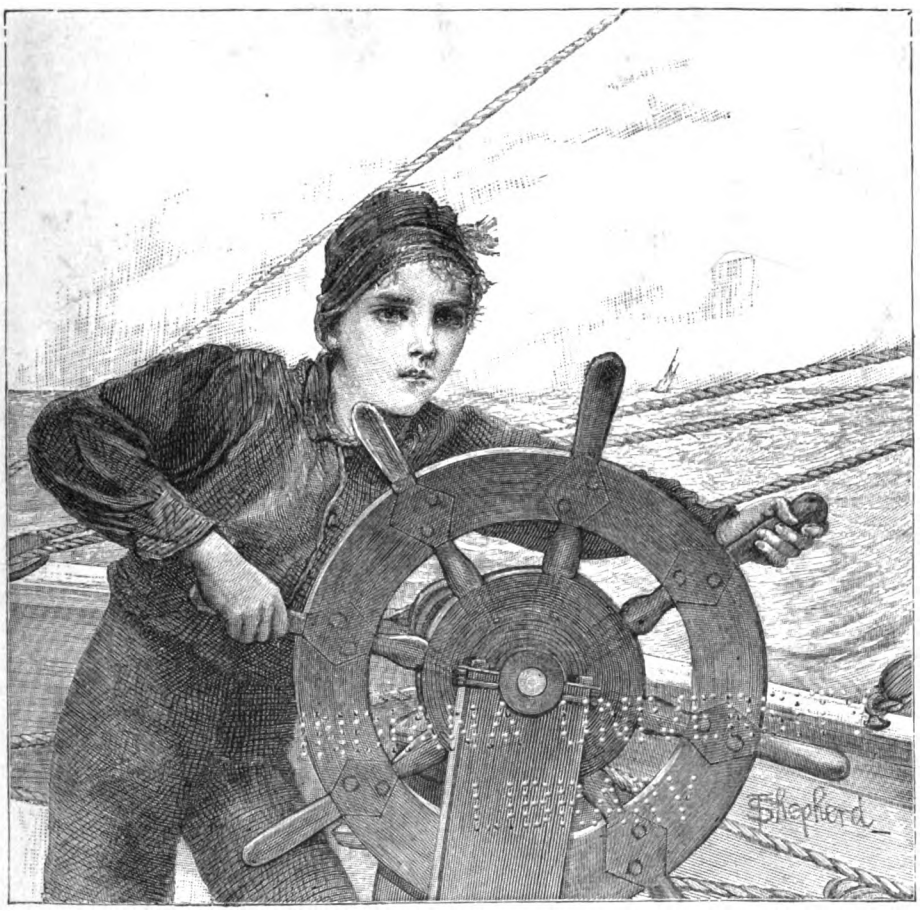
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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 262. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1884.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




THE INDIAN CHILD.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 2.


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## THE INDIAN CHILD.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

CHILD of pathless woods am I,
Where the mountain eagles fly,
Where the stealthy panther creeps,
Where the wolf a vigil keeps,
Tracking swift to nest and lair
Savage beasts or birds of air.
Child of pathless woods, for me
Naught is sweet as liberty.

I can wing the feathered shaft,
I can steer the pliant raft;
Patient all the day can go
On the trail of friend or foe.
Keen my eyes and strong my heart,
Proud I am to bear a part.
When the chase is wild and free,
There is happiness for me.

Simple is the faith I hold,
Taught to me by warriors bold.
Only women faint and sigh
When an enemy is nigh;
Only babies cry for pain:
Chieftains scorn a tear-drop's stain.
Far beyond this world is found
Many a happy hunting-ground.
The Great Spirit watches me—
I'm the child of liberty.

Hark! a rustle in the pines,
Where they stand in stately lines.
Look! a glimmer on the height—
Dawn arising out of night.
Better things one day shall be
For thy dusky race and thee,
Indian child, so sad and grave,
Boastful, ignorant, and brave.

## TEDDY'S CHRISTMAS, AND MINE, AND MOP'S.

BY MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

I'M only a boy of fourteen, and Pop tells me every day I'd better wait till I cut my wisdom-teeth before I pretend to know much. But if ever there was a real live hero, it was Teddy Maguire that morning when he braced himself against the fence and kept a half-dozen boys at bay. Two of them got all they wanted and ran off to school, but a third picked up a three-cornered bit of slate, and sent it whizzing through the air so that it struck Teddy in the forehead. He dropped like a stone, the blood streaming over his face.

I didn't know what to do, and stood looking sorrowfully down on my champion, when Mop crawled from under an old brush-heap, and began licking his master's face. Then I remembered that Pop always bathed mother's face with water when she had one of her fainting-fits. So I swung myself down to a pond, and was back again to Teddy in less time than it takes to talk about it.

For there's one good thing about a crutch—when a fellow gets used to it, he can make better time with it than other chaps can with two good legs. But it isn't much good in a fight. When that gang of rowdies pounced on me that morning and began going through my pockets, all I could do was to clench my teeth and wish I had only one good strong set of limbs to match against all of theirs. Hardly was the wish framed than I heard a wild whoop behind me, and Teddy came up, sweeping them off like a cyclone, while Mop bit at their heels and barked himself hoarse. But that bit of slate laid the hero low, and it was a long time before I could bring him round. From that day out Teddy and I and Mop were inseparable. Where you'd see one you'd generally see the others.

I knew the reason why mother backed me up in going with Ted. He was as strong as a young Hercules, and she was always thinking, she and Pop, of that cumbersome leg of mine. So she crowed over Teddy, and filled his pockets with goodies, and kept Mop for him while we went to school together; and all the way there Ted kept telling me how glad and thankful I ought to be to have such a beautiful, generous, high-toned, and altogether splendid woman for a mother.

Along that fall a lot of young goslings came out up at Granny Maguire's, and she didn't think they could live, because it was so late in the season. Granny Maguire was Ted's grandmother, and he lived with her. She coddled them night and day, and made more fuss over them than a little; and just as they got big enough to squeak, what did Mop do one fine morning but take them by their little fuzzy necks and sling them lifeless on Granny Maguire's bleaching plot! It wasn't Mop's fault. Granny said herself that those goslings were out of season. Mop knew well enough not to touch a gosling in the spring, but to hear them squeaking around in the fall was more than that dog could stand. Ted and I both agreed that nobody, let alone a dog, could tell a fall gosling's squeak from a rat's.

But Granny Maguire's heart was set on those miserable goslings.

"Wirra, worra!" she cried, wringing her hands over the fuzzy lumps that never would squeak any more. "Did that baste squeeze the life out of me darlints? Sorra the light of another day shall he see."

Ted didn't know what to do with Mop until his grandmother's wrath was spent, but I had plenty of pocket-money, and hinted to Ted that we'd better keep Mop out of the way for a while. I didn't know how Pop would like to have a dog around the house, so I thought we might better board Mop down to the dog-fancier's until the trouble blew over. His place was down-town, in a basement, and his name was Riggs. He was a short, thickset man, and wore a fur cap and red shirt the year round. He had all sorts of curious things there—dogs of every degree, and pigeons, and doves, and rabbits, and white-mice, and guinea-pigs, and parrots.

Ted and I used to love to go down and see how Mop was getting on; but we didn't keep him there long, because he took it so much to heart, and seemed to think he was in jail, or something. There was a gaudy peacock in the next cage to Mop that kept craning its head out of the bars, and Mop got so wild after a while with looking at it that he flung himself against the iron wires of his prison, fit to dash out his brains, and wouldn't eat or drink. Riggs said he'd get over it, but we didn't care to wait and see.

Granny Maguire wasn't one of that kind that turn a grudge over and hold it. She began to mourn over the loss of Mop, and couldn't do enough for him when he got home again. She said she was so glad the goslings were out of the way, for she was getting so stiff with the rheumatism that she couldn't have cared for them, and Mop was a rare good dog. She had a warm heart, and always looked on the best side, poor old Granny Maguire!

I'm getting on now to that curious Christmas present of Teddy's to my mother. It was strange how it all came about. Mother says there's a Providence in these things.

About the first of December Granny Maguire was taken down to her bed, and Teddy had to stay at home and take care of her. I couldn't get out to see Teddy very often. I never was strong in cold weather, and it worried Pop and mother to have me out of their sight. Since Ted was kept at home, they were always afraid some harm would come to me, and hadn't that faith in my sturdy crutch that had come to me through a long and close fellowship. It was the 23d of December, and a big snow-storm brewing, when a boy from Teddy's neighborhood called out to me that Ted wanted to see me that day sure, that something awful had happened; and all at once the boy blurted out, "Old Granny Maguire is dead!"

It seemed to me I should faint like mother did whenever she got a shock. I went out there as soon as I could, and, sure enough, there she lay, all white and still, the

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room tidied up and filled with neighbors, and poor Teddy sobbing his heart out in a corner, with Mop's head buried in his bosom. Teddy threw his arms about me, and we all cried together.

"I want you to do something for me, Reginald," said Teddy. "Poor Mop keeps howling whenever I let him out of my arms. To-morrow is the funeral, and I want everything quiet, out of respect to Granny; and if you'd just take Mop down to Riggs, and let him keep him till everything's over—"

Here poor Ted fell to crying again, and when I went away that afternoon I took Mop with me. First I thought I'd take him straight home with me, but Pop was queer about dogs, and I didn't want Pop to take a prejudice just then against anything connected with Teddy. So I took Mop down to Riggs's, and left him in his old cage.

Every boy knows how a mother can take the smart out of almost any kind of pain, and what broke my heart was that Teddy hadn't any mother, nor Mop either, for that matter; but I felt better as we talked everything over, mother and I, the next day. That night was Christmas-eve, and I began to watch for Teddy. He had promised he'd come to my house straight from the funeral, and Pop came home early, with his arms full of Christmas bundles, and Christmas wrinkles around his eyes that I was glad to see.

And though he didn't say anything when mother and I began talking about poor Teddy—how that he had no home and no people, and of all nights in the year how dreadful it must be to be shelterless and friendless on a Christmas-eve—Pop didn't say anything, but the Christmas wrinkles gathered about Pop's eyes; they ceased going up and down the columns of the newspaper, and kept stock-still, and we knew he was listening to every word that we said.

All at once there was a ring at the bell. I flew to the door, and Teddy walked past me into the sitting-room, holding what I thought was a big turkey by the legs. He was dressed all in black, with snowy-white collar and cuffs, and what with the sorrowful air about him and the way he was fixed up, if his Granny could have seen him she'd have been as proud of him as I was.

He made a low bow to Pop, and I saw Pop's Christmas wrinkles gather more and more.

Then turning to mother, Teddy said: "I've made bold to bring you a Christmas present, ma'am; and a very expensive one it is, for it's cost me everything I had left in the world." Here Teddy's voice trembled, and putting the fowl on the floor, he began untying a long parcel he had carried under his arm. "They say," said Teddy, "that ladies are fond of these things as ornaments"; and taking out a big bunch of peacock's plumes, he gave them to my mother. "And Reginald has read to me," said Teddy, "how that one of the finest dishes in the olden days was the brains of a peacock. Mop got his share of this luxury last night down at Riggs's, and he and I have had to pay pretty dear for it. The poor fool of a peacock kept craning her head out at Mop, and what with the grief and all, the poor dog went crazy. With one big effort he burst his bars, and snapped off the head of his enemy in the twinkling of an eye. After everything was paid out there, I had scarcely more than would pay Mop's board, and Riggs said I could have what was left of the peacock, and he'd keep Mop—" And here Teddy broke down and sobbed outright.

"Keep Mop!" cried I, almost bursting with rage and indignation. But Pop never said a word; he kept his eyes fixed on his newspaper, and after a while I couldn't stand it. I took Teddy up to my room. Pretty soon mother followed us, and there we sat mum as anything, for we didn't know what to do.

"Christmas-day, too!" says poor Teddy, choking down a sob; "it wouldn't seem to be quite so bad if it wasn't Christmas-time. To think of dear old Mop shut up in that cage all Christmas-day! I can't stand it, Reg. I'll have to go down there and stay with him."

"So will I," says I; "we'll both go down."

I asked mother if I couldn't go too, and she said, Yes, I might, if we didn't stay too long, and Ted and I hardly ate a mouthful of supper. Pop kept looking at us, but he never said anything. It was enough to make a boy not believe in Christmas wrinkles, the way Pop acted. So off we went down to Riggs's. The snow began to pelt down, the shops were all alive with Christmas things and Christmas people; but what was Christmas to Ted and me, with poor Mop lying in that dungeon cell? We slipped and slid almost all the way, but we might as well have stalked along like ghosts for all the fun there was in it.

When we got to Riggs's he was shutting up for the night, and the bolts and bars and everything made it more like a prison than ever, and when we got inside Mop scented us out, and began to yelp fit to break a fellow's heart. And we couldn't seem to make him understand that he wasn't to stay there alone all day Christmas. He was only a dog, after all, and I told Riggs it was cruel to take advantage of a poor dumb animal.

With that Riggs got mad, and swore we shouldn't come there on Christmas at all.

Teddy and I looked at each other, and couldn't believe our ears. "Oh, Mr. Riggs!" says Teddy, and, "Oh, Mr. Riggs!" says I, and we began to cling to his stiff old pilot-jacket; but he shook us off, and began to swear worse than ever. "If you won't get out o' here," says Riggs, "I'll put you out," and he took Ted by the collar with one hand, and me by the collar with the other hand, and was hustling us to the door, when suddenly it opened, and there stood Pop, holding the dreadful dead peacock by its legs.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Riggs!" says Pop; "how do you do?"

Riggs's hands dropped to his sides. Pop is a big man in our town. I flew over to Mop. "Your deliverer has come," I said, and began hopping about on my crutch for joy, while big, solemn, happy tears rolled out of Ted's eyes.

I know those Christmas wrinkles around Pop's eyes weren't for nothing; but Pop always has a majestic way of doing things that takes considerable time. We left the peacock with Riggs. Pop said in these times a peacock was like a lion, only to be respected when it was alive.

Besides, we had plenty without it for our Christmas dinner. It was a happier Christmas, far and away, than any Teddy and I had had in our lives. Pop says he'll take Teddy in his office and make a man of him. Teddy has got the same "beautiful, generous, high-toned, and altogether splendid" mother that I have now. And as for Mop, ever since Pop's talk with Riggs that Christmas-eve, he thinks he killed that peacock in self-defense.

## TWO ACCOMPLISHED LITTLE STRANGERS.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

PHUNGA and Quedah were little savages once, and ran wild in the mountains of Malacca. In those days they knew nothing about clothes, or houses, or chairs, or tricycles, or sugar, and, as far as was known, they understood no language but their own. Indeed, it may be said that they were very ignorant at that time.

They can not be called ignorant now, however; for if you only go about it the right way, you can make them understand any language. You may say sugar to them in any language you please, and they will comprehend at once—if you only hold out a lump of sugar at the same time. They are just as quick, too, to understand cake or

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candy. What they do not seem to be able to learn is when they have had as much sugar as is good for them.

But, after all, little human girls are as bad in that respect as little elephant girls. Phunga and Quedah, you understand, are elephant girls—a very odd sort, it is true, but elephants nevertheless. The gentleman who owns them says they are mammoths, a species of elephant which existed thousands of years ago; and maybe they are. Whatever they are, they look very odd.

Phunga, who is the older and larger of the two, is about as large as a young baby elephant of the ordinary kind. She is covered with black hair about four inches long, and has so much of it on her head that if she would only use a brush and comb and some quince-seed mucilage, she might have a lovely bang. As it is, she has the most comically frowzy head of hair that ever you saw. She is more accomplished than Quedah. But Quedah is the smaller; she certainly can not be taller than a large mastiff.

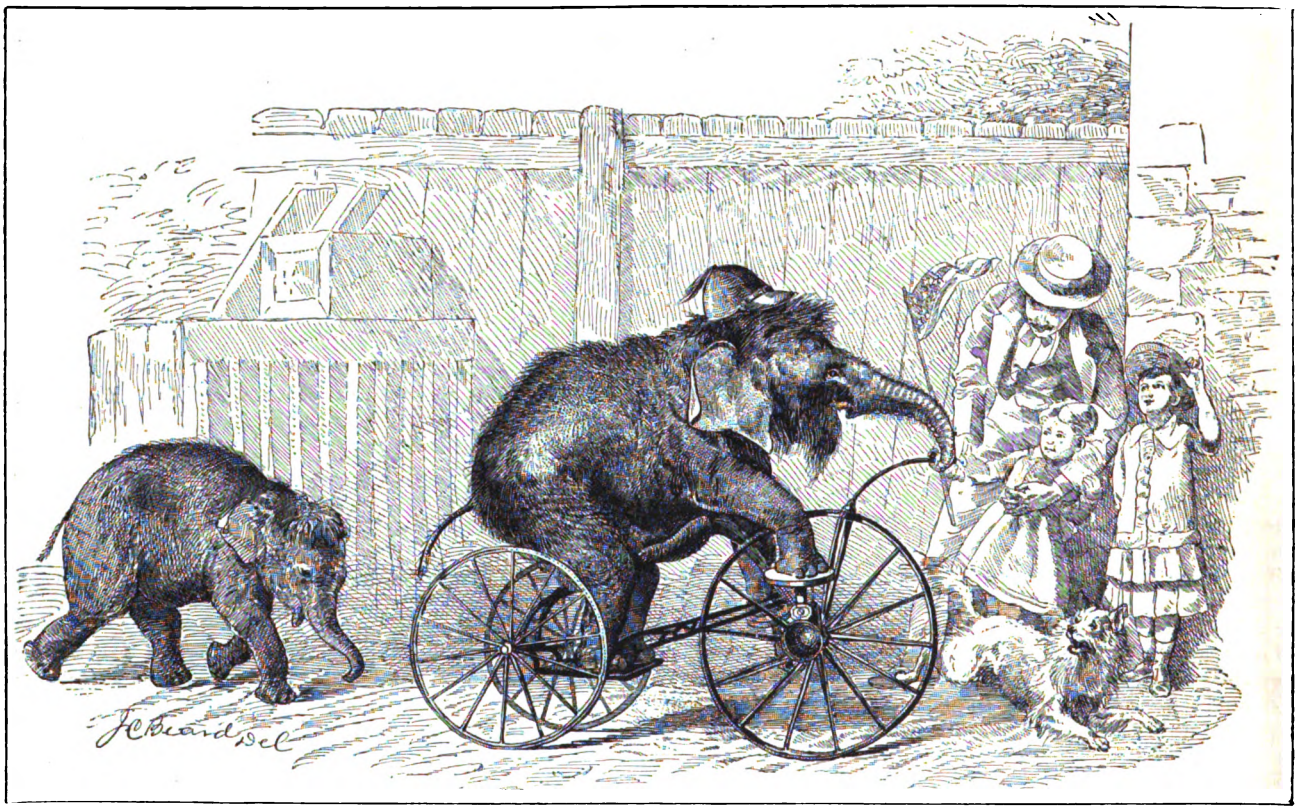
In some respects Phunga is like any human little girl. For example, she can not bear to stand still for a second, and she is very inquisitive. In most ways, however, she is like a boy: she wears boy's clothes, does the things that boys like to do, and takes great delight in loud noises.

This much, and more too, I had heard about the two sisters, and therefore when I went to call upon them, I took two little human girls of my acquaintance with me, so that they might see how much little elephant girls could learn, and perhaps be ashamed of themselves in consequence. I must confess right here, though, that Elsie and Bessie were not affected in that way at all. On the contrary, they were so rude as to stand by and laugh at everything those accomplished little sisters did.

The first thing Quedah did when she was brought out to display her accomplishments was to pick up a harmonica, climb upon a tub, and commence to make music. Elsie said she could play a better tune than that; but Bessie was perfectly satisfied, except that Quedah played on the harmonica through her nose.

The next thing Quedah did was to put on a suit of clothes just like a restaurant waiter's, or, more correctly, the clothes were put on her. All at once a dinner-bell rang, and away went Quedah in hot haste.

We followed, and what do you think we saw in the next room? There in a great chair sat Phunga, gorgeously clad in a bright swallow-tail coat, her fore-feet on a table, and a big bell in her trunk. Quedah, however, went up to the table, and I suppose Phunga gave an order for a bottle of wine, for Quedah ran back into the other room and brought in a bottle, which she set upon the table. Then she turned to go away again, and you should have seen Phunga pick up the bell and ring as if the house were afire! Quedah returned, took another order, and went away to bring back a plate of crackers.



"SHE RAN TO THE TRICYCLE AND MOUNTED IT."

Then Phunga commenced to eat and drink. Quedah, who had gone back to her own room, returned very quickly, and presented a bill. Phunga was too busy drinking to notice the bill, until Quedah snatched the bottle away. Then Phunga saw what was wanted, and pulling out her purse, gave Quedah some money.

When Phunga had eaten as much as was good for her she went out into the yard and began to walk a tight-rope; or anyhow it looked like a rope, though in reality it was only a slender pole painted to look like a rope. Pretty soon she espied her tricycle. She ran to the tricycle and mounted it. It is not a common thing to see an elephant riding a tricycle. At first Bessie was inclined to look upon the spectacle as very startling, but in a few seconds she became reconciled to it, and then she laughed until Phunga stopped riding. Indeed, Elsie and Bessie would have looked and laughed as long as Phunga and Quedah would play, but they retired finally, and did not come out again.

Bessie wants Quedah for a Christmas present.

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# WAKULLA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

## CHAPTER X.

### A RUNAWAY'S STORY, AND ITS HAPPY ENDING.

DURING the three days that passed before Mr. Elmer's return the large field was made ready for ploughing, most of the post-holes were dug, the soil being so light as to make that an easy matter, and Mark and Jan had cut a number of cedar posts, and got them ready to be rafted down the river.

During this time, also, Frank March had improved so rapidly that he was able to sit up and take an interest in what was going on. He had become much attached to Mrs. Elmer, and seemed very happy in her company. Neither she nor the children had asked him any questions concerning his past life, preferring to wait until he should tell the story of his own accord.

On the third evening of his being with them he was helped into the sitting-room, and lay on the sofa listening intently to Mrs. Elmer as she read to Mark and Ruth a chapter from a book of travels that they had begun on the schooner. As she finished and closed the book, the boy raised himself on his elbow, and said, "Mrs. Elmer, I want to tell you something, and I want Mark and Ruth to hear too."

"Well, my boy," said Mrs. Elmer, kindly, "we shall be glad to hear whatever you have to tell, if it won't tire and excite you too much."

"No, I don't think it will," replied Frank. "I feel as if I must tell you what a bad boy I have been, and how sorry I am for it. More than a month ago I stole father's gun and dog, and twenty dollars that I found in his desk, and ran away from him. Ever since then I have been living in the woods around here, hunting and fishing. When the weather was bad, I slept in the kitchen of this house, and when you folks moved in it seemed almost as if you were taking possession of what belonged to me. The first night you were here I crept into the kitchen and stole a loaf of bread and a duck."

"There!" interrupted Mark, "now I know where I saw you before. It was you who looked into the window and frightened me that first night, wasn't it?"

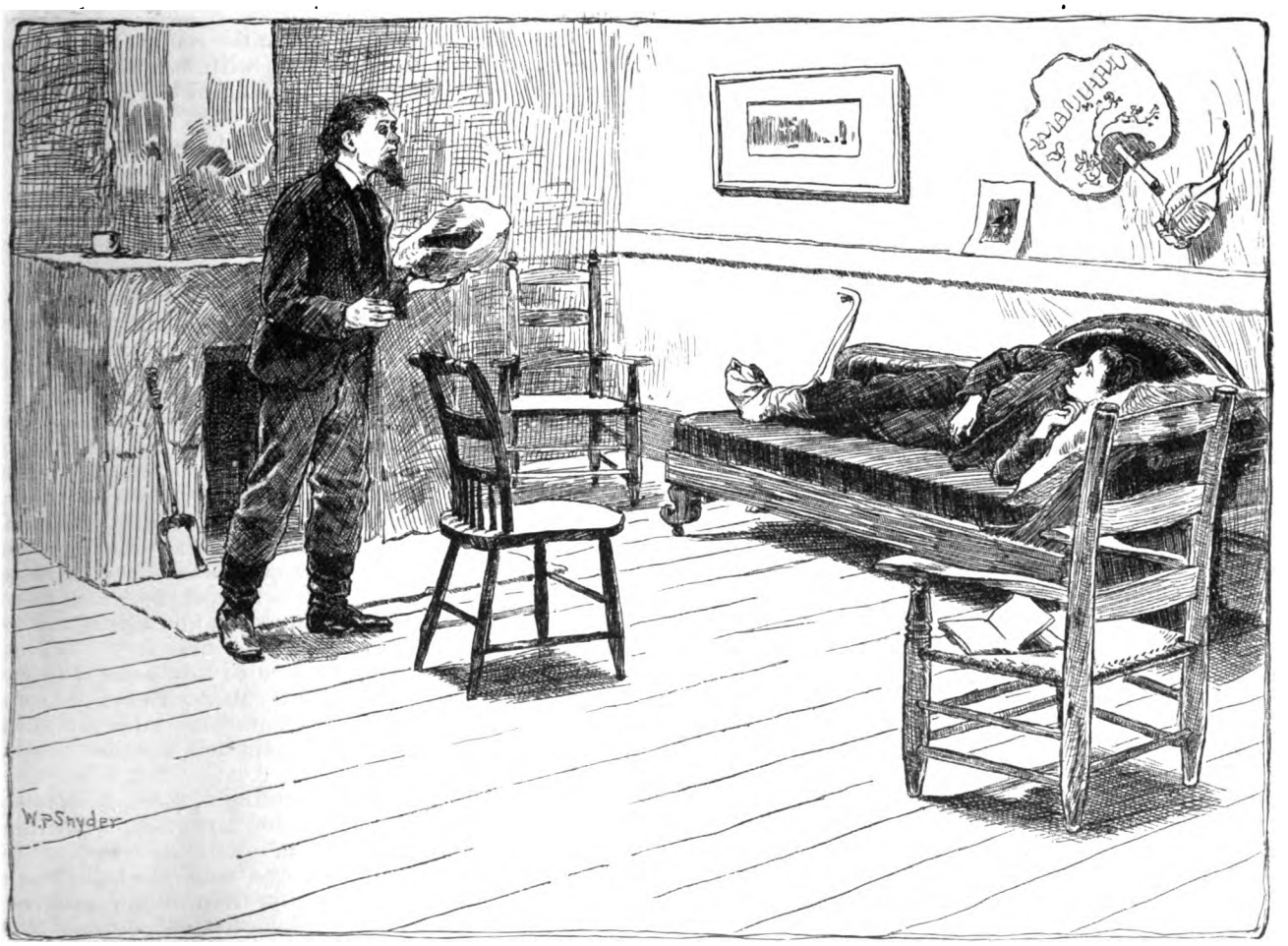
"Yes," said Frank, "and I meant to scare you worse than that, and should have done so if the alligator hadn't caught me. I saw you and your father go down the river that morning, and heard him say he was going to Tallahassee, and I waited there for you to come back alone. I drew out the shot from one barrel of my gun, and was going to fire a charge of powder at you when you got close to the point. I thought, perhaps, you would be so scared that you would upset your canoe and lose the rifle overboard. Then I thought I might get it after you had gone, for the water is shallow there, and I wanted a rifle awfully."

"Oh, what a bad boy you are!" said Ruth, shaking her pretty head.

"Yes, I know I am," said Frank; "but I ain't going to be any longer if I can help it."

"How did that alligator get you, anyway?" asked Mark, who was very curious upon this point.

"Why, I pulled off my boots because they were wet and hurt my feet, then I lay down to wait for you, and went to sleep. I suppose the 'gator found it warm enough that day to come out of the mud, where he had been asleep




"'FRANK, MY BOY!' EXCLAIMED MR. MARCH, 'CAN IT BE YOU?'"

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all winter. Of course he felt hungry after such a long nap, and when he saw my bare foot he thought it would make him a nice meal. I was waked by feeling myself dragged along the ground and finding my foot in what felt like a vise. I caught hold of a tree, and held on until it seemed as though my arms would be pulled out. I yelled as loud as I could all the time, while the 'gator pulled. He twisted my foot so that I thought the bones must be broken, and that I must let go, the pain was so great. Then you came, Mark, and that's all I remember until I was in the canoe, and you were paddling up the river."

"Was that the first time you were ever in that canoe?" asked Mark, a new suspicion dawning in his mind.

"No; I had used her 'most every night, and one night I went as far as St. Mark's in her."

"What made you bring the canoe back at all?" asked Mrs. Elmer.

"'Cause everybody round here would have known her, and known that I had stole her if they'd seen me in her," answered the boy.

"And did you shoot poor Bruce?" asked Ruth.

"Who's Bruce?"

"Why, our dog. He came to us more than a week ago, shot so bad that he could hardly walk."

"Yes, I shot him because he wouldn't go into the water and fetch out a duck I had wounded; but his name is Jack. I didn't kill him, though, for I saw him on your back porch last Sunday when you were all over the river, and he barked at me."

"My poor boy," said Mrs. Elmer, "you have certainly done very wrong; but you have been severely punished for it, and if you are truly sorry and mean to try and do right in the future, you will as certainly be forgiven." So saying, the kind-hearted woman went over and sat down beside the boy, and took his hand in hers.

At this caress, the first he could ever remember to have received, the boy burst into tears and sobbed out, "I would have been good if I had a mother like you and a pleasant home like this."

Mrs. Elmer soothed and quieted him, and gradually drew from him the rest of his story. His father had once been comfortably well off, and had owned a large mill in Savannah; but during the war the mill had been burned, and he had lost everything. For some years after that he was very poor, and when Frank was a very little boy, and his sister a baby, his father used to drink, and when he came home drunk would beat him and his mother. One night after a terrible scene of this kind, which Frank could just remember, his mother had snatched up the baby and run from the house. Afterward he was told that they were dead; at any rate, he never saw them again. Then his father left Savannah and came to Florida to live. He never drank any more, but was very cross, and hardly ever spoke to his son. He made a living by doing jobs of carpentering; and, ever since he had been old enough, Frank had worked on their little farm, about twenty miles from Wakulla. At last he became so tired of this sort of life and his father's harshness that he determined to run away and try to find a happier one.

Mark and Ruth listened in silence to this story of an unhappy childhood, and when it was ended, Ruth went over to the sofa where her mother still sat, and taking Frank's other hand in hers, said:

"I guess I would have run away too, if I'd had such an unpleasant home; but you'll stay with us now, and let mother teach you to be good—won't you?"

For answer the boy looked up shyly into Mrs. Elmer's face, and she said, "We'll see when father comes home."

At this moment Bruce began to bark loudly, and directly a sound of wheels was heard; then a voice called out,

"Hello! Go Bang, ahoy! Bring out a lantern, somebody."

"It's father! it's father!" exclaimed Mark and Ruth, rushing to the door with shouts of welcome. Mrs. Elmer followed them, leaving Frank alone in the sitting-room.

"How glad they are to see him!" thought the boy. "I wonder if I should be as glad to see my father if he was as good to me as theirs is to them?"

While Frank's mind was full of such thoughts, he heard a quick step at the door, and looking up, saw the very person he had been thinking of—his own father!

"Frank, my boy!" exclaimed Mr. March, "can it be you? Oh, Frank, I didn't know how much I loved you until I lost you; and I have tried in every way to find you and beg you to come home again."

With these words Mr. March stooped down and kissed his son's forehead, saying, "I haven't kissed you since you were a baby, Frank; and I do it now as a sign that from this time forward I will try to be a good and loving father to you."

"Oh, father," cried the happy boy, "do you really love me? Then if you will forgive me for running away and being such a bad boy, I will never, never do so again."

"Indeed I will," answered his father. "But what is the matter, Frank? Have you been ill? How came you here?"

While Frank was giving his father a brief account of what had happened to him since he ran away from home, the Elmers were exchanging the most important bits of news outside the front gate. They waited there while Mr. Elmer and Jan unhitched from a new farm wagon a pair of fine mules that the former had bought and driven down from Tallahassee that day.

When the children ran out to greet their father, one of the first things Ruth said was, "Oh, we've got a new boy, father, and he's in the sitting-room, and his name's Frank March, and an alligator almost dragged him into the river, and Mark shot it."

Almost without waiting to hear the end of this long sentence, a stranger who had come with Mr. Elmer opened the front gate, and quickly walking to the house, disappeared within it.

"Who is that, husband? and what has he gone into the house for?" asked Mrs. Elmer, in surprise.

"I don't know much about him," answered Mr. Elmer, "except that his name is March; and as he was recommended to me as being a good carpenter, I engaged him to come and do what work was necessary to repair this house."

"I wonder if he is Frank's wicked father?" asked Ruth; and then the whole story had to be told to Mr. Elmer before they went into the house.

When he heard of Mark's bravery, he placed his hand on the boy's shoulder, and said, "My son, I am proud of you."

As they went in and entered the sitting-room, they found Mr. March and Frank sitting together on the sofa, talking earnestly.

"I hope you will excuse my leaving you and entering your house so unceremoniously, Mr. Elmer," said Mr. March, rising and bowing to Mrs. Elmer; "but when your little girl said a boy named Frank March was in here I felt sure he was my son. It is he, and now that I have found him, I don't ever intend to lose him again."

"That's right," said Mr. Elmer, heartily. "In this country boys are too valuable to be lost, even if they do turn up again like bad pennies. Master Frank, you must hurry and get well, for in his work here your father will need just such a valuable assistant as I am sure you will make."

"Now, wife, how about something to eat? I am almost hungry enough to eat an alligator, and I expect our friend March would be willing to help me."

Aunt Chloe had been busy ever since the travellers arrived, and supper was as ready for them as they were for it. After supper, when they were once more gathered in the sitting-room, Mr. Elmer said, "I got a charter granted me while I was in Tallahassee, can any of you guess for what?"

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None of them could guess, unless, as Mark suggested, it was for incorporating "Go Bang" and making a city of it in opposition to Wakulla.

"It is to establish and maintain a ferry between those portions of the town of Wakulla lying on opposite sides of the St. Mark's River," said Mr. Elmer.

"*A ferry?*" said Mrs. Elmer.

"A *ferry?*" said Ruth.

"*A* ferry?" said Mark; "what sort of a ferry—steam, horse-power, or boy-power?"

"I expect it will be mostly boy-power," said Mr. Elmer, laughing. "You see, I kept thinking of what Mr. Bevil told us last Sunday that what Wakulla needed most was a bridge and a mill. I knew we couldn't build a bridge, at least not at present; but the idea of a ferry seemed practicable. We have got enough lumber to build a large flat-boat, there are enough of us to attend to a ferry, and so I thought I'd get a charter anyhow."

Mark could hardly wait for his father to finish before he broke in with: "Speaking of mills, father, your ferry will be the very thing to bring people over to our mill."

"Our mill!" repeated his father; "what do you mean?"

"Why, Jan and I discovered an old mill about half a mile up the river while we were out looking for cedar. It's out of repair, and the dam is partly broken away; but the machinery in it seems to be pretty good, and the wheel's all right. I don't believe it would take very much money to fix the dam; and the stream that supplies the mill-pond is never-failing, because it comes from a big sulphur spring. We found the man who owns it, and had a long talk with him. He says that business fell off so after the bridge was carried away that when his dam broke he didn't think it would pay to rebuild it. He says he will take $500 cash for the whole concern; and I want to put in my $100 salvage money, and Ruth 'll put in hers, and Jan 'll put in his, and mother says she'll put in hers if you think the scheme is a good one, and we'll buy the mill. Now your ferry can bring the people over; and it's just the biggest investment in all Florida. Don't you think so, father?"

"I'll tell you what I think after I have examined into it," said Mr. Elmer, smiling at Mark's enthusiasm. "Now it's very late, and time we all invested in bed."

That night Mark dreamed of ferry-boats run by alligator-power, of mills that ground out gold dollars, and of "ghoses" that turned out to be boys.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## PERIL AND PRIVATION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

### I.—THE UNDISCOVERED ISLAND.

THE voyage of the *Antelope* (or the *Antelope* packet, as the old narratives term her) is in some respects quite unique; there is nothing in the annals of shipwreck like it. The ship was in a manner lost, yet her timbers served to build another vessel and bring her crew home. She was cast away upon an island up to that time unknown, so that her voyage added something to human knowledge. Her people received such kindness from certain "savages" as is rarely met with from civilized folks.

What is still more strange, the friendship thus begun was continued by the mother country, and the heir-apparent of the native King became its honored guest. It is exactly a hundred years since the *Antelope* was wrecked, but it is not fifty since the memory of Prince Lee Boo was still green in England, and the narrative of his brief and blameless life formed a popular volume. Winthrop Mackworth Praed, with whose poems I trust my young friends will one day make themselves acquainted, speaks of the usual contents of an album in his day as being

"Autographs of Prince Lee Boo
And recipes for elder water,"

so that it is clear his dusky Royal Highness had at least learned to write his name.

The *Antelope* was a ship of 300 tons, belonging to the East India Company's service. Her crew consisted of fifty persons (who when at sea and in danger are always called "souls"), of whom sixteen were Chinese. She sailed from Macao on her homeward voyage in July, 1783. The time that was taken to cross seas in those days seems to us enormous; we find ships here in June and there in December, but by no means at home yet, and without any signs of impatience or tediousness in those on board.

Early in August, in a part of the ocean where, so far as was then known, there was no land, the ship struck in the night. The discipline was perfect. The people were only desirous to execute whatever the Captain directed them to do. And this was the case (a rather exceptional one, I am sorry to say) throughout with the *Antelope*. "The gunpowder, small-arms, bread, and all provisions that would spoil by rot were instantly brought on deck and secured by tarpaulins." The masts and lower yards were cut away promptly, yet without that haste which the poet tells us is "half-sister to delay." Though the wind was blowing a gale, the boats were hoisted out, filled with provisions, supplies of water, a compass, arms and ammunition, and kept under the lee of the ship, with precautions against their being staved.

Then the Captain called the crew together and addressed them in words of encouragement. That they were about to be shipwrecked in an unfrequented and, as it turned out, unknown sea, was certain; but shipwreck, he reminded them, was the common lot of sailors, and the only things to save them in such a strait were courage and discipline, while disagreement was certain to be their ruin. As they were wet through and worn out with toil, "a glass of wine and a biscuit were given to each person, and, after eating, a second glass," but they were most earnestly admonished to abstain from spirituous liquors.

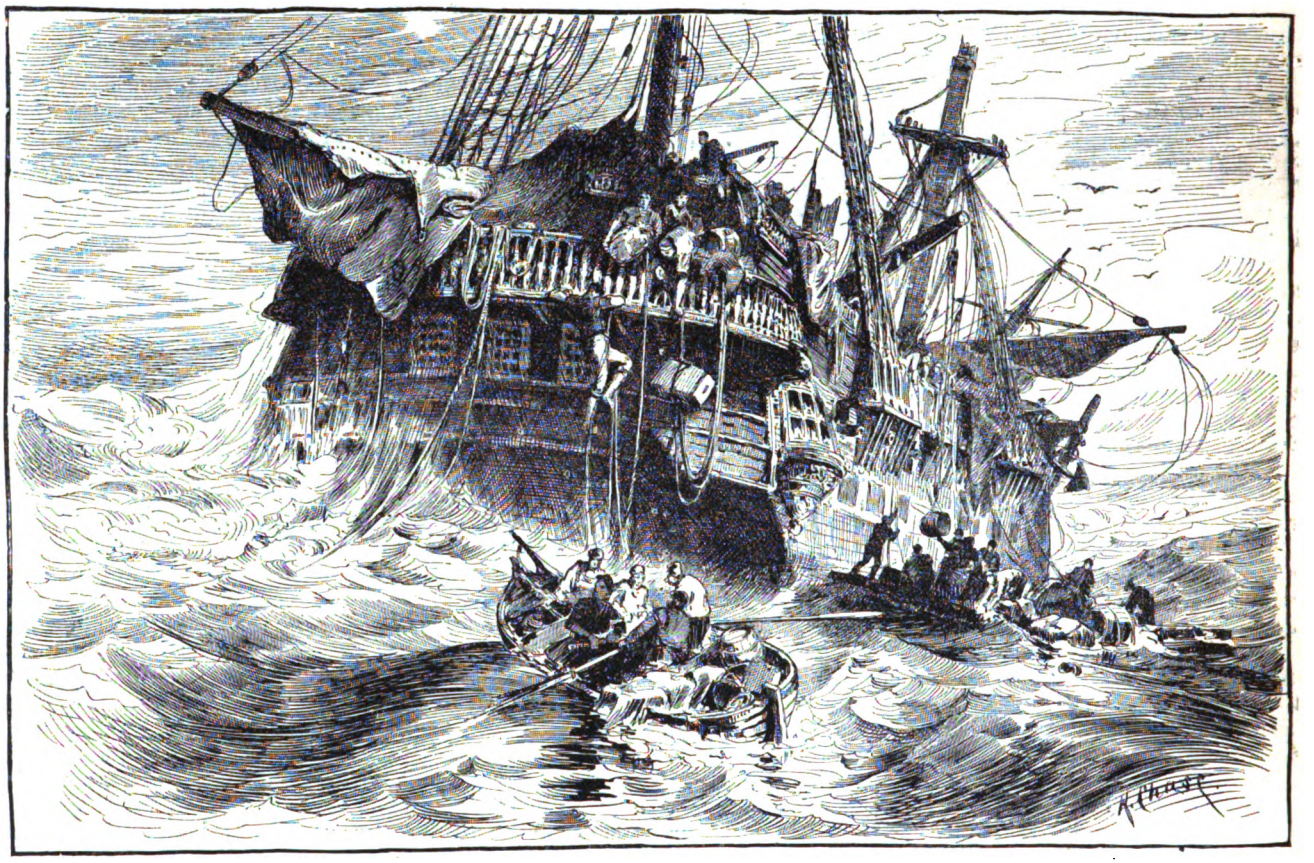
It was a dark night, but during one intense flash of lightning the mate and another had fancied they saw land ahead. Hence every one was advised to clothe himself, and prepare to quit the ship. The dawn of day showed a small island to the southward, three or four leagues distant, and, soon after, some other islands to the eastward. So a couple of boats were manned and dispatched under the command of the chief mate, Mr. Berger. This was not like going ashore, be it remembered, at New York or Liverpool. The islands were unknown; whether they were uninhabited, or the haunt of cannibals, could not be guessed; but the mate had orders, in case he met with any natives, to be as polite as possible, and not to use his "make-thunders" (as the savages call guns) till the last extremity.

The rest of the crew, instead of speculating on the future, busied themselves in "getting the boom overboard, in order to construct a raft, since the ship was hourly expected to go to pieces." After some time the boats returned with the news that the island was uninhabited, that there was a secure harbor, and plenty of fresh-water.

The raft was then completed, and loaded with as many stores as it could safely carry with its passengers, and was towed by the boats. It shows the speed with which these good fellows worked that the carpenter was so intent on saving all his tools and stores that he did not hear the warning of the boatswain's whistle, and was left on board. But as soon as his absence was discovered, the jolly-boat went back for him.

The raft had to cross a reef, where the running of the sea and the spray obscured the sight of the boats from the passengers, who had to lash themselves to the timbers of their frail craft. The screams of the Chinese, less inured to the perils of the sea, added terror to the scene. They all arrived in safety, but the storm continuing, they were harassed by the fear that the *Antelope* would not hold together till morning, for at present they had got

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"THOUGH THE WIND WAS BLOWING A GALE, THE BOATS WERE HOISTED OUT."

but little out of her. Moreover, the constant perspiration they had been in, the being perpetually wet with salt-water, and the friction of their clothes from excessive labor, had chafed them so that they could not sleep for pain. Even a small trouble, you see, will help to make a great one still more severe; so when folks are in sorrow let us be very careful not to add anything, however light, to their burden.

In the morning, however, the ship was still visible, and it may be briefly said that, just as in the case of our friend Robinson Crusoe, they took almost everything out of her worth taking, down to her swivel-guns, and collected a larger store of provisions about them of every kind than any other shipwrecked crew of the same size could ever boast. The hope, which they had secretly clung to, of the ship being floated and repaired so as to take them back to Macao, was nevertheless utterly extinguished. They found themselves suddenly cut off from the rest of the world, without remedy, and could see no end to their misfortune.

It must be understood that when a merchant vessel is wrecked, authority ceases, and every man does what he deems right or pleasantest in his own eyes. But this crew was such a wise one that they of their own free-will elected their old Captain to be their ruler, and volunteered to obey him. And he on his part, though very sensible of their generous behavior, was resolved not to hold the sceptre in vain.

"Since you trust me," he said, "you must believe what I say when I tell you that our chief danger lies in yonder spirit casks"—for he well knew what evils drink can work among despairing men. "I must have every one of them staved in" (though one was kept for medicinal purposes). His orders were obeyed at once.

One day two canoes were seen coming round into the bay. The people all flew to arms, but were kept out of sight, while Captain Wilson and his interpreter, Tom Rose (who could speak Malay), walked quietly to the shore to meet them.

Rose addressed the occupants, and though he found himself understood by only one of the strangers, explained the position of affairs, which was translated to the rest. Then six natives out of the eight came ashore, the other two remaining with the canoes. "They were of a deep copper-color, perfectly naked, and their skins soft and glossy from the use of cocoa-nut oil. Their legs were tattooed from their ankles to the middle of their thighs, and so thickly as to appear much darker than the rest of their bodies. Their hair was of a fine black, long, and rolled up behind close to the back of their heads in a neat and becoming manner."

Captain Wilson introduced them to his officers, whose waistcoats and coat sleeves they at once began stroking, under the impression that they were their skins. The next thing they admired was the blue veins of their hands, which they took to be one of the neatest things in tattooing, and earnestly requested them to draw up their sleeves to see if their arms were really and truly of the same color as their faces.

They were asked to breakfast, and though they declined to sit down, keeping themselves ready for a run to their canoes, they partook of it; they seemed especially to like sweet biscuits. The man who had understood what Rose said told Captain Wilson that he had himself been shipwrecked among these natives, who were a very courteous people. Their islands were called Pelew (they were not in our maps, of course, a hundred years ago, for this is the first that was ever heard of them), and their King was a good man. One of his canoes had been out fishing, and brought word of the wreck to him, and his Majesty had dispatched these folks to see all about it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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A NOVEL RESCUE.

1. THE INTRUDER. 2. THE COMBAT. 3. THE DELIVERANCE.

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## "CLUMPS."

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

EITHER the clothes were too large or the boy was too small. At all events, he was a queer-looking object, in a hat that would have completely extinguished him if he had not possessed remarkably large ears, which stood out and served to support it, and a coat which reached to his heels, and fitted him much as it would have fitted a poker.

He shrank behind Mr. Dalrymple as he was ushered into the great farm-house kitchen.

"I picked him up in the street, Sarah," explained Mr. Dalrymple to his wife. "We need somebody, now the boys have gone away to school, and Jonas is getting run down. And"—this was whispered in her ear—"I pitied the poor little rascal."

"Just like you, Stephen," said Mrs. Dalrymple, with a sigh. "It's a great risk to take a boy like that. Probably he lies, or steals, or swears—perhaps all three."

The boy heard that, although Mrs. Dalrymple didn't mean that he should. His big ears were sharp.

"I've only taken him on trial. I shall send him back at very short notice if he doesn't behave himself."

Jonas, the "hired man," had just come with two great pails of milk.

"I calkerlate lookin' after him to keep him out of mischief will take more time 'n he's wuth," he said.

Jonas was a tall, thin, severe-looking young man, who considered all boys bad.

"He'll always be under foot, I know by the looks of him," Barbara, the hired girl, muttered, crossly.

"Come, come! is this the way to welcome a friendless boy who is cold and tired and hungry?" And Grandma took off the boy's hat and led him to the fire.

"What is your name?" she asked him, kindly.

"Cornelius Shanly, ma'am, but they calls me Clumps. A customer of mine when I was in the boot-blackin' business used to give me his shoes when he'd wore 'em 'most out, and my feet was small and the shoes was awful large, and I'd go kind of clumpin' round in 'em, and the fellers give me the name of Clumps, and it stuck. They give me these clothes to the Mission-Rooms. They're good 'n' warm, but they make the fellers call me Daddy, and I've had to lay round lively thrashin' 'em."

"The clothes shall be made to fit you if you are a good boy, and I think you will be," said Grandma, confidently. "If you are, you'll have a good time. This farm is a fine place for a boy."

A cozy, warm little room over the kitchen and next to Jonas's was given Clumps. There were gay chintz curtains at the windows, and pictures on the walls, and a bed so soft and billowy that it must have been stuffed with down—or so thought Clumps, who was used to a board.

"I hope—oh, I hope they won't send me away!" he murmured.

"Talking to himself—that's a bad sign," thought Jonas, who had stopped at the door on his way to his own room to see if he could discover any signs of mischief brewing. And Jonas barricaded his door, which had only a wooden button as a fastening, with a table and a chair. Jonas had a blue yarn stocking almost full of money, his savings from childhood—and Jonas had been very saving indeed—tucked into the straw of his under-bed. He preferred to take care of his room, and Barbara, having plenty to do, was quite willing; so nobody ever touched that bed but Jonas, and he had felt that his possessions were quite safe until that boy came.

Clumps made himself useful. He "hadn't a lazy bone in his body," Barbara declared; and even Jonas reluctantly acknowledged that he was "handy to have round."

"It was a good day both for him and for us when I picked up that boy," said Mr. Dalrymple, very often.

But, alas! one bright forenoon Jonas rushed in from the barn and up to his room, looking very much disturbed. He came down-stairs in a few minutes, white and trembling, and sank into the nearest chair. "They're gone! Stolen! My watch and my money both!" he gasped. "I left my watch under my pillow; I hain't done that before since Clumps came, and as soon as I remembered it I hurried upstairs. But it's gone, and the stockingful of money that was hid in the straw bed. It's jest what I expected when that boy come here."

Mr. Dalrymple looked perplexed and disturbed. "We'll make a thorough search," he said, after a moment's thought. "I won't question the boy until that is done."

The search was made, and proved of no avail. Burglars had not been in the house, for the doors and windows had all been found locked on the inside in the morning. The things must have been taken after Jonas was up in the morning (he arose before five), and by somebody in the house, for no stranger could have made his way into the house and upstairs unperceived. That was the conclusion to which they were all forced, and Mr. Dalrymple summoned Clumps to a private interview.

"The boy denies the theft stoutly," said Mr. Dalrymple, after the interview was over, and Clumps, looking half defiant and half pleading, and wholly miserable, had gone out-of-doors. "And he seemed so innocent that I could hardly help believing him. He showed me that he had nothing of the kind about his clothes, and we have searched his room."

"He might have buried 'em easy enough, or perhaps he had a friend from the city prowlin' round ready to take 'em," said Jonas. "It's more'n likely he's cleared out now," he continued, starting up. "I'll have him arrested right off, if I can catch him."

"Wait till to-morrow, Jonas. I'll answer for his not running away," said Mr. Dalrymple.

"Jest as you say, sir," said Jonas, reluctantly; "though it seems to me it's only giving him a chance to steal more. There's the big silver ladle, and the old-fashioned silver cream-jug that Mrs. Dalrymple thinks so much of, jest locked up in the chiny closet at night."

"I don't think there is any fear of his stealing anything more if he has stolen those things. But we will watch him closely," said Mr. Dalrymple.

Clumps felt that he was being watched, and that everybody looked coldly and suspiciously at him. From a happy and contented boy he turned into a miserable one. He was suspected of being a thief. He could not eat, and he could not sleep at night; he tossed and turned, and the downy bed seemed harder than a board.

One night, two or three days later, he fell into a troubled doze, from which he awakened suddenly and saw a light shining through the cracks of his door. He listened, and heard the sound of a stealthy step. It might be the thief. Clumps sprang out of bed, threw on some of his clothes, and stole softly out. He was just in time to see the gleam of a lantern at the foot of the stairs. He slipped softly down. He heard the door of the china closet shut softly; then somebody came out of the dining-room.

It was Jonas's tall figure, and he had the big silver ladle and the little silver cream-jug in his hand. As the light of the lantern fell on his face, Clumps saw that *his eyes were tightly closed.* And although he brushed against Clumps, he did not seem to be conscious of his presence.

"He's in a fit or something, or— No, I know what it is: *he's walking in his sleep!*" thought Clumps. "And I won't wake him till I see what he's going to do with the ladle and the cream-jug."

Jonas walked with slow and deliberate steps through the great kitchen, and the long woodshed, and the granary to the barn, and Clumps followed, his heart beating so that it sounded like a drum in his ears. Jonas set the lantern down on the barn floor, and carried the long, long

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ladder, which was seldom used, from one side of the barn to the other. He placed the top against a little loft away up under the eaves of the barn, and began to ascend.

After a moment's hesitation Clumps followed. It looked as if Jonas were going to hide the ladle and the jug up there. The watch and the money might be there too.

Cautiously Clumps followed Jonas up and up until they were among the beams and rafters of the barn. Jonas stepped upon the loft, and as he did so he accidentally pushed the ladder with his foot, and it slipped. Clumps sprang upon a beam which ran from the loft to the other side of the barn. The ladder slipped slowly. Clumps could almost reach it—not quite; it went with a crash to the floor.

It seemed bad enough to be up there, with only a little loft and a narrow beam for foot-hold, with a sleep-walker who seemed to Clumps exactly like a maniac. But worse was in store. The ladder as it fell had hit the lantern, and sent it rolling against the sharp edge of one of the stalls, where the glass was broken to atoms. There was hay all about. Clumps, gazing as if spell-bound with terror, saw a wisp flame up, then another, as the fire crept along.

To cry for help was useless; there was nobody within hearing. Oh, was there no way to get down?

The narrow beam on which he stood ran across the barn; if he were on the other side he might leap down on to the hay-loft; it was a great height, but the hay was soft, and from there he could easily make his way to the floor.

But the beam was so narrow! It made him giddy to stand where he did. Could he walk across that great yawning gulf? All these thoughts that are so long in the telling flashed through Clumps's brain.

A cry startled him. It was Jonas's voice. The fire, now flaming up brilliantly, showed him Jonas's face as white as death, the eyes wide open. Was it the noise of the falling ladder, or the smell of fire, or some subtle instinct of danger that had awakened him?

Jonas's despairing face strengthened Clumps's courage.

"*Keep quiet! I'm going down!*" he cried.

Yes, he was going down—he had made up his mind—crushed and mangled and powerless for good it might be, but he would try.

In the Mission School they had taught him a prayer that began, "Our Father which art in heaven." He had almost forgotten it, but Grandma had made him say it again, and he had promised her that he would never forget it. He said two words of it over and over again as he set out on his perilous walk—"*Deliver us, deliver us, deliver us!*"

Steadily onward, one foot before the other, although he was trembling in every limb; almost to the end now, but the last few feet seemed miles of agony! He tumbled rather than leaped to the hay-loft; he was buried deeply in the soft hay, safe and sound.

Only a second to recover himself, and he made his way down through Sancho's stall to the floor.

The great horn which Mr. Dalrymple used to summon the men from the field hung beside the door. Never since it was a horn were such blasts blown upon it as Clumps blew then. Mr. Dalrymple came first, Barbara came next, and then Mr. Bingham and his son, from a neighboring farm. Water was brought in great bucketfuls, and the fire was extinguished without a general alarm.

And then Clumps remembered Jonas, who had not been discovered on his high perch by anybody else. The long ladder was put up, and Jonas descended, carrying in one hand the ladle and jug, in the other his watch and a great blue yarn stocking full of money.

"Now what does all this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Dalrymple.

Clumps told his story to the point where the lantern was broken.

"*And he walked across that beam!*" broke in Jonas. "I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it. I shut my eyes, expectin' every minute to see him dashed to pieces."

"And it seems you stole your own watch and money, Jonas, and were caught stealing my silver," said Mr. Dalrymple, smiling.

Jonas hung his head.

"I wouldn't have believed I could hide them things in my sleep like that if I hadn't woke up doing it. I used to walk in my sleep. When I was a boy I went out to the barn and foddered all the cattle, and never woke up till I pinched my finger in the crack of the kitchen door.

"We all ought to ask your forgiveness, my boy," said Mr. Dalrymple, laying his hand on Clumps's shoulder. "The safety of my property, and perhaps of all our lives, is due to your courage and presence of mind."

"I wouldn't darst ask you to forgive me, Clumps," said Jonas, humbly, "but you're a plucky one, you are, and if ever you should want anything that I could do for you, why, it would make me feel a sight better."

And Clumps, who had shown himself so stout-hearted, burst into tears—but they were tears of joy and pride.

Of course he was praised and petted almost enough to spoil any boy, but Clumps was made of pretty good stuff.

It is said that Mr. Dalrymple is going to send Clumps to school with his own boys; there is also a report that Jonas and Clumps are talking of buying a farm together one of these days.

## MILLY CONE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE very next pleasant afternoon found Grace at Milly's house.

"Now don't lose a moment, Milly. Begin with your presents, for I am getting a great many ideas. You don't know what I've done since I was here before."

So Milly began:

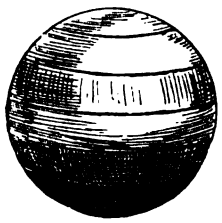
"See this ball. It is for Baby. He is too little to care much for Christmas, but he does like a bright thing that will make a noise. Just roll it on the floor and see. Mamma let me have the worsteds, and I used her bone knitting-needles—sixteen stitches wide and thirty-two rows long—just a strip knit back and forth. I have put in six colors—red, blue, black, yellow, brown, and gray. I made the rattle out of a tin pill-box with a few small stones in it. I wrapped the box in a big piece of cotton, and stuffed the bag, which I made in the shape of a ball by gathering the sides of my strip; then I sewed up the open side.

"This needle-book is for Aunt Alice. You cut two small palettes out of heavy white Bristol-board. Here again it is so nice to be able to paint, or even to draw. I was obliged to fall back on decalcomanie, so I chose the head of a little girl. You must cut four pieces of white merino or fine flannel in the shape of a palette, and button-hole the edges with gold-colored floss, or blue, or pink, whichever you think the most appropriate. Tie these between the covers with a narrow ribbon.

"This little scent-bag is for Edith. Scent-bags are always acceptable presents, because one can never have too many of them. They may be made in an endless variety of ways. Mine, you see, is only blue and white silk, with a little flower embroidered in the centre. There are the plain little silk bags filled with cotton-wool and sachet powder; these may be left flat to lay between handkerchiefs, or gathered at one end like a veritable meal-bag. A little bag made of white linen, and stuffed full, with half a dozen apple seeds sewed on the outside, would be a very good present for the little girl to give the auntie who can best say 'The House that Jack built.' Put some pieces of thread through the seeds for whiskers, and she will at once be reminded of the 'rat that ate the malt.'

"Now here is something that will make you laugh. But you must not turn up your nose, for they are very necessary articles."

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FOR BABY.

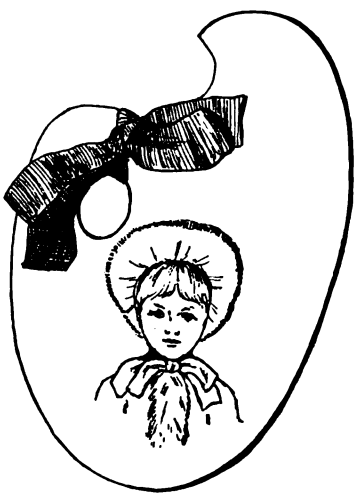
"What are they?"

"Bags! bags!! bags!!!"

"They certainly are very funny Christmas presents."

"Yes; but what can you do without them? And you have no idea how glad people are to get them. I have heard Mamma say that she couldn't keep house without my bags. We will begin with a 'Piece-Bag.'

Take three pieces of calico of different patterns. Cut each a yard long and twenty-four inches wide, and sew the sides and one end together. Bind these seams with tape. Cut a slit seven inches from the top in the centre of each outside piece that will be fifteen inches long, and bind the opening with tape. Turn the three pieces of calico at the top into one hem an inch wide, and run through this a stick ten inches long. Fasten this securely at each end, and sew a strong string from one end to the other with which to hang it by. If colored and white pieces of cloth are to be kept in the two compartments which this forms, the calico may be dark on one side and light on the other.



FOR AUNT ALICE.

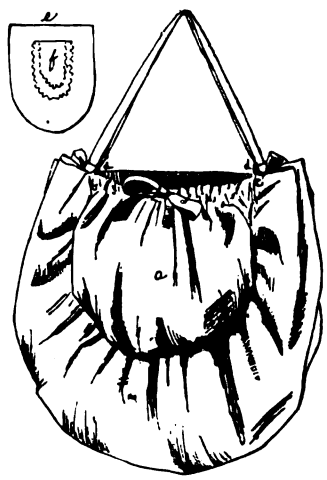
"This is a 'Stocking-Bag.' Cut a piece of cretonne thirty-two and a half by fourteen inches, and hem the short sides with a half-inch hem. Cut three pieces of pasteboard seven by five and a half inches (*e*). Round one end of each, and each one on both sides with the cretonne, overhanding the edges neatly. Cut a piece of cretonne nine by fourteen and a half inches, and hem one of the longest sides with an inch hem. Round off the other two corners. Gather this rounded portion from hem to hem, and baste it on one of the covered pieces of pasteboard, leaving the straight side open. Run a piece of elastic through the hem at the top (*b* to *c*), and fasten it securely. Make a pretty bow of braid, and sew it at the centre of the hem. This makes a pocket (*a*) for holding the darning cotton.

"Gather one of the long sides of the large piece of cretonne, and baste it on the edge of the pocket. Overhand them together on the wrong side. Gather the other long side of the cretonne in the same way, and overhand it on the second piece of pasteboard as before. Cut two pieces of white flannel, and attach them to this (*f*), and sew the last piece of pasteboard to the second, by their straight sides, to make a needle-book. Sew five little brass rings on the half-inch hem at the top (*d*), and run a piece of braid through these, which gathers the top together.

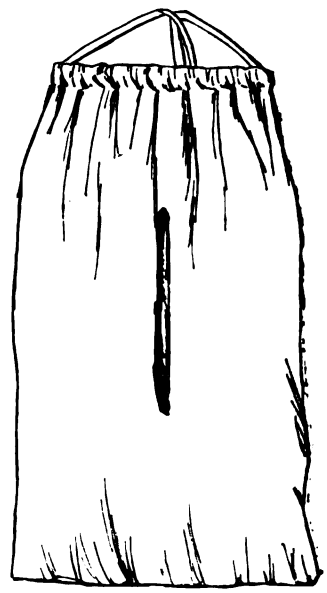


FOR EDITH.

"This bag I call a 'Silk Bag.' It is of silk, and to hold pieces of silk, just as the other was for calico. Cut four pieces of silk ten by four inches. Slope one end of each to a point two inches long. Sew the long sides together and the points. Cut four more pieces of silk exactly like the first, only of thinner silk, as it is for the lining. Sew these together in the same way, and put them inside the other pieces so that no seams are exposed. Fasten the points together with a few stitches, and hem the inside top against the outside so that the stitches do not show. An inch from the top run two threads wide enough apart to admit two cords by which the bag may be gathered. Make two buttonholes a half-inch apart on the outside of the space left for the cord, and two others on the opposite side of the bag in the same place. Through these on each side run a silk cord one yard long.



A STOCKING-BAG.



A PIECE-BAG.

Fasten these at the ends with a tassel the same color as the cord. Cover the outside seams with cord, and sew a tassel at the bottom.

"If you can ornament the silk with embroidery in chenille or silks, or paint something in oil or water-colors, it will add very much to the beauty of the bag, which may be carried on the arm or hung in a room for decoration or use."

At this moment a sound was heard on the staircase.

"That is Mamma calling for me," said Milly.

"Oh dear! we are always interrupted."

"Yes; but you have seen and heard enough for to-day. And when I tell you there are actually more bags to come, you will be glad to escape."

Mrs. Cone called again, and the two girls ran off, laughing.



A SILK BAG.

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HOWARD·PYLE·DES·ET·DEL·

# YE·TWO·WISHES·

An Angel went a-walking out one day, as I've heard said,
And, coming to a faggot-maker, begged a crust of bread
The faggot-maker gave a crust and something rather queer
To wash it down withall, from out a bottle that stood near.
The Angel finished eating; but before he left, said he,
"Thou shalt have two wishes granted, for that thou hast given me.
One wish for that good drinkable, another for the bread."
Then he left the faggot-maker all amazed at what he'd said.

"I wonder," says the faggot-maker, after he had gone,
"I wonder if there's any truth in that same little song!"
So, turning this thing over in his mind, he cast around,
'Till he saw the empty bottle where it lay upon the ground.
"I wish," said he, just as a test, "if what he said is so,
Into that empty bottle, now, that I may, straightway go."
No sooner said than done; for, - *Whisk!* into the flask he fell,
Where he found himself as tightly packed as chicken in the shell.
In vain he kicked and twisted, and in vain he howled with pain;
For, in spite of all his efforts, he could not get out again.
So, seeing how the matter stood, he had to wish once more.
When, out he slipped, as easily as he'd gone in before.

If we had had two wishes, granted by an Angel thus,
We would not throw away the good so kindly given us.
For first we'd ask for wisdom, which, when we had in store,
I'm very doubtful if we'd care to ask for anymore.

HE·GO-ETH INTO YE BOT-TLE·

HE·COM-ETH·OVT·OF·YE BOT-TLE·

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WITH the present number HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE begins Volume VI. A review of the volume just completed shows that it amply sustains the brilliant record made by the paper in preceding years. Each volume, beautiful and attractive in itself, is a distinct advance upon its predecessors, and the constant aim in the future will be, as it has been in the past, to seek in every number what is highest in motive, purest in morals, and best in literature and art.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have spared neither pains nor expense to make HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE worthy to take its place as the leading juvenile weekly of the world. No other publication of its kind is so lavishly adorned with the finest engravings and cuts. Its presence in a family assists the children to the formation of correct tastes in art, and helps them to grow in the love of the beautiful.

The most accomplished writers for the young are among the regular contributors to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and its serials, short stories, and articles, both amusing and instructive, are furnished by authors who understand childhood and know how to interest youthful readers. The heroic element is made prominent in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, because its conductors recognize the fact that nothing more truly incites children to noble conduct than the reading about and hearing of brave and self-denying acts on the part of others of their own age. Pieces suitable for declamation, stirring ballads, and dramatic poems are frequently published, and the wee ones in the nursery are not forgotten, but find bits of rhyme and musical jingles specially meant for them. Acting plays are occasionally given, with charades and games for the merry party or the winter evening group around the hearth.

For the boys there are descriptions of manly sports and articles which give practical directions concerning tools and their uses, while the girls are not neglected. Papers prepared for them furnish useful hints and suggestions for needle-work, tell how to make little gifts for home dear ones, and give advice for every-day deportment.

Fun and frolic have their turn; even nonsense having its place and time in the wisely managed household. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the home paper, and its sunny face never wears a frown.

What shall we say of the Post-office Box? It has been a favorite department from the beginning. With every year the number of its little correspondents very naturally increases, until now the Postmistress numbers her contributors by thousands, and has her little friends in every quarter of the globe. The Post-office Box is a panorama of childish employments and pleasures. With the utmost candor, and a perfectly unconscious freedom, the dear children show what they are as well as what they do. They write of their schools, their pets, their baby brothers and sisters, their birthdays, their journeys, their ambitions, and their innocent, happy lives. The Post-office Box is itself a factor in their education, assisting them in the formation of a graceful style, and giving them practice in the use of their mother tongue in correspondence.

The little letters come from all parts of the Union, from Europe, Asia, and Australia. Teachers avail themselves of the Post-office Box as an aid in the school-room, and many a little class no longer dreads composition-hour as a weary penance since the kind permission is given to send a letter or a little essay to the Postmistress.

Puzzles from Young Contributors continue to appear, and are clever and bright as the little heads from which they come.

The Exchange columns are carefully edited, and afford young people a convenient medium by which they may add to their cabinets, exchange books and papers which they have read for others, and make their collections of stamps and curiosities interesting and valuable. As a help to youthful students of natural history and geography, the Exchange Department is unrivalled.

A word should be said, in justice to the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, about their unobtrusive charity. The little contributions, coming in silently, like snow-flakes, endowed Harper's Young People's Cot in St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 409 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York, raising $3000 for the purpose. Almost wholly by their small gifts a little church has been erected in the shadow of the pines, at Lincolnton, North Carolina, and at the same place a little school for poor white and colored children receives constant assistance from the readers of the Post-office Box.

We would like to say to the children who enjoy and admire HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE that they may aid the publishers to make it still more beautiful and satisfying by doing what they can to increase its already large circulation. Show it to your friends who may not be subscribers, and let them see how elegant and how entertaining it is, and how very small its cost to those who take it, in proportion to its great merit. Messrs. Harper & Brothers desire to make it better and better. You may do your share in helping them to do so by obtaining new subscribers.

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SOUTH WILTON, CONNECTICUT.

I thought I would write you a letter. I am a little girl nine years old. My papa keeps a boarding-school, so I have lots of little playmates. May I be one of the Little Housekeepers? A friend of mine who was at school here had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE come for her, and she lets it come for me to read it now that she has gone away, and then I send it on to her. I have three cats—one big cat named Dotty, another, half grown, named Violet, and a kitten named Pet. I am taking music lessons. I study reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. I want to tell you about my birthday, which was on the 5th of this month. Mamma gave me a gold thimble and a nice big cake, my grandma sent me a nice cake, my uncle gave me a music-book, and mamma took a walk with me on the next day. I help mamma all I can. I guess I will stop now. GENEVIEVE W.

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NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little girl ten years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number. I now send you a composition which my teacher thought was very good. It is entitled

THE LITTLE RUNAWAY.

Little four-year-old Harry sat playing with his toys on the floor. "Mamma," said he, "how can I build an engine?" His mother showed him how, and he was quite contented for some little time. All at once he jumped up, throwing the blocks in every direction, and said, "Mamma, I am going."

His mother, not thinking anything wrong, said, "Go on, Harry, have a good play;" and supposing he was going into the sunny back yard, she said, "You need not put on your coat, Harry."

He went out, and his mother, glad to have a few quiet moments to herself, began to sew. He in the mean while trotted out of the gate and up the hill, as he had seen some big boys do. Now he knew he was doing wrong, as his mamma had always told him never to go out of the gate alone.

Presently he saw a man come out of the bushes by the road-side, and he was frightened, and began to cry. This man was a gypsy, and seeing this lovely child all alone, he immediately made up his mind to take him to his camp, and then get the reward which would be offered for him; so he seized him, and tied a cloth over his mouth to keep him from crying. On they went through the wood, until just at dusk they reached the camp.

Now this man had a little girl who was very kind and good, and she felt so sorry for the poor little fellow that she made up her mind she would get him home and back to his mother. But how was she to do it? When they were all asleep she crept out of bed, and taking the child by the hand, she led him out without making any noise. She then asked him, if she took him to the road, could he show her the way to his house? He said "Yes," and away they ran in the moonlight. At length they reached the road, and he pointed out the direction in which they were to go.

When they came in sight of the house they saw a large number of people. She then kissed him good-by, and told him to run home, as she could go no farther with him. Then she ran home to the camp, and succeeded in getting into bed without waking any one, and they never knew what became of the little runaway.

When he reached the gate, the neighbors, who were just starting to look for him, set up a shout of joy, and carried him in to his poor mother.

*Moral.*—Obey your parents.

Your constant little reader, EMILY K. B.

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GRAHAMVILLE, FLORIDA.

I thought I would write you a letter to-night. Our school began last Monday, and my brother and I went all the week; we have over a mile to walk. I would like to be one of the Little Housekeepers, if you do not mind. I am eleven years old, and this spring when my mamma was sick I had to be the housekeeper. Since I go to school I help night and morning. I have a little baby sister named Nettie. I enjoy Mrs. Lillie's stories very much. EDNA PEARL L.

You may join the Little Housekeepers. Can you not get three of your school-mates to join you and form a little club? One of these days I shall tell you all about the good times some of the clubs are having.

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I went to St. Mary's Hospital to-day. I saw all the children there, and I saw Harper's Young People's Cot. There is a little Mexican girl in the cot; she is a cunning little girl. There was another little girl in another cot. She was very bashful; one of the Sisters put on her evening wrap, and she put it over her face, but she took it down after a while. I took a scrap-book there, and gave it to one of the boys; he liked it very much. Sister Catherine was very sweet and kind; she took me all about the hospital. The children seemed very happy. One little girl had a tea-set on a table, playing with it, and the table upset, and all the things tumbled down on the floor. Some cups were broken, and a Sister came and picked them up. The little girl began to cry. EDITH J.

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NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, but I never wrote you a letter before, so I hope you will print this one. I have a little kitten named Frank; and I have two birds, and they sing sweetly. I am going to have a club of little boys and girls to read to them. WALTER C.

You like to write with your new type-writer, don't you, Walter? I like to read such prettily formed letters. Send word how you succeed with the club.

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HENRICO, ARKANSAS.

As I have written but once before, and that was not printed, I thought I would try again. Now I must tell you about our pets. My brother has seven rabbits, and four of them are white, two black, and one fawn-color; one of the black ones is an Angora, and has long silky hair, so it is very pretty. I have a white one. Then we have a very large Newfoundland dog, and he is very fond of us. I also have a little black kitty, which is very pretty, and follows me all around. I like the Post-office Box very much, and I think "Two Brave Girls" was a very nice story. I think there are some very good puzzles too. Good-by. EDITH F.

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PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.

I hope my idea will please some little girl. A very pretty tidy may be made with half a yard of cretonne, a quarter of a yard of Canton flannel (any color), and two skeins of floss (yellow looks well with almost everything). The cretonne may be cut bias or pointed, and the Canton flannel set in with stitches, and then trimmed with white lace. The tidy will cost about thirty cents. This is an idea from a little boy ten years old. ALEXANDER MCL.

Bravo! I like boys who have such bright ideas.

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CHILES VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

We are a little school away up in the mountains of California. We are composed of eleven boys and one little girl only eight years old, so you may see that she has a pretty hard time of it. The boys play deer and other uncivilized games. They are not really bad boys, but still they do not get along very agreeably together. We made a nice place up in a tree one day, and called it a ship; but the boys couldn't agree, because they all wanted to be commander. This is a very lonesome place, and we don't have much fun. There are two boys who go to this school who ride to school every morning on the same horse, except when they quarrel; then their father makes them walk. They are often late, because they stop along the road to catch lizards. They are pretty nice boys—or rather they would be if they didn't so often quarrel with each other. There is another boy here whom we call the "dude," because he wears such a fine hat. We won't say anything about the girl, because she is writing the letter; we wouldn't want to say anything bad, and it wouldn't be modest to say anything good. We would like to have you publish our letter, because some of us think you won't. We like the stories by Jimmy Brown; we think he must be a very funny boy, but pretty bad.

THE "ONE" GIRL.

I was once a visitor in a mountain village where there happened to be more boys than girls, and I thought the girls were in a very enviable position. All they had to do was to express their wishes in the most modest manner, and the boys flew to serve them. I am afraid the one girl in this instance does not insist on

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her privileges. She ought to be treated like a little queen, and she ought to persuade the boys that quarrels are ungentlemanly and foolish. Troubles always come when everybody wants to be captain.

PELHAM, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl nine years old. I read every number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it better than all my books, because it is new every week. I like "Wakulla" better than any of the stories I have read yet; I think it is a funny name. My little sister heard me say, "Oh, here is a new 'Wakulla'!" and she said, "What color *is* it, May?" May is my name, and she thought I said, What color. My brother likes to have me read it to him; he is only seven. We have nice times here at grandpa's house with the horse and cows and a dear little calf. Besides, there are chickens—but they are so stupid!—and dogs. Please print this, for I shall look for it and love to see it. MAY R. R.

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

I have never written before, so I thought I would now. As all tell about their pets, I will tell about mine. I have eleven dogs, three cats, two canary-birds, and two hundred doves, and on the farm there are forty cows, forty pigs, three horses, eighty chickens, and two more dogs. Is not that quite a number of animals? I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is just splendid; I have taken it four years, and intend to take it as many more. Besides YOUNG PEOPLE, I take *Wide-Awake*, *St. Nicholas*, and *Summer Days*. I am in the Thirteenth Class at school—the Sixteenth is the highest—and I am thirteen years old; I study reading, spelling, practical and mental arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, composition, drawing, penmanship, German, and music. I am gathering picture cards, and have nearly fifteen hundred—no duplicates. Dear Postmistress, doesn't your head ache sometimes, reading so many letters? I should think it would. Would you please guess whether I am a girl or boy? REVEILLE.

It would give me such a headache, dear, did I put on my guessing-cap to solve that conundrum, that I am sure you will excuse me if I don't try. Two hundred doves must be a pretty sight when they flock to be fed.

I have just arrived at home from a trip with my father. I went to New York, thence to Cardenas, Cuba, and back to New York; then to Key West, Florida, thence to Pensacola, Florida, thence to New York, and round to Boston. In Cardenas it was not very interesting, but I will tell you about it. The houses were only one story high, and made of stone; inside they are very high, studded with large windows and doors, and have stone floors, but no carpets; they do not have much furniture besides rocking-chairs in the sitting-rooms. All the people talk Spanish, which sounds very queer. In Key West I took a ride round the town. I saw many beautiful trees; there were the cocoa-nut, fig, banana, lime, mango, plantain, and many trees that bear only flowers. While at sea a water-spout formed near us; my father said it was a very fine one. We caught a shark seven feet long; he was a monster. I felt the earthquake that came some time ago; I was in the United States Hotel, New York. Please tell me if my writing is good for a girl of thirteen, left-handed. I have begun to think of Christmas, but do not know what to make for presents this year. I can not walk, but am thinking of having a crutch. I study at home. I knit and crochet edging, also make rick-rack and feather-edge braid trimming, and if any of the girls would exchange with me, I would send them directions for and samples of my work. EDITH S. YORK,
Box 279, Rockport, Massachusetts.

UTICA, NEW YORK.

I have just been reading in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE about the wise mother cat that took care of her little ones with so much intelligence, and it reminds me of a dear little canary-bird that I had about five years ago that was equally wise and intelligent in the care of her little ones. But I must first tell the children that I am not a wee mite of a little girl like many of you, but a big grown-up one, and you may guess how large and how old, only you must guess numbers high up, or you will not get anywhere near right. And now I will tell you my story. My little birdie was very pretty, with feathers very nearly the color of gold, and she had a little nest in her cage, with three dear little birds in it; one was all yellow, and the other two had brown and yellow feathers. The mother bird kept them nice and warm, and fed them very tenderly until they were old enough to have feathers and strong enough to stand on their feet. Then she began to teach them to chirrup and make sounds which I suppose is their way of talking, and I will tell you how she did it. She would hop to the top perch close by the nest, and stand very still until presently one of the little birdies would stand on its feet, and try to imitate the sounds she was trying to teach it, and so she taught them one at a time, and made each one stand on its feet during the lesson. The little birds always seemed very tired after their lesson, and would get very close together down in the bottom of the nest, and soon be fast asleep, while the mother bird hopped about the cage, picking up a seed here and a crumb there, now and then trilling half of a song, but acting all the while as if she thought she had been doing something wondrously wise and important; and these little birdies that I have been telling you about began to sing (baby bird fashion) before they were old enough to be out of the nest, which shows that they must have paid very good attention to the teaching of the wise mother birdie, and the music they made was wondrously sweet to hear. HATTIE H.

The Postmistress and the children thank you for this interesting letter.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

I have often begun a letter to you but never finished it, but this time I thought I would write sure. I am twelve years old, and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE two years, and of all the stories I like "Nan" the best. A friend of mine, whose name is Maude, takes *St. Nicholas*. She said she thought it was lovely, but I like YOUNG PEOPLE the better. I think I have said enough, seeing it is the first letter I have written to you. Good-by. MABEL C.

WESTON, OHIO.

I will be fifteen the 15th of October. I am glad that it is not two times fifteen, because I am not ready to see that age yet. I do not go to school now, on account of being sick. Was taken ill in June, and have not been well since. My papa keeps a boot and shoe store, and also a farm. He works on the farm most of the time, and keeps a hired man in the store. We all like him real well. I have a little dog, Trip. He can sit up and stand up on his hind-feet, and wants to talk, he does try so hard. MINNIE A.

CULLEOKA, TENNESSEE.

As I take this nice paper I will write you a little letter. I am going to school, and several of the girls take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am always glad to get a new number. I have five dolls, and I think they are so nice to play with. I play with them in vacation very often, but when my school com nences I have to put them up; I don't have any time. I put them away when I start to school. I have five studies. I like my teacher very much. She is very good to us. I will close, hoping my letter will be printed. Good-by, dear Postmistress. PEARL W.

I shall expect to hear of a Little Housekeeper's Club in your school, Pearl.

SPRING CITY, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, NEVADA.

As I have never seen a letter from Spring City, I thought I would write to you. I have two brothers and a sister older than I am. I have a great many pets. I live six miles from Paradise and six miles and a half from Spring City. My papa is superintendent of the Paradise Valley Mining Company. We live at the mill. The mine is at Spring City. It is vacation now, but school will begin next Monday. I will be very glad, as we have had six weeks' vacation. My brother, my nephew, and I go to Paradise to school. My teacher gave HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to me as a prize, January, 1884.
LIZZIE M. (aged 14).

HALE COUNTY, ALABAMA.

I am a boy, and will be thirteen my next birthday. I have one cow that I bought with my own money. I want a bird dog very badly. Do you know where I can get one? I got my leg broke three weeks ago, and can not walk yet except on crutches. My oldest sister goes to Marion to school. I have a gun my father gave me last year. We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for several years, and like it ever so much. R. W. C.

Can any reader help this lad in his search for a dog?

PRAIRIE DU SAC, WISCONSIN.

I have six pets—three brothers and three sisters; one is older than I, and the rest are younger. My father is the principal of a High School, and teaches 160 miles from here; he has been teaching all the time for twenty-three years. We stay on the farm with mamma, because we like the country best. We have a span of ponies named Gypsy and Topsy, and two cows named Blossom and Beauty, and we have a cat, pure white, with three white kittens and one black-and-white one. We take four papers, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *Youth's Companion*, *Pansy*, and *Our Little Ones*; I call HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE mine.
Your twelve-year-old subscriber,
MYRA O. H.

PESCADERO, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little boy nearly twelve years old. I have two sisters, both younger than I am, and a baby brother. All the girls and boys tell about their pets; I have ten cats and three little chickens. On our ranch we have ten horses and over a hundred cows. We live by the ocean, where I like to play and gather shells. I go to school, where there are four scholars, and study reading, spelling, history, arithmetic, and geography. The 'coons are destroying our corn; please tell me how to catch them. I saw a deer the other day on the mountain. I am making a quail trap large enough to take in twenty or thirty quail, and not be crowded at all. My sister takes *St. Nicholas*, but I do not like it as well as I do YOUNG PEOPLE, which I have taken two years. I would like to see this letter in print, if you think it is good enough. ISA S.

The boys must look to their laurels. This week's Post-office Box is quite occupied by the girls. Will you not let me have a number of letters from the young gentlemen before another week rolls around? Favors are acknowledged from **Hattie L., Grace H., William W. F., Grace P. F., J. R. B.,** and **Mabel P.**

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

ENIGMA.

My first is in wall, but not in door.
My second is in rain, but not in pour.
My third is in sold, but not in bought.
My fourth is in hauled, and also in brought.
My fifth is in iron, but not in lead.
My sixth is in lounge, but not in bed.
My seventh is in gun, but not in shot.
My eighth is in kettle, and also in pot.
My ninth is in son, but not in daughter.
My tenth is in wine, but not in water.
My whole is a city fair to see,
On the banks of a river bright.
Can you find out its name and tell it to me
Before early candle-light?
BELLA HIRSHFIELD.

### No. 2.

FOUR EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A consonant. 2. A part of the body. 3. Heathen. 4. Hastened. 5. A consonant.
H. R. WATSON.

2.—1. A letter. 2. Something the baby can do. 3. A color. 4. Consent. 5. A letter.

3.—1. A letter. 2. Skill. 3. A small seed. 4. A metal. 5. A letter.

4.—1. A letter. 2. To strike. 3. Not wrong. 4. An article. 5. A letter. CHARLIE DAVIS.

### No. 3.

SQUARE WORD.

1. One's dwelling-house. 2. Spoken, not written. 3. Armor. 4. A girl's name.

### No. 4.

BEHEADINGS.

1. I am an article of food—behead me, and I am perused. 2. I am a vessel—behead me, and I am part of the body. 3. I am a case—behead me, and I am a field overgrown with shrubs. 4. I am hurtful—behead me, and I am as much as the arms can hold. 5. I am the mark of a wound—behead me, and I am a railway carriage.
FLORENCE SIMPSON.

### No. 5.

PIED CITIES.

1. Oshnrctale. 2. Euimwleak. 3. Hpemsmi. 4. Fdrotahr. 5. Itaaaln. 6. Odlnon. 7. Ispra. 8. Humnci. 9. Hasapin. 10. Oyma. 11. Kotol. 12. Egvnea. 13. Eorm. 14. Yanbla.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 259.

No. 1.—Nicaragua. The letter I. Ivory.

No. 2.—
T A S T E
A L T O
S T Y
T O
E

B R A I N
R A I N
A I R
I N
N

No. 3.—
R
M A T
M O P E D
R A P H A E L
T E A S E
D E E
L

G
B E T
B O N E S
G E N E R A L
T E R S E
S A E
L

No. 4.—Androscoggin.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from S. M. Fechheimer, S. A. Lowe, Henry Dewey, Barnett W. McLean, Jean G., James Connor, Lavinia C. Bacon, Charlie Davis, Edna Douglass, Allen Gibson, T. C. D., Emilie Rodgers, Asche, Bertha Gardiner, Grace P. Ford, and William W. Ford.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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## HOME FROM THE SEA-SHORE.

BY MRS. EYTINGE.

WE'VE just come home from the sea-shore—
Been there since the first of July—
And we've had lots of fun, I can tell you,
My dear Kitty baby and I.
We've found the most beautiful pebbles,
We've rolled in the jolliest sand,
And I am as brown as a chestnut,
And the baby is dreadfully tanned.

## THE CHERUBIC INFANTRY.

BY G. B. BARTLETT,

AUTHOR OF "NEW GAMES FOR PARLOR AND LAWN."

A LONG dining-table is placed across the end of any room, covered with a large table-cloth reaching to the floor in front; six bowls, with a spoon in each, are arranged in a row, and a child's rattle lies at the right side of each bowl. Six chairs are placed in a line on the floor behind the table, and on these the infantry are seated. For this company boys or girls are chosen, those with the roundest faces and largest arms being preferred. Each child is dressed like a baby by tying around the shoulders a sheet, through the hem of which a string is run, and the whole is kept in place by a sash around the waist. The arms should be bare, and the head covered with a close cap made of paper muslin, with a ruffle on the front edge.

While the children are taking their seats the whole table is concealed by a long shawl, which is held by two persons. When all are ready, the shawl is dropped, and the infantry are discovered, the first one with the chin resting on its hands, which lie on the table, the next with its chin in the right hand, the elbow of the right arm resting on the table. The direction for all movements must be given in a whisper by the child at the left of the line. As all action must be simultaneous, these orders are given twice, and the children always wait for the repetition before obeying them. The following suggestions are given for a single concert:

All sit up and sing a chorus, at the end of which they all eat imaginary bread and milk, keeping exact time to the former tune with their spoons in the bowls. All sing another song, and keep time with their rattles, and then all drop asleep, each one resting his head on the left shoulder of the next, excepting the last, who rests his head on his own right shoulder. All wake, rub their eyes, yawn, and sing, performing each action in unison. All join in a crying chorus, and then in a laughing one, and finish the concert with a good-night song. Any songs or choruses which the children have learned at school can be introduced here. A very funny one will be found by singing the well-known words of

"Mary had a little lamb; its fleece was white as snow,"

to the tune of "The Battle-cry of Freedom," and introducing the usual chorus, "Shouting the battle-cry," etc., immediately after each line of the length given above, until all the words of the poem have been thus used. For the crying chorus that of the song "Villikins and his Dinah" will answer to these words:

"Oh, cry, little babies, oh, join in the bawl;
At the top of your voices unite in the squall.
Cry, cry, little babies, with all of your might,
In the cool of the morning and stillness of night."

While the children are going to sleep any of the well-known lullaby songs can be used; and when they wake, they may use these words, or any others, to the tune of "Bo-peep":

"Arouse from sleep, and take a peep
At the bright world around you;
Now ope your eyes on bright blue skies,
For loving friends surround you."



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 263. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1884.
Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




"DAISY SPRANG TO HER FEET AND CLAPPED HER HANDS."

## DAISY LOVELL'S CHRISTMAS-EVE.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"MAMMA," said Daisy Lovell, "may I have the box of water-colors? Please don't ask what I am going to paint," she added, quickly.

"You may have them, Daisy," answered her mother, with a smile; "and although I am very curious, I will not ask a single question."

It was Christmas-eve. The room Daisy and her mother occupied was long and low, with great oak beams across

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the ceiling. The windows had deep sills, and there were cupboards built in the corners. Everything in the room was old and almost worn out, but very neat.

"Where are you going, mamma?" asked Daisy, in some surprise, as her mother threw on her cloak.

"I am going to the village to buy a few things," replied her mother. "Mr. and Mrs. King have some business there to-night, and have offered to take me. I shall be away a long time, perhaps two or three hours. You will not be afraid?"

"Oh no, I shall not, mamma."

"I wish there were some children living near!" said Mrs. Lovell, looking at Daisy thoughtfully.

"So do I, mamma," replied Daisy. "Then I could have a Christmas party, couldn't I?"

Mrs. Lovell passed her hand over Daisy's hair gently without speaking.

"Oh, mamma," said Daisy, suddenly, "I saw Mr. Ashleigh's sleigh go by just before dark. It had four gray horses harnessed to it, and each horse had a plume of red and yellow on a silver thing over its head. How lovely they looked! The silver bells around their necks jingled when they tossed their heads, and the plumes waved backward. The sleigh is large enough to hold ten or twelve people, but there was no one in it but old Mr. Ashleigh, bundled up in the big white fur robes. I was crossing the bridge when they came past, and I watched them go up the steep hill on the other side. Where do you think they were going, mamma?"

"I think he must have been going to Plattsburg to meet the train," replied her mother; "for every Christmas-eve Mr. Ashleigh's children come from all directions to spend the holidays with him."

"Why don't they live at home with their father and mother?" asked Daisy.

"I suppose there are too many of them now," said Mrs. Lovell, with a smile.

"Did you ever have any brothers or sisters, mamma?" asked Daisy.

"Yes, dear," replied her mother, moving nearer to the fire, and leaning her head upon her hand sadly.

Daisy moved closer to her mother's side, and began patting her cheek gently.

"Mamma," said she, softly, "what are you thinking about? You look so very, very sorry."

"I was thinking about my brother Alfred," replied her mother. "He was fifteen years older than I, but we loved each other dearly, and he was my constant companion until one day a friend persuaded him to go to Australia. It was Christmas-eve, twenty years ago, that he left home. The wind blew and howled about the house, exactly as it does to-night. He was sitting in this very chair. I remember how I sobbed and cried, and coaxed him not to go. He cried too, poor fellow, as he took me on his knee and kissed me. 'A year will soon pass, Annie,' he whispered. 'I will come back on Christmas-eve; watch for me.'"

"Well, mamma?" asked Daisy as her mother paused.

"I watched for him, dear, not only the next year, but many more. He never came back."

"Was that before grandpapa died?" asked Daisy, softly.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Lovell. "My father and mother died two years after, and I went with my aunt to England, where I was married."

"Then, when papa died, did you come back to your old home because you loved it so?" said Daisy.

"Yes, dear," replied her mother.

"Did Mr. King and Mr. Ashleigh live here when you were a little girl?" asked Daisy.

"Mr. King did," said her mother; "but Mr. Ashleigh's house was built only five years ago."

"Here is the wagon, mamma," cried Daisy, running to open the door. But the wind tore it from her hand and dashed it against the wall.

"Almost blown away, Daisy?" said a man's voice in the darkness. "Is your mother ready, dear?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Lovell, hurrying to the door; "but I had no idea we should have such weather as this."

"It is rather sudden," replied Mr. King; "the wind rose after sundown. About an hour ago the big elm at the back of my house was uprooted. We have not had such a gale for years."

"Good-by, Daisy," said her mother.

The little girl kissed her fondly. Then she returned to the warm room, and stood for several minutes thinking over the story of her mother's lost brother. Finally, lifting up the pillow of a lounge, she took out a small box which was concealed there.

"This is the first time in my life," said Daisy to herself, "that I ever remember being glad to be alone; but now I can finish mamma's present without hiding it every moment."

She drew her chair up to the table, and opening the box, took from it a small but very neatly made needle-book. It was intended for a Christmas gift to her mother, and had cost Daisy many hours of hard work before it was completed.

"Now," said Daisy, examining it carefully, "I have nothing to do but stitch this cover and sew on the ribbon. After that I will print mamma's name on a card, so that she will know it is for her."

The ribbon was soon arranged to suit her, and now came the most difficult part of her work.

Daisy wanted to paint the name in different colors, so as to make it look bright and showy. Card after card she tore up and threw away. The letters would *not* come straight. She was quite warm and tired with her efforts, when she discovered that the card in her hand was the last.

"This will have to do, then," said she, with a sigh. "I think mamma can read it, although the letters are all different sizes."

Daisy was just wondering whether a border of red around the card might not improve it, when she heard a strange sound outside. It was something like the roll of heavy wheels or the distant rumbling of thunder.

"Can that be Mr. King's wagon already?" said Daisy, starting up, and hastily thrusting the needle-book into the box. With the card still in her hand, she ran to the door and peeped out.

It was very cold, and Daisy shuddered as she stepped out upon the porch to get a better view of the road, but there was no wagon there. She was about to turn back, when the card she had taken so much pains to paint dropped from her hand, and before she could stoop to pick it up, the wind caught it, whirled it through the air, and she saw it whisked down the road toward the river.

"I must catch it," thought Daisy, "before it is blown into the water."

The road was slippery and white with hard snow, and the card slid and hopped over the glassy surface before Daisy as though it were alive, and always just as she thought she had it, the wind lifted it and bore it away from her outstretched hand.

"I suppose I shall have to go home without it, after all, but I will try once more."

The overhanging rocks on each side of the road in this place cast such black shadows that Daisy could not see an inch before her. So she moved cautiously on until her hand touched the post to which the rail of the bridge was fastened. Then she gave a frightened scream and clung wildly to the post, for instead of stepping upon the planks of the bridge, as she had expected, her foot went down. There was nothing between her and the madly rushing river.

For two or three seconds she struggled hard to regain her footing. At last she succeeded in wedging her heel

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firmly into the straggling roots of a tree that projected from between the rocks, then with the aid of the post she drew herself once more into safety.

Slightly bruised and very much frightened, Daisy sat still for a moment to recover her breath. What had happened? she wondered. The bridge was gone, and so was the tall maple that used to stand close by it.

"That must have been the noise I heard," thought Daisy. "I suppose the tree fell upon the bridge and broke it. I am so sorry! That was a pretty maple, and used to be the first to turn red in autumn. I am glad mamma does not have to come this way."

As she scrambled upon her feet her hand touched something soft. Picking it up, she found it to be a long tuft of horse-hair tied at one end.

"I know what it is," she said to herself. "It is one of the tassels I saw swinging from the silver rings over the heads of Mr. Ashleigh's horses. It must have dropped close by me when I saw them pass. I will take—" Suddenly Daisy stood perfectly still and looked back toward the broken bridge. Her heart began to beat very fast, and she turned first hot and then cold; for all at once she remembered that Mr. Ashleigh would certainly return by the road that led over the ruined bridge.

"What shall I do?" thought Daisy. "Four horses, too. Even if the man saw the bridge was gone after he began to come down that hill on the other side, he could never stop them in time. All Mr. Ashleigh's dear little children will be killed on Christmas-eve. Oh! oh!" Daisy began to cry and run as swiftly as she could toward home, for she felt if her mother had returned she could help her save them.

It was in reality but a short distance to her home, but Daisy felt as if she should never reach it. She entered the room breathlessly; it was empty. Looking at the clock, she found that it was half past nine, and her mother had said the party could not arrive before ten.

"Only half an hour," thought Daisy. "What shall I do? There is no time to find any one to help me."

Plan after plan flew through her mind, but none of them was of any use. At last she concluded to build a fire directly before the broken bridge.

Daisy found her little sled, and placing a large basket upon it, heaped it full of dry chips and small logs of wood. While she was busy she kept wondering anxiously if they would understand what the fire meant, and see it in time.

As Daisy went back to the room for some matches, her eye fell upon the paints she had been using.

"There! now I know what I will do!" cried she aloud, snatching up a long thin white curtain that hung by the fire to air. She spread it out upon the smooth oak floor, and fastened it down securely with a number of pins from the big cushion on the table. Then selecting the largest piece of paint, which was a cake of India-ink, she dipped it into a glass of water, and with trembling, hurried fingers printed these words upon the curtain:

DANGER!
THE BRIDGE IS BROKEN.

Daisy drew each letter more than two inches broad, and full as long as her arm, and she made them very black indeed by passing the paint over the letters a great number of times.

Looking at the clock, she found it wanted only ten minutes to ten. So she pulled up the curtain, and threw it over her basket of wood that stood near the door; then tugging her sled after her, she ran toward the river.

When she reached the broken bridge the wind was lower, but the water roared as loudly as ever. Without wasting a minute, Daisy heaped the chips together on a large flat stone close to the bank, and applied a match to them. Presently a slender flame burst out. She then piled on some small logs of wood, and soon a bright fire was leaping and crackling, making everything around as bright as day. The posts which used to support the hand-rail of the bridge were still standing. They were directly before the fire. So Daisy stretched her curtain between them, and pinned it firmly around them with the pins that still clung to it.

The fire shining through the thin muslin made it perfectly transparent, and the great crooked black letters stood out with wonderful distinctness. The fire also lit up the foaming water and the jagged rocks all around, and threw streams of light on the pieces of broken bridge still clinging to the opposite bank and down the road from which the sleigh must come.

Daisy stood near the fire, watching that no spark reached her signal, glancing now and then anxiously toward the road.

Presently she began to tremble, for she heard above the noise of the rushing water a shout and the clatter of horses' hoofs. Then far off up the steep road Daisy saw, coming swiftly as the wind, the four gray horses and a loaded sleigh.

The silver bells and the silver-mounted harness flashed in the fire-light. The driver was standing up, tugging at the reins with both hands, and from all sides of the sleigh protruded frightened white faces.

"It is too late!" cried Daisy, as she saw the leading horses, with their feet planted against the steep slippery ground, slide down toward the broken bridge.

She covered her eyes with her hand and sank down near the fire. She knew she could not bear to see all the dear little children dashed into the black water.

But instead of hearing screams of fright and horror, Daisy heard a man's voice shouting, "Hallo! hallo! who is that on the other side?"

Peeping through her fingers, she saw that two gentlemen were holding the horses' heads, and all the people in the sleigh were standing up, looking toward her.

"Who are you?" shouted the same voice again.

Daisy sprang to her feet and clapped her hands.

After all, they were safe. But she could see no children; the sleigh was filled with grown people.

"Why, it is a little girl!" cried the other gentleman, in astonishment.

Then he pointed to the letters on the curtain, and shouted, "Who did that?"

Daisy motioned to herself, and grew very red, for she felt ashamed of the great uneven words.

"Are you alone?" cried he.

Daisy nodded, and although she knew her voice could not be heard, said, "I must go home now; mamma will be frightened about me."

As she turned away, the driver called out, "Is that Daisy Lovell?"

Daisy nodded her head again and then ran off, for all the ladies and gentlemen took up her name, and cried, "Thank you, Daisy—dear little Daisy Lovell," and waved their handkerchiefs and hats to her.

"Such a fuss!" said Daisy to herself, as she dragged her sled home. "Any one could have done what I did."

As Daisy stepped upon the porch, her mother opened the door, looking very much alarmed.

"Here I am, mamma!" cried Daisy.

"What have you been doing, child?" asked her mother.

"I am afraid, mamma, you will think I have been in mischief," replied Daisy; "for I have spoiled your clean window-curtain, and left the big basket down by the river."

"Come in at once and tell me what you mean, Daisy," said her mother. "Your hands are as cold as ice, and you are trembling all over."

"That is because I am so tired, mamma," replied Daisy.

Her mother closed the door, and sitting down in the

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"CAN I COME DOWN, MAMMA? I'LL BE DOOD."

rocking-chair before the fire, lifted Daisy upon her lap, and said, "Now tell me all about it, dear."

Then Daisy related her evening's adventure. She had scarcely finished when they heard the jingling of sleigh-bells in the road, and in a moment more a loud knock sounded on the hall door.

Daisy followed her mother as she opened it. Old Mr. Ashleigh stood on the step, and behind him a number of ladies and gentlemen.

"Has Daisy returned home?" inquired Mr. Ashleigh.

"Yes, she is here," replied Mrs. Lovell, leading Daisy forward.

In a moment she was surrounded by what seemed to her a large crowd of people, and kissed and caressed by all of them at once.

Daisy looked in vain for the boys and girls, but there was none. Soon she began to understand that these grown-up people were Mr. Ashleigh's children, and felt very much disappointed. Presently she heard Mr. Ashleigh invite her mother to their Christmas dinner. "We will try to make it pleasant for Daisy," said he, "although there will be no other little ones. The weather was so severe that my grandchildren remained at home."

While he was speaking, one of the gentlemen, the one that had spoken to Daisy across the river, made his way silently through the group in the hall, and going into the front room, looked around sadly. Then Daisy, who had been watching him, saw him seat himself in her mother's rocking-chair, and cover his eyes with his hand. She thought he must be very cold. But she forgot all about him when Mr. Ashleigh and the others began to bid her and her mother good-by.

"Mamma! mamma!" cried Daisy as the sleigh drove off, "Mr. Ashleigh has forgotten one of his children."

Mrs. Lovell hurried into the room.

The gentleman still sat with his eyes fixed upon the fire.

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Lovell, "but the sleigh has gone without you."

"It is of no consequence," said the gentleman, starting up quickly. "I will walk. I am not one of Mr. Ashleigh's family. I met him at the station, and when he understood that I wished to reach Mr. King's house to-night, he offered me a seat in his sleigh."

"I am afraid you will have some difficulty in finding Mr. King's house, it is so very dark."

"Oh no," replied the stranger. "I lived here years ago, and nothing seems changed." He looked around the room slowly as he spoke, first at the tall clock, and then at the other furniture, until his eyes rested on the chair near the fire.

Daisy felt her mother's hand tremble in hers, and looking up into her face, saw that she was very white, and that her eyes were fixed on the stranger's face.

Presently she heard her whisper, "Alfred! Alfred! is it really you?"

"Who called my name?" cried the gentleman, starting, and looking intently at Daisy's mother.

"Don't you remember your sister Annie?" cried Mrs. Lovell, springing forward.

"Annie! Annie! have I found you again?" cried he, clasping his sister in his arms.

Daisy sat down on the floor and cried, she did not know what for; but it was not long before she found herself seated on her new-found uncle's knee.

"I should never have seen you again, Annie, but for this little darling," said he, kissing Daisy again.

"You promised mamma that you would come home on Christmas-eve, didn't you?" said Daisy, looking at her mother's happy face, and then at her uncle, whom she felt sure she should soon love dearly.

"And I kept the promise, thanks to you, dear," replied he.

They sat together talking until it was almost morning. And he told them how he had fallen ill just as he was about to return from Australia, how he had just recovered when news came that his parents and only sister were dead, and so staid on working hard and trying to forget his sorrow until long years passed and he became a rich man. Then suddenly a great longing to see his old home came over him, so he determined to visit his native land once more.

"It seems almost too strange to be true," said he. "I came here expecting to find all I loved dead, and first I am saved from a terrible death by my own little niece, and then I find you, Annie, waiting for me in the very room I left you in twenty years ago."

When Daisy went to bed that night she thought over all that had happened in a few hours, and wondered if any one in the world had ever such a strange Christmas-eve.

The next morning Daisy presented her mother with the needle-book, which was very much admired. In the evening, Daisy, her mother, and her uncle went to Mr. Ashleigh's dinner party, and although she was the only child there, Daisy enjoyed herself greatly. As they were about to return home every one presented her with a gift in remembrance of her timely aid.

Now every Christmas-eve Mr. Ashleigh gives a party in remembrance of the rescue at the broken bridge, and Daisy is the most honored guest.

Since the day of his return Daisy's new-found uncle has resided in his old home. The house is very little changed, but the grounds have been extended until they take in that part of the river where the bridge fell in, and are now so improved and beautified that they resemble a wonderful park.

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# WAKULLA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

## CHAPTER XI.

### "THE ELMER MILL AND FERRY COMPANY."

MR. ELMER made careful inquiries concerning the mill about which Mark had told him, and found that it was the only one within twenty miles of Wakulla. He was told that it used to do a flourishing business before the bridge was carried away, and things in that part of the country went to ruin generally. Both Mr. Bevil and Mr. Carter thought that if there was any way of getting over to it, the mill could be made to pay, and were much pleased at the prospect of having it put in running order again.

Mr. March having been a mill-owner, and thoroughly understanding machinery, visited the one in question with Mr. Elmer, and together they inspected it carefully. They found that it contained old-fashioned but good machinery for grinding corn and ginning cotton, but none for sawing lumber. Only about thirty feet of the dam had been carried away, and it could be repaired at a moderate expense. Mr. March said that by raising the whole dam a few feet the water-power would be greatly increased, and would be sufficient to run a saw in addition to the machinery already on hand. He also said that he knew of an abandoned saw-mill a few miles up the river, the machinery of which was still in a fair condition, and could be bought for a trifle.

The result of what he saw and heard was, that Mr. Elmer decided the investment to be a good one, and at once took the necessary steps toward purchasing the property. This decision pleased Mark and Jan greatly, and they began to think that they were men of fine business ability, or, as Mark said, were "possessed of long heads."

That evening a meeting of the "dusty millers," as Ruth called them, was held in the "Go Bang" sitting-room.

Mr. Elmer addressed the meeting, and proposed that they form a mill company with a capital of one thousand dollars, and that the stock be valued at one hundred dollars a share.

This proposition met with general approval, though Mark whispered to Ruth that he didn't see how father was going to make a thousand dollars' worth of capital out of five hundred unless he watered the stock.

"Now," said Mr. Elmer, after the formation of a company was agreed upon, "what shall the association be called?"

Many names were suggested, among them that of "The Great Southern Mill Company," by Mark, who also proposed "The Florida and Wakulla Milling Association." Finally Mr. March proposed "The Elmer Mill Company," and after some discussion this name was adopted.

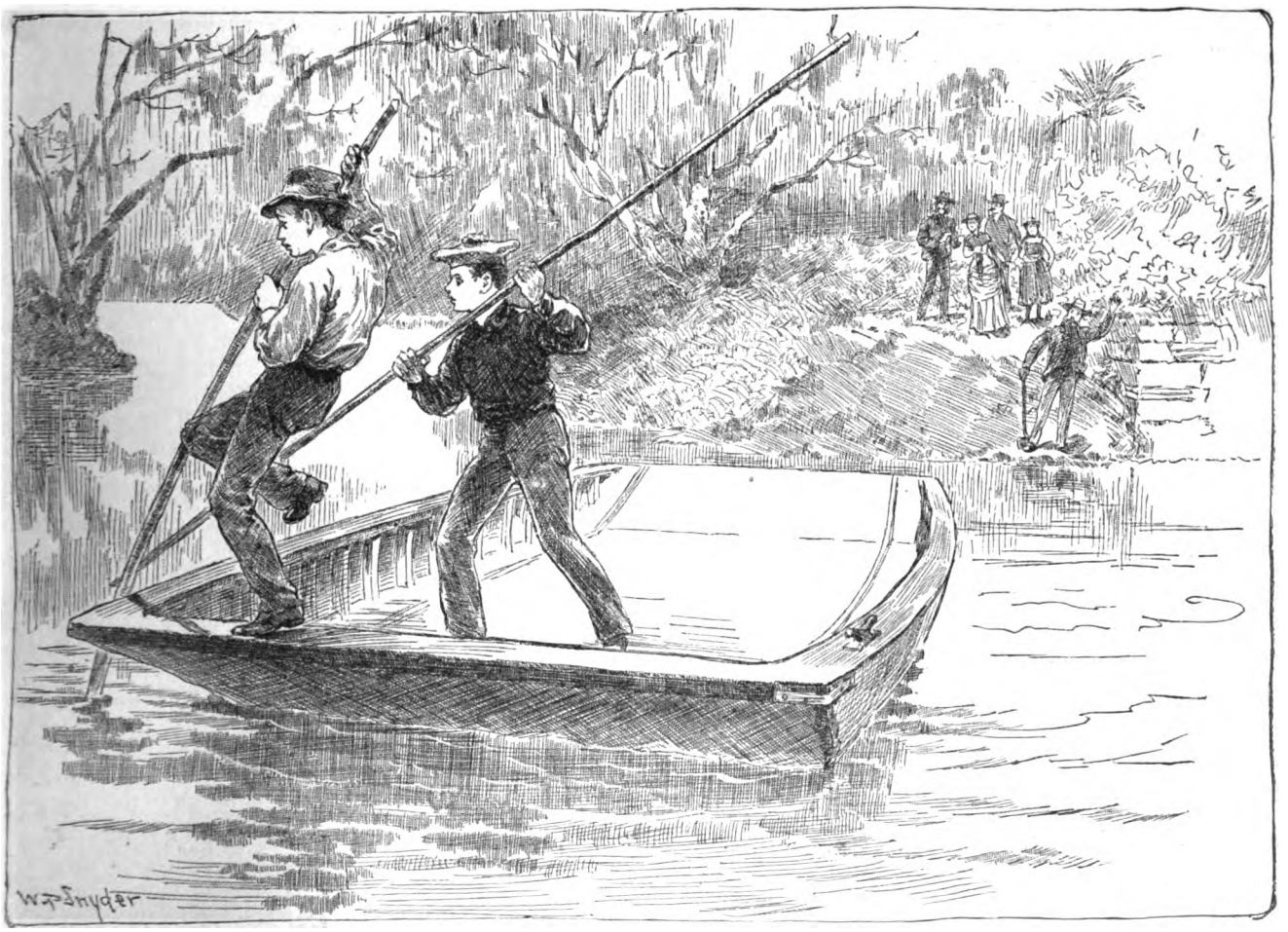
Meantime Mr. Elmer had prepared a sheet of paper which he handed round for signatures, and when it was returned to him it read as follows:

THE ELMER MILL COMPANY.

WAKULLA, FLORIDA, *January* 10, 188–.

The undersigned do hereby promise to pay into the capital stock of The Elmer Mill Company, upon demand of its Treasurer, the sums placed opposite their respective names:

| | |
|---|---|
| Mark Elmer | $200 |
| Ellen R. Elmer | 200 |
| Mark Elmer, Jun | 100 |
| Ruth Elmer | 100 |
| Harold March | 100 |
| Jan Jansen | 100 |



"ARMED WITH LONG POLES, THEY PUSHED OFF."

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After these signatures had been obtained, Mr. March said that he had a proposition to lay before the company. It was that he should superintend the setting up of the mill machinery and its running for one year, for which service he should receive a salary of one hundred dollars. He also said that if the company saw fit to accept this offer he would at once subscribe the one hundred dollars salary to its capital stock in addition to the sum already set opposite his name.

This proposition, being put to vote by the chairman, was unanimously accepted, and the amount opposite Mr. March's name on the subscription list was changed from one hundred dollars to two hundred dollars.

Then Mr. Elmer said that he wished to lay some propositions before the company. One of them was that if they would accept of the ferry franchise he had recently obtained, he would present it as a free gift. He also wished to propose to Mr. March and Master Frank March that they should build the ferry-boat, for which he would furnish the material. To the company he further proposed that if Mr. Frank March would agree for the sum of one hundred dollars to run the ferry-boat for one year from the time it was launched, his name should at once be placed upon the subscription list, and he be credited with one share of stock.

All of these propositions having been accepted, the name of Frank March was added to the list, and the books were declared closed.

Mr. Elmer said that the next business in order was the election of officers, and he called for nominations.

Mrs. Elmer caused Mark to blush furiously by speaking of him in most flattering terms as originator of the scheme, and nominating him as President of the company.

The list of officers as finally prepared and submitted to the meeting was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| President | Mark Elmer, Jun. |
| Vice-President and General Manager | Mark Elmer, Sen. |
| Treasurer | Ellen R. Elmer. |
| Secretary | Ruth Elmer. |
| Superintendent of Mills | Harold March. |
| Superintendent of Ferries | Frank March. |

And a Board of Directors, to consist of Jan Jansen, Esq., and the officers of the company *ex-officio*.

This ticket being voted upon as a whole and unanimously elected, Mr. Elmer resigned his chair to the newly made President, who gravely asked if there was any further business before the meeting.

"Mr. President," said Mr. March, "I wish to move that the name Elmer Mill Company, which we recently adopted, be changed so as to read, 'Elmer Mill and Ferry Company.'"

"All right," said the President; "you may move it."

"I second the motion," said Mr. Elmer, laughing, "and call for the question."

"Nobody's asked any," said Mark, looking rather bewildered.

"I mean, Mr. President, that I call upon you to lay the motion just made by our distinguished Superintendent of Mills, and seconded by myself, before the meeting, that they may take action upon it."

"Oh," said Mark; and remembering how his father had done it, he put the motion very properly, announced that the yeas had it, and that the name of the company was accordingly changed.

Then the President made an address, in which he said: That, after a most careful examination into the affairs of The Elmer Mill and Ferry Company, he was able to report most favorably as to its present condition. He found that they owned valuable mill buildings and machinery, and had contracted for a ferry-boat, which was to be built immediately, and which had been paid for in advance. He also found that the two salaried officers of the company, the Superintendent of Mills and the Superintendent of Ferries, had been paid one year's salary in advance.

In spite of these outlays, he was informed by the Treasurer that a cash balance of three hundred dollars remained, and he congratulated the stockholders of the company upon its healthy and flourishing condition.

This address was received with prolonged applause.

Before the meeting adjourned it was decided that the election of officers should be held annually, and that the Board of Directors should meet once a month.

A meeting of this board was held immediately upon the adjournment of the meeting of stockholders, and the General Manager was instructed to purchase saw-mill machinery, and to begin the rebuilding of the dam at once.

"Well, Ruth," said Mark, after all this business had been transacted, "now we *are* property owners sure enough; that newspaper was about right, after all."

After the others had gone to bed Mr. Elmer and Mr. March talked for some time together, and this conversation resulted in the latter agreeing to move to Wakulla, and build a small house for himself and Frank on Mr. Elmer's land. He told Mr. Elmer that meeting him and his family had given him new ideas of life, and aroused a desire for better things both for himself and his son.

The Sunday-school was well attended the next Sunday; and as Mr. Elmer had brought a package of song-books with him from Tallahassee, the scholars learned to sing several of the songs, and seemed to enjoy them very much.

Monday was a rainy day, but as a rough shed had been built to serve as a workshop, the ferry-boat was begun. On it Mr. March laid out enough work to keep all hands busy except Frank, who was still confined to the house.

The rain fell steadily all that week, until the Elmers no longer wondered that bridges and dams were swept away in that country, and Mark said that if it did not stop soon they would have to build an ark instead of a ferry-boat.

As a result of the rainy week, the boat was finished, the seams were caulked and pitched by Saturday night, and it was all ready to be launched on Monday.

By that time the rain had ceased, and the weather was again warm and beautiful.

On Monday morning Frank March left the house for the first time since he had been carried into it, and was invited to take a seat in the new boat. The mules were then hitched to it, and it was dragged in triumph to the edge of the river. It was followed by the whole family, including Aunt Chloe and Bruce, who had shown great delight at meeting his old master, Mr. March, and appeared to be ready to make up and be friends again with Frank, who had treated him so cruelly.

At the water's edge the mules were unhitched, a long rope was attached to one end of the boat, stout shoulders were placed under the pry poles, and with a "Heave 'o! and another, and still another," it was finally slid into the water amid loud cheers from the assembled spectators. These cheers were answered from the other side of the river, where nearly the whole population of Wakulla had assembled to see the launch.

Mark and Frank begged so hard to be allowed to take the boat across the river on a trial trip that Mr. Elmer said they might. Armed with long poles, they pushed off, but in a moment were swept down-stream by the strong current in spite of all their efforts, and much to the dismay of Mrs. Elmer, who feared they were in danger.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," said her husband; "they are not in any danger in that boat. It will teach them a good lesson on the strength of currents, and they'll soon fetch up on one bank or the other."

They did "fetch up" on the opposite side of the river

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after a while, but it was half a mile down-stream. When they got the boat made fast to a tree both boys were too thoroughly exhausted to attempt to force it back to Wakulla.

Just as they had decided to leave the boat where she was and walk back through the woods, they heard a shout out on the river, and saw Jan and a colored man coming toward them in the skiff.

The men took the poles, and the boys, jumping into the skiff, made it fast to the bow of the boat with a tow-line; and, by keeping close to the bank, they finally succeeded, after two hours' hard work, in getting back to Wakulla. They left the boat on that side of the river for the time being, and all crossed in the skiff.

The rest of that day was spent in planting two stout posts, one on each side of the river, close to the old bridge abutments, and in stretching across the river, from one post to the other, a wire cable that Mr. Elmer had bought for this purpose. A couple of iron pulley-wheels, to which strong ropes were attached, were placed on the cable. Its ends were drawn taut by the mules, and anchored firmly in the ground, about twenty-five feet behind each post.

The ropes of the pulley-wheels were made fast to the bow and stern of the boat, and the forward one was drawn up short, while the other was left long enough to allow the boat to swing at an angle to the current. Then the boat was shoved off, and, without any poling, was carried by the force of the current steadily to the other side.

A tin horn was attached by a light chain to each post, the ferry was formally delivered to Master Frank March, and it was declared open and ready for business.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE SPOTTED WOLF.

### A BOY'S ADVENTURE IN NORTHERN RUSSIA.

"I AM glad my work's done, for it will be an ugly night," said Ivan (John) Feodoroff, laying down in a corner of his little log-hut the heavy wooden spade which he had been handling ever since morning. "Masha [Mary], my pet, let us have supper at once. Well, Vania [Johnny], what has Father Oisip [Joseph] been teaching you to-day?"

"Such a pretty story, Tyatya [daddy]," answered a little pale-faced boy. "It was all about Ilia the Strong, who lay sick ever so many years, and then our Lord came in the shape of a pilgrim and cured him, and he went forth with his bow and his great axe, and conquered the 'Nightingale Brigand,' who was wasting the whole country, and became one of the best soldiers of good Prince Vladimir."

"I wish Ilia were alive now," said his mother, setting on the table a big bowl of "kasha" (buckwheat porridge); "he might kill the 'Spotted Wolf' for us."

This Spotted Wolf was a beast of enormous size and strength, which took its name from the ugly scars wherewith disease or the sharp teeth of some other wolf had covered its whole body. Summer and winter it kept prowling about and doing mischief, till its name was the terror of every village for miles round.

"Don't talk of the wicked brute," cried Feodoroff; "I never stir out after night-fall without thinking I hear him patting along behind me, all ready to spring at my throat."

"They say there's a reward of twenty rubles [fifteen dollars] offered for its head," said his wife.

"Well, I wish I could earn it," answered Feodoroff, "for then we needn't fret any more about those ten rubles that we want to make up our rent. But what's the use of talking about it? Let's have our supper."

Little Vania had drunk in every word of this conversation. Twenty rubles (an enormous sum in *his* eyes) to be gained by killing a wolf, which his hero, Ilia the Strong, would have done with a single blow! Oh, if he were only as strong as Ilia!

The next afternoon Vania went into the wood to gather mushrooms. It was a fine warm day, and by degrees he got deeper and deeper into the forest, until at length he came to a place which he had never seen before. It was a deep hollow, shut in on every side by thick and lofty trees, while in the middle stood a half-ruined log-cabin, all overgrown with moss and weeds. The greater part of the roof had fallen in long ago, but the walls were still sound, and the heavy door was fast shut and barred. Who had lived there, or why it had been deserted, no one knew. The spot had a bad name among the peasants, and nobody cared to go near it after dark.

But the sight of the splendid mushrooms which were growing all around it by scores drove everything else out of Vania's head. He was so eager to fill his basket with them that he never noticed how fast the sun was sinking, and never heard the warning rustle among the bushes behind him, as there crept stealthily forth from the green leaves the sharp, cruel muzzle, yellow eye, and gaunt, scarred body of the Spotted Wolf.

Vania saw the monster only just in time. As he sprang at a bough overhead, and whisked himself up into the tree by it, the huge gray body shot up into the air after him like a rocket, and the great white teeth snapped together within an inch of his flesh. But seeing his prey out of reach, the wolf lay down at the foot of the tree, as if meaning to starve him into surrender.

This was a terrible sight for poor Vania, who, tired as he already was, felt that he could not long keep his seat on that narrow slippery branch, upon which there was little enough hold for him at best. But as he looked despairingly around him, his eye caught sight of a long thick bough that shot out from the other side of the tree right over the roofless cabin. If he could only creep along it and drop down inside the hut he would be safe; and in another instant he had done so.

The moment the wolf saw him disappear it sprang forward with a savage howl, and leaped up against the sides of the hut again and again. But the height was too great, and it fell back every time.

Meanwhile Vania, thinking himself safe now, was just beginning to nibble a hunch of black bread which he had pocketed before starting, when suddenly the fiery eyes, grinning teeth, and frothy tongue of the wolf came right through the wall close to his face. Then he thought that all was over, and screamed with all his might.

But in another moment he saw that the wolf itself was in a "bad fix." Spying a window-hole, it had tried to squeeze through, and had stuck fast midway, the ragged ends of the decaying logs holding it so tightly that it could neither move forward nor back.

Seeing his enemy thus trapped and helpless, Vania began to think whether it might not be possible to kill him somehow, and earn the reward after all. True, he had no weapon; but he was not long at a loss. Scrambling up on to what was left of the roof, he began to push with all his strength at a heavy beam that lay close to the edge. It shook—it moved—it turned quite over—and then down it crashed right upon the wolf's exposed back. One sharp yell rang through the silent forest, and the terrible "Spotted Wolf" was harmless for evermore.

Just then a loud shout made Vania look round, and there stood his father and two or three other peasants who had come up in search of him just in time to witness his exploit. The whole village crowded round Feodoroff's hut that evening to see the wolf's head and hear the story, and they all agreed that Vania had well earned the reward which the Pristav (District Commissioner) himself paid him the very next day.

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## GOING TO THE FAIR.

HERE is little Wilhelmine ready for the fair—
Shining pins and snowy hood upon her flaxen hair;
Golden beads around her neck, worn with modest pride;
Dainty shawl by mother's hand very primly tied.

Mother says that Peterkin, Gretchen and Katrine,
Hans the bold and steady, must care for Wilhelmine.
What can make them linger? Mina calls them slow:
If they'd never been before, they'd be wild to go.

## BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

### ABOUT MAKING A FUSS.

THERE are people who never do the least thing without such a fuss, so many words and questions, and so much needless bother, that they tire out themselves and everybody else. If they have a ferry to cross, you would think they were going to Europe. If a pin pricks them, you would fancy from the outcry that they had been cut by a knife. They keep the house in a sort of hubbub from morning till night.

There are others who contrive to go through the days and weeks quietly. They bear illness and pain very gently and patiently. When they have a task to learn or a little work to do, they set about it quickly and silently, and keep at it till they have finished it. It is a real comfort to be with them.

There are very few things, my dears, about which it is worth while to make a fuss. Please remember that. Not long since I found Julius in a state of great vexation because he thought his name had been left out on the programme for the school exhibition, at which he was to perform on the violin. He had spent months in the study of his piece, and now the Professor intended to rob him of the honor which belonged to him, and give the place to Sidney.

Julius talked and fretted and fumed, and I listened and knitted, and tried to calm him. Presently the programmes arrived, and there was Julius announced as the first violinist of the occasion, and Sidney as the second. All his annoyance had been about nothing.

I sometimes have a great deal of fun all by myself watching the ways of the sparrows. They fly about, and chatter, and quarrel, and seem to be playing *Much Ado About Nothing* from morning to night. The robins I watched last summer in a maple-tree were much steadier, better-behaved birdies, and their songs were twice as sweet as the sparrows' vulgar chirping.

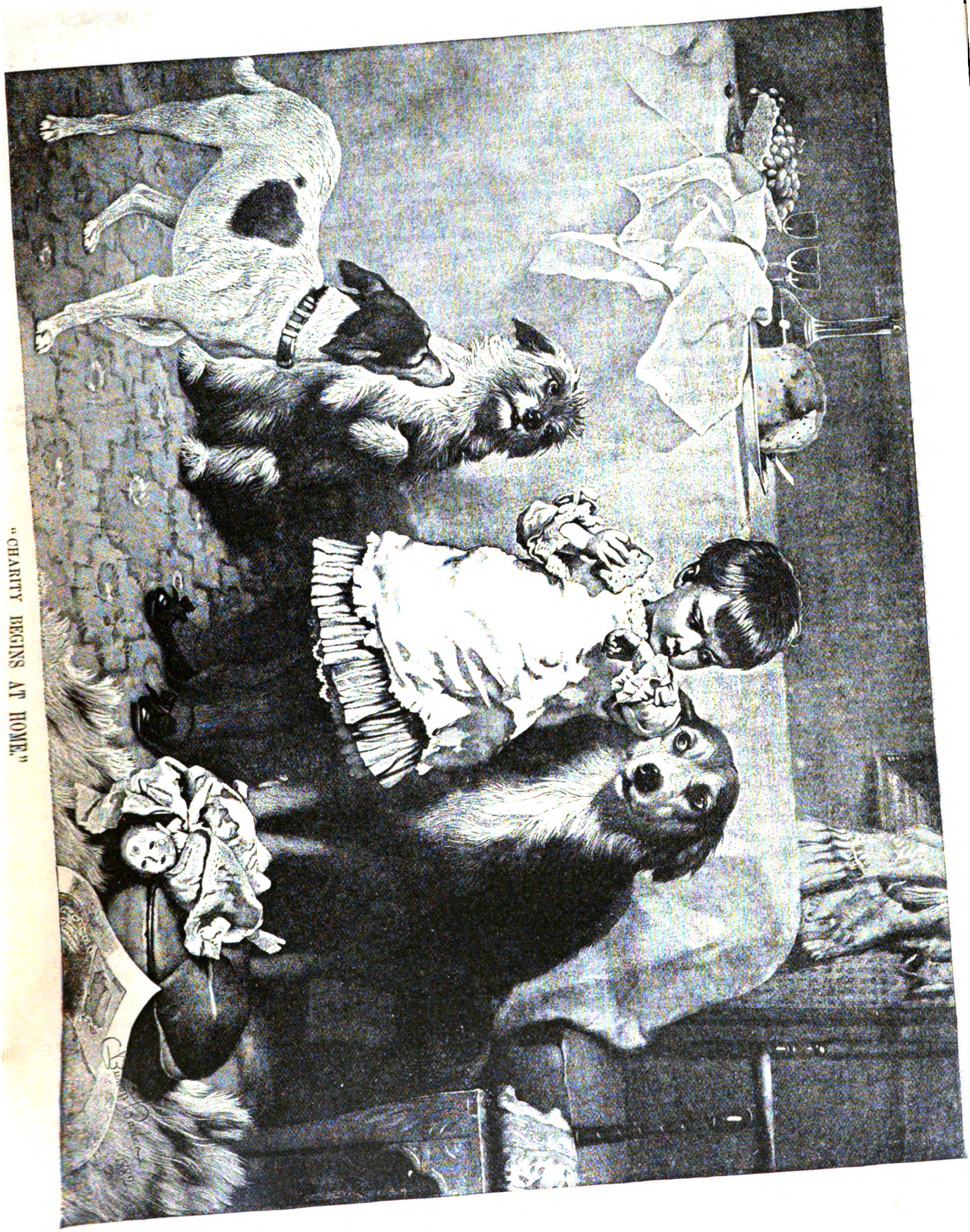
There is a long word which I like, and which I know you will let me use if I tell you what it means. Efficient. An efficient person is a person whose work amounts to something worth doing.

A young friend of mine, named May, is shut into the house much of the time through illness. But when I go to see her, she never frowns, or laments that she can not go about as other girls do. On the contrary, she always has a flower or a picture to show me. Sometimes, when quite well, she has learned a new tune, and plays it very sweetly, and the last time I paid her a visit she had just set the last stitches in a dress for her sister. May is efficient, not fussy.

Some people are often in a state of mind about their crimps, or their frizzes, or their dress. If the hat is a little out of style, they fancy that all the world gazes on it in wonder. If their dress does not precisely satisfy them, they can think of nothing else. Poor things! The truth is that in this busy world very few of us are so important that our dress, if neat and in order, needs give us much concern.

You have heard the homely saying about men who spend all day "running round in a half-bushel." That is the way with fussy, fidgety men and women. All men and women, of course, were once boys and girls, and they then began to be what they now are. So mind beginnings.

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"CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME."

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## PERIL AND PRIVATION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

### II.—THE UNDISCOVERED ISLAND.

THE fears of the natives having been quite put to rest and breakfast disposed of, the visitors asked the Captain to "send one of his men with them to the King as a specimen." Captain Wilson requested his brother, Mr. Matthias Wilson, to undertake this errand, with instructions to make as favorable an impression as possible. Mr. Wilson took with him as presents some blue broadcloth, a canister of tea, a parcel of sugar-candy, and a jar of rusks, which was added at the special desire of one of the visitors, Raa Kook, who, being the King's brother, understood his Majesty's tastes.

Raa Kook staid behind with his new friends in the tent which they had set up, and enjoyed himself immensely. He proved from first to last a most excellent fellow, very honorable and upright, but of an unbounded curiosity. Nothing escaped his notice. He volunteered his personal assistance to everything that was going on, "and even wished to aid the cook in blowing up the fire." In his great desire to imitate the new-comers, he even sat up at table as they did, instead of squatting.

In the mean time Mr. Matthias Wilson was having quite as exciting a time of it as Raa Kook, only in a passive instead of an active way. The King received him graciously, and gave him a mat to sit upon, which he found rather inconvenient, as he had never been a tailor. His Majesty took to the sugar-candy so very kindly that he left the visitor to other people. "Taking off his hat by accident, the whole assemblage was struck with astonishment, upon which he unbuttoned his waistcoat and took off his shoes," to their unbounded satisfaction. He had a supper of shell-fish and yams, and was shown to a sleeping-place; but as eight men presently arose and began to make huge fires on either side of him, he did not rest very comfortably, being fully persuaded in his own mind that he had fallen amongst cannibals, and was about to be roasted. However, he met with no harm, and returned to his friends in safety.

Notwithstanding these proofs of the peaceable disposition of the natives, Captain Wilson never relaxed his precautions, the camp being nightly guarded by nine sentinels, and every one prepared for action should things turn out badly. Except, however, that some natives got on board the wreck, and, breaking into the doctor's stores, drank some medicine, the effect of which alarmed them exceedingly, our castaways had nothing to complain of in the conduct of their new allies.

The King himself presently paid a royal visit, his canoe advancing between four others, the men in which splashed the water with their paddles in a triumphal arch over his head, and blew conch-shells like mermen. The Captain and he embraced and fraternized. His Majesty was no better clothed than the rest, but carried a hatchet of iron over his shoulder, whereas those of his subjects were of shell. He came with several chiefs and three hundred men, and as each chief fixed his eye upon some one person, the latter thought that he was to be his watcher's prisoner, and perhaps to become his food; "but so far from this being the case, it was intended that each person should be the friend and guest of the chief who had singled him out."

What the King had heard of from his brother, and was wild to witness, was the effect of fire-arms. When a musket was discharged the natives testified the most extraordinary surprise, but when a swivel was fired (a six-pounder) they thought it was the end of the world. Raa Kook, who was commander-in-chief of the forces, drew his Majesty's attention to a grindstone which he had learned to work, and delighted him with its rapid motion; he also blew the bellows to make up the fire. His royal brother fell on his neck and wept as though he had now seen everything, and could die happy.

What in the end probably won the monarch's good-will above everything was that now and again Captain Wilson lent a few men to him—with muskets—to help him in the wars in which he was constantly engaged with the neighboring islanders. Wherever the "make-thunders" were heard, victory declared herself upon that side, and the alliance between the castaways and their hosts grew very firm in consequence. Oroolong, as the castaways' island was called, became almost as familiar to the King as his own Pelew, and the most intimate friendship sprang up between the natives and the visitors. The Captain, in his turn, visited Pelew, and was made royally welcome. They gave him pigeons, which were reserved for the members of the King's family only, and he was introduced to the King's wives, who seemed to pass their lives in making sweet drinks and mats, and in rubbing themselves with some kind of ointment.

Under no circumstances, however, do I think the Englishmen would have met with any harm. Even when they announced their intention of building a ship out of the timbers of the *Antelope* and sailing home, the King, though he must bitterly have regretted the loss of his allies, made no objections, and his amazement at the size and progress of this vessel was extraordinary.

The *Antelope*, though it could never float again, still stuck on the coral reef on which it had struck. Its nails and planks and upper sheathing were all laid under contribution for the new ship, which was constructed on a sort of dry-dock, made with infinite pains and skill. On the 3d of November they began to cut down trees for blocks and launching ways. All were in the highest spirits at the prospect of getting home and seeing their friends, who would probably have given them up for lost, save one of the seamen, Madau Planchard, who announced his intention of remaining with his new friends. As no arguments could persuade him to the contrary, the Captain made a merit of leaving him behind them with his "make-thunder" and plenty of ammunition. This man turned out badly. After his companions departed he left off clothing, sunk into a savage, and was killed in a battle with his new sovereign's enemies.

When the vessel was painted, Raa Kook himself, who thought he had a taste for decoration, insisted upon ornamenting its stern. "What the ornaments were intended for could not, however, be discovered." When the launch was effected the Captain gave a great entertainment to his allies. The King came as to a picnic, with nine of his wives, and a little daughter to whom he was devoted. They were feasted on fish, and rice mixed with molasses, which they relished, as they did all sweet things, immensely. Then the King informed the Captain that he intended to make him a "Rupeck" (chief of the highest rank), and invest him with the order of the Bone.

Raa Kook, taking the ornament, anointed the Captain's hand with oil, and after great efforts, during which the most solemn silence was preserved, squeezed it on. Then the King told him that it should be "rubbed bright every day, be defended valiantly, and not suffered to be torn from his arm but with loss of life."

Lastly, the King had a favor to ask which is quite without parallel in the history of a savage people. Touched with the kindness of the English, and deeply impressed with their wisdom and sagacity, he expressed his determination to send his second son, Lee Boo, to England, under the Captain's protection, there to be educated and instructed. Raa Kook himself, it appeared, had wanted to go, but being the next heir to the throne (for succession in Pelew went from brother to brother, and not from father to son), his Majesty had refused his consent. A nephew of the King had also wished to accompany the strangers, but the King said his "nephew was a bad man, who

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neglected his family, and that he would send no such specimen of his own people to give a bad impression of them."

The English left the jolly-boat behind them, their swivels, and many other things, in acknowledgment of the hospitality which they had received. They hoisted the English pennant on one of the trees which had sheltered them so long, and to another tree affixed a plate of copper with this inscription: "The Honorable East India Company's ship the *Antelope* was lost on a reef north of this island on the night between the 9th and 10th of August. Henry Wilson, commander, built a vessel, and sailed from hence the 12th day of November, 1783." The King promised that these mementos should remain undisturbed, and he kept his word.

## THE VICTIM OF A CAMERA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" "LEFT BEHIND," ETC., ETC.

"TOM! TOM MARSDEN! Come in and have your picture taken; that's a good fellow."

Just at that moment Tommy was busily engaged in a game of marbles with two of his oldest and most confidential friends. It seemed very much as if his cry of, "Knucklins! Knuckle all at once!" was particularly loud and shrill, as if he was eager to make it appear that he did not hear his brother calling him.

"Tom! Tom! I am waiting for you now!"

This time it was a command rather than an entreaty, and so distinctly did it ring out that Master Tommy could not, with the least semblance of truth, pretend that it was unheard.

"I've got to finish this game first," he replied, almost angrily, and his companions looked at him in surprise.

"Goin' to have your picture taken, Tommy?" asked Charlie Hadley, with a tone of envy in his voice.

"Yes, I s'pose I'll have to, or he'll keep up that screechin' all day."

"I'd jest like to have mine taken, 'cause I think it's real fun to sit still an' try not to wink."

"Oh, you do, do you?" and there was no question now as to the angry tone. "Well, I jest wish you had my brother at your house for a week, an' then if you wouldn't want to stick a pin in the man who first found out how to make pictures, I don't know anything at all."

"What do you mean? I don't see as there's anything so awful about it," said Bert Carter, innocently.

"You don't, eh? Well, if you was screeched at to come an' have your picture taken every time you went out-doors, or if you couldn't begin to read a story without havin' your brother say, 'Why will you always curl yourself up into such a ridiculous bundle, Tommy? Keep perfectly still until I get my camera adjusted, an' I'll show you what an awkward position you have assumed'; or if, when you wanted to rig your boat, you'd find a camera stuck up in front of you, an' feel somebody pullin' you first one way an' then another so's to take your picture—what would you think? I think it 'll get so pretty soon that he'll be makin' me get out of bed nights, so's he can try his camera."

Charlie and Bert had by this time begun to understand that even the art of photography has its victims, and that their friend was one of them. That they fully sympathized with him could be seen by their faces, as he gave further and even more heart-rending accounts of his troubles.

"I'll tell you jest what I'd do," Bert said, as Tommy concluded a very graphic account of his sufferings while trying to pose on his head as an acrobat. "I'd fix his camera so he couldn't take any more pictures for a while. Ain't there something that you can pull out an' hide, so you'd have a little rest before he could fix it up again?"

Tommy was not positive that the camera could be disabled without serious damage, but he thought that it might possibly be arranged. He agreed to study the matter while sitting for the next picture, and Bert and Charlie promised to wait near the corner of the street until he should make his report.

There was a gleam of hope in Tommy's eyes when he went slowly and reluctantly into the house, and it had not been extinguished when he came out, an hour later, looking heated and vexed. True to their promise, Bert and Charlie had waited near the corner, whiling away the time by playing marbles, and before Tommy had fairly gotten out of the house, they both shouted, "Can you do it?—can you do it?"

Tommy made no reply until, with a mysterious air, he had led them some distance down the street, and then he said:

"I'm most sure we can do it, an' Fred's going right down-town, so we'll have a good chance. I don't want to break the camera, 'cause he thinks so much of it, an' it seems mean even to fix it so's it can't be used; but what else can I do? It's wearin' me out, havin' my picture taken all the time, an' I've got to look out for myself."

"Of course you have, Tommy," replied Bert, decidedly. "Now tell us what you are going to do."

"Well! You know there is a big screw on the brass end of the camera that is used to get what Fred calls the focus. I watched him while he was making me stand first on one foot an' then on the other, an' I saw that he kept moving that every time he wanted to make a picture. Now what we've got to do is to take that screw out. We must hide it somewhere in the room, 'cause there'd be the tallest kind of a row if we should carry it away and lose it."

The plan was so simple, and apparently so easy to carry out, that but little time was lost in beginning operations. Tommy led his friends into the house at once, all three creeping softly up the stairs, as if they had already begun to feel ashamed of the part they had decided to play, even though it was to save Tommy from being "wore out."

There was nothing to prevent their going to work as soon as they reached Fred's room. The amateur photographer had left the house, and the instrument which had been the cause of so much discomfort to Tommy occupied the same position as when last seen by its victim.

"Here's the screw," said Tommy, as he began to unfasten the burnished piece of brass. "We must hide it as quick as ever we can, for if Fred should come back an' find us here, we'd have a pretty hard time."

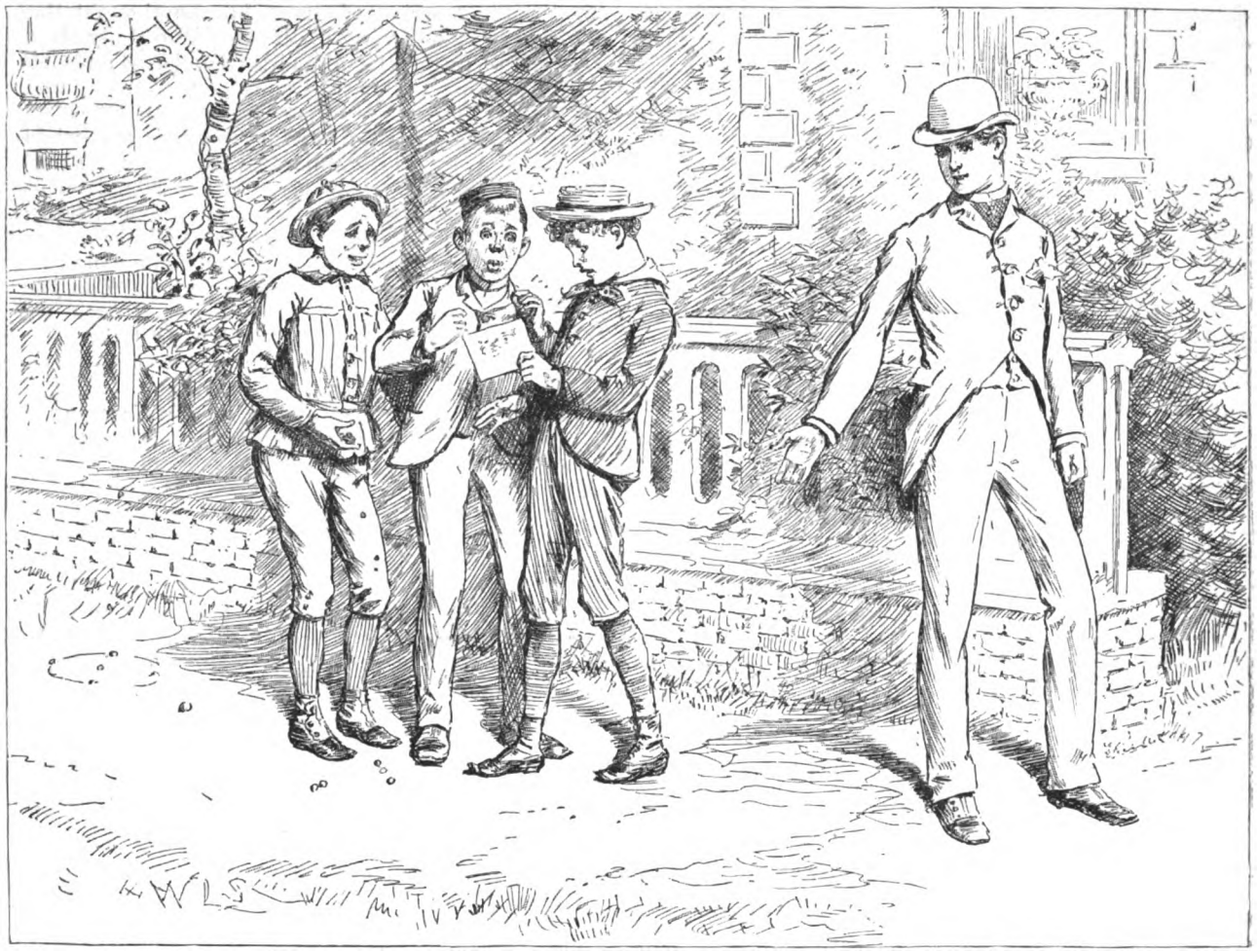
Tommy's plan was to drop the screw into a drawer of a table that stood directly in front of the instrument, and which was used as a receptacle of odds and ends. Fred would hardly think of looking in such a place for it, and Tommy might safely hope that two or three days would elapse before it would be found.

Bert, who thought some serious damage should be done to the camera, would not join his companions in such childish work as simply hiding the screw, so he stood gazing at the harmless-looking instrument that had caused his friend so much discomfort. It was just as Charlie and Tommy were covering the screw with the litter in the drawer that Bert, in order to understand the working of the camera more thoroughly, removed the brass cap that covered the lenses, and was examining it intently, when Tommy looked up.

"You mustn't take that off," he said, quickly, "or Fred will be sure to know that we've been up here."

"Don't you s'pose he'll know somebody's been here when he sees that the screw is gone?" replied Bert, indifferently, as he replaced the cap. "I thought you fellows would have spunk enough to fix the thing so's it couldn't take any more pictures; but so long as you're only going to hide the screw where he can find it in half a minute, I guess it won't make any row if I just look at the thing."

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"THE GLASS SHOWED THE FIGURES OF TWO BOYS LEANING OVER A TABLE DRAWER."

Charlie had already left the room; Bert followed leisurely, as if to show that the work they had been engaged in was far too innocent to cause him any uneasiness regarding the result, and Tommy closed the door quickly behind him, almost resolved to replace the screw before Fred should discover that the instrument had been tampered with.

But Tommy was prevented from carrying out whatever good intentions he might have had, for hardly were the three conspirators at the corner of the street again when Fred appeared, walking very fast, in order the more quickly to make the picture he had been intent on when he discovered his lack of chemicals.

"Come on, Tommy," he said, cheerily. "I won't ask you for but this one sitting to-day, and to-morrow I'll take you into the country with me, for I'm going to try my hand at out-of-door views."

Tommy felt very uncomfortable just then, and even Bert looked a trifle nervous; but neither made any reply. Fred went into the house, hardly noticing whether his brother was about to comply with his request or not.

For a long time the three guilty ones looked at each other in silence, and then Bert said, with a very feeble attempt at a smile, "It won't be long before he finds out that the screw is missing, an' the sooner we get away from here the better."

"I'm going to stay," said Tommy, decidedly; "an' if Fred asks me any questions, I'm going to tell him what I did. I hadn't any business to meddle with his camera, for I wouldn't want him to do anything like that to my things."

"Gettin' frightened, are you?" asked Bert, with a sneer.

"No, I ain't getting frightened, but I am getting sorry. I sha'n't say a word about you or Charlie; but I'll tell Fred that I did it, and show him where the screw is."

"You needn't take the trouble to do that," said a voice just behind them, that caused all three to start in alarm. It was Fred, who had come up very quietly, and who said, as he held a small square of glass toward Tommy, "I found a picture in the camera when I got back, and after I had developed it, there was no difficulty in finding the missing screw."

The boys' curiosity was greater than their fear, and as Tommy took the square of glass, a decidedly uncomfortable sensation came over them all.

They saw a picture—one that was blurred and distorted, it is true, but yet sufficiently distinct for them to recognize it at once. The glass showed the figures of two boys leaning over a table drawer, and although but a small portion of their faces could be seen, any one would have recognized them as Tom and Charlie. The third figure in the picture was very indistinct; but all three knew that it represented Bert as he lifted the brass cap from the lenses in order to understand more fully the method of using the instrument.

Fred had left his camera ready for use, and the instant the lenses were uncovered by one of the conspirators, the whole scene had been imprinted on the glass. Thus Fred not only knew where to look for the missing piece of brass, but he had the portraits of the mischief-workers.

If the boys did not understand exactly how this evidence against them had been produced, they knew that their secret had been made known in the most unmistakable manner, and they bent their heads very low over the

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glass, in order that they might not be obliged to look Fred in the face.

It was several moments before Tommy dared to look up, and then he discovered that they were alone. Fred had left the picture with them, and the lesson all three learned from it was a good one, for from that time the amateur photographer had three models who were always ready to "sit" for him, and each one now realizes fully that it is, at the very least, a mean act to injure that which belongs to another.

## THE ARABIAN ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

IN the reign of Caliph Haroun Alchester there lived in the city of Grabag a poor scribe and minstrel called Singbad. One day, when the weather was very disagreeable, he was seated in his hut trying to write a joyous love-song, and was getting along slowly, with tears in his eyes and feeling very hungry, when suddenly there appeared before him a learned dervish named Edtomas, who opened his mouth and spoke to him, saying, "Oh, Singbad, why this air of sadness? why these tears?"

To which Singbad replied, "Truly, most learned dervish, I am sad for the reason that I have not tasted food all day, nor can I obtain any until I have finished a joyous bridal song."

"Well, look here, old friend," said the dervish; "I have a first-rate puzzle, which will drive away your tears quicker than a wink."

Then Edtomas and Singbad sat down by the table, and Edtomas spread thereon ten square bits of card-board all in a row, each card bearing a number as represented by the upper row in our picture.

"Now," said Edtomas, "I will turn these with their faces down, and you can remove any number of the cards, beginning at No. 1, and add them to the other end of the row, and I will tell you how many of the cards you have moved. You must, however, preserve the order of the numbers like this—5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, 1, 2, 3, 4. Before commencing, I should tell you that the first time I tell you how many you have moved is not, properly speaking, a part of the puzzle, for I shall look at the last card you lay down; but after that I think I will astonish you. Now, then, do as I have instructed you, and I will leave the room."

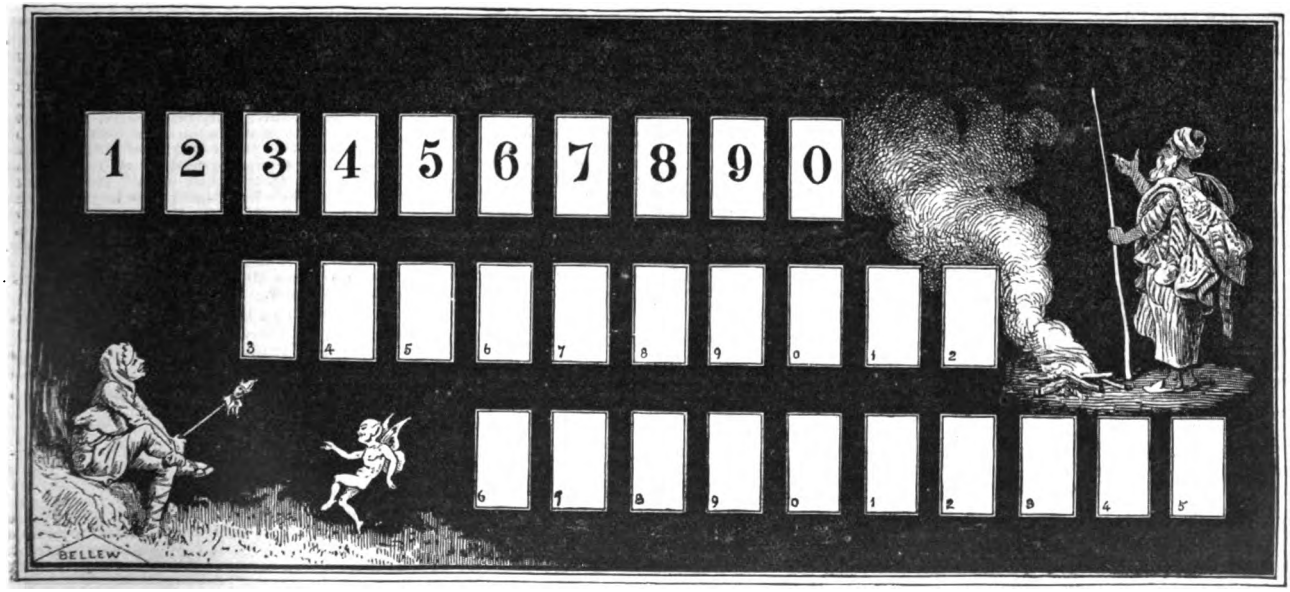
When Edtomas had gone, Singbad removed two cards from the left to the right, as represented in the second row in our picture. The cards were placed face downward, so as to conceal the numbers, which for your guidance are represented in the corners of the two lower rows.

When Edtomas returned to the room he turned over the last card, and saw that it was marked 2, and told Singbad that he had moved two cards. Of course there was nothing wonderful in that. Then he went out of the room again, and Singbad removed three cards from left to right, so that they were arranged as represented by the third row in our picture. When Edtomas was recalled to the room he at once walked up to the cards, and picked out the third one from the end of the row, and holding it up, said, "You have moved three cards."

Singbad was somewhat astonished, but thinking the selection might be merely a happy guess, begged his friend to retire once more. This time Singbad removed five cards from left to right, so that they stood just as they had done at first starting—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0. On returning to the room Edtomas at once picked up the sixth card from the right-hand end, and holding it up, said, "You have moved five cards"—which was correct.

"Now," said Edtomas, "I will show you how I perform the trick. When you first moved the cards I turned up the last one, and saw it was numbered 2. I then added one to this, which made three. I then knew that, however great a number of cards you might move, the third card from the last one you laid down would bear the number of the cards you had moved. The next time you moved three cards, and I picked up the third card from the end, which was marked 3—the number of the cards you had moved. I, of course, knew that the last card in the row was 5, because you had first moved two, and then three; so I added one to five, which made six. I then knew that the sixth card from the right-hand end would bear a figure representing the number of cards you had moved; this sixth card, as you know, was 5—the correct number. You have only to add one to the number of the last card, which, of course, you always know. Not more than nine cards must be moved at a time, unless the fact is stated thus: 'I have moved more than nine,' or, 'I have moved more than eighteen.' But there is no object gained in counting more than five or six."

Poor Singbad was so much interested in the puzzle that he forgot all his tears and troubles, and found himself in such good spirits that he at once sat down and wrote his joyous bridal song. He received fifty shekels of silver for it, on which he and Edtomas, the dervish, fared sumptuously, and were happy.




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PLYMOUTH, PENNSYLVANIA.

We are among the many friends of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and have taken it for two years. I see in the Post-office Box that you let mammas and elder sisters write too, so as I am one of the elder sisters, I am encouraged to try. I have three little sisters Hattie, aged twelve, Marie, ten, and Edith, six—and a little brother, Harold, who is very bright and cunning for a little boy only two years old. This summer papa built a log cabin for us: I say *us*, because I enjoy it quite as much as the younger ones. It is ten feet long, eight feet wide, and at least six feet high from floor to rafters, so that no one need bump his head, unless he is very tall. The logs, four to six inches thick, are planed flat on the inside, but are rounded and have the rough bark on the outside; the small spaces between the logs are chinked in with mud, as in "ye olden tyme." The window in the front and the one in the end, opposite the chimney, slide open and shut, but may be fastened on the inside by pegs put in the wall against the sash. The back window is higher up, and like a transom; it has bits of stained glass in it, which is hardly "the thing" for a log cabin, I suppose you will say; nevertheless it is very pretty. The chimney runs up on the outside. The door is divided into an upper and a lower part, and is closed by a bobbin and latch, so we can say truthfully, "Pull down the bobbin, and the latch will fly up." Inside the house are two benches, two or three rocking-chairs, and a little table. On the wall is a cupboard well filled with dishes, a little kettle in which the little mistresses boil candy, a pail, a wash-basin, and a pair of old-fashioned bellows which are very fascinating to all small visitors. The floor is covered with a rag-carpet, and wall-paper curtains adorn the windows. But the hearth is the chief attraction, and having a fire on it is the acme of enjoyment to some small people I know. Charles Dudley Warner says families are not properly reared "which are brought up about a hole in the floor, called 'a register.'" I think the family of dolls brought up around the hearth of Cherry Lodge, as we call the little house, can not fail to grow up properly—don't you? If you were to look in at the window some cold evening I think you would see one or two children sitting by the table, studying, and perhaps one sitting on the floor by the fire, which burns merrily. If you waited long enough, you would see the lights—a candle and a little lamp—put on the mantel-piece and blown out; then the children would watch the fire till it had died down, and the shadows had ceased to play over the walls, then file out the door and lock it for the night. We have a little book in which all visitors register their names; there are over eighty names in it now. We should very much like to have yours, dear Postmistress, should you ever visit this lovely valley of Wyoming. I could tell you much more about the doings and enjoyments of Cherry Lodge, the "house-warming," etc., but I fear I am taking so much space that you will not even be able to print this. We had a photograph taken of the little house about two weeks ago. FRANCES C. L.

How perfectly happy you ought to be with so complete a place for housekeeping! I shall expect to hear of the Cherry Lodge Little Housekeepers' Club before many days, so please read this number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in the log cabin, and make up your minds to send me a round-robin. A round-robin, you know, is a letter in which the whole group unite, each writing a part.

Here are letters from the presidents of two of the little clubs:

ROYALTON, VERMONT.

My little cousin and I want to join the Little Housekeepers. We think we will form a club. We are going to have sewing and reading. My pets are seven cats, a great Newfoundland dog, and a little sister three years old. My dog's name is Tam o' Shanter. We had our first snow this morning. My cousin Lucia and I had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for Christmas from our grandpa. Our club is going to be a sewing and reading club. We have got a little bank, and at every meeting we are going to put a penny each in. I am nine years old. This is my first letter to the Post-office Box. Our motto is, "What you do, do well." EUNICE D. D.

There could not be a better motto. Are you sewing for poor children or for your dolls, and what book are you reading together?

FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN.

I write to ask if we may join the Little Housekeepers—Belle, Jessie, May, Florence, Inez, and myself. We have a little club, and I write because I am the president. Our motto is, "Be diligent." MARY LOUISE P.

I have begun a book in which I shall keep the names of the presidents and all the mottoes, and everything of interest they send me. Eunice and Mary Louise are first on my roll of honor. Whose names shall come next?

Will you not all be glad to read this letter from the kind Sister who can tell you about the child in Harper's Young People's Cot?

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, 407 WEST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—It is now three weeks since our children, their four birds, Romeo, the cat, and Beauty, the dog, came up from Rockaway, and I think some of you are wondering who is the occupant of Young People's Cot at this time.

You will remember that little "Oscar Wilde," in whom you were interested last year, and who suffered so much in his short life, was very ill last spring. He continued to get worse, and in the summer he passed away to that land where, as the Bible tells us, "there is no more pain, nor sorrow, nor crying," and we are happy in the thought that he is beyond the reach of all suffering. He was always pleased with the various little gifts sent by many of you, and I am sure the remembrance of this will make you glad.

You now have in your cot a wee girl whose name is Marie. She is three years old, but very tiny—not nearly so large as one of the rag dolls known in the Hospital as the "Two Orphans." She has very bright, dark eyes and black, curly hair, but is not, as she says, "a darky, only a *Cooban*." In one of the scrap-books sent to the cot there is a picture of a black baby who is sitting on a water-melon, and this she calls Marie. At present she is in bed all the time, having been operated on recently, but although one little leg is incased in plaster of Paris and suspended from a wire frame, I have never seen her other than bright and happy.

Some time ago I told you that all the little cots were blue, with brass knobs, but you must now think of them as red and the walls a lovely blue, both beds and walls having been painted this summer. I wish you could all see the ward on one of these bright days, when the weather is cool enough for the little ones to wear their red jackets; for the sun to be allowed to shine in on the gilt picture-frames with their pretty engravings, and quite lighting up your cot; when the birds are singing, and Beauty has stolen upstairs for a romp with the children, and with the secret strong hope that she will be allowed to remain until supper-time and earn some of the sweet crackers by "giving her paw." It has been remarked that we have an epidemic of pets just now, and only need a pig to make us quite contagious. I wonder, by-the-way, if any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE have ever heard of a "pig party"? I did when in Scotland recently, and I would tell you all about it, but I'm sure the Postmistress thinks this letter quite long enough, and you must guess what it can possibly be. Your sincere friend, S.

If Sister will spare enough time from one of her busy days to tell the children about that pig party, nobody will be more delighted than the Postmistress.

Now that Christmas will soon be coming again, the children will surely not forget the Hospital and the dear little ones in Holy Innocents' Ward.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Here is a nice little pincushion and needle-book for a Christmas present for somebody: Take a piece of pasteboard, and cut out an egg-shaped piece about nine and a quarter inches long and five and a quarter inches at the widest part, cover it with a pretty colored piece of silk or satin, and embroider with a contrasting shade of silk about one-eighth of an inch from the edge in herring bone or any of the feather-stitches used on crazy-work. Cut another piece of pasteboard the same shape, but only three and seven-eighths inches long and two and three-quarter inches at the widest part, cover one side, and feather-stitch just like the large piece; then embroider a flower or an initial letter in the middle. Take a small piece of white flannel, and cut out four or five pieces, the largest one a little smaller than the small piece just made, and each succeeding one a little smaller than the piece before it; buttonhole-stitch the edges of each one, and fasten on the large piece first made about three-quarters of an inch from the top or pointed end. Line the small piece with the silk or satin used on the embroidered side of it, and sew it to the large piece (point upward) over and about one-eighth of an inch above the pieces of flannel. Next get a small round box about four inches in diameter and one-half or three-quarters of an inch deep, and cut a piece of satin one and a half inches wide and long enough to go round the box and come together; sew this to the large piece, following a line drawn round the outside of the box (place the box evenly on the piece about an inch from the bottom and an inch and a quarter from each side at the widest part, then draw the line), and sew the box to the piece inside the satin strip. Now fill the box with cotton batting, so that when the top of the cushion is put on it will not lie flat over the top of the box, but round up like a large cushion; cut a round piece of silk or satin a little larger than the top of the box, embroider a ring of feather-stitch and a flower or initial on it to match the needle-book in the centre, sew this over the batting in the box, fasten it to the piece of satin or silk that covers the sides, turning the edges of both in and sewing over and over. Put a bow and loop to hang up by just above the needle-book, and line the large piece with silesia or nun's veiling.

Do any of your little friends know of anything to do with cologne bottles? I have four or five quite pretty ones that I don't know what to do with. LAURA M. B.

Such a combined needle-book and pincushion as Laura describes will be very pretty, but it must be neatly made. Now who will repay her for this letter by giving her an idea how to cover her cologne bottles nicely?

HASSOCKS, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

I thought I should like to write to you again to tell you of the jolly outing I had with our school the other day. The father of one of our boys has a farm at Newtimber, four or five miles off. He invited us to tea. We had a capital game of cricket, and after that we chased each other all about the farm. Then we had a splendid tea, after which we played "blind postman"; and we saw a *white* blackbird, and also a white starling, which Mr. M. had shot; and we marched home by moonlight. By-the-bye, did you have an eclipse of the moon on the 4th? we had a splendid eclipse here. There is an old Tudor house at Newtimber with a moat round it full of water. In my holidays I was staying with my uncle. I went out for the day in the miller's cart. We passed by the "Wilmington Giant." Perhaps you will wonder what that is. It is a huge figure cut out in the chalk on the side of a steep hill. The figure is eighty yards high, with a stick in each hand. It is supposed to be a god of the ancient Britons. Now I must say good-by, for I am afraid this letter is too long to print.

PERCY WILLIAM S.

Not at all too long, and just the wide-awake sort of letter a boy ought to send. I hope our English boys will write often, and let their American cousins know what good times they have.

ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY.

We live by the sea all the year, so that while we have many playmates in summer, in winter there are but few. Papa built a large play-house for us in our grounds; in it we keep all our playthings. It has a window and a door, and a nice desk at which we write or paint. In summer we play croquet, gather shells, and watch the bathers. This winter we expect to have a Kindergarten at home, which mamma will teach, for we are too young to go to school. We can not coast much, because the salt air melts the snow. Our only pet is baby brother, fifteen months old, who got into a bowl of jam last week, and ate a good deal and covered his face, dress, and hands. We like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Mamma writes this, because we print so slowly. We hope to see this in print. With love,

MARGOT and KENNETH.

The funny baby, bless him! So you have a play-house too. What kind fathers the children have!

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

I begun school to-day. I would have begun sooner, but my teacher was ill. I study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and music. I am the eldest of six children, and am ten years old. I have two sisters and three brothers. We have had your paper for nearly four years. We have three volumes, and will soon have four; the volumes are for the years 1881, 1882, 1883, and as soon as 1884 is complete mother will have that bound for us. Mother has read "Toby Tyler" and "Mr. Stubbs's Brother" to the boys, and she is going to read "Raising the 'Pearl.'" Have you ever been in Petersburg, dear Postmistress? It is thought by many to be a very pretty town, but just now it is suffering from a drought which dries up our trees and flowers, and everything is covered with dust. MARTHA C.

I am sorry I had to leave out a part of your letter, dear, but there was not room for it all. I know how beautiful your town is in the time of roses, and I am sorry to think of it as dusty and dry, but God will send the rain in His own good time.

MINDEN CITY, MICHIGAN.

I am one of the subscribers to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and take a great delight in reading it, especially the letters in the Post-office Box. I am fourteen years old, and live in the burned district, where we had such awful forest fires three years ago. This town is growing very fast, and is quite a business place. We have only five hun-

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dred inhabitants and about twenty stores; most of them are grocery stores. My uncle has a nice brick store—the only one here. He is giving some of your papers to his customers as a present, and is building up a good trade. This is a hard year for the farmers on account of wheat being so cheap. We have a good school here, where I attend, with a lady teacher and seventy-five pupils. LEWIE G.

I live in the pleasant city of Worcester, Massachusetts. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE nearly a year. I buy it each week. I have a dear little dog named Pippo. He is yellow in color, and has bright black eyes, a long black nose, and a curly tail. He looks like a fox in the face, and my mamma says he is as cunning as a fox. When mamma gives him too much meat, he will take it, piece by piece, and dig holes, and bury them, and cover the earth over them with his nose. He looks very funny when he is through this work, his face is so dirty. I am a little girl eight years old, and go to school. I am in the fourth grade. I think I am the youngest scholar in the room.
WINNIE BELLE T.

NEWARK, OHIO.

Grandpa takes your charming paper for Charlotte, but we all enjoy it just the same. Charlotte stays down at grandpa's house nearly all the time, because they have no little folks there. I go to the Central House to school. There are five public schools here.

One of my brothers is out in northwestern Nebraska, farming. This summer he found an Indian's grave up in a tree-top. I guess it had been there for a long while, because there were bones, dust, knives, and a string of beads wrapped up in a buffalo-robe. There are over eight thousand Indians near Elmer's camp.

I have a very sweet little sister. She is not quite a year old. Would you please count me in as one of the Little Housekeepers? I keep my own room in order, and help mamma besides. I am afraid my letter is growing too long. With love to the Postmistress. AGNES L. S.

The next letter is from Eddie Smith's mamma.

FERGUS FALLS, MINNESOTA.

Being nearly a life-long invalid, Eddie has missed many sources of information on various subjects which you have enjoyed, and this lack has often been supplied by HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. We have often spoken of the fact that the things we wished most to know about either had been or were afterward explained and made interesting in this paper. The letters we have received in response to ours published in Nos. 247 and 253, coming in connection with this paper, and from so many different places, have also been very instructive as well as pleasant. We have received nearly three hundred in all—none too many, for we have more leisure than our dear Postmistress. We have letters from Switzerland, Germany, Italy, from many places in the Holy Land, a letter from the wife of a missionary in the far wilds of Africa, carefully chosen mementos from Syria, Lebanon, Baalbec, pictures and curiosities from the Nile, a spray of the far-famed edelweiss from the top of the Alps, and many other things which I am afraid even to try to mention, for fear the letter will be too long; and—think of this, children, and grown folks too—a letter and two of her own books from our own Margaret Eytinge! After this I should not be altogether surprised if we received a letter from the Postmistress herself. Once or twice, after an unusually weary day, Eddie has lain back with a patient sigh, saying, "Well, there will be my letters to-night!" and often when not quite the usual number he has been "sure some were overlooked or lost," and he has waited, the others in his hands, till we have made sure he has all his treasures. Letters from our older friends have each brought their own peculiar pleasure and comfort to us, coming often at a time when otherwise we had only the contemplation of a weary body and an aching heart. They have made our lives brighter, and brought kindly humanity very near us. I have promised Eddie that at Christmas-time we would hold a Harper's Young People's Christmas Congress, during which each one of you who have written us will in some way be verbally and pleasantly remembered here in our home. We shall have room for all of you who care to be represented. Until then, dear friends, good-by. From
EDDIE'S MAMMA.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

I do not think you get many letters from Nova Scotia, so I think I will write you one. My brother George has a self-inking printing-press, and I help him to work it; sometimes we print 2000 bill-heads in four hours. I am eight years old, and have three brothers and one sister. I go to school, and I am in the Fifth Reader. We take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. Hoping you will find room to print this letter,
I remain your friend, HOWARD DE B.

What busy bees you two boys are!

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I do not often see letters from girls eighteen years of age in the Post-office Box, but I am going to seek admittance, and hope I am not too old to enter. I will try not to make my letter too long. I would like so much to correspond with some young lady near my own age in Florida. I never was so fortunate as to be able to visit that State, and would like to learn all about it from a resident. Will not some of the little Florida readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE speak a good word for me to their "big sisters"? I have two brothers and two sisters at home, and we all like to read the paper.
MAUDE W.,
Box 43, Forest City, Holt County, Missouri.

QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

In No. 252 I saw a coat of arms of some violets and the motto "Dinna forget." I know another motto, and I would like ever so much to have you tell me how that could be a coat of arms. My sister gave me the motto, and perhaps the other readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will like to have you explain it to them, if you think this letter is worth answering. I hope you will, although, as my sister says, it is perhaps too much to ask. I shall want the paper for my very own that tells about it, if you are so kind as to answer. The motto is, "Live loyal to your best ideals." ELSIE A. W.

I will keep that beautiful motto in mind, and one of these days will perhaps give you a pretty design for it.

UTICA, NEW YORK.

I am thirteen years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly one year, and I like it very much. I think Mrs. Lillie's stories are the best. I love to read the children's letters, and I thought I would like to see one of mine among them. I have no pets except a canary-bird, which sings the minute I enter the house. I take lessons on the violin and piano; my favorite on the violin is *Martha*. I go to school, and study grammar, arithmetic, history, and composition. My papa does not know I am writing this letter, so I want to surprise him. Please may I join your Little Housekeepers? This is the way I make

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Half a pound of grated chocolate, two tea-cupfuls of sugar, half a cup of milk and water, half a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of alum. MAY.

DE VIEW, ARKANSAS.

We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since March last. We like it very much. As I have seen nothing lately from this part of the country, I will write a short letter. I have two sisters younger and one brother older than myself. We do not have as good schools here as you have at the North. Mamma and myself went to visit my aunt in Ohio last summer. I am very fond of reading and studying, and wish very much I had a good school such as they have in Mount Gilead, where my aunt lives. Mamma teaches us at home as much as she can, but she has so much to do it is not like going to school, so if my letter is not very nice you must excuse it. I am studying music, and hope to be a good performer some day. I have a little baby sister; she is one and a half years old. She is such a pet. My other sister is named Clare and my brother is named Willie. ANNIE O.

Well, Annie, it does not seem to me so great a misfortune to have no school to go to if mamma is willing to teach you and you have good books to read as well as study. Only, dear, be careful to have regular hours of study every day, and do not allow little things to interrupt you in those hours. No picnics or visits, or idling with a story-book in study-time, and you will make real progress.

How much I should enjoy seeing **Mary C.**, and peeping in at the pleasant school-room in the "land of flowers"! If I had an enchanted carpet, like the people in the *Arabian Nights*, I would sit comfortably in the middle of it, make a wish, and, presto! I would be next in Denver at **Fannie M. C.'s**; and I wonder if that pretty spaniel of hers, with the long curly ears, would be friendly with me! Then I'd wish again, and be whisked away to **Julia E. L.** in Wisconsin, and back to Milford to see **Alice B.**, who must be a Little Housekeeper by herself, if her mamma does not think it wise for her to join a club.—**Fide F.**: The uniform you speak of is very pretty.—**Ned G.**: I am glad you like "Wakulla."—**Lillian J.**: Eleven chickens are quite a care.—**Laura M.**: Do not sit too steadily at the sewing-machine, dear. Try to learn the graceful art of sewing beautifully by hand.—**Brownie T.**: I am so sorry for the poor motherless chicks! The calves must be frisky pets.—**M. H.**: I agree with you in admiring Miss Alcott's stories.—Thanks to **D. W., Maggie Jane, Maud V. P. W.** (who apologizes to exchangers because she must keep them waiting awhile: they would excuse her if they knew how ill she had been), **Georgia S., Sue, Emma B. W., Mattie W. S., Jessie S., Annie L. S., Gretchen P., Etta D., Esther J. G.**, and **James B.** for their welcome favors.—**Bruce W.** prints nicely.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

FOUR ENIGMAS.

1.—My first is in pencil, but not in slate.
My second is in stove, but not in grate.
My third is in fish, but not in clam.
My fourth is in goat, but not in ram.
My fifth is in mauve, but not in blue.
My sixth is in hat, but not in shoe.
My seventh is in horse, but not in hen.
My eighth is in ink, but not in pen.
My whole is in YOUNG PEOPLE often seen;
Greatly prized by the children, I ween.
ALICE B.

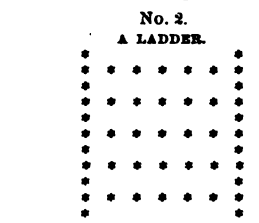
2.—My first is in sad, but not in gay.
My second is in quick, but not in slow.
My third is in June, but not in May.
My fourth is in winter, when wild winds blow.
My fifth is in oar, but not in boat.
My sixth is in red, but not in blue.
My seventh is in sleeve, but not in coat.
My eighth is in false, but not in true.
My whole is nimble and brisk and small,
And climbs like a flash to the tree-top tall.
C. F. SWETT.

3.—My first is found in every wind,
My second is in clime;
My third in every season's found—
My whole is in winter-time. FLORA G.

4.—My first is in cradle, but not in bed.
My second is in apple and also in bread.
My third is in racket, but not in noise.
My fourth is in playthings, but not in toys.
My fifth is in empty, but not in full.
My sixth is in tiger, but not in bull.
My whole is in every household used,
But by some I'm very much abused.
HELEN ROTHSCHILD.

### No. 2.

A LADDER.



Right post relates to biography; left post to geography. Rounds: 1. A Turkish title. 2. Bright. 3. A science. 4. Hideous. 5. A linen fabric. 6. Milky. CHARLIE DAVIS.

### No. 3.

HIDDEN FRUIT.

1. Pass that map, please, Ada. 2. You are to range yourselves in two rows for Sir Roger de Coverley. 3. It does not appear to be a very bad cut. 4. The plumage of that peacock is very beautiful. 5. The figures on the second and third pages are very beautiful. MAY F. CREEGAN.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 260.

No. 1.—
E
B A D
B U R R S
E A R L I E R
D R I V E
S E E
R

No. 2.—
M ohammed.
A lexander.
C onstantine.
A hasuerus.
U lysses.
L eo.
A lfred.
Y oung.

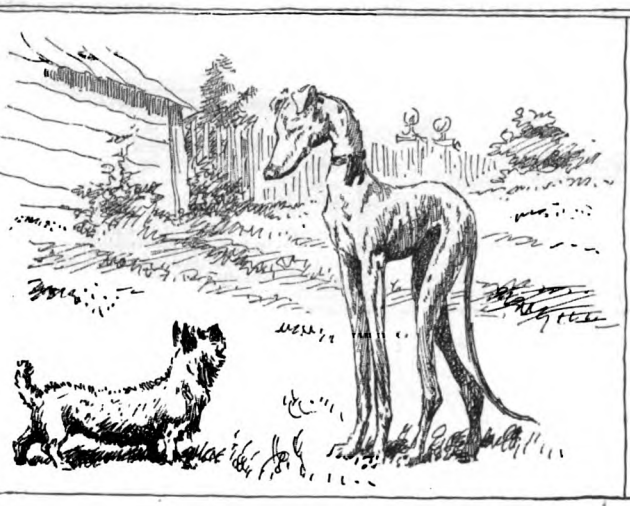
No. 3.—Ulysses S. Grant. James A. Garfield. Chester A. Arthur.

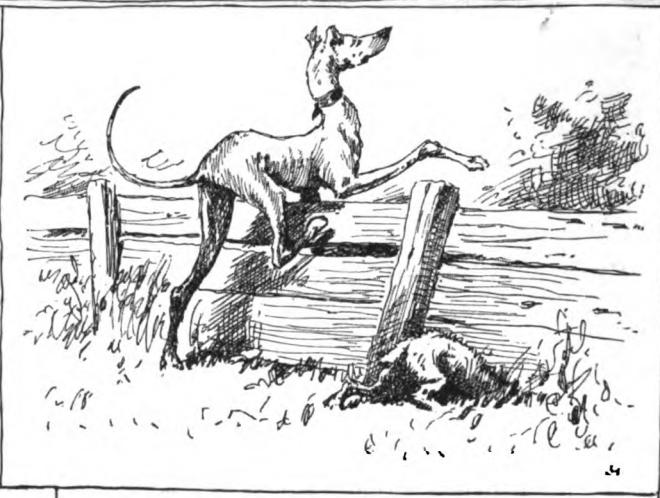
No. 4.—
T R A C E R S
N A H U M
B I T
C
C A B
R I G H T
T H R O U G H

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Alice Bainbridge, John Bishop, Ada B., Emma M. Wilcox, C. F. Swett, Kate Houts, Blanche C., Adele A., Steele Penn, Eddie McGrew, Minnie E. Scranton, Titania Florence Knight, Jessie Kilburn, Will Rich, Thomas Murray, Leander Chase, S. Chalmers Johnston, and C. W. MacCord.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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## HIGH AND LOW.

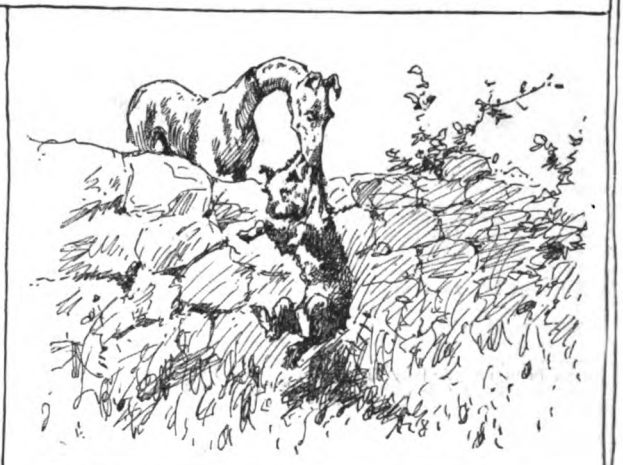
BY FRANK BELLEW.

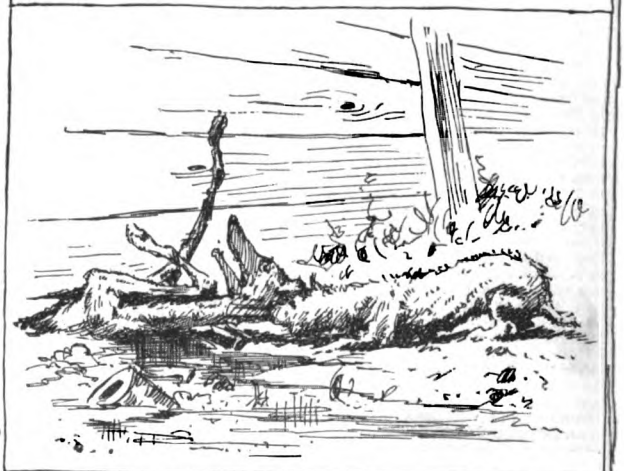
A HIGH-BRED dog and a low-bred dog
Were talking together one day.
Said the low-bred dog to the high-bred dog,
"Supposing us go and play."
Said the high-bred dog to the low-bred dog,
"What! waste my time? Oh no!"
Said the low-bred dog to the high-bred dog,
"Then let us a-hunting go."
Said the high-bred dog to the low-bred dog,
"Ah! that is a different case."
Said the low-bred dog to the high-bred dog,
"I will find, and you can chase."

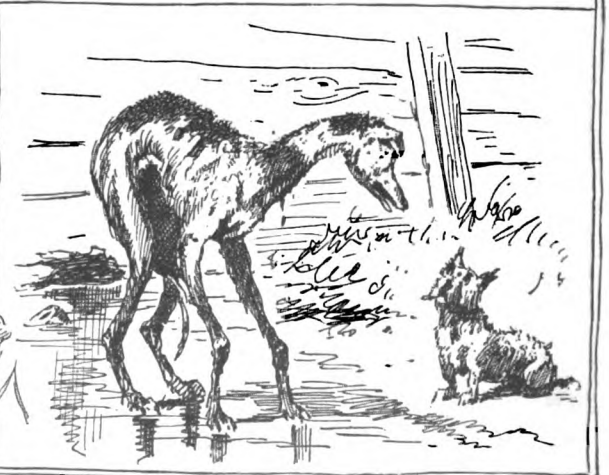
So off they started side by side,
The Low on a trot, and the High on a stride.
Said the Low to the High: "I do not stay
When I find a thing that stands in my way.
If it be too high for me to leap,
I slyly, wily, under it creep;
And were you not so mighty and high,
You'd soon get fat upon game as I."
"Of course," said High, "you know what best
Will serve your own good interest.
But different minds choose different courses,
And *I surmount* opposing forces."
To a fence they came while talking so;
Over went High, under went Low.
Both were very well content.
So on complacently they went,
Till they came to a wall too high for Rover;
There Ajax kindly lifts him over.
There being no hole, you see, in the wall,
Why, Low, of course, couldn't under it crawl.
After a while they reached a fence—
Something altogether immense.
High could not get over that, you know;
But underneath was a hole for Low.
"I'll crawl first, and, after, you
Can lie on your back, and I'll pull you through."
So Low went first, and, as agreed,
Dragged through the hound of lofty breed.
But, oh, what a sight on the other side!
Torn were his ears and scratched his hide;
His glossy coat was smeared with mud,
Bestuck with burrs, and stained with blood;
And he cried, as he homeward limped in pain,
"I'll never be dragged through a hole again."

MORAL.

The man of high principles possibly may
Help the low-minded man on a virtuous way,
But he can not make compacts for pleasure or gain
With the low, and not suffer some kind of a stain.
No matter how kind his intentions may be,
The hound or the human of vulgar degree
Always teaches some trick or some method his own,
Be it robbing a bank or stealing a bone.
So never make compacts with dogs that are low,
Or some day you'll be covered with—no, not snow.







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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 264. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1884.
Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"'OH, THANK YOU EVER SO MUCH!' SHE EXCLAIMED."

## JIMMIE THE DUKE,

### And how he gave a Christmas Treat.

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

IT was not going to be a cold bright Christmas, as people had hoped. Instead, a fog hung over the rivers, the streets were deep with slush, and a damp east wind did its best to chill the gayety of the season. Julie Montressor, however, who had never seen an American Christmas before, and did not know if she ever would again, did not fear the weather. She was used to that in her own country, and, early in the afternoon before Christmas, beguiled

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her old uncle, who was actually an Earl in England, into leaving the warmth and comfort of the hotel, and taking her down Broadway and Fourteenth Street. How gay the shop windows were! Julie had never known anything so fine in London, and when she came to Macy's, and saw the spectacle there, she almost danced with delight.

"Ah, Uncle George," she exclaimed, "it is as fine as the Boulevards in Paris, is it not?"

The old gentleman smiled indulgently. "Yes, yes," he admitted. "Very well for a new country; very pretty, Julie. I am glad you like it. But don't you think we had better be getting back to the hotel? Suppose we take this tram-car, child."

The car which the old gentleman described in this peculiar way, and which he now violently hailed, was one of the Blue Line running through Fourteenth Street. To reach it from the sidewalk one must cross a river of mud too wide for Julie to jump, and so deep that it would certainly come over the tops of her shoes if she attempted to step in it. "Oh dear me!" she cried, in perplexity, as the car stopped, "what shall I do?"

Now the old Earl was as puzzled as herself, but a boot-black who was standing near by, and who heard her despairing cry, found a way out of the difficulty. Planting his box down in the mud so that the top came just above the surface, he stepped out himself into the mixture and turned an encouraging smile to the little girl. "Now, miss," he said, extending his hand, "come ahead."

Julie was quick to catch his meaning. "Oh, thank you ever so much!" she exclaimed, putting one little foot on the box, and with the aid of his hand balancing herself for a moment, while she stepped to a dry spot beyond. From there she could easily reach the platform of the car.

"Dear me!" she said, as her uncle followed, "what a nice boy!" And then she gave a friendly little nod as the car moved on, and the boy was lost to sight.

About half past seven that evening a crowd of newsboys were gathered around the door of the Lodging-house in Eleventh Street discussing some one whom they spoke of as the "Juke."

"What d'ye call him that for?" inquired one small boy, whose ignorance betrayed that he was a new-comer.

"We calls him that," replied a larger boy, "because he's second cousin to Queen Victoria."

The small boy grinned scornfully. "Oh, what yer givin' us?" he inquired.

"I ain't givin' yer nothin' but what's true. If yer don't believe it, ask lame Billy here. Him and the Juke is pals." He waved his hand as he spoke toward a small boy on crutches who stood leaning against the side of the door, and whose face expressed the most eager interest in the subject. "Aye," he said, "Patsy O'Brien's right. Duke won't say so himself, but us fellows all believes it. The only trouble is, Duke can't prove it. He went to see a lawyer once about it. But the lawyer thought it was a put-up job, and when Duke couldn't show him no papers the lawyer said he couldn't play that on him. Duke's got his father's watch, but the lawyer he said there was a thousand just such watches in the country, and that didn't prove nothin'."

"Here comes the Duke now," some one remarked.

Down the street, with blacking-box slung over his shoulder, came the subject of their conversation. "Hello!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the lame boy; "waitin' for me, was ye? Is the Superintendent in his room?"

Being told that he was, Duke hurried inside and ran up the stairs. In a moment he had knocked at the door of the Superintendent's room, and was told to enter. This was a place to which any of the boys might come at any time for counsel, and the Superintendent was one whose warm heart made him especially the boys' friend.

"Well, Jim," he said, invitingly, as the boy lingered on the threshold, "what can I do for you now?"

"Mr. Foster," the boy began, abruptly, "there's a party going West day after to-morrow, isn't there?"

The Superintendent nodded. "Yes," he said, "there's a party of twenty-five going then to Kansas."

"And how much is it for one to go?" asked Jim.

"Well," said the Superintendent, "when a party goes, it costs fifteen dollars apiece."

"Mr. Foster," said Jim, "I think I'll go, if you don't mind, and they'll take me."

Mr. Foster was a little surprised. "Why, they'll take you, of course," he said. "But isn't it rather sudden? You have not been thinking of it long, have you?"

Jim shook his head. "No, sir, not a long time; but I've wanted to get away from here, and be something better, ever since that lawyer wouldn't believe my name was Montressor. Some day or other I want to be so respectable that people will take my word for it, don't you see, sir? And I'll never get to be that here."

Mr. Foster nodded. "Well, Jim," he said, "I don't know but what you're right."

"There's another thing, sir," Jim went on. "To-morrow's Christmas, you know, and as I'm going away, I'd like to give the boys a sort of good-by treat. I've got thirty dollars in the savings-bank, and taking out fifteen dollars of that to pay my way, will leave fifteen dollars to spend on the boys. Would that be enough, sir, for ice-cream, sir, all around?"

The Superintendent smiled, as he made a rapid little calculation. "Oh yes," he said, "more than enough. It's a happy thought, and will come in as a capital dessert."

Jim lingered with his hand on the door. "If fifteen dollars isn't enough, sir," he said, "you might go a dollar more. I can easily earn that to-morrow, though I wanted to take a holiday for my last day in New York."

The Superintendent smiled. "Well, I hope you'll have a nice time," he said. "Good-night, Jim."

Whether from the fact that Duke was tired, or because it was a holiday, he slept late the next morning, and did not even hear the Merry Christmases that the boys were loudly exchanging among themselves. Most of them, indeed, had risen and gone out when he waked up. What time was it? he wondered. The sun was shining into the room, bright and clear. It was a fine day, after all, and it must be late. He felt underneath the pillow for his watch. Odd—it was not there. Possibly he had left it in his pocket in the locker. Jumping down to the floor, he shook Billy awake, wishing him a Merry Christmas, and searched in the locker for the missing time-piece. Odder still—it was not there either. "Billy!" he exclaimed—"Billy, wake up!"

The lame boy, suddenly aroused, sat up in bed. "What is it, Duke?" he asked.

"Did I have my watch last night?"

Billy reflected a moment. "Yes," he said at length; "don't you mind looking at it when we left the reading-room, and saying it was just nine?"

"And after that?" asked Jim.

"Oh, I don't mind after that; but I think you put it under your pillow. Isn't it there?"

Jim sat down on the edge of the bed and began to pull on his stockings. "It's been stolen, Billy," he said, gravely; "and now I haven't a single thing to show who and what my father was."

Well, there was nothing, it seemed, that could be done. The boys had mostly scattered for the day, and even if one of them had stolen it, there was no possible clew to the thief. All the Superintendent could do was to promise to make inquiries at night, without much hope, however, on his part or on Duke's of ever finding it. It was not with a light heart, therefore, that Jim set out about ten o'clock

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for the Wax-work Exhibition, which neither he nor Billy had ever seen, and which with the matinée in the afternoon he proposed making the lame boy's Christmas.

Entering the hall, they were confronted with an imposing group, representing all the crowned heads and rulers of the world, prominent among whom was the Queen of England. Before this Billy stopped in admiration. "If there isn't Queen Victoria, Duke!" he exclaimed. "Being your cousin, I suppose you'd know her anywhere."

Duke turned uneasily away. When the boys alluded to his supposed connection with Queen Victoria he felt a good deal like an impostor. Where they got the notion from he did not know; he certainly had never started it nor encouraged it.

"Why, is the Queen your cousin?" a girl's voice behind him asked, in astonished tones.

The voice was familiar to Duke, and he turned instantly around. There stood the little girl to whom he had been helpful the day before. "No," said he; "it's all humbug. Billy was jokin'. You got home safely yesterday?" he added, diffidently.

If the girl was astonished before, she was amazed now.

"What do you say his name is?" she asked, addressing Billy quite as though Duke were not there at all.

"We calls him the Duke, miss—Jimmie the Duke—'cause, you know, he's some relation (we ain't quite sure what) to Queen Victoria."

Jim shook his head by way of protest. "Don't you believe him, miss," he said. "Just because I answered an advertisement once calling for the heirs of an English gentleman, the fellows made out I was a Duke myself."

Julie drew a long sigh. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "how interesting! And were you really the heir?"

Jim shook his head again. "I inherited an old watch from my father," he said; "that was all my fortune; and last night that was stolen in the Lodging-house."

"Oh, what a pity!" exclaimed the little girl. "Why did you go to such a bad place as the Lodging-house?"

Jim smiled. "That's where we live," he said.

"And it isn't a bad place, either," Billy put in. "It's all the home we've got, and if you'd come down and see it you'd think it was a pretty nice one. I tell you what," he went on, "you come down to-night. We're goin' to have a Christmas dinner, and the Duke is goin' to give us all a treat of ice-cream for dessert. It's just a sight to see us fellows eat, and don't you forget it. Some of us only gets two square meals in the year; and those is the dinners we gets Thanksgiving and Christmas."

"I would like to come," admitted the little girl.

"Well, it's in East Eleventh Street," said Billy. "You ask any cop, and he'll tell you where it is."

Julie looked puzzled. "What am I to ask?" she said.

"Billy means a policeman," the Duke exclaimed. "But the old gentleman would know how to get there. I wish you would come," he said, frankly. "I am sure you would like it."

"Well, I will," Julie decided; "I'll make my uncle take me. Now isn't it funny," she remarked, confidentially, "he's an Earl in England and no end of a swell, but he'll do anything in the world for me. Dear me!" looking across to the door, "there he is now. Won't I catch it, though! he's awfully particular about my talking to boys. Yes, uncle," sweetly; "I'm looking at Queen Victoria. Doesn't it make her a dreadful old frump?"

The old gentleman gazed suspiciously from Julie to the boys. "Where is your maid?" he inquired. "Ah, Watkins, you may go back to the hotel now. I will look after Miss Montressor myself. And, Julie my dear, suppose we go too. This show is very fair for a new country, but it can't compare to Madame Tussaud's, you know. Come along, my dear," and steering Julie through the hall, he effectually prevented her bestowing upon the boys more than a parting smile.

When they had vanished, Duke turned around to Billy with a look of deep bewilderment on his face. "Did you hear the name he called her?" he asked.

"It was the same as your own," Billy suggested, in equal amazement.

Jim nodded. The charm of the Wax-works was gone. "I wonder could she be a relation?" he said, thoughtfully.

Great was the hilarity that prevailed at the Lodging-house hall that night. It was quite generally known by this time that the Duke was to supply ice-cream; and as this had never before been a part of the Christmas feast, the expectation was more keen than usual. Billy's eyes danced as he surveyed in imagination the generous feast. "You bet I'm goin' to get full to-night," he remarked to Jim. "I haven't had enough to eat since Thanksgiving."

The Duke did not answer. He had been looking toward the platform to see if he could recognize his little friend, but she was not there. Just as Billy spoke, however, he heard the door behind open, and a foot-fall lighter than any of the boys' come up the long aisle. Duke's heart gave a great leap. He turned quickly around; then as quickly, seeing that it was really Julie, resumed his former position. A wave of color rushed up into his face. What if they were his relations? Would they not be ashamed of the boot-black? And if he had all the proofs in the world, would that elegant old man acknowledge him? What relation could they be? he wondered.

There was no time, however, to speculate on these problems, for just then the dinner was brought up. And what a sumptuous dinner it was!—roast turkey with plenty of stuffing, mashed potatoes and turnips, plum-pudding, and, after everything else, Duke's ice-cream. When that came in the enthusiasm of the boys knew no bounds, and, rising in his seat, Patsy O'Brien cried out,

"THREE CHEERS FOR JIMMIE THE DUKE!"

Duke, it must be said, blushed crimson at this tribute, in which all the guests, including Julie, took a loud part; and when, after the cream had been eaten, one of the boys called out, "Juke! Juke!" and another demanded a "speech," he was fairly overcome with embarrassment. The boys, however, were not willing to let him off, and the Superintendent seemed to share their feelings.

"Come, Jim," he said, going down the aisle to where the boy sat, "I fancy you'll have to gratify them."

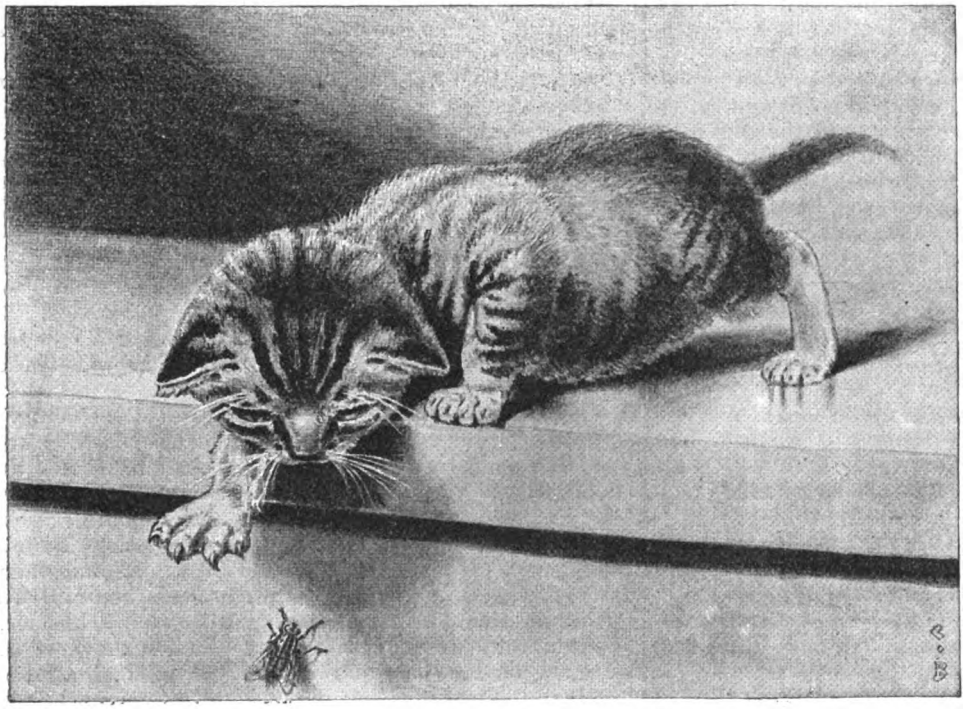
The boy rose diffidently, and followed Mr. Foster to the platform. A hush fell upon the room as the Superintendent raised his hand, and then began himself to speak. "Jim will probably tell you," he said, "that this is his farewell. He goes away to-morrow, and I am sure that one of the pleasantest remembrances he will carry with him will be the thought of your warm-hearted greeting to-night." Mr. Foster paused for a moment. "I wish," he went on, hesitatingly, "he might not have to carry away with him the thought that last night he was robbed of his watch. I don't like to speak of this before our guests, but there is no other opportunity. If the boy who stole Jim's watch last night is in this room, how can he keep it after enjoying Jim's generosity this evening? Is there a boy here mean enough to do that?"

He looked the boys steadily in the eye, running his gaze along every row, and fixing it for an instant accidentally on a stranger who sat next to Patsy O'Brien—the boy who the day before had jeered at the Duke's supposed relationship to Queen Victoria. "What's he lookin' at me for?" the boy growled.

Patsy turned quickly around. "Are you the thief?" he began, when he heard Duke's voice, and postponed his inquiry until Jim should be through.

"I am very much obliged to you," Jim was saying; "and it's true what Mr. Foster says that I am going away to-morrow." He stopped a moment; then went on more

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"DON'T YOU KNOW IT ISN'T SUMMER-TIME?"

bravely: "I'm going somewhere, where I can be something more than a boot-black. It's all humbug about my being a Duke; but my father was a gentleman, and I'm going to be one too. About the watch, I hate to think anybody here took it; but if any one did, and will bring it back, I'll give him the fifteen dollars I was going West with, and no questions asked. I'll have to stay here then till I earn the money over again; but I wouldn't mind that if I got the watch back. Most of you fellows know about the watch." His voice broke a little as he went on. "It was my father's, and it's all I've got that belonged to him."

He stopped speaking, and while a dead silence fell on the room, looked for a moment appealingly into the boys' faces. Then, with a little bow, he went to his own seat. An outburst of applause followed, in token of which Duke was forced to get up once more and bow. In the excitement Patsy O'Brien felt something pass under the desk from his neighbor's hand to his own, and heard a hoarse whisper say: "Take it up to him, will ye? I don't want no reward; only there mustn't be any questions asked."

Then, before Patsy knew what had happened, the boy had stolen away from his seat and slipped out of the door. Without trying to stop the thief, realizing only that he had got the watch, Patsy jumped to his feet. "The watch is found, sir," he cried; "I've got it here," holding it up in full view of the excited audience while he carried it to the desk.

Mr. Foster took the watch and handed it around among his guests. When it came to the old Earl he looked at it very intently, opened it, examined the inside of the case, where a crest was engraved, and became very much agitated. "Why, bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "this is very extraordinary. Pray what is the boy's name, Mr. Superintendent?"

Mr. Foster thought for a moment. "He goes by the nickname of the Duke," he said, "and one has to stop to think of his real name. I believe it is James Montressor."

"Call him up here at once," said the old gentleman, wiping his forehead in an excited way. "This is the most extraordinary thing I ever knew in my life."

Julie, as quick as her uncle to catch the clew, pressed eagerly forward.

"Is it he, uncle?" she asked. "Is it the one you have been looking for so long?"

"What is your name, boy?" he asked, as Duke came forward.

"James Montressor."

"And where did you get this watch?"

"It was my father's, sir. He brought it with him from England."

"Where did he come from? do you know that?"

"Yes, sir; from Sidmouth, in Devonshire."

"Have you any papers of your father's?"

"No, sir; there is nothing but the watch—and my word."

The old gentleman gazed at him steadily for a moment. "There's your face," he said; "that's Montressor all over. Julie"—addressing the little girl—"you've met this young man before, I think?"

Julie smiled demurely. "Yes, sir; he was very polite to me yesterday."

"Well, my dear"—impressively—"there doesn't seem to be any doubt that he is your long-lost nephew. James, permit me to present you to your aunt."

Jim looked aghast. "My aunt!" he exclaimed.

The old Earl bowed in a dignified way. "Your father's half-sister," he explained. "It will be necessary for you to supply some of the missing links in your father's history to satisfy the lawyers; but I fancy you can easily do that. For myself, the watch and your face are proof enough."

Jim had not, however, caught his last words. "And are you really my aunt?" he said, turning to Julie in great bewilderment.

Julie laughed as she nodded her pretty head. "Isn't it ridiculous?" she said. "But you can call me Julie all the same, and if you don't mind, I'll call you Duke. I like that a great deal better than Jim, and it isn't so far out of the way after all. Because, you know, you are uncle's heir, and some day, if you live, the earldom will be yours."

Jim's eyes wandered from Julie's laughing face to the crippled little figure down the room. "But I can't leave Billy," he said.

Julie was quite undisturbed. "Oh, we'll take him too," she said, cheerfully, "only, you know, he'll have to go to school and improve his grammar."

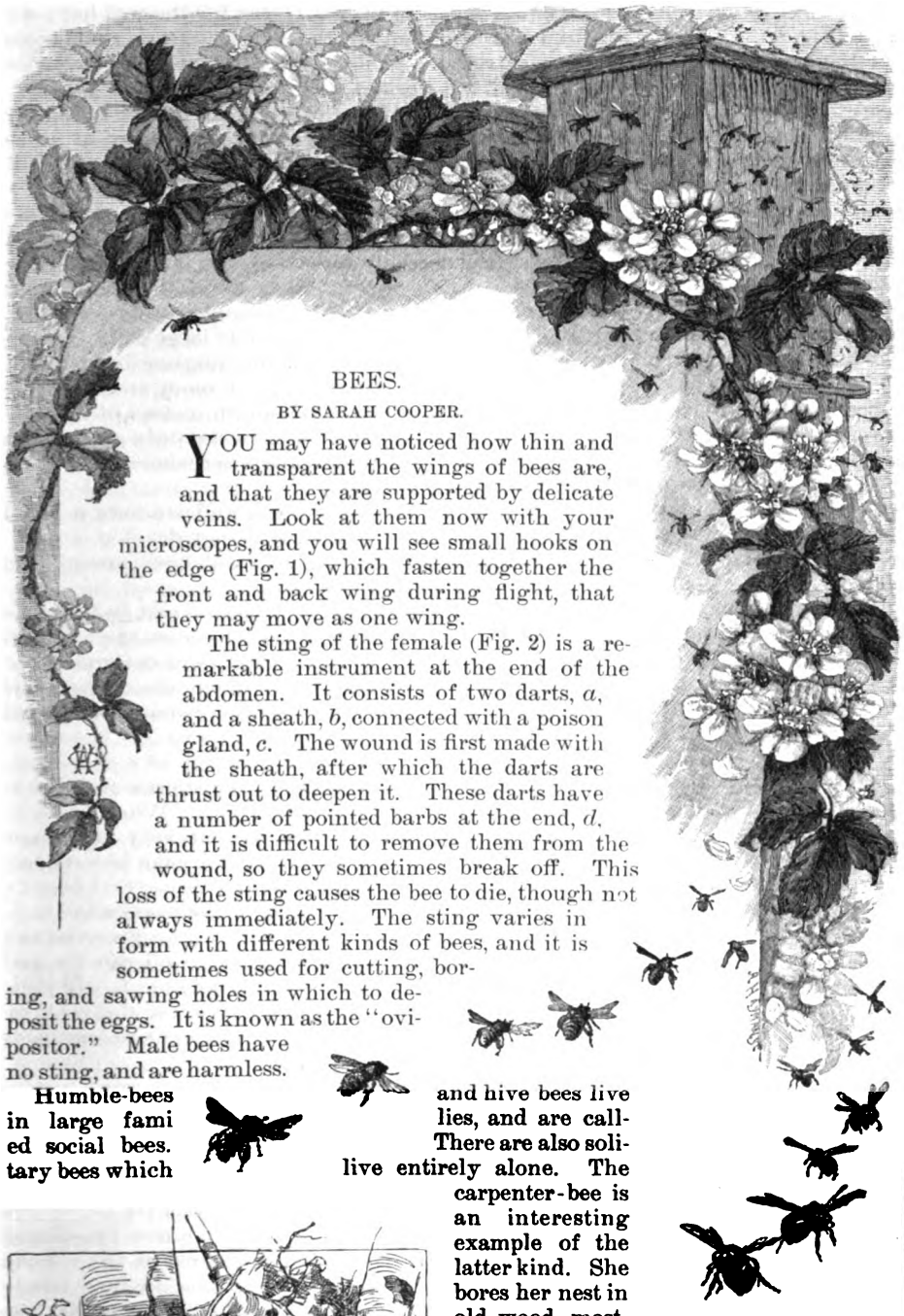
This disclosure was a fitting end to the Christmas-day.

"Good-by, Duke!" the boys shouted, as he went down the aisle. "Good-by, Juke!" cried Patsy O'Brien; "you won't be goin' West now with the money."

The old Earl, overhearing the words, stopped Duke at the door and whispered in his ear. A flush of pleasure came into the boy's face, and he moved back a step or two into the room. "Mr. Foster," he cried, while the boys, hearing his voice, turned expectantly round in their seats, "my uncle says I may give money enough to send fifty boys West, and that Patsy O'Brien may be the first one to go. That is my Christmas present, sir, to the Lodging-house."

And then he opened the door and went out with his kinsfolk into his new life.

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# BEES.

BY SARAH COOPER.

YOU may have noticed how thin and transparent the wings of bees are, and that they are supported by delicate veins. Look at them now with your microscopes, and you will see small hooks on the edge (Fig. 1), which fasten together the front and back wing during flight, that they may move as one wing.

The sting of the female (Fig. 2) is a remarkable instrument at the end of the abdomen. It consists of two darts, *a*, and a sheath, *b*, connected with a poison gland, *c*. The wound is first made with the sheath, after which the darts are thrust out to deepen it. These darts have a number of pointed barbs at the end, *d*, and it is difficult to remove them from the wound, so they sometimes break off. This loss of the sting causes the bee to die, though not always immediately. The sting varies in form with different kinds of bees, and it is sometimes used for cutting, boring, and sawing holes in which to deposit the eggs. It is known as the "ovipositor." Male bees have no sting, and are harmless.

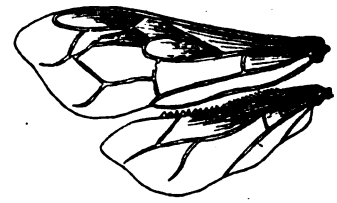


Fig. 1.—Wing of a Bee, showing the Hooks.




Fig. 2.—Sting of a Bee.
*a*, Darts; *b*, Sheath; *c*, Poison Gland; *d*, Dart further enlarged to show the Barbs and the Poison Tube.

Humble-bees and hive bees live in large families. There are also solitary bees which lies, and are called social bees. live entirely alone. The carpenter-bee is an interesting example of the latter kind. She bores her nest in old wood, mostly selecting the dead limb of a tree, an old post, or wooden railing. One of these nests is shown in Fig. 3. The bee bores a tube that soon makes a sudden turn, and is continued several inches down the trunk, parallel to the grain of the wood. This tunnel is afterward divided into cells, in each of which is placed an egg with a supply of food for the young larva. The partitions between the cells are made of the sawdust that has collected from her boring, moistened with a gummy fluid which the bee secretes.

She seems to know that the egg first deposited at the bottom of the tube will hatch first, so she bores a second opening at that part of the tunnel, through which the young bees come forth in succession at the proper time.

Humble-bees, as we have said, are among the social bees. They make their nests in holes in the ground (Fig. 4), often taking possession of a deserted mouse nest. All the colony, except the females, die when winter comes. These remain in a torpid state, concealed among moss or rotten wood, to start new colonies the following spring.

The habits of hive bees are exceedingly

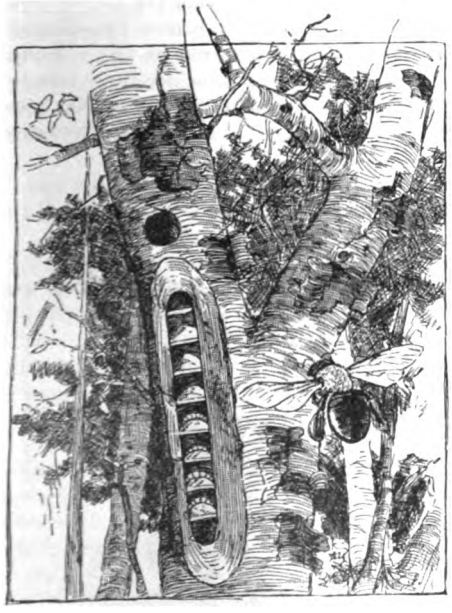


Fig. 3.—Nest of Carpenter-Bee.



Fig. 4.—Nest of Humble-Bee.

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curious and deserve our especial study. Every hive contains a queen-bee, workers, and drones (Fig. 5).

The whole labor of building the nest and providing for the large family falls upon the workers. They have a softer material to work in than the carpenter-bee, since their nest is built of wax, which is a secretion of their bodies, and which collects in scales between the segments of the abdomen. With their feet the bees remove the wax, and work it with their mouths and mandibles, mixing it with saliva until it becomes soft and white.

It is then placed upon the ceiling of the hive, and the cells are carefully shaped and fitted to each other, forming the honey-comb which is our wonder and admiration. The manner in which the six-sided cells fit together gives the greatest possible amount of space, while it requires the least material for building.

In collecting honey for the hive a bee goes steadily from one blossom to another, visiting flowers of only one kind on each excursion; thus it does not bring back a mixed article. The long tongue or proboscis enters the tube of the flower, and laps up the honey. The tube of some flowers is too long and narrow for the bee to enter, so the honey is sucked from the cup on the outside of the flower, or the tube is pierced by the proboscis.

Most of this honey remains in the crop, or honey-sac. Upon returning to the hive the bee enters a cell, and by the contraction of certain muscles the honey is forced back again through the mouth, and is poured into the cell. As the cells become full, they are sealed up tightly with wax. The honey has undergone some change while within the body of the bee, for it is quite different from the pure juice taken from the flowers.

When bees leave the flowers the hair on their bodies and legs is covered with pollen, which they brush back into little pockets on their hind-legs, and carry to the hive. It is a singular fact that the queen and the drones have no pollen baskets. As they never go out to gather honey, they need none.

Each hive has one queen, and she is the only perfectly developed female. She lays all the eggs, which sometimes amount to two thousand, in a single day. Different-sized cells have been prepared for the three classes of bees, and the queen deposits each egg in its proper cell, gluing it slightly to the bottom. She first lays eggs which are to produce the workers, afterward those which produce drones, the last being placed in larger cells.

In three or four days the eggs hatch into little white grubs, and then the duties of the nurses or workers begin. The nurses feed the larvæ with a mixture of pollen and honey, which they have first swallowed, and which is already partly digested. The larvæ require a great quantity of food, and they grow rapidly until they almost fill the cell. When they refuse to eat any longer, the nurses seal over the cells until the young bees are perfectly developed.

Fastened within its cell, the larva spins for itself a silken cocoon, and remains inactive, eating no food while the wonderful change is taking place. The care of the nurses has ceased, and when the perfected bee is ready to leave the cell it struggles out alone, and enters the busy throng outside with no one to welcome it. The workers soon take possession of the empty cell, and clean it for future occupants.

On the other hand, the young queen in her cell is treated with the greatest distinction. The larva is given richer food and in larger quantities than the workers or drones receive. When she is ready to leave the cell, the workers gather around and gnaw at the top of the cell until it is so thin that the movements of the young queen within may be watched. A hole is made in this cover large enough for her to extend her proboscis, and she is fed in this position for several days, uttering the while a peculiar cry called piping.

The queen seems to have a hatred for those of her own sex, and she will destroy the young queens that come within her reach. Consequently, if the bees have not yet swarmed, the workers do not allow a young queen to stir from her cell. After the old queen has left the hive with her swarm, the young queens are liberated at intervals of a few days, and they lose no opportunity to kill each other.

If by any accident the hive is left without a queen, the bees are thrown into great excitement, but they soon waken up to the necessity for action, and they begin to cultivate a queen, as it were. They select three adjoining worker cells which contain larvæ, and cutting away the partition walls, convert them into one large cell. Two of the larvæ are destroyed, and the remaining one, by being fed on royal food, and having plenty of room and other favorable conditions, grows into a queen instead of a worker. This slight change of treatment not only gives her a different form and color, but it alters her whole nature, and gives her different instincts.

So you will see that queen-bees and workers proceed from the same kind of larvæ, and they develop, according to the circumstances under which they are placed, either into queens or into workers.

The drones are males, and they take no part in the work of the hive. In the latter part of summer the workers kill them without mercy, as if they were determined to support them no longer. They attack the drones, and sting them between the rings of the abdomen, afterward throwing them out of the hive.

Bees usually swarm, or fly off in search of a new home, in the spring, never leaving the hive until it is well stocked with eggs and the weather is warm. When about to swarm, the queen and workers become very much agitated, hurrying to and fro for several days before they start. As the time for departure arrives, several bees fly in circles around the hive; suddenly the noise and bustle are hushed, and they all enter within. At a given signal, those which are to compose the swarm fly off rapidly, and select some tree or bush on which to alight. If their queen is not with them, they soon discover the mistake, and return to the hive, where they wait for several days before a second attempt is made.

When the bees have entered their new home, they arrange themselves in a loop or festoon by hooking their claws together, and hang from the roof of the hive. Thus they hang motionless for some time, while a store of wax is forming with which to build their new comb.

The bees which remain in the old hive after the swarm has left quietly pursue their labors, and a new brood soon fills the vacancies. The young queens, in their turn, lead off new swarms, and thus proceeds the busy life in a bee-hive. There are sometimes as many as 50,000 bees in one hive, yet the work goes on without the slightest disorder or confusion.

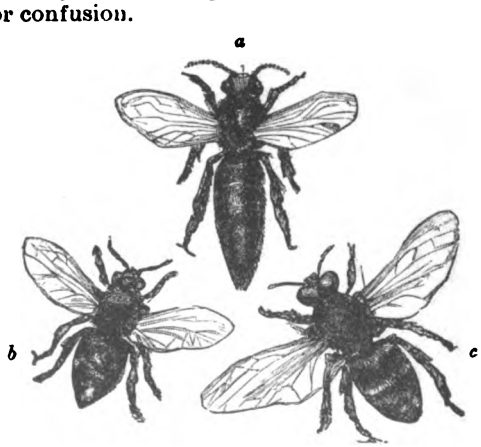



Fig. 5.—Hive Bees.
*a*, Queen; *b*, Worker; *c*, Drone.

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# WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE GREAT MILL PICNIC.

THE rates of ferriage were fixed at twenty-five cents for a team, fifteen cents for a man on horseback, ten cents for a single animal, and five cents for a foot-passenger. Two cards, with these rates neatly printed on them by Ruth in large letters, were tacked up on the anchorage posts, so that passengers might not have any chance to dispute with the ferryman, or "Superintendent of Ferries," as he liked to be called.

Leaving him in charge of the boat—for he was not yet strong enough for more active work—and leaving Mr. March at work upon the house, Mr. Elmer, Mark, Jan, and four colored men, taking the mules with them, set out bright and early on Tuesday morning for the mill, to begin work on the dam.

They found the pond empty, and exposing a large surface of black mud studded with the stumps of old trees, and the stream from the sulphur spring rippling along merrily in a channel it had cut for itself through the broken portion of the dam. While two men were set to digging a new channel for this stream, so as to lead it through the sluiceway, and leave the place where the work was to be done free from water, the others began to cut down half a dozen tall pines, and hew them into squared timbers.

A deep trench was dug along the whole length of the broken part of the dam for a foundation, and into this was lowered one of the great squared timbers, forty feet long, that had six mortice-holes cut in its upper side. Into these holes were set six uprights, each ten feet long, and on top of these was placed a stringer, or another forty-foot timber. To this frame-work was spiked on the inside a close sheathing of plank. Heavy timber braces, the outer ends of which were let into mud-sills set in trenches dug thirty feet outside the dam, were sunk into the stringer, and the work of filling in with earth on the inside was begun. In two weeks the work was finished; the whole dam had been raised and strengthened, the flood-gates were closed, and the pond began slowly to fill up.

In the mean time the saw-mill machinery had been bought, the frame for the saw-mill had been cut and raised, and Mr. March, having finished the repairs on the house, was busy setting up the machinery and putting it in order.

By the middle of February, or six weeks after the Elmers had landed in Wakulla, their influence had become very decidedly felt in the community. With their building, fencing, ploughing, and clearing, they had given employment to most of the working population of the place, and had put more money into circulation than had been seen there at any one time for years. Their house was now as neat and pretty as any in the county. The ferry was running regularly, and was already much used by travellers from considerable distances on both sides of the river. The mill was finished and ready for business. Above all, Mr. Elmer's health had so improved that he said he felt like a young man again, and able to do any amount of out-door work.

One Sunday morning, after all this had been accomplished, Mr. Elmer announced to the Sunday-school that on the following Wednesday a grand picnic would be given in a pine grove midway between the Elmer Mill and the big sulphur spring, that the ferry would be run free all that day, and that all were cordially invited to come and enjoy themselves. He also said that the Elmer Mill would be opened for business on that day, and would grind free of charge one bushel of corn for every family in Wakulla who should bring it with them.

This announcement created such a buzz of excitement that it was well it had not been made until after the exercises of the morning were over, for there could certainly have been no more Sunday-school that day.

For the next two days the picnic was the all-absorbing topic of conversation, and wonderful stories were told and circulated of the quantities of goodies that were being made in the "Go Bang" kitchen. Aunt Chloe was frequently interviewed, and begged to tell exactly how much of these stories might be believed; but the old woman only shook her gayly turbaned head, and answered, "Yo's gwine see, chillun, yo's gwine see; only jes hab pashuns; and yo's gwine be 'warded by sich a sight ob fixin's as make yo tink ole times come back, sho nuff."

At last the eagerly expected morning dawned, and though a thick fog hid one bank of the river from the other, sounds of active stir and bustle announced to each community that the other was making ready for the great event.

By nine o'clock the fog had lifted, and the sun shone out bright and warm. Before this, Jan and the mules had made several trips between the house and the mill, each time with a heavy wagon-load of—something. Mr. Elmer, Mr. March, and Mark had gone to the mill as soon as breakfast was over, and had not been seen since.

As soon as the fog lifted, the horn on the opposite side of the river began to blow impatient summonses for the "Superintendent of Ferries," and busy times immediately began for Frank.

What funny loads of black people he brought over! Old gray-headed uncles, leaning on canes, who told stories of "de good ole times long befo' de wah," middle-aged men and women who rejoiced in the present good times of freedom, and comical little pickaninnies, who looked forward with eagerness to the good times to come to them within an hour or so.

And then the teams, the queer home-made carts, most of them drawn by a single steer or cow hitched into shafts, in which the bushels of corn were brought, for everybody who could obtain a bushel of corn had taken Mr. Elmer at his word, and brought it along to be ground free of charge.

One of the men, after seeing his wife and numerous family of children safely on board the boat, went up to Frank with a beaming face, and said, "Misto Frank, I's bought a ok. Dar he is hitched into dat ar kyart, an' oh! he do plough splendid."

The "ok," which poor Joe thought was the proper singular of "oxes," as he would have called a pair of them, was a meek-looking little creature, harnessed to an old two-wheel cart by a perfect tangle of ropes and chains. He was so small that even Frank, accustomed as he was to the ways of the country, almost smiled at the idea of his "ploughing splendid."

He didn't, though; for honest Joe was waiting to hear his purchase praised, and Frank praised it by saying it was one of the handsomest oxen of its size he had ever seen. Joe was fully satisfied with this, and when the boat reached the other side, hurried off to find new admirers for the first piece of actual property he had ever owned, and to tell them that "Misto Frank March, who knew all about oxes, say dis yere ok de han'somes' he eber seed."

Of course the Bevils and Carters came over to the picnic. Grace Bevil, of whom Ruth had already made a great friend, waited with her at the house until the last boat-load of people had been ferried across. Then Frank called them, and after helping them into the canoe, and telling them to sit quiet as 'possums, paddled it up the wild, beautiful river to the mill.

By the time they reached the mill, more than a hundred

* Begun in No. 252, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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"SOME ONE PRODUCED A FIDDLE, AND THEY DANCED."

persons were assembled near it, and Mr. Elmer was talking to them from the steps. They were in time to hear him say: "The Elmer Mill is now about to be opened for business, and set to work. A bushel of corn belonging to Uncle Silas Brim, the oldest man present, has been placed in the hopper, and will be the first ground."

Then Mark, who, as President of the Elmer Mill and Ferry Company, was allowed the honor of so doing, pressed a lever that opened the flood-gates. A stream of water dashed through the race, the great wheel began to turn, and as they heard the whirr of the machinery, the crowd cheered again and again. In a little while Uncle Silas Brim's corn was returned to him in the form of a sack of fine yellow meal. After that the bushels of corn poured in thick and fast, and for the rest of the day the Elmer Mill continued its pleasant work of charity.

As the novelty of watching the mill at work wore off, the people began to stroll toward the grove near the sulphur spring, in which an odd-looking structure had been erected the day before, and now attracted much attention. It was a long, low shed, or booth, built of poles thatched with palm leaves woven so close that its interior was completely hidden. Mrs. Elmer, Mrs. Bevil, Mrs. Carter, Ruth, Grace, and Aunt Chloe were known to be inside, but what they were doing was a mystery that no one could solve.

"Reckon dey's a-fixin' up sandwiches," said one.

"Yo' g'way, chile! Who eber heerd ob sich nonsense? Tain't no witches ob no kine; hit's sumfin to eat, I tell yo'. I kin smell hit," said an old aunty, who sniffed the air vigorously as she spoke.

This opinion was strengthened when Aunt Chloe appeared at the entrance of the booth, before which hung a curtain of white muslin, and in a loud voice commanded all present to provide themselves "wif palmetter leafs fo' plateses, an' magnole leafs fo' cupses."

When all had so provided themselves, they were formed, two by two, into a long procession by several young colored men whom Mr. Elmer had appointed to act as marshals, the white curtain was drawn aside, and they were invited to march into the booth. As they did so, a sight greeted their eyes that caused them to give a sort of suppressed cheer of delight. The interior was hung and trimmed with great bunches of sweet-scented swamp azalea, yellow jasmine, and other wild spring flowers, of which the woods were full. But it was not toward the flowers that all eyes were turned, nor they that drew forth the exclamations of delight: it was the table and what it bore.

It reached from one end of the booth to the other, and was loaded with such a quantity of good things as none of them had ever seen before. On freshly cut palm leaves were heaped piles of brown crullers, and these were flanked by pans of baked beans. Boiled hams appeared in such quantities that Uncle Silas Brim was heard to say, "Hit do my ole heart good to see sich a sight ob hog meat."

Every bit of space not otherwise occupied was filled with pies and cakes. Knives and forks had been provided for everybody, and there were a few tin cups, which

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"THE BELLE OF THE FLORISTS."—FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.

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were reserved for coffee. As plates were very scarce, palmetto leaves had to be used instead, and for those who wished to drink water the magnolia leaves, bent so that the ends lapped, made excellent cups.

How they did enjoy that dinner! How savagely the hams were attacked! How the beans and crullers were appreciated, and how rapidly the pies and cakes disappeared! How the coffee, with plenty of "sweet'nin'" in it, was relished! In other words, what a grand feast it was to them! How much and how quickly they ate on that occasion can still be learned from any resident of Wakulla, for they talk of "de feed at de openin' ob dat ar Elmer Mill" to this day.

After dinner they sang, and listened to the music of Ruth's organ, which had been brought from the house for the occasion, and placed at one end of the booth. Then some one produced a fiddle, and they danced. Not only a few danced, but all danced; old and young, and those who stopped to rest patted time on their knees to encourage the others.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, or about "two hour by sun in the evening," as the Wakulla people say, the last bushel of corn was ground, what remained uneaten of the dinner was distributed among those who needed it most, and the picnic was ended. With many bows and courtesies to their hosts, the happy company began to troop, or squeak along in their little ungreased carts, toward the ferry, where Frank was already on hand waiting to set them across the river.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THEIR FIRST THANKSGIVING.

BY HARRIET WATERMAN.

MR. KEITH thought that the last of the car-load of stupid, chattering emigrants had left the office, when he looked up from his writing and saw a forlorn-looking girl standing by his desk. She could have been there but a few minutes, yet her face bore the weary, patient look of one who has waited long.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, startled. "How came you here? Left behind? What's the matter?"

"I wish to work, mein Herr," she explained, in a mixture of bad German and worse English. "I came from Bohemia with the rest, but I have no money, and I stop here. I must earn much, that my Peter too may come to this great America."

"What can you do?" was the next question.

"In the fields many things," she answered. "I can drive the oxen and gather the grain, milk the goats and cows, or spin the flax and wool, if one chooses. I can bring wood for the fire—anything to earn much money. Caroline is my name, and I have worked always since I was five. I work very gladly."

Mr. Keith reflected. Cases of this kind were common, and there was a decisive ring in her voice, which promised well for her strength of character, though her appearance was that of a child.

"Caroline," he said to her in German, "you are very young, not more than fourteen."

"Fifteen last Easter," she corrected him, gravely.

"Well, fifteen, then; but you are young still, and women in this country do not work in the fields as in Bohemia. I know a lady, a Mrs. Carroll, for whom you can do house-work, but you will be paid very little until you learn to speak our language, and to work in American ways. You can not earn more than fifty cents a week probably."

Caroline cried a long time before she slept that night. The home to which Mr. Keith had brought her was pleasant enough, and the care of a little baby, which was her chief duty, was not hard work. She was homesick and lonely, a stranger in a strange land; she was far from Peter, who might be cold, while she could not give him the blanket from her own bed, who might be in pain which there was no one to soothe. But worst of all was the failure of her money expectations.

At home they had talked so much of rich America, where the mountains were stuffed with gold pieces, and the poorest men were rich in land and goods. Fifty cents each week made only twenty-six dollars in a whole year: it would be more than twelve months before she could send for him, and her last words, when he cried at her leaving, had been,

"A month, my Peter, at the most, and I shall send the money for you too to come." It was too bad.

Caroline rose the next morning determined to do so much work that Mrs. Carroll should think her worth more than fifty cents a week. There was little, however, for her to do except to hold the baby, to rock her to sleep, and amuse her when awake. There were two boys, ten and twelve years old, in the family; but Caroline was too quiet, and spoke too little English, to afford them much entertainment.

She debated some time whether or not to send a letter to Peter explaining the delay; she could write, but had never written a letter. Moreover, it must cost a great deal to travel so far, and it did not seem at all probable that such a little thing would go safely across America, the great ocean, and Europe besides. Every Saturday night she put a piece of money into her small leather bag, every night she counted the coins, rubbed them bright, and said, as she looked at them, "Some miles at least accomplished, my Peter."

There were eighteen of these half-dollars by Thanksgiving week. To get money was the thought which haunted Caroline night and day. The good priest in Bohemia had so well instructed the motherless children in ways of honesty that she was not tempted to steal, even while she calculated the value of the children's toys, the dishes on the table, and the furniture in the house. Accustomed to black bread and water, with soup on holidays only, she grudged the price of the food daily set before her. If they would but add the value of her portion to her wages, she thought, and let her eat black bread, it would not choke her, as did the fine white bread and meat, better than Peter dreamed ever of eating.

She need not put sugar in her coffee at least; so every morning she conscientiously took the exact number of lumps which the cook appeared to use, and put them, not into her cup, but into a paper in her lap. She soon had quite a good-sized bag of sugar in her trunk. "That will keep," she said to herself. "When I get a large bag I will sell it."

She did not understand much about Thanksgiving. She noticed that the stores became suddenly full of turkeys and chickens, after which the household was given over to cooking, and then a great many visitors came, three children among them.

By Wednesday evening the five boys and girls had played all their games, and exhausted their last amusement.

"What's the use of sitting up till nine," demanded Howard Lee, gloomily, "if there isn't any fun? I'll tell you what—let's go and make that little Dutch girl tell us something to do. We'll serenade her. I will teach you a song."

Howard's suggestion was adopted, and the words of a song altered until they were judged appropriate. Then the procession of five stole to the door of Caroline's room, opened it without the formality of a knock, and entered.

She sat before the little wooden chest, her hands full of silver half-dollars.

"'Caroline, Caroline,
Can't you dance a bee-line?
Can't you dance?
Can't you prance?
Go to France,
Caroline, Caroline,
And learn to dance a bee-line.'"

Caroline dropped the money into the chest, and pulled

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down the lid. Of the song she understood only enough to make her feel unhappy. "Go away!" she cried. "I do not trouble you; leave me alone."

"Let's see what she has in her strong box," exclaimed Howard; "lots of fine things, I expect." Her plaid shawl was near the top. "Camel's-hair!" he exclaimed, and the rest laughed at his wit as he tied it around his waist. Next he saw a wooden animal, one which Caroline had brought for love of Peter; he had broken a leg in the making, and so could not sell it.

Her eyes blazed angry warning, but Howard was too much interested to notice. "A cow," he screamed; "no, a horse; no, the great three-legged what-is-it, a new variety peculiar to Bohemia."

Perhaps it was that they made fun of Peter's handiwork, perhaps because Tom Carroll at this moment discovered the bag of sugar, and began to distribute the result of her self-denial in generous handfuls—whatever the cause, her patience utterly gave way, and she dealt Howard a blow which sent him, screaming, down the stairs to tell a tale which brought Mr. and Mrs. Carroll to the little room.

"Caroline, how did you come to have so much money?" demanded the latter, sternly.

"It is mine," the girl answered. "You paid it to me."

Mrs. Carroll counted the money. "Nine dollars—exactly what I have paid you. Do you mean to say that you have not spent one penny since you came here?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"A probable story," said Mrs. Carroll. "Explain the sugar; have I paid you that also?"

"I saved it from my coffee," stammered Caroline, who saw that her judge had already decided. "I did not eat any—indeed, I did not."

"Of course not," replied Mrs. Carroll; "still, it looks so much like a case of stealing that I will allow you to look for another place to-morrow."

"If you think I am a thief, I will not sleep in your house to-night," answered Caroline. "I will go to the street, rather. Yes, my Peter, you will die in Bohemia, and I in this hateful America, but we will go together to the beautiful heaven, where the dear Lord will not let these lying ones come." And before the astonished Carrolls could speak she had opened the door and gone, leaving her clothes and precious dollars.

Kind-hearted Mr. Carroll walked around the block, intending to urge her to return for the night, but he could not find her. "Gone to some of her friends, of course," he assured himself, comfortably, though he might have remembered that she had no friends. "It's a cold night, Mary," he said as he shivered by the fire.

"Such things make me sick," answered his wife; "and as I shall have baby on my hands as well as dinner to-morrow, I think I may be excused from giving many thanks."

Caroline in the mean time wandered around, and came finally to the depot. The great door of the freight-room was open for a late train, and into that spot of blacker blackness she crept, as she despairingly thought, to die.

But instead of dying, Caroline slept soundly through the night, not awakening until the door was pushed back in the morning, and the engine whistled an early train.

She stood by the door-post then, hardly noticed in the confusion.

Caroline saw two ladies, two children, and a grown boy step on to the platform, a gentleman next, and with him a boy on crutches. Yes—no. She rubbed her eyes. Was she blind, dreaming, dead?

But the boy surely looked like Peter, and he had certainly seized her in the most life-like way, and was saying, "Mr. Mills, this is my Caroline, my sister." And again: "I did not think to find you so soon, for they told me that there were few of our people here; but Mr. Mills, my dear friend, kept saying all yesterday, 'To-morrow we shall find her, for it will be the good American Thanksgiving-day.' Have they told you, Caroline? It is the day when all the people close their stores and workshops, and families gather together to give thanks to the good God for the harvest and the flocks and the herds, and everything that He has given them in the way of blessings all the year through. It is our Thanksgiving-day, is it not?"

Caroline soon told her sorrowful story, and Mr. Mills led her, with Peter, to the Carroll's, where he interrupted the family party long enough to convince them that they had wronged the girl.

"I stumbled upon the boy while I was travelling in Europe," he said, "and thinking that he displayed uncommon talent, had a fancy to educate him as a wood-carver. There was plainly no chance of doing anything for him apart from this sister, whose unselfishness merits some such reward. I shall take them to my home in Chicago, and try to make this for them only the beginning of their Thanksgiving-days."

## MILLY CONE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

"DID you really say that there were more bags to come, Milly?"

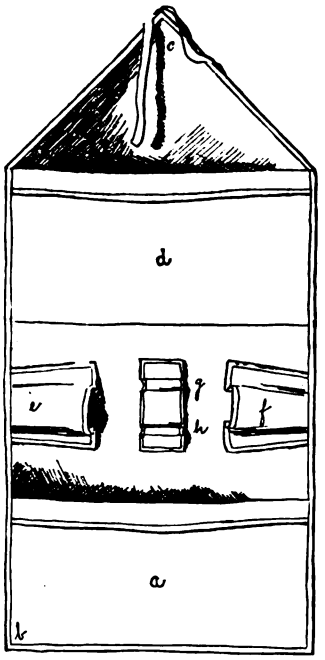
"Yes, indeed I did, and here they are."

The two girls were in Milly's room again, and the bed was once more the scene of a great display of fancy-work. Milly went on with her directions for making Christmas gifts:

"This is a dressing bag in which one can carry comb and brush, towel, soap, etc., on a summer flight to the seashore or mountains. Now, then, you must supply yourselves with some brown linen and blue braid, and we will transform them into the prettiest kind of a dressing bag. Measure the linen into a piece twenty-six inches long and twelve inches wide. Bind one end with braid, and fold it under an inch, to imitate a wide hem. Fold this same end over five inches to make a pocket for a towel (see letter *a*). Baste the sides together until you are ready to put on the binding. The other end must be sloped to a point, and you can best tell how to grade this by having the space between *b* and *c* fourteen inches. Take another piece of linen twelve inches long and four and a half wide. Bind one long side with braid, and fold over an inch as before to simulate a hem. Sew this by the three sides that are not bound just below the point, the opening toward the three-cornered end. This makes a towel pocket (*d*). Take a piece of linen five by four and a half inches, and bind the two long sides and one of the short ones with braid. Make a box pleat at the side that has no braid, and sew it on the left side (*e*) between the two large pockets, leaving the top, of course, open. Make a second pocket in the same way, and sew it on the right side (*f*). These may be used for soap and wash-cloth. Bind a strip of linen five and a half by one and a half inches, and sew it between the two pockets, leaving two little openings (*g* and *h*) in which scissors and tooth-brush can be inserted. Now bind the outside edge of the bag with the blue braid, and leave two pieces at the point (*i*) to tie around it and make a bow knot when rolled up.

"This is for slippers, and for your comfort, Grace, I will tell you that it is the last bag. For the back piece that hangs against the wall you will need a piece of stiff pasteboard fifteen inches long, and four inches wide at the bottom. The top should be sloped to a blunt point, and the widest part measure six inches across. Cover both sides neatly with some bright cretonne. Take another piece of cretonne thirteen inches long, ten and a half inches wide at the bottom, and fifteen at the top. Make a hem an inch wide at the top, and below this gather twice and run a piece of thick elastic through. Fold two box pleats at the bottom, and sew it to the back piece, leaving the top open to admit the slippers. This opening should not be so wide that the hem falls over, but just wide enough for

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A TRAVELLING BAG.

the slippers to enter. The top of the hem in the middle should be five inches from the top of the point. Sew a brass ring on the point, and the bag is finished, and a very pretty and useful article you will find it."

As she thus finished describing the "slipper bag," Milly took up two other articles, when Grace exclaimed:

"Did you not say there were no more bags, Milly? Now tell me truly aren't these scent bags?"

Milly laughed. "So they are, but they don't count. I meant bags of some size to hold things."

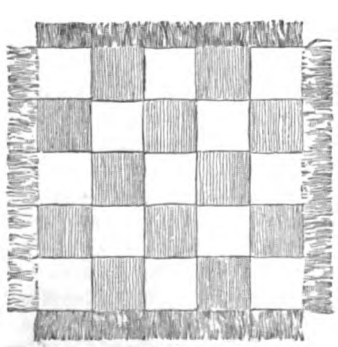
"Very well. Go on."

"To make this scent bag I bought a piece of scarlet ribbon sixty inches long, and as much more of pale blue, each three-quarters of an inch wide, and cut each ribbon into ten pieces. Then I placed five of the red strips side by side, and wove the blue ones in and out, checker-board fashion. I did the same with the other ribbons, and fringed out the ends. I put some heliotrope sachet powder on a bit of cotton, and fastened my squares together.

"A pretty variation from this can be made by taking two or three pieces of ribbon five inches long. They must be of such width as to make a square when sewed together. Olive, pink, and blue is a pretty combination. Fringe the ends to a depth of three-quarters of an inch; then so fold it as to make a three-cornered bag, fringed on the straight edges. Put in a little cotton batting and sachet powder, and fasten the edges with invisible stitches.

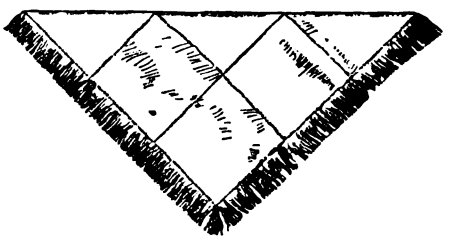


A SLIPPER BAG.



SCENT BAG.

"Now for what I call 'Catch-alls,' though each one has a use. This is for Mamma's bureau, to hold her hair-pins. You cut two pieces of card-board in the shape of a boat. Cover both sides of these pieces with any pretty material, and sew them together at the ends and shorter sides. Fasten cords finished with balls or tassels from the ends, and you will have a jaunty little boat to swing from the gas fixture. A design of crossed oars outlined upon one side would be a suitable decoration. Six inches for the length of the lower line and three inches for the height of the boat make a very good proportion. If you make it longer in proportion to its width, it will be a more nautical craft, but the hair-pins and curl-papers will also be more likely to spill.

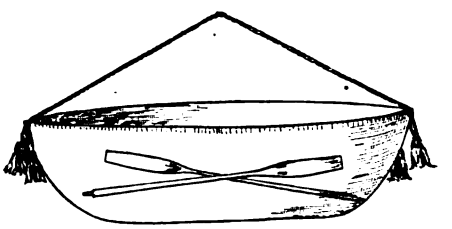


ANOTHER SCENT BAG.

"If you were wise enough in your summer wanderings to secure a supply of birch bark, you have beautiful material for as many things as you have ingenuity to devise. For this same style of catch-all cut the ends a little more rounding, and instead of a straight line for the top, let it be slightly curved inward, and you will have a real birch-bark canoe.

"It would be well to finish the edges with a binding of silk braid. Upon one side you can print with brush or pen the name of the boat, or of the friend to whom it is to belong, or a Christmas wish, as you choose.

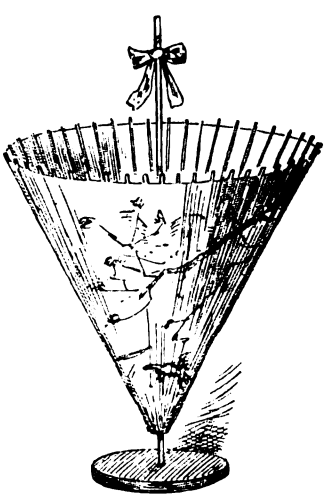
"Now, Grace, you will laugh. Tell me, if you can, what this is," and Milly pulled a curious-looking object from beneath the table.



FOR HAIR-PINS.

"Why, it is your Japanese umbrella," said Grace.

"It is a waste-paper basket," replied Milly. "First I made holes with a darning-needle in every one of these bamboo ends. Then I opened it half-way and put this fine wire through all the holes, and twisted the ends together so it would never open any more. Ned fixed a block for the bottom heavy enough to make the basket stand firm, and with a big hole in the middle. He screwed the head of the parasol tightly into the hole, and Mamma gave me the cashmere to cover it. Then I bought this beautiful crimson ribbon to tie on the handle, and that was all."



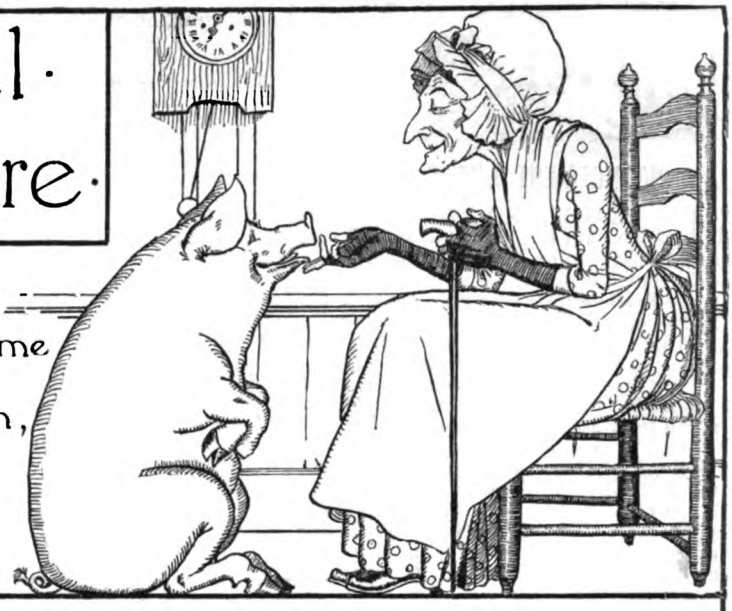
A WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

"It makes a lovely waste-basket," said Grace, admiringly.

"So I think. But, Gracie, we will have to stop for a little while now. I have just caught sight through the window of Madame Morand, who is coming to give me a music lesson. After that we will come upstairs again. It won't take long to show the rest of the things, for I have only a few more."

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# Superficial Culture

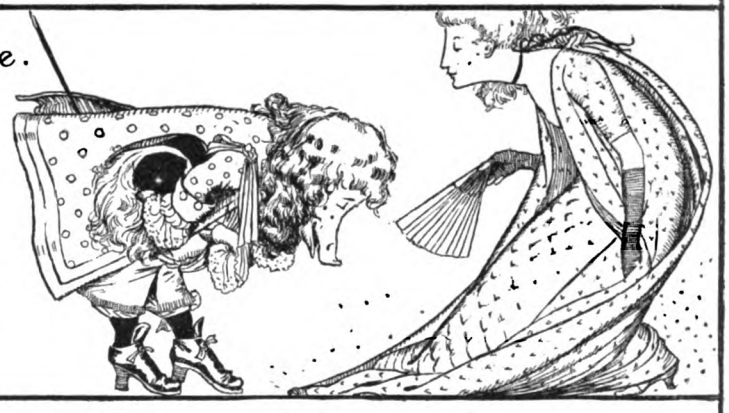


I'll tell of a certain old dame;
The same
Had a beautiful piggy, whose name
Was Jame-
-s; and whose beauty and worth,
From the day of his birth,
Were matters of popular fame,
And his claim
To gentility no one could blame.



So, seeing his promise, she thought
She ought
To have him sufficiently taught
The art
Of deportment, to go
Into company; so
A master of dancing she brought,
Who was fraught
With a style which the piggiwig caught.

So his company manners were rare.
His care
Of social observances there
Would bear
The closest inspection,
And not a reflection
Could rest on his actions, howe'er
You might care
To examine 'em down to a hair.





Now, things went beau-ti-ful-ly,
Till he
Fell in love with a dame of degree;
Pardie!
When he tried for to speak,
But could only say, "O w-e-e-k!"
For, whatever his polish might be,
Why, dear me!
He was pig at the bottom, you see.

H. PYLE.

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## ANNOUNCEMENT AND GREETING.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a favorite with English-speaking children all over the world. Not in American homes only, but also by many English firesides, eager hands and beaming eyes watch for and welcome the children's charming paper.

We are therefore sure that the announcement we now make will gratify both parents and children in the merry homes of England. In response to an urgent demand the weekly publication of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has been recently begun in England. In future the paper will be issued regularly there as well as here. There will be an office in London, and the little people in Great Britain, who have so ardently desired to receive their paper as promptly as their American cousins do, may now be satisfied.

Punctually as the week rolls round will come the red-letter day when the postman shall bring HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to its happy English subscribers.

More than five years have passed since American children welcomed the earliest numbers of the paper. During this period HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has become a household friend everywhere, and the beautiful numbers, gathered yearly into bound volumes, hold a leading place among the most cherished treasures of American children. Indeed, a bound volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a store-house of delights, which is unsurpassed for brightening a rainy day, soothing a convalescent, or affording recreation to grown people who are in sympathy with children.

We confidently predict success for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in its new field. We are glad to know that the children in the mother-country are to have as their own the weekly treat which the children here prize so highly. The bright stories from the best juvenile writers, the bits of fun and wisdom, the tales of thrilling adventure — dramatic but not sensational — the carefully prepared instructive and scientific articles, the descriptions of athletic games and of dainty needle-work, will all find an audience, fit and wide awake, in the children of England.

As HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has no rival in the department of illustrations, the pictures will be a feast to the eyes which see them, and will do much to give the little folk good training in art.

The Post-office Box is a popular and charming feature of the paper, and has always counted among its young contributors a multitude of clever little correspondents both at home and abroad. The Postmistress expects to find a great many new friends among English girls and boys. She hopes that they will begin at once to do their share in making the Post-office Box interesting and entertaining, and she will be happy to present their letters to little writers in America. They will no doubt try their skill in making and solving puzzles, and the more they tell about their pastimes, pets, playmates, and studies, the better we shall all be pleased.

English children, should they prefer, for convenience and for economy in postage, may address their letters to the care of the English publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., 188 Fleet Street, London, E. C. American children and little correspondents in all other places will continue to address their letters to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

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NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

I thought I would write you a little letter. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE five weeks, and I like it very much. I am a boy ten years old, and am large for my age. I take music lessons, and like them very much. I do not like to write letters generally, but it is a pleasure to write to you. I want my mamma to take me down to New York to see you. I have not any brothers or sisters. When I come home from school on Thursday afternoons I run down to the store where I buy my HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and get it, and then I run home and read the story of "Wakulla"; sometimes I can hardly wait to read it. My mamma is in New York now, but is coming home to-morrow. I am anxious to see her, for I love her dearly. I have always liked to read, and my papa enjoys having me do so. Dear Postmistress, I think I must say good-by now. Love to all the readers.

Your little new friend,
MORGAN P. B.

I am glad to have Morgan among my boys, and shall be pleased to see him when he comes to New York.

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PARIS, FRANCE.

Since I last wrote I have seen many interesting things—the Cathedral at Cologne, the lovely river Rhine, the wonderful Strasburg clock, and the grand Black Forest of Germany, with its beautiful water-falls. We spent three charming weeks at the celebrated watering-place Baden-Baden. Papa and mamma ran down to Switzerland for a few days to see Lake Lucerne and go up the Rigi, but were afraid to take us for a long stay, as we had expected, as the cholera was in Italy. Since then we have been in Paris. The tomb of Napoleon is the most beautiful thing of the kind I ever saw. We children (my two little sisters, Kate and Julia, my cousins, and myself) have enjoyed the Champs Élysées so much, also the Palace of Industry, where they make a great many beautiful things. Mamma bought each of us four little girls a lovely French doll the other day, each with three separate costumes. We leave for London to-morrow, and shall be at home in about three weeks. Our cousin in Kentucky has been sending us the charming HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, and we like it so much that mamma has been sending it to our cousin in Virginia for two years.

With love, MARIAN H.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I thought I would write to you about my pets. I have a dog named Skye, and he can play dead dog and other droll tricks. I have two birds, Professor and Pete; they are brother and sister. I have a great many numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much; my favorite story is "The Ice Queen." I hope you will put this in. I want to know if I may write a story to put in your paper; it is a true story. I am nine years old. I will say good-by.

PAUL DANIELS D.

You may send your story, Paul, and I will read it, and if it is very good, and not too long, it will probably find a place in the Post-office BOX; but remember, dear, that it must be bright and short, or else I will have to keep it to myself.

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WARSAW, ILLINOIS.

I am going South to spend the winter. I have only one pet, a little Maltese kitten named Trotter, very cunning and smart. I expect to have HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE sent to me this winter, and shall enjoy it very much, as I am not going to attend school, and will have plenty of time to read it. I have an older sister and a little brother, and we have fine times together.

MAUD G.

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PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Tell May to take a saucer, fill it with sand, wet it thoroughly, and keep it so. Take cuttings of rose-wood—of half-ripe wood with leaves on—put in the sand, and stand in the sun. I am the daughter of a successful rose-grower, and papa says if these directions are strictly followed you can raise plants.

Would you like to know of the gas wells in this vicinity? If you would, I will write to you of them some time. JANE M.

Yes, I would. Thank you, on May's behalf.

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RIVERSIDE, EAST TENNESSEE.

This splendid paper has been subscribed to for my two brothers and myself, ever since the first number, by a good auntie. I live in the country, near the Little Tennessee River, opposite old Fort Loudon. My grandmother lives a quarter of a mile down the river, and it is a very pleasant walk to her home. The river is very shallow in some places, as we have not had any rain for two months. One evening lately we went to grandmother's, and just before sunset went in a skiff with my uncle, brothers, and two sisters, some distance down the river to some shoals, where it is very shallow. The river was very beautiful, and was so low that one could see the rocks at the bottom; it became so shallow that my brother could wade and pull the boat. There is a little island formed by rocks in dry weather; we got out on it, and found some periwinkles and mussel shells. We should have enjoyed ourselves more if we all could have pulled off our shoes and stockings and waded. My sister and I will be so glad to have some directions given about making Christmas presents. I am ten years old. B. H. N.

Of course you have read about Milly Cone's Christmas presents, and here is a pleasant letter which comes just in time to help you still more.

ROCKPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.

In No. 258 I saw that you asked the elder readers to give some suggestions about Christmas gifts. I am a girl reader, and knowing some things I thought others might like, I send these directions:

WORK-CHAIR.—Cut out of stiff pasteboard two pieces four and a half inches square, one piece eight and a quarter inches long and three and three-quarter inches wide, one piece four and a half inches wide and three inches long, two pieces five and a half inches long and four and a quarter inches wide; these last are for the arms, and one end should be made curved. Take Turkey red calico, or whatever suits your taste, and cover these. One of the pieces four and a half inches square should be stuffed on one side to form a cushion. The piece eight and a quarter inches long is the back; the two pieces four and a half inches square are the bottom and seat; the piece four and a half inches wide and three inches long is the front. Sew the back and arm pieces together, and then the front to the front part of the arm pieces. Put the bottom in, sewing to the back, arm pieces, and front, and sew the seat to the back even with the front. The seams may be covered with braid. This is a very useful contrivance to keep cotton and sewing silk in.

MOUSE PEN-WIPER.—Take a piece of gray cloth, the wrong side of which will represent the mouse's skin; cut a piece as nearly the shape of a mouse as possible, allowing for seams; sew it together all round, making a small pleat at every half-inch, leaving a small space to fill it up with wadding. Shape the body like a mouse: make the under part a little flat, so as to be able to fasten the mouse to the pen-wiper. The ears should be folded a little. Put two little black beads for eyes, pass some stiff thread through the nose for whiskers, and crochet a cord for the tail. Fasten to the pen-wiper, which may be made of red and black cloth or flannel. SISTER.

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SUGAR LOAF, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have two brothers, but they are both older than myself. I live on a farm a mile and a half from Sugar Loaf. I have two pets—a cat and a bird; their names are Tom and Dick. My youngest brother has a dog named Duke. We also have seven horses, two of which I can drive. I wish Jimmy Brown would write some more stories. I think "Wakulla" is splendid. I have a cousin who takes your paper. I hope you will print this letter, as I want to surprise my papa and mamma.

JULIE F. W.

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JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS.

As I have never seen any letters from this place, I thought I would write. All the little boys and girls tell about their pets. I have but two. They are a pony and a cat. I go to school, and am in the Fourth Grade, and my studies are arithmetic, spelling, language, science, geography, writing, and drawing. I am eleven years old. This is a beautiful city. Our principal streets are shaded by elm-trees in rows on each side. In some places the limbs touch each other and form an arch over the street-car track. This city has the largest institution for the deaf and dumb in the world. GORDON B.

---

CANTON, MISSISSIPPI.

I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE only three weeks, and am delighted with it. Papa buys it from Mr. T., an aged gentleman who is blind. I saw my cousin Paul C.'s letter in the Post-office Box; he lives nineteen miles from us, in a little town where my grandparents reside. I have two sisters and a little brother. My only pet is a dog; Topsy is her name. She is so pretty and black, just like silk. We all know when papa is coming home at night: you can hear her bark. I am eleven years old, and my name is

MAXWELL P.

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This letter is from one of our dear invalids. We who are well are happy to make suffering lives brighter:

I am so happy at receiving so many beautiful letters from the children that I thought I would write and tell you about it. Since my letter was printed I have received thirty-five letters, and they were all so lovely and sympathetic, I want

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more of the children to write—*all* of them, if they would like—and I will answer them when I feel able. Tell me all about the good times you are having both in school and out, and I will try and imagine I am having the same good times. I said to mamma, "I hope and wish the children will keep on writing all winter, as I expect to spend it in-doors." Reading and fancy-work are my mainstays. I am very fond of darned net and etching. I have a good many beautiful patterns that I will exchange with the girls for specimens. Would any one like to exchange the unbound volume of *Golden Days* for 1882 with me for the *St. Nicholas*, in very good condition, for the same year? I can not read very fine print; as I am so weak, I have to be careful. I have received a number of very nice receipts. I asked mamma to-day if I was not a good deal better—that is, not so cross—since the letters began to come, and she said I had improved. You see, the children's letters have helped a good deal.

One dear little girl sent a tin-type of herself and a paper dolly; her name is Nellie H. I hope she will see this, and accept my thanks. I will write some time to her.—Ella M. T., McConnellsburg, Pennsylvania: Thanks for the pretty card.—Ruth G., Berlin, Connecticut: I enjoyed your letter so much!—Julia DeB. W., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Thanks. Give my love and sympathy to your mamma.—Minnie S. W.: Give my love to your cunning birdie.—Maud G. S., Dubuque, Iowa: Thanks for your nice receipts. If you would like cards, stamps, or postmarks for any of your specimens, I would like to exchange with you.—George H. H., Eldon, Missouri: Your letter amused me very much. The receipts thankfully received.—Marie, Seventh Avenue, New York city: Your cunning letter was received. Write again.—Minnie H., Grand Rapids: If your aunty has time, I should be very happy to see her.—Delia M. L.: I should think you would want to take music lessons; I would if I were in your place.—Will H.: Your papers received; they have amused me a good deal. NELLIE,

708 North Park Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

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NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought I would like to write another letter to that beautiful, interesting paper HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; it is the nicest paper I ever read or saw before. Thursday night we had a platform in front of our house, and a band of music played on it for one hour, and then after that ten men gave lectures for three hours. I am ten years old, and have three brothers and one sister; I have a cousin who lives in Brooklyn, and takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as I do.

GRACE W.

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CULEOKA, TENNESSEE.

This is the first letter I have ever written. I am attending school. I like my teacher very much, she is so kind to us; she gave us a holiday yesterday, and we went chestnutting, and had a nice time. I am fourteen years of age. I have some pets—a cat and five kittens, a pet chicken, also a doll—but I don't get much time to play with them, for after I return home from school I have to assist my mother in house-work. I have a cousin visiting me from Galveston, TEXAS.

GENEVA W.

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OSWEGO, NEW YORK.

I wrote you once before, but my letter was not published, so I thought I would write again. The last time I wrote to you we had a very wonderful kitten; it was born with two legs, and it hopped around just like a kangaroo. I go to school, and take music lessons. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers. MAUD M.

---

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

This is my first letter. I am twelve years old, and live in the country. We have a dairy, and milk sixteen cows, and have seven horses. I ride horseback quite often, and have lots of fun. Good-by. JOHN L. B.

---

CHICO, CALIFORNIA.

I have never seen any letter in the Post-office Box from this place, so I thought I would write. Chico is in the Sacramento Valley, and has between four and five thousand inhabitants. Papa says it is one of the prettiest towns in the State. Mamma and I spent part of the summer among the orange-groves of Los Angeles, visiting dear friends. What a good time I had eating oranges, riding, fishing, bathing, and boating! My brother Harry has given me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as a Christmas present for two years, and I am very fond of it. I go to school, and am reading in the Third Reader. I am seven years old. I hope this is not too long to print. FRANK D.

For a boy of seven, Frank writes a bold, clear business hand.

---

GALT, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school. I am in the Fourth Reader. I like to go to school. I ride a pony to school; his name is Dick. I am learning to wash dishes and help auntie. I like the Children's Health Home at Coney Island. I never wrote a letter to strangers before. I can knit and sew. I have two kittens. One of them is a pet; its name is Jettie. I have two dolls; one is wax and the other is bisque. I had a vacation from school this summer, and had a nice visit with some friends. LULU MAUD B.

---

RUTLAND, VERMONT.

I am nine years old. I like "Wakulla" better than any other continued story so far, but I like them all very much; I think that "The Ice Queen" was a splendid story too. I am going to school, and I have a lovely time; there are only fifteen scholars in our school, but that does not make any difference with the nice times that we have. I have a Maltese cat; his name is Maltee, but I call him Kittie. He will come in from outdoors and rub up against me in the most loving manner, and if I happen to have my hat on he will poke it half-way off. He has been asleep on the haymow. He is the only pet I have.

EMMA M. W.

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SMITHVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

This summer, when the Smithville High School broke up, I went to Tarborough, so I could come back with my sisters and brothers. My brothers' names are Joe and John, my sisters' Elizabeth and Athalia, and I have a half-brother named Howard. My father is conductor on the Albemarle and Raleigh Railroad. I went to Williamston twice with papa, and rode on the engine, and rang the bell. I saw the Roanoke River while I was in Williamston. My grandfather bought me a boat for my birthday present, and I went fishing in it. I had a good vacation. I hope you will print this letter, dear Postmistress.

WILLIAM B. C.

What fun to ride on the engine!

---

NEW YORK CITY.

Have you the patience to pay attention to a recital of my studies and amusements—you who have so much to attend to? I am a little girl eleven years old, and study United States history, arithmetic (at percentage), German, geography, etymology, and spelling. I practice an hour a day at music. I am very, very fond of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but, unlike most little girls and boys, I receive the year's edition, bound, as a birthday present from my uncle. I have a lovely play-room, filled with toys, with which I very seldom play, as I like studying better. I have received two gold medals for scholarship, and intend, when I am old enough, to attend the New York Normal College, which my sister Lydia now attends, and from which my sister Fanny has graduated. IRENE REGINA G.

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GRANITE FALLS.

I live near the Minnesota River, and, like Reverdy R., live on a small farm, and herd cattle in summer; but most of the cattle that I herd are my father's, who has about sixty. I find lots of buffalo teeth and pretty stones when I'm herding. I have a gun, and shoot ducks, prairie-chickens, and jack-rabbits; I have never shot a goose or a sand-hill crane, but as the goose season is just coming on, I expect to shoot some soon. I have a cow and calf, also a very nice Maltese cat with two kittens, and a handsome spaniel dog whose name is Tip. I like Mr. Otis's stories very much, and hope he will soon begin another. I am ten years old. VINCENT B.

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Here is an anecdote of brains in animals. Our family cat, Beauty, had some kittens a little while ago. All were drowned but one, which I named Black Jack, from his color. Well, Beauty knew of the fate of the other kittens, and became quite alarmed for Jack's safety. The result was that one fine morning Jack was very conspicuous by his absence. We hunted high and low, but Jack was nowhere to be found. Beauty seemed intensely satisfied with herself, and walked about purring and waving her tail in a pleased way. We had to give Jack up as a "mysterious disappearance." But the next day mamma went down to the cellar for something, and discovered the "colored member" asleep in a box. We then learned that his mother had hidden him there that we should not get hold of him. It was "cute" of her, wasn't it? But I'm sorry to say that a few days later Jack fell ill and died.

CHARLIE W. T.

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Many thanks to dear **Lillie** who sends me her photograph, which shows her to be a very sweet little lily indeed.—**Musa McB.** has two canaries, Bridget and Topsy, and Bridget is very fond of fighting. Naughty Bridget.—**Fannie H. L.**: The little sketch and poem are very pretty, but not quite good enough to be published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. If your fingers keep on improving you may be an artist when you are older.—**M. Josephine F.**: You are quite right in refusing to believe in witches, dragons, and ghosts. No sensible person is afraid of these silly fancies.—**E. J. C.** and **Velene C.**: Thanks for your letters.

**Exchangers:** Please take pains to write your full post-office address very plainly.

**Puzzlers:** Be sure to send the answers to your puzzles at the same time that you send the puzzles, and will children who solve puzzles always send their own names in full as well as their *noms de plume?*

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. A track. 3. A garment. 4. To fasten. 5. A letter.

2.—1. A letter. 2. An extremity. 3. Relating to the tides. 4. Reward. 5. A letter.

JAMES CONNOR.

---

### No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In maple, not in beach.
In learn, also in teach.
In morning, not in night.
In mildew, not in blight.
In meadow, not in clover.
A name used the wide world over.

HELEN.

---

### No. 3.

ACROSTIC.

Primals spell the name of a useful household utensil.

1. An animal. 2. A lake. 3. Not short. 4. A girl's name. 5. Egg-shaped. 6. A form of the verb to be. 7. An article of dress. EVA.

---

### No. 4.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I consist of 8 letters and signify completion.
My 1, 2, 3, 7, 3, 7, 5, 5 is minuteness.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 is perfected.
My 1, 2, 3, 7, 5, 5, 7 is stratagem.
My 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 5, 6 is a species of whale.
My 1, 2, 3, 3, 7, 8 is applied to a plough.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 is to accomplish.
My 1, 2, 3, 7, 8 is punished by exaction of money.
My 1, 2, 3, 8 is to discover.
My 1, 2, 3, 3 is a native of a country in Europe.
My 1, 2, 3 is part of a fish. GEORGE E. H.

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### No. 5.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Mrs. (a city in the United States) came running into our house this morning, and went with (a small rivulet) through the window into the (a town in Ohio) beans we were preparing for dinner. She was very (a sea) in the face, and said there was (a lake) after her. She apologized for entering so abruptly and gave us a (town in Idaho) in token of regret. CHARLIE DAVIS.

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### No. 6.

CHARADE.

My first is in a river's course;
My second we often do;
My whole is very beautiful
And very costly too.

CHARLIE DAVIS.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 261.

No. 1.—Chestnut.

No. 2.
```
      M A L L E A B L E
        F I N D I N G
          F I G H T
            D A M
              R
            C A T
          A P P L E
        A G R O U N D
      T E M P E R A T E
```

No 3.—S-pain. P-raise. T-here. B-lock.

No. 4.—
```
P R A T     Z I N C
E A C H     I D O L
A C R E     N O S E
T H E N     C L E W
```

No. 5.—Labor.

No. 6.—
```
      T
    A R T
  T R E A T
    M A R
      T
```

---

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Eddie McGrew, James Connor, S. H. Lund, Helen D., Archibald Jones, C. B., Daisy Jenkins, Margaret Etherton, Lizzie Clay, Madge Wildfire, Fairy Fay, Thomas Holt, Maurice Havens, Jonathan P., Mattie Benson, and Albert Zerbone.

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[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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## NINEPINS.

SING a song of Ninepins,
All spick and span,
Johnny Sprat and Pussy Cat
And little sister Nan.

Sing a song of Ninepins,
Pretty sister Jane;
When they fall, set them all
In their rows again.

Sing a song of Ninepins,
All on the floor.
Well done, brother John;
Down go four.



## PRESENTATION AT COURT.

HERE, at his ease, King Alexander see:
No grander king in Babydom than he.
Says sister, "I, your subject, loyal and true,
Most humbly would present this doll to you.
For tops and kites and dolls and everything
Would like to know you, grand and mighty King."
Will you accept it, young King Alexander?
Or does your Majesty want something grander?



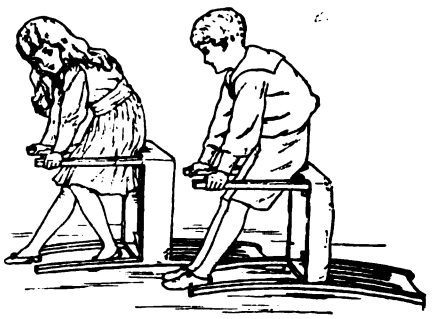
## DOLLS.

LITTLE Mistress Curlywig is very glad to see
Pretty Miss Featherhat calling in for tea.
Pretty Miss Featherhat, what a dainty doll,
With her jacket trimmed with fur, and silken parasol!
"Featherhat," says Curlywig, "on the table see
Cups two, saucers two, set for you and me!
Will you take some cream, dear, and sugar in your tea?"
"Thank you, Mistress Curlywig—a little, dear," says she.



## THE STATE CARRIAGE.

THIS is the carriage of state;
And here Their Majestics wait
Till somebody come
Out of Babydom
To drive King John and Queen Kate.



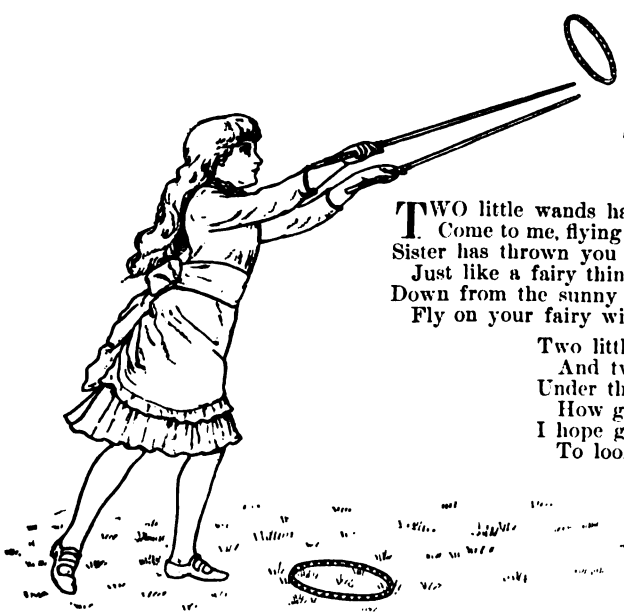
## A BOAT-RACE.

WAS ever a race in the world like this?
Over the nursery floor they float,
One little Master and one little Miss,
And the back of a chair for a boat.
Harvard and Yale are nothing to this;
And the best of it is, it is won by—a Miss.



## ROYAL DISPLEASURE.

BOW! wow! you nasty dog! I see no reason
Why you should not be hanged for this high-treason.
Each royal dog should be a kind and good one,
And not, like you, a very bad and rude one.
Give back that doll! Come, Cæsar, have the goodness,
And lick your royal master for such rudeness.
If not, in some dark kennel I will chain you,
And there for life a prisoner detain you.

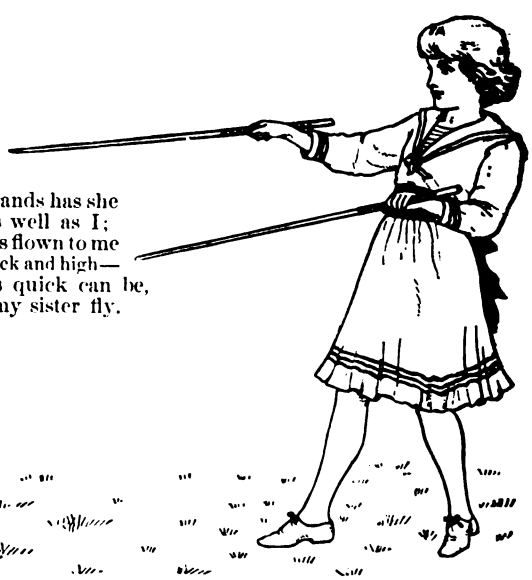


## TWO LITTLE WANDS.

TWO little wands have I:
Come to me, flying ring.
Sister has thrown you high,
Just like a fairy thing;
Down from the sunny sky
Fly on your fairy wing.

Two little wands has she
(Sister) as well as I;
Ring that has flown to me
Ever so quick and high—
As quick as quick can be,
Back to my sister fly.

Two little wands on high,
And two the other way.
Under the sunny sky
How gracefully they play!
I hope good girls will try
To look as neat as they.



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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 265. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1884.
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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"HE FOUND HIS SISTER LAUGHING AND CRYING ON THE DOG'S NECK."

## BROOM.

### A Story for Thanksgiving-Day.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"I THINK it is rather hard that I can't have a cat because of mother's bird, and yet Fred is allowed to keep that great horrid dog. It isn't fair," said Winnie Freels, in a fretful tone, as she took her seat one evening at the supper table.

"There are a good many reasons why I should be allowed to keep a dog," said Fred, flushing, and laying down his knife and fork. "Broom watches the house;

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and how many ducks do you think I would get when I go hunting if it wasn't for him?"

"The ducks are not worth the cost of his mischief," retorted Winnie. "There isn't a day that he doesn't do something to aggravate me."

"Of what particular offense has he been guilty today?" asked Mr. Freels, smiling.

"He tore my white wrapper off the line, and dragged it out into the vacant lot back of Mr. Bonde's," answered Winnie. "When Jane found it there wasn't much left of it except the waist. Of course I can never wear it again. And it was the prettiest wrapper I had."

Fred, who had been trying to eat a piece of toast, choked at this, and rising hastily, left the room.

"Aren't you coming back to finish your supper, Fred?" called his mother after him.

"I don't care for any more," answered the boy, as he went into the kitchen and closed the door behind him.

Cold as it was—for it was November weather—Fred went directly to Broom's kennel and knelt down, putting both arms around the dog's neck.

"You dear old fellow," he said. "I don't care what they say, I'll *never* give you up."

As he spoke he remembered that he had promised to go to his grandfather's the following week to spend Thanksgiving. Grandfather Pease lived on a large farm fifty miles away, and Fred knew from experience how great was the pleasure of a visit there. But could he go now and leave Broom? With everybody "down on him," what abuse might not the poor creature suffer during his master's absence?

When the day came on which he was to leave, he gave his mother a dozen different charges about the dog, and even after he had said good-by to every one, and had started down the street, his valise in his hand, he ran back to beg that if it grew very cold, Broom might be permitted to come into the kitchen and lie under the table, where he would be out of the way.

Mrs. Freels promised that the dog should be accorded this privilege; but the weather was very mild the day after Fred left, and Broom seemed very well contented in his kennel.

"It is just the day for doing up my curtains, Jane," said Winnie, entering the kitchen with her arms full of Nottingham lace. "Have you time to wash them?"

"I'll find time, Miss Winnie," answered Jane.

"I want to get them up again before the Shakespeare Club meets here to-morrow night," said Winnie. "The girls will take off their things in my room, and of course I want it to look nice."

"Yes, miss, of course you do," said Jane. "And if you'll do the dusting for me, I'll turn in and wash the curtains right off. This sun will dry 'em in an hour, and then we can stretch 'em in the spare room."

Winnie was very willing to do the dusting, for she rather liked house-work, and going upstairs, she began work in her mother's room.

She was giving the last touches to the mirror, and was feeling very well satisfied with her work, when the door opened suddenly and Jane came in.

"Oh! Miss Winnie," she cried, excitedly, "I don't know what you'll say, but that horrid dog of Master Fred's has just ruined your curtains. I put them out on the line to dry, and he has torn them all to pieces."

For a moment Winnie said nothing at all. She sat staring at the girl, her face pallid with anger.

"My curtains! my lovely curtains!" she gasped at last. "Oh, how I *hate* that dog!"

She rushed down-stairs and out into the back yard, where Broom lay before his kennel gravely contemplating the ruin he had wrought. As Jane had said, the curtains were torn all to pieces: the dog's sharp teeth and big feet had not left perfect a single yard.

"I wish he was dead! I do, I do," sobbed Winnie, passionately, as she went away to her own room to have her cry out unreproved.

Her eyes were very red when at one o'clock she appeared at the dinner table, and no one ventured to refer to the curtains until the meal was over. Then Mr. Freels drew his daughter to his side and kissed her tenderly.

"It is too bad, Winnie," he said; "mother has told me all about it; and you shall have a new set of curtains as soon as I can spare the money for them. As to Broom, perhaps he had better be kept tied all the time until Fred comes home. He can't get into mischief then. By-the-way, does Jane give him enough to eat? I was looking out of the library window just before dinner, and I saw some little boys feeding him through a knot-hole in the fence. He seemed to eat very greedily, though they gave him only crackers and bread."

"I don't know anything about his meals," answered Winnie, in a quivering voice, and unable to trust herself to say more, she escaped from her father's encircling arm, and left the room.

As she went upstairs she remembered that her aunt's room still remained undusted, and she went in to attend to it, though she no longer felt like working. The promise of new curtains had not lessened her anger against Broom. It would be months, perhaps, before she could have them.

"And I can't go around explaining to the girls to-morrow," she thought. "They will just take it for granted that I can't *afford* curtains."

Now Miss Caroline Freels, Winnie's aunt, who was spending Thanksgiving-day in her brother's family, was a woman of many peculiarities, and had various hobbies which she rode with great ardor. One of these was the preservation of the human hair, and her bureau was well stocked with bottles containing "Hair Tonics" and tinctures and medicines of all kinds. For a time she kept her locks saturated with tar-water; then she tried kerosene; then she resorted to salt and water. This gave way to a decoction of box leaves, which Winnie had heard her remark a few days previous was about to be abandoned in favor of rain-water in which tartar-emetic had been dissolved.

So when Winnie began to dust, the sight of a druggist's white envelope on the bureau bearing the label "tartar-emetic" did not surprise her in the least. But the skull and cross-bones beneath the two words gave a most unfortunate turn to her thoughts. A way out of her trouble was suggested at once. With this little powder she could put an end to the destroyer of her peace.

She did not give herself time to think of the wickedness of the deed she contemplated. Her heart was too full of anger and resentment to admit any feeling of a softer nature. The ungovernable temper which her mother had so often deplored made her reckless. She snatched up the little envelope, and with a look of settled determination on her face, ran quickly down-stairs to the kitchen. Jane was in the cellar, and on the table lay the remains of the dinner—a large piece of juicy steak occupying a prominent position on a platter.

To cut off a small piece of this steak and rub the powder in the envelope on it was the work of only a moment, and then Winnie, still eager for revenge, hurried into the yard, where Broom was napping in his kennel.

He came out as he heard her step, and snapped greedily at the meat she held out to him, swallowing it at one gulp. Then, wagging his tail and barking loudly, he fawned upon her, asking as plainly as words could have done for more.

But Winnie had no more to give him, and as she met the affectionate gaze of his great yellow eyes a pang of shame and remorse shot through her heart.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't given it to him!" she thought. "What will Fred say?"

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All her anger seemed to have died away, and as Broom jumped around her, rubbing his shaggy head against her hand, the tears started to her eyes, and she went back into the house feeling a hundred times more miserable than when she had come out.

She did not feel able to finish dusting her aunt's room, and going into the parlor, lay down on the sofa, and spent the afternoon in thinking of the probable consequences of what she had done. The dog would be found dead, and she would be at once suspected, of course. What would her parents say? How would Fred feel toward her? Would he *ever* forgive her?

Poor Winnie! she thought more during that day and evening of the sin of anger, and made more good resolutions than in all the years of her life before. She resolved to show Fred by her future conduct how deeply she regretted the hasty act which had robbed him of the possession he valued above all others.

"He shall never have reason to complain of me again," she thought, "and I never will find fault with *him*."

When she went down to breakfast the next morning, feeling weary and sad, she found her father in conversation with Jane, who was cutting bread at the sideboard.

"Daughter," he said, turning around as Winnie came in, "we are all very much worried about Broom. Jane found the gate open this morning, and the kennel empty."

"Empty!" echoed Winnie.

"Yes, and one of the little boys whom I saw hanging about the yard yesterday says the dog is dead. He saw him lying over in the lot back of Mr. Bonde's, and one of the city carts, passing by early this morning, carried him away. He must have got out during the night, and been killed in a fight with another dog. Poor Broom! Fred is sure to take his death very hard."

Winnie made no reply. She took her seat at the table in silence, listening with an aching heart to the various surmises of her parents and aunt concerning poor Broom.

When breakfast was over, her mother sent her out to do some errands for Thanksgiving-day. Every moment her heart grew heavier, and so miserable had she become that she could scarcely raise a smile when on her return she found the windows of her bedroom adorned with floating draperies far prettier and more costly than those Broom had destroyed.

"You seemed to feel so badly about your loss," said her mother, kissing her, "that your father determined to get the new curtains at once. But you do not seem as much pleased as I thought you would be, Winnie."

"Oh, mamma, I *am* pleased; I am indeed," said Winnie, earnestly; and then, to her mother's utter astonishment, she burst into tears.

"I don't understand the child lately," said Mrs. Freels to her husband that evening when he asked how Winnie had liked her present. "She seems, for some reason I can't fathom, utterly wretched."

In vain did Winnie try to be cheerful and bright before her guests that evening. Her heart was too heavily weighted to rise in genuine gayety even for a moment, and the young Shakespeareans all noticed how preoccupied was her manner, and how listlessly she took her part in the evening's exercises. But they imagined her suffering from some slight illness, and did not annoy her with questions.

The next day was Thanksgiving-day, and Winnie had been invited with her parents and aunt to dine at the house of an intimate friend of the family; but she pleaded a severe headache, and begged to be allowed to stay at home, and she looked so ill that no one ventured to oppose her wish.

It was the only unhappy Thanksgiving-day she had ever known. Alone all day, she tried first one occupation and then another; but nothing seemed to distract her thoughts, which were ever on the sin she had committed.

But the worst of her punishment came when, on the evening of the fifth day of his absence, Fred returned home. He rushed into the library just at night-fall like a young whirlwind.

"How are you, everybody?" he cried, joyously. "Oh, I've had a regularly splendid time!"

"Tell us about your grandfather," said Mrs. Freels, as she embraced her son affectionately. "How is he?"

"Oh, just wait a minute," cried Fred. "Let me run out to see Broom a minute, and then I'll answer all the questions you choose to ask. But I must see Broom first."

"Why, haven't you told him about Broom yet?" asked Aunt Caroline, coming in at this moment.

Her sister-in-law gave her a warning glance, but it was too late.

"What about Broom?" Fred asked, the keenest anxiety in his voice. "He's well, isn't he?"

For a moment no one answered. Then Mr. Freels, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, said, gravely, "We haven't very pleasant news to tell you about Broom, my son: the poor dog is dead."

Fred stared before him in utter silence a moment, seeming unable to comprehend what his father had said; then walking to the window which looked out on the yard, he stood there, his troubled face pressed against the glass.

"How did he die?" he asked at last, in a husky voice.

"We think he wandered out of the yard at night, and was killed in a fight with another dog."

The boy asked no more questions. He remained by the window a little longer; then walked slowly out of the room and went upstairs.

Winnie went upstairs too, and sitting down in her wicker rocking-chair by the open grate fire which blazed on her hearth, tried to gather courage to go to her brother, confess her secret, and ask his pardon.

But before she could make up her mind to take this step, which involved so much, the door opened and Fred came in.

"Sister," he said, evidently trying to speak in his ordinary tone, and to appear in his usual spirits, "here is something for you. It is a frame. I made it at grandfather's out of the wood of an old hickory-nut-tree which was cut down while I was there. I knew your liking for such things, and you can put my picture in this if you choose, and think of me whenever you look at it."

Winnie looked up; but she made no movement to take the frame. Her hands lay motionless in her lap, and her face was so set and still that Fred was frightened.

"Winnie, dear Winnie," he cried, dropping the frame on the carpet, and throwing himself on his knees beside his sister's chair, "what is the matter?"

For answer she put her head down on his shoulder and burst into a storm of tears, sobbing so wildly and hysterically that Fred became more frightened still.

"Let me call mother, Winnie," he said, trying to rise, "and don't, *don't* cry so, sister."

"No, don't call mother," she gasped. "I—I want to tell you. Oh, Fred, Broom—poor Broom! Don't hate me, Fred."

Fred did not try to answer her at once, he had such hard work to keep from crying himself.

"I did not know you loved him so well, Winnie," he said at last, in a quivering voice, "and of course I don't hate you because of the hard things you used to say about him. And—and you mustn't feel so badly about it, Winnie. It will be all right in a few days." Then fearing to lose his self-control if he remained longer, he put her gently from him and left the room.

And Winnie, exhausted by the violence of her emotion, was fain to put off her confession to another day.

The sun was shining brightly when she awoke the next morning, and after putting on her morning wrapper and toilet slippers, she went to the window and pulled up the shade. As she did so her glance fell on the yard below.

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PAPA AND MAMMA OUT FOR A WALK.

One instant she gazed, the next she was flying down the stairs like a mad thing, her long hair floating over her shoulders. Through the kitchen and into the yard she rushed, and throwing herself on her knees on the frozen ground, threw both arms about—was it Broom or his spectre?

No spectre, certainly, for though the poor animal had a generally used-up appearance, and dragged a clanking chain behind him, he returned the caresses showered upon him in a way that showed a very lively appreciation of them.

"My goodness! if that there dog ain't come back!" exclaimed Jane, who had followed Winnie to the kitchen door.

When Fred came down to see "what all this racket was about," as he expressed it, he found his sister laughing and crying on the dog's neck, regardless of the cold, and of the fact that Broom had soiled her pretty wrapper beyond repair with his dirty, wet paws.

"I rather think those little boys can explain this singular return," said Mr. Freels. "We'll catch one of them, and find out how much he knows about the matter."

Jane was told to be on the watch, and just at dinner-time she entered the dining-room flushed and excited, dragging a small boy by the collar.

The child was too much frightened to tell anything but the truth, and in answer to Mr. Freels's question he falteringly confessed that he and his brother had been bribed to steal the dog, and had made up the story about his death and removal by the city cart in order to prevent advertisement of his loss, or inquiries that might lead to the discovery of the place where he had been hidden.

Mr. Freels administered a severe reprimand, and then dismissed the small culprit, who was delighted at gaining his liberty.

Winnie's relief at knowing that she had not poisoned the dog, after all, was so great that she felt like a different being; but she determined to solve the mystery of the powder she had given him.

Going to her aunt's room, she found that lady engaged in sponging her head with bay-rum.

"Have you given up the tartar-emetic mixture, Aunt Caroline?" asked Winnie.

"Dear me, yes," was the reply. "I tried it only once or twice. I don't believe there is any virtue in it. I intend to apply bay-rum regularly now. Mrs. Bonde says she has found it better for the hair than anything else she ever tried."

"But I saw a little package of tartar-emetic here a few days ago," said Winnie.

"You mean that stuff in the envelope? That wasn't tartar-emetic; it was soda. I brought up some in a cup, intending to clean my marble slabs, but I didn't have time to do it, and as I wanted to use the cup for something, I put the soda in that envelope for safe-keeping."

"And it was soda, really soda?" said Winnie, drawing a long sigh of relief.

"Yes, it was really soda. If it had been tartar-emetic I wouldn't have left it around in that careless fashion. One can't be too careful about handling poison," said Aunt Caroline, sagely.

It was a long time before Winnie found courage to tell her brother of Broom's narrow escape, and when at length the confession was made, Fred only laughed at her description of the agonies she had suffered, and seemed to look upon the matter as rather a good joke.

But Winnie could never think of it without feelings of humiliation and remorse, and the recollection served as a check to the indulgence of her temper for many a year after faithful Broom had yielded to the infirmities of old age, and had breathed his last in Fred's arms.

## WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### FIGHTING A FOREST FIRE.

ALTHOUGH the day of the picnic was warm and pleasant, a strong breeze from the southward had been blowing since early morning, and during the afternoon it increased to a high wind. As the Elmers rode home, after the last of the happy picnickers had departed, they noticed a heavy cloud of smoke in the southern sky, and Mr. Elmer asked Mr. March what he thought it was.

"It looks as though some of the settlers down there were burning grass, though they ought to know better than to start fires on a day like this," answered Mr. March.

"But what do they do it for?" asked Mr. Elmer.

"So as to burn off the old dead grass, and give their cattle a chance to get at that which immediately springs up wherever the fire has passed. But the practice ought to be stopped by law, for more timber and fences, and sometimes houses, are destroyed every year than all the cattle in the country are worth."

"Well, I hope it won't come our way to-night," said Mr. Elmer, "and first thing in the morning I will set the men to work clearing and ploughing a wide strip entirely around the place. Then we may have some chance of successfully fighting this new enemy."

Instead of dying out at sunset, as it usually did, the wind increased to a gale as darkness set in, and Mr. Elmer cast many troubled glances at the dull red glow in the southern sky before he retired that night.

Mark and Frank occupied the same room, for Mr. March had not yet found time to build a house, and it seemed to them as though they had but just fallen asleep when they were aroused by Mr. Elmer's voice calling through the house.

* Begun in No. 252, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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"'I 'LOWED 'TWAS OLE NICK HIS'LF.'"

"Wake up! Everybody dress and come down-stairs as quickly as you can. Mark! Frank! Hurry, boys!"

"What is it, father?" asked Mark, as he tumbled down-stairs and burst into the sitting-room half dressed, but rapidly completing the operation as he ran. "What's the matter? Is the house on fire?"

"No, my boy, not yet, but it's likely to be very soon if we are not quick in trying to save it. The piny woods to the south of us are all in a blaze, and this gale is driving it toward us at a fearful rate. I want you and Frank to go as quickly as you can across the river and rouse up every soul in the village. Get every team and plough in Wakulla, and bring them over, together with every man and boy who can handle an axe."

Mr. Elmer had hardly finished before both boys were out of the house and running toward the river. Although the fire was still several miles off, they could already hear the roar of its flames rising above that of the wind, and could smell the smoke of the burning forest.

They were soon across the river, and while Mark ran to the houses of Mr. Bevil and Mr. Carter to awaken those gentlemen, Frank bethought himself of the church bell, which hung from a rude frame outside the building, and hurrying to it, he seized the rope and began to pull it violently.

The effect of the loud clanging of the bell was almost instantaneous, and the colored people began pouring from their tumble-down old houses, and hurrying toward the church to see what was the matter. Many of them in their haste came just as they had jumped from their beds; but the darkness of the night and their own color combined to hide the fact that they were not fully dressed, until some light-wood torches were brought, when there was a sudden scattering amongst them.

Frank quickly explained the cause of the alarm, and the men hurried off to get their teams, ploughs, and axes, for Mr. Elmer had been so kind to them that all were anxious to do what they could to help him in this time of trouble.

Among the first boat-load that Frank ferried across the river was Black Joe, with his "ok" attached to a very small plough, with which he felt confident he could render most valuable assistance.

By the light of the approaching flames surrounding objects could already be distinguished, and as they hurried up to the house the first-comers found Mr. Elmer, Mr. March, and Jan hard at work. They were clearing brush and hauling logs away from the immediate vicinity of the out-buildings, and had got quite a space ready, in which the ploughs could be set to work.

In the house Mrs. Elmer, Ruth, and Aunt Chloe had collected all the carpets, blankets, and woollen goods they could lay their hands on, and piled them near the cistern, where they could be quickly soaked with water, and placed over exposed portions of the walls or roof. They were now busy packing up clothing and lighter articles of furniture, ready for instant removal.

As fast as the teams and ploughs arrived Mr. Elmer set them to work ploughing long furrows through the dry grass, about a rod outside the line of fence nearest the approaching flames. Inside this line he and Mr. March set



FOURING WATER ON THE HOUSE.

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the grass on fire in many places. They could easily check these small fires as they reached the fence by beating them out with cedar boughs.

Meantime the flames came roaring and rushing on, leaping from tree to tree, and fanned into fury by the fierce wind. Above them hundreds of birds fluttered and circled, with shrill cries of distress, until, bewildered by the smoke and glare, they fell helpless victims into the terrible furnace.

Wild animals of all kinds, among which were a small herd of deer, dashed out of the woods ahead of the fire, and fled across the open field, unmolested by the men, who were too busy to give them a thought.

In his zeal to do his utmost, and to show what a splendid animal he had, Black Joe was ploughing far ahead of the others, when suddenly he saw, rushing from the forest and coming directly toward him, a bear. Terror-stricken at this sight, and without stopping to reflect that the bear was himself too frightened to harm anybody just then, Joe dropped the plough handles and ran, leaving his beloved ox to its fate. The ox, thus left, tried to run too; but the plough became caught on a small tree, and held it fast.

As the flames approached, the poor animal bellowed with fear and pain, and struggled wildly but unsuccessfully to get free. It would have certainly fallen a victim to the flames had not Mark, who had been busy lighting back fires, seen its danger and ran to its rescue. Cutting the rope traces with his pocket-knife, he set the ox free; and, following the example of its master, it galloped clumsily across the open field. The ox fled with such a bellowing and such a jangling of chains that poor Joe, who was hidden behind a great stump on the farther side of the field, was nearly frightened out of his few remaining senses when he saw this terrible monster charging out of the fire and directly upon him. He threw himself flat on the ground, screaming, "Gway fum yere! gway fum yere! Luff dis po' niggah be; he ain't a-doin' nuffin."

Afterward he was never known to speak of this adventure but once, when he said:

"I allus knowed dat ar ok was somfin better'n common; but when I see him come a-rarin' an' a-tarin', an' a-janglin' right fo' me, I 'lowed 'twas ole Nick hise'f come fo' Black Joe, sho nuff."

As the other ploughmen were driven from their work by the heat and the swirling smoke, they set back fires all along the line, and retreated in good order to the house. Here, although the heat was intense, and the smoke almost suffocating, they made a stand. Mrs. Elmer and Ruth had already taken refuge on the ferry-boat, from which they watched the progress of the flames with the most intense anxiety.

Under Mr. Elmer's direction the men covered the walls and roof of the house, which had already caught fire in several places, with wet blankets and carpets, and poured buckets of water over them. From these such volumes of steam arose that poor Ruth, seeing it from a distance, thought the house was surely on fire, and burst into tears.

So busy were all hands in saving the house that they paid no attention to the out-buildings, until Aunt Chloe, who had been working with the best of the men, screamed, "Oh, de chickuns! de chickuns!"

Looking toward the hen-house, they saw its roof in a bright blaze, and Aunt Chloe running in that direction with an axe in her hand. The old woman struck several powerful blows against the side of the slight building, and broke in two boards before the heat drove her away. Through this opening several of the poor fowls escaped; but most of them were miserably roasted, feathers and all.

This was the last effort of the fire in this direction, for the portion of it that met the cleared spaces, new furrows, and back fires, soon subsided for want of fuel; while beyond the fields it swept away to the northward, bearing death and destruction in its course.

While most of the men had been engaged in saving the house, a small party under the direction of Mr. March had guarded the mill. They, however, had little to do save watch for flying embers, it was so well protected by its pond on one side and the river on the other.

By sunrise all danger had passed, and heartily thanking the kind friends who had come so readily to his assistance, Mr. Elmer dismissed them to their homes.

It took several days to recover from the effects of the great fire, and to restore things to their former neat condition; but Mr. Elmer said that even if they had suffered more than they did, it would have been a valuable lesson to them, and one for which they could well afford to pay.

Soon after this Mr. Elmer decided to go to Tallahassee again to make a purchase of cattle; for, with thousands of acres of free pasturage all around them, it seemed a pity not to take advantage of it. Therefore he determined to experiment in a small way with stock-raising, and see if he could not make it pay.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE STONES OF THE "HOLY CITY."

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AWAY down one of the oldest streets in Paris there used to be a small shop whose windows, irregularly bulging out upon the street, contained treasures for the connoisseur, although I do not doubt that most of the passers-by overlooked them. It was a sort of jeweller's bric-à-brac shop. The man who kept it was half French, half Oriental, and in his red "fez," with his long thin brown hands, his eager shrewd face and brilliant eyes, he looked like some strange creature suddenly transported from the *Arabian Nights* to this dusky corner of old Paris. Yet I never lingered by his window without thinking of some of those strange and splendid words of Revelation, for scattered in artistic confusion were all sorts of unusual stones —Oriental and European, yet chiefly such as we read of as forming the walls, the gateways, the streets, of God's city. There were the jasper stone, sardonyx, chalcedony, topaz, amethyst, and beryl. They gleamed in the shadowy little place like living things, and we used to feel as if they contained some special message, some meaning which they would flash forth at us while we looked.

"Having the glory of God; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal."

We read these words, and the others describing the glories of that promised land, and do not stop to consider how beautiful the hidden meanings are; *why* the stones referred to were selected for those unseen glittering gateways; why there were special colors and gems chosen for the walls and streets in the City of the King. How much more beautiful and interesting it all becomes when we know just what are the traditions and significance of the stones referred to!

Beginning with the first, the jasper, it has many ancient associations. It is a mineral, and is found in Sicily, as well as in the East, and in Prussia. There is red and green jasper. Some kinds are striped, and called the "Ribbon" stone. Our old bric-à-brac man had some highly polished specimens. One, a square piece with red lines on the green, made us think of Aaron's breastplate, which was made of jasper; and this very piece may have travelled from some far-off time and country, may once have been used for healing purposes. We know that the ancients considered jasper a sovereign remedy for some kinds of sickness, and they used pieces of it as a talisman against the bites of venomous insects and fevers. But jasper must in the time of the Apostles have been very highly pol-

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ished and used as a precious stone, for in that first glimpse of the eternal city St. John says the "light" of it was like the jasper stone; and the "first foundation" was jasper, and the "second, sapphire."

About this lovely gem all sorts of traditions and suggestions linger. It formed one of the principal stones in the breastplate of the Jewish high-priest; it was regarded as signifying good-will when given to a friend, a peace-offering to an enemy, and denoted purity and strength, while from time immemorial as a gem it has been considered rare.

There are various kinds of sapphire; the pure Oriental stone of a clear blue is the most valuable; but there are white sapphires, and very pale-hued stones by no means so rare. As is the case with all gems, certain stones have been famous, and present a history as varied and sometimes as romantic as anything in animate life. For years a certain sapphire was hidden in Bengal, having been handed down in an Oriental family as a talisman. Through some carelessness on the part of a younger son it was stolen, and so strong was the superstition concerning it that the three brothers of the house separated, each going in search of their beloved heirloom, which was traced to Paris, where a noted jeweller was about setting it into a ring for an English lady. The Orientals purchased it with all their spare money, and returned it to its original place in their home, satisfied that prosperity would once more be theirs. Singular as this devotion to a family gem may seem, it is by no means unusual in the East.

To return to those wondrous walls. We can think of them, the one deep green with jasper settings, the next shining with blue sapphire light, and the "third, a chalcedony."

The chalcedony is a sort of agate, a white carnelian, a quartz, and is white, or bluish or reddish white, gray, blue, brown, sometimes black. But the chalcedony of Revelation was the clear and shining stone such as we see in pieces of ancient jewelry, such as I saw not long ago in a curious old necklace. The stones, linked far apart, had a sort of imprisoned light about them, a gleam set deep in the heart of each, and which flickered as the quaint ornament was shifted from hand to hand.

Passing this "milk-white" foundation shining fairly against the sapphire blue, we come to the "fifth, sardonyx," the stone which is supposed to represent three cardinal virtues. It has layers of color: the black meant humility, the red modesty, the white purity. A Greek maiden on her birthday was given some ornament set with sardonyx. At the same time from its rarity it was used as a triumphant decoration of a Roman Emperor, and adorned the brow of Cleopatra. But all these earthly tributes fade away before that picture of the wall set with sardonyx, the wall representing those Divine attributes, and which indeed may well be called a "*foundation.*"

Sardius formed the sixth foundation, chrysolite the seventh. Sardius is carnelian, a stone of very ancient value, and in its best form of great beauty. It comes in various colors, but the deep clear red is the most precious: this sometimes deepens when under the effect of strong sunlight, and it often sends out a soft gleam, half white, half silvery. It is found in the East in large quantities —in Japan and in Bombay chiefly, and some of the most ancient seals and rings are carnelian.

The chrysolite is the ancient topaz—a pale green stone, limpid and tinged with yellow. It is of little value as a gem, for it readily wears away. But there is one curious fact connected with it. It is the only precious stone found, dropped as it were "from space." In other words, it has been found as an aerolite, or among the meteoric stones which have fallen, like shooting-stars, from time to time, and which among the ancients were regarded with superstitious awe, perhaps because they could not understand any scientific reason for their appearance on earth.

"The eighth, beryl."

In the old shop window in Paris was a curious ring set with a large stone, clear green, and which at first we took to be an emerald. But our old man displayed it proudly one day as a perfect specimen of the beryl, which we know was one of the twelve stones in the breastplate of the Jewish high-priest, and had its special significance—purity and strength. The beryl and aquamarine are alike in composition, although the species known as beryl is finer, more transparent, and brilliant. Sometimes pure white beryls are found, but the finest are the clear shining green stones of which ancient writers speak with enthusiasm. One significance of the stone was "sweetness and joyfulness." It was used as a token of happy contentment, and so is given as a fitting foundation for one of that joyful city's walls. We can think of it as meaning the brightness, the clear sunshine, of that promised land.

And "the ninth a topaz, the tenth a chrysoprasus."

Our old friend had some rare specimens of the topaz, and was glad to display them and talk them over. On a little deep brown saucer he kept a dozen or more unset stones, yellow, green, pink, and brown. Sometimes, he told us, a very beautiful tint is given the topaz by heating yellow specimens; the result is a delicate rose-pink. The Oriental topaz is a sort of yellow sapphire; the Scotch topaz is only a kind of quartz; some from Brazil are very fine and rare. In some instances the stones are so strongly affected by the sun as to change their hue. In the British Museum a fine collection made by a Russian officer is for this reason kept shrouded from the ordinary light of day.

The chrysoprasus, or chrysoprase, is among the most ancient of all stones, and has from time immemorial had many uses. The ancients employed it for talismans and charms as well as seals and signets, and there are preserved to-day beautiful specimens of engraving on the rich apple green stone, which bears polish finely, and a hundred years ago was very much in use for jewelry. Its name signifies "beautiful." One can think of that city wall, shining with the fair green stone, near to the translucent foundation of pink and yellow topaz.

"Eleventh, a jacinth; twelfth, an amethyst." The jacinth is a mineral, lustrous and delicately red, with a peculiar brilliancy and a "fire" of its own. The ancients held that its glow meant steadfastness and courage. A youth going into battle sometimes wore an amulet with one of the gleaming jacinth stones set in the heart of gold; and a victory won, the gem was sometimes given to his betrothed. One sees the jacinth rarely now. Our old man had none of them.

Counting up our twelve stones, we missed this one, but the last, the amethyst, he had in rich profusion—a whole plateful of unset stones, some engraved, some cut, some plain, some unpolished, and of every variety of hue; transparent purple, deep violet, greenish-yellow, pale lavender. The amethyst belongs to the quartz family; it is a beautiful stone, but not very valuable, except the real East Indian amethyst, which is very rare, and not quartz but a kind of purple sapphire.

The Hebrews believed that those who wore amethysts could have dreams and strange visions, while the Greeks considered it a cure for intemperance. But such fancies passed away centuries ago, and for some reason the amethyst has fewer traditions or fanciful suggestions than any other precious stone.

What was meant by those words of St. John's we do not know; only we believe that he meant us to picture God's city as shining and fair and wonderful, so that in likening its foundations to certain jewels, he expressed not only the brilliancy and splendor of those gems, but the significance which had been given them—faith, purity, strength, humility, steadfastness, courage. On these virtues are built up the walls of the New Jerusalem.

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A THANKSGIVING DINNER IN THE NURSERY.

## FRANK BUCKLAND'S RAT.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

AMONG the many strange pets which Frank Buckland, that strange man and ardent naturalist, kept in his house a rat or two was always included. "Rats" formed the subject of his first magazine article. One special rat he saved from an ant-eater in the Zoological Gardens, and carried it in his hat to his home, where the rat was given a cage on the mantel-piece opposite the cage of Judy, a marmoset.

Both Judy and the rat would stay all day coiled up in their own cages. When the gas was lighted, however, both slowly roused up, and ventured out. Judy would wander over to the rat's quarters, and when his back was turned, would steal his food. The rat, on the other hand, would sneak into Judy's cage, and pick up forbidden tid-bits. One day the rat came home and found Judy stealing, whereupon he pitched into her, and would perhaps have killed her had not Mr. Buckland, hearing her screams, come in time to save her life.

One characteristic of the rat was its curiosity. He would get upon his owner's writing table, and cautiously examine every object in hope of finding something worth carrying off. A sugar-basin stood there, and its contents were greatly to the little animal's liking. His plan was to stand up on his hind-legs, steadying himself, tripod fashion, by the help of his tail, tip the basin over, and then, picking up a lump, make off with it.

This rat would never eat where he could be seen; he always carried his food to his house. To do this with the sugar he had to get upon the mantel-piece eighteen inches above the table, and a little ladder was set up for his accommodation. After Mr. Buckland had shown him once or twice, he soon learned how to climb it, and would carry pretty heavy weights. He would steal a whole red herring, for instance, and after several trials to get it well balanced in his teeth, would scramble up the ladder with it, waving his tail from side to side like a balancing pole.

The herring was too long to go through the round door of his house, so he would drop it, and then going inside, would reach out, catch the fish by the head, and drag it in lengthwise with great ease. The first time he encountered this difficulty, however, it puzzled him for a few moments.

This rat made its nest of old envelopes, which he tore into small pieces.

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"GREUZE'S PORTRAIT OF HIS OWN CHILD."—FROM ORIGINAL IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

## THE PERSIP 'GATORS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

EGALITÉ PERSIP was a queer boy with a queer name, who had a fondness for all sorts of queer pets. But the pride and delight of his heart were two small alligators. They were sent to him last spring by a friend who had spent the winter in Louisiana, and had come by express in a small box that had several holes bored in its sides to afford them light and air. It also contained a bunch of Spanish moss that prevented its inmates from being bruised when the box was roughly handled. Upon receiving them Eagle had immediately named them Right and Left, "because they're 'gators, you know," he explained to Andy Mack, his particular friend.

"'Gators are easily kept," remarked Andy, wisely.

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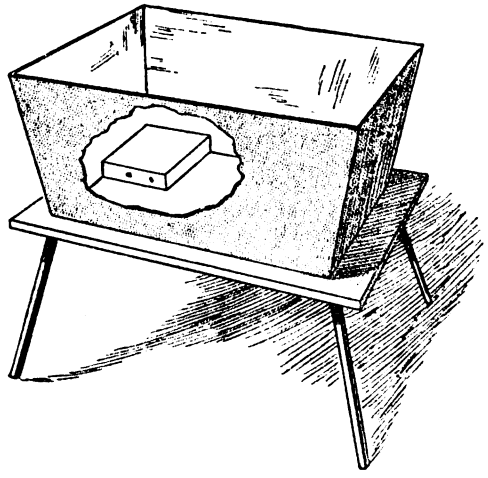
"My cousin Bill says they don't ever eat anything. He had some once, and they wouldn't eat a thing."

"Did they live?" asked Eagle.

"Yes, one lived a month, and the other a little longer."

"Well, I mean to have Right and Left live a year, and I don't believe there is any animal in the world that won't eat if you give him the right kind of food."

Eagle's first duty was to provide a home for his new pets, and this he did by making a wooden box four feet long, two feet wide, and two feet high. He made it water-tight by very carefully joining the edges and painting them with white lead before screwing them together. He added four legs, so that the tank should be raised to the level of the window-sill, and bored a hole in the bottom, in which he inserted a wooden plug. He then took the small box that the 'gators had travelled in, removed the top and one end, and turning it upside down, placed it in the bottom of the tank in one corner. On top of it he put the Spanish moss. Pouring water into the tank until it was nearly three inches deep, he placed Right and Left in their new home.



The above picture will show you just how Eagle's tank looked when finished. There was, of course, no hole in the side. Our artist has only put that there to show you the interior, and how their box house was placed in the corner.

For a minute or two the little fellows paddled and splashed about in the water as if they enjoyed it immensely, and then, discovering the box house in the corner, they both disappeared in it. The next morning when Eagle went out to the barn to visit them, he found them both on top of their house, close together, and fast asleep.

During the two days that he had spent making the tank Eagle had tried to feed his pets with small bits of fresh meat; but they would not touch it. He now tried again, and, much to his delight, Left snapped at a piece, and, putting his head down into the water, ate it hungrily, and looked up for more.

At the end of two weeks the "Persip 'gators" had been visited many times by all the boys of the village, and Eagle had learned, and jotted down in his "Zoo note-book," the following facts concerning them:

"Right and Left are very fond of each other, and lonesome when separated.

"They will not eat unless their food is given to them in the water, and the best way to feed them is to offer the food on the end of your finger or a small stick.

"The food they like best is very small live minnows that I catch with a scoop-net down in the creek. Next best, small pieces of fish and bits of raw meat. They also like bits of cooked meat, flies, and bugs of all kinds, and they like these better when they are alive than when they are dead, and they will sometimes eat a few grains of boiled rice or crumbs of bread.

"They sleep a great deal of the time, and nearly always out of the water, on top of their house; but they also seem very fond of the dark, and spend much time inside their house. They like a sun bath occasionally; but are very unhappy when placed in the full glare of the sun and kept there long. When much pleased, and when very hungry, they give a peculiar little croak.

"They always enjoy having a bunch of weeds, grass, or asparagus branches thrown into their tank, and love to play amongst it.

"When the weather, or the water in their tank, is cold, they will not eat; but eat a great deal when they are warm, and must be fed every day. The water in the tank must be drawn off and changed every day, and in cool weather warm water must be occasionally poured in."

The "Persip 'gators" finally became so tame that every morning when Eagle went to feed his pets he could hear them croaking, or, as he called it, "singing," for something to eat; and as he approached the tank they would try to scramble up its sides in their eagerness to reach the fish or meat that he held out to them.

## THANKSGIVING ON THE FARM.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

"OH, it surely seems years since the dear children's voices
Rang out on the farm!"—so the old people say.
"Never mind; they are coming, the lads and the lassies,
And e'en the wee babies, with Thanksgiving-day.
So the turkey is fattened, the chickens grow plumper,
The apples are gathered, the larder is filled;
The little white "porker" dines daily on dainties,
Nor dreams of the hour when piggies are killed.

Oh, the hurry, the scurry, in Grandmamma's kitchen,
The well-laden table where good things are piled,
The chairs that are waiting for hungry new-comers,
And e'en the "high chair" for the youngest wee child!
And back to the farm how the steam-cars are rushing,
While Grandpa and Dobbin impatiently wait
At the old depot platform, and Grandma keeps ever
Her spectacles turned toward the wide front-yard gate.

Dear soul! she remembers "the boys" liked to swing there
(And hopes Grandpa mended the last hinge they broke),
And she actually grieves that the streamlet is frozen—
"They had such fun *there* putting pussy to soak!"
And though she knows well that the raid on her larder
Will keep her hands busy from morning till night,
Yet Grandma thinks only, "I'm glad they are coming,
The dear, happy darlings, with faces so bright!"

Hark! here comes the wagon. Now Grandma goes rushing,
And Grandpa lifts down the wee babies with care,
And out jump the mother, the father, the children,
All ready the Thanksgiving dinner to share.
Oh, the hugs and the kisses, the chatter and laughter,
The merry bright eyes, and the small, eager feet!
Hurrah for Thanksgiving! The old farm is ringing
Once more with the voices of children so sweet.

## HOW TOM PRIMROSE DINED OUT.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

I.

"I'M going out to my grandfather's to-morrow," said one of a little knot of boys just out of school. "The grandest place! You just ought to see his carriage-horses!"

"*I'm* going to dine with one of the Aldermen."

"Pooh!" said Tom Primrose; "Aldermen aren't much. My father was an Alderman once." The boys laughed.

"You ought to know, then."

"Wait!—stop!" cried Tom, darting across the street toward a policeman who was passing. "How is it about Billy?" he eagerly asked.

"Found guilty—reform school for one year—to be sent off day after to-morrow."

Tom's face fell, and he walked home in as thoughtful a mood as often came to him. His mother looked still more distressed than himself at hearing Billy's sentence.

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"What *can* we do about his poor mother?" she said. "She is a great deal worse; she can not go to see Billy at the jail, and it will break her heart if he has to go off without seeing her. Your father had to leave town as soon as the case went to the jury, and I'm sure I don't know who is the proper person to ask to allow him to go to her."

Tom turned the matter over gravely in his mind.

"The Mayor, mother—s'pose I run down to the Mayor's office and tell him about it?"

"Well, my boy, he knows you; it will do no harm."

Billy, the son of Mrs. Primrose's washer-woman, was a graceless little good-for-nothing, who had been for a long time, through their sympathy with his mother, a source of sore disquietude to the Primrose family. More good advice, more getting out of scrapes, more anxious care, had been lavished on him than would have served, Mr. Primrose firmly believed, to have set a dozen young rascals squarely in the straight road and kept them there. And now he had committed some petty theft which had brought him within the grasp of the law.

Tom, reaching the Mayor's office with all speed, found that his honor had just departed. This was perplexing. He walked homeward debating within himself what he should do next, for he knew there would be no opportunity of moving in Billy's behalf on Thanksgiving morning.

Before the hotel a crowd was gathering, and Tom, hearing mention of "the Governor," remembered having heard of that dignitary's being in town, and that he was to leave for his home on the evening train. Tom's thoughts came quickly, and his acts were sure to follow close behind.

"If I could only see the Governor!" he exclaimed to himself, in great excitement. "He's the head man of all of them, and of course he can do just as he pleases."

Elbowing his way through the crowd, he managed to force an entrance into the hotel, and then upstairs, determined to ask for a private interview with the man of power; but he soon perceived that the Governor was surrounded by friends. And as he descended to the street the press was still greater.

Tom could not get near him. Being pushed out in the surging crowd who were now sending up hearty cheers, he happened to catch a glimpse of a coachman he knew on the box of one of the carriages in which the Governor's party were seating themselves.

"I'll see him down at the depot. I know he'll speak to me just a moment." Tom clambered up beside the driver, who good-naturedly made room for him, and in a moment they were rattling through the fast-darkening streets.

At the depot Tom found matters worse: he was hustled right and left. But he kept close to the Governor's party, actually following them up the steps of the palace car in which he at length stood, somewhat abashed at his own daring. The Governor busied himself in attending to the comfort of the ladies, and Tom politely waited.

"May I speak to you, sir—just one moment—before you go?" at length he ventured, in an agony of fear that the time might be too short for all he wanted to say.

"Certainly: what is it?" The Governor turned pleasantly, attracted by the bright-looking boy.

"Why, I want you to say that Billy may go to see his mother. He's in jail, and my mother says her heart's 'most broken she wants to see him so, and the Mayor's out of town, and he's to be sent to the reform school, and I thought if I asked you'd please to let him go and see his mother, for she's dreadfully sick and can't go and see him." Tom stopped for breath.

"Well, I don't quite understand, my boy. Is Billy your brother, and your mother's heart's broken about him?"

"Oh no, he isn't, sir. It's Billy's mother's heart, and—"

"What's the trouble about the Mayor and his mother?"

"Oh, it isn't anything about the Mayor's mother—I mean Billy's. The car going? Stop! Let me get off."

Tom made a dash for the door, and was outside of it before the Governor laid a kind but firm hand on him.

"I must get off—I must! I *must!*" cried Tom, in despair. "Why," he went on, "we're all to go out on the nine train to my uncle's for Thanksgiving. What *shall* I do?"

"Wait till I find the conductor, and we'll see. In the mean time, you would best stay quietly here."

A pleasant-looking lady spoke kindly to the excited boy, and he waited what seemed an age, till the conductor came. No wonder that Tom in his excitement had failed to observe the slight motion with which the luxurious rubber-padded coach had rolled from the station. It was now running at lightning speed, and the conductor shook his head over Tom's chances of getting back to town in time to take the nine train for somewhere else.

Poor Tom stood the very picture of despair. But the Governor said:

"Now, Master— What is your name, sir?"

"Tom Primrose, sir."

"Son of Mr. Primrose, the lawyer?"

"Yes, sir."

"So much the better. I've practiced in the same courts with him in times gone by, and I am glad to know his son. Tell me now what you came to me for."

Tom managed to give the Governor a clearer account of the needs of Billy and Billy's mother, whereupon that gentleman, after a few minutes' thinking, said:

"I'll see to it for you. And as you have got yourself into this scrape through your kind offices for Billy, we must see to you too. Now, Master Tom, will you go home and spend Thanksgiving with us?"

Tom was dazzled and embarrassed, but the pleasant-voiced lady warmly seconded the invitation, and all he could do was to accept it gratefully, only saying:

"If I can let my mother know."

"Certainly. Write whatever you would like to telegraph her on this," and the Governor handed him a card. So Tom wrote:

"DEAR MOTHER,—The cars have run away with me, but I'm all right, and I'm going to dine with the Governor to-morrow. Billy will be all right too. TOM PRIMROSE."

The message was sent, and the Governor motioned to a boy a little older than Tom.

"Arthur, this is Master Tom Primrose. He is to be your guest until the day after to-morrow."

"Yes, father." Tom went with Arthur to his seat, and was soon chattering away as unconcernedly as if being run off with by the cars was an every-day occurrence. It was near midnight when they reached their destination, and Tom with the others entered the waiting carriages, and was whirled away to the Executive mansion.

II.

A leisurely breakfast and morning spent by the boys amid pictures, dogs, and stables pertaining to the premises, was followed by a proposal to take a stroll about the city, for which they departed with many injunctions from Arthur's mother to be home in good time for the state dinner at five. The City Library was visited, with its departments of fine arts and scientific collections. Then they went to the State-house, and most delightedly Tom took in the lofty grandeur of the Senate-chamber and Hall of Representatives, and the rooms appropriated to the various courts and other State offices. Then up, up, up hundreds of steps, into the great dome and above it, examining the clock which rang out the heart-beats of old Father Time over a radius of many a mile; and into the cupola, still higher, where the eye reached further than the clock strokes penetrated over beautiful stretches of mountain and valley, river and plain.

"Now we must go back and get ready for dinner," said Arthur, as they at length returned to the hall below. "But

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"'NOW, MASTER— WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SIR?'"

stay! I've left father's field-glass away up in the cupola. What a tramp again! but I must get it. You wait here."

Off he went, leaving Tom at the door. The minutes passed, and Tom, always impatient of waiting, looked first out into the fine old trees in the square, and then back into the grand hall, the arched ceiling of which was growing dim in the gathering afternoon shadows.

"I'd like to come here every day," he said to himself. "I wonder if my father 'll ever get to be Governor? I wonder how long Governors stay when they get elected?" He ran into the magnificent Law Library which opened near, and after a little searching took down a book which he thought might give him the desired information.

"I'd like to be a Governor myself," he went on, seating himself in a huge leather-covered chair, and dividing his attention between the book and a statue of one of the early Governors which stood near. "Then I'd pardon all the boys in jail."

Tom felt very comfortable in the big chair after his last night's late ride, and all the exercise and excitement of the day. Presently his eyelids began to droop, and long before he had found out the length of a Governor's term the young man was fast asleep. He was just having a talk with Billy in his dreams when he heard Arthur's voice calling him. "Hallo! hallo! Tom! Tom! are you here? *Where* are you? *Tom! Tom!*"

"Here I am!" he cried, as he felt Arthur shaking him.

"What have you been staying here for?" Arthur asked, as he took in Tom's surroundings, while half a dozen policemen gathered around. "I thought you must have gone ahead of me; so I ran home, and you were not there; and we waited a little, and then mother got into a fuss about you, and sent one of the men out to look, and then father telephoned to the police head-quarters, and now they've telephoned all the stations, and there's a regular how-do-you-do all over the city after you. And I thought I'd make sure you were not here, so I telephoned the janitor, and here we are."

Poor Tom tingled from head to foot with mortification, as with a shout of laughter the policemen departed to set the mind of the city at rest on the subject of Tom Primrose.

After a lively run home and quick preparation the boys made their way to the great dining-room, where Tom took little heed of the richly appointed table, nor even of the smiles and good-humored greetings of the goodly company seated thereat, until he had gained the ear of the Governor's wife. To her he offered his apologies with such boyish grace as instantly won her forgiveness.

"Why did you go into the library, anyway?" she asked him.

"Why," said Tom, "I went to see how long a Governor's time lasts. But," he added quickly, in fear of being misjudged, "*indeed*, ma'am, it wasn't because I am in any hurry for you to go away from here."

She laughed, and many more laughed, but so pleasantly that Tom was able to enjoy his grand dinner most thoroughly, as well as the brilliant reception which followed, in the course of which he found opportunity of saying something to the Governor.

"Sir," he began, "you can pardon any one you like—Governors always do it. Won't you please let me take a pardon home to Billy so he won't have to go to the reform school?"

The Governor took Tom's hand so warmly that he thought Billy's pardon was assured.

"Governors can not do all you think they can, my boy, or all they would like to. And you will find before you get to be a Governor that there are too many rogues loose as it is, and that if pardons came too easily we should not have nearly so much reason for holding Thanksgiving-days in this good land of ours. I don't say that Billy is a rogue, bear in mind, and if ever your father has reason to think he ought to be pardoned, you let me know."

Tom found the boys on the next Monday morning comparing Thanksgiving notes.

"*I* dined with the Governor," said Tom Primrose.

"Where?" was asked, with a good deal of unbelief in the tone.

"At the capital. Went there on purpose."

Not a boy had anything further to say.

But Tom never told any one but his mother how he kept the Governor's dinner waiting, and how near he came to not getting there at all.

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MABEL THINKS OF WHAT SHE HAS TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

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THE place of honor this week is given to two of the kind elder sisters who read the Post-office Box, and are always willing to please the Postmistress by attending to her suggestions, thus adding to the pleasure of the little ones. Do you ever think how much of our happiness comes from helping each other in this world? It would be far from bright and beautiful if everybody cared only for self-pleasing. But when we try to help our dear ones we are always repaid by having a glow in our own hearts. The correspondents whose letters follow are gladdening a great many little readers:

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I am not a sweet grandma, a precious mamma, nor yet an auntie, but I *am* a sister of one little brother who has read with me every number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since "The Brave Swiss Boy" so won our love as to make us fast friends with this charming paper. All the letters I have written to you have been published except one short note, and I could not resist the pleasure of replying to your request to help the girls with their Christmas gifts.

Last winter I was very much interested in a "Work and Play Club" made up of five girls and one boy, who lived in New York city. I learned from them to make many pretty things, as they furnished and really lived in their pretty rooms, doing all branches of work themselves, even giving lunches and teas to their friends, each girl taking her turn as cook and waitress.

I fear you will laugh at my trifles, but they are inexpensive, and may be easily made by little girls not very expert with the needle.

Did you ever have a wash-cloth made of a damask doyley, with a fringed edge, and a bowl and pitcher or a monogram embroidered upon it in pretty colored cotton? Mamma says that even such trifles as these in a lady's room go a great way toward showing her neatness and taste.

Grandma's scissors are not often mislaid if she has a case for them made in this simple way: take two pieces of bronze kid cut three inches long and one wide, round at one end and straight at the other; line with silk of any color preferred; bind each piece with narrow ribbon, and overcast the two together, leaving the straight end open; sew a long loop of ribbon to the square end, and paint in fancy letters on one side, "A House for a Pair."

I have just finished some lovely tidies, made of cream white Japanese cotton crape, or "Oriental cloth," as the merchants call it. One yard cut in two either way makes two tidies. Draw the threads about a finger from the ends, and run in the narrowest ribbons—No. 2, I think—in the brightest colors you can find, and as many rows as you fancy; eight or nine rows make a good-sized stripe. Be careful to have the shades contrast well, and take up the threads evenly on both sides, like basket-work; let the ends extend an inch or two over the side, and hold them in place with the Kensington stitch you do in silk on the side hems; fringe out the ends, and finish the top with a button-hole stitch in silk; tie with a bunch of the ribbons in the middle, and you have a new and very pretty style of tidy.

One of the handsomest articles I know how to make is a portfolio. Sapphire blue satin and pink silk contrast well, and dark green satin lined with orange-color is also very effective. Follow these directions: suppose the piece for the outside to be dark green, let it be ten by fifteen inches, and cut two pieces for the large pockets ten by seven inches: on one large pocket piece put a narrow ten-by-four strip, fastening it with a bit of braid up the centre; after all these pocket pieces have been basted against thin, stiff paper covered with orange-colored silk, they should be neatly bound on the top edge with green satin ribbon—all these bindings we stitch on the sewing-machine, using yellow silk; line the outside piece with thin, stiff paper covered with yellow satin, baste the pockets on, and bind all together with the ribbon. For the blotter cut white blotting-paper a trifle smaller than the portfolio, ornament both outsides with a design or motto in colored paints, and fasten in with a wide yellow ribbon passed through the sheets and tied in a large bow on the outside of the portfolio.

A postage-stamp holder is something new. Take a linen letter envelope and open it, cover it with yellow satin inside and green outside, and bind with narrow ribbon; fold the envelope again, fastening three corners together with an embroidered flower, and sew a narrow ribbon to the top and again to the back with a fancy stitch, and tie it to keep it closed. Paint a letter stamp on one corner, and you have a useful appendage to the portfolio. Plush is quite as pretty as satin for the outside, and I have a beautiful one made altogether of Turkey red calico.

One of the most acceptable presents that I know of is a work-bag made of a fancy silk handkerchief, trimmed all around with two-inch lace; then run a narrow shirring three inches from the edge of the handkerchief, rounding the shirring at the corners; run a ribbon through this, letting it pass out in two eyelets made at two opposite sides; draw these ribbons and tie together, making them at least a yard long. Four or five very narrow ribbons of different colors look as well as one kind of wide ribbon.

Now, my dear Postmistress, I hope some of my articles will be of use to you. I shall write soon again and tell you about the cooking club we (Jack and I) have organized since we read your letter to the Little Housekeepers.

With my best love, I am one of your thousand friends, BESSIE F. G.

The articles which Bessie has so plainly described will be suitable for birthday as well as for Christmas gifts. I shall be very much pleased to hear about the cooking club.

Now we will hear from our next correspondent, who also is a Chicago girl. Elder sisters in other cities must not let themselves be eclipsed by these bright and clever Western lassies:

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Is a "big girl" of nineteen too old for a place in the Post-office Box? I hope not, for she is not too old to take a warm interest in it and to read the whole paper eagerly every week. Would the children like to know what some of my little friends are making for Christmas presents? Hattie has been collecting scraps of bright-colored worsted goods, and has begun to put them together in "crazy" fashion for a mat to lay down in front of mamma's dresser. The foundation is a piece of her brother's old coat (or two or three pieces neatly sewed together), measuring about a yard long and three-quarters wide, with pieces of all shapes and sizes basted on, and then the seams "cat-stitched" in different-colored crewels. The ends are finished with cheap worsted fringe. Of course the larger the pieces, the less is the work. Josie is making a "daisy" tidy for mamma's easy-chair. She has taken a circular piece of white flannel, or other firm, soft material, about an inch in diameter, and has fastened rows of large-sized rick-rack on it, beginning at the outer edge, with each row slightly lapping over the one before it, till the centre row is just a little bunch and the points of the braid look like the petals of a daisy. The centre is composed of long stitches of yellow silk, crossing each other. Two rows of ten daisies each are fastened together by the points, and joined to strips of light blue ribbon the same length and width as the rows of daisies. There are two strips of ribbon alternated with three double rows of daisies, and the effect is very pretty. If I dared take up space I would tell you how Harry and Will are making straw picture-frames for their auntie, and the other boys are making "antique" vases and umbrella racks at a trifling cost. Please accept love for yourself and all the little readers from E. F. D.

The straw frames, the vases, and the umbrella racks will make good subjects for a future letter.

WOODBERRY, MARYLAND.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to school, and am in the Fifth Grade. I study grammar, geography, spelling, and arithmetic. I have no pets, but have two brothers younger than myself. They both have pets; one has a dog, the other a cat. I received *St. Nicholas* and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as premiums at school. I live within three miles of Baltimore and within fifteen minutes' walk of Druid Hill, Baltimore city's finest park. We often go there and enjoy the boats, the games, and the walk. Will any of the letters written by the little girls in England be printed in the Post-office Box? My brothers and I both take great interest in the story called "Wakulla." ELLA I.

Certainly they will, dear. Before long you will hear often from the little English cousins. I am glad you like "Wakulla."

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

In answer to your request, which I saw in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I thought I would write to you. A kind aunt of mine sends HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to my brother and me as a present. We have a goat, which we hitch to a little wagon and take out to our farm to get vegetables. I made a photograph apparatus according to the directions that a boy gave, and have taken a picture of our house. I was fourteen years old the 18th of last August. W. D. R.

## LITTLE MAUDIE.

Maudie Brown was a very nice little girl, six years old, and had a kind, good mamma who bought her pretty books, clothes, toys, and everything needful. Maudie was never blamed in her life except once when she broke a beautiful vase which was standing on the mantel in the parlor.

"Oh, you naughty, careless girl!" cried her mother; "I ought to punish you severely for breaking my vase. Go right away from my sight; I do not love you any more."

Poor Maudie ran away upstairs to the nursery, and throwing herself down on her trundle-bed, wept till her little heart seemed almost ready to break. Finally, wiping her big blue tearful eyes, she went over to her Poll parrot, which was swinging merrily in his gilded cage near the window. "Oh, Polly," she sobbed, "mamma don't love me any more, and she said me was a naughty girl."

"Naughty girl! naughty girl!" repeated Polly over and over, in a mocking tone, which hurt Maudie's feelings so much she began crying again, and running out of the nursery, crept noiselessly down-stairs and out of the front door into the street, unnoticed by her mamma, who was picking up the fragments of the broken vase from the parlor floor.

Across the street just then a little white hearse stood outside the door of a basement, wherein a sweet baby girl, the only child of poor Italian parents, lay in its tiny coffin.

"Oh, don't oo cry," pleaded Maudie, who had wandered into the basement, and after wistfully gazing awhile at the dead baby, put her little arms lovingly about the weeping mother's neck. "Me will be oor baby now, tause my own mamma don't love me any more."

The poor woman then lifted Maudie up in her arms and kissed her again and again, tearfully observed by Maudie's own mother, who had come in after her little girl.

"Come, dear," she whispered, touching Maudie on the shoulder. "Mamma does love her little daughter."

So Maudie, forgiven for breaking the vase, after slipping a bright gold dollar into the poor Italian woman's hand, went home with her mamma a happy little girl. LILY T.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, TROY, NEW YORK.

As the composition of a little girl, this story has much merit, but I want to remind Lily that real mothers never scold children for accidents, not even when their prettiest things are broken or marred. Real mothers love their children even when they are naughty, and although they sometimes punish a child for willfully doing wrong, they never say, "I do not love you any more." The little story is well written, but is not quite true to life.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I spent a few days this summer at Cayuga Lake. We staid at a farm-house beautifully situated a quarter of a mile from the lake. It was perfectly delightful there, and we had the best cherries I ever tasted, and all we wanted of them. I have no pets, as mamma has a great aversion to cats, and, living in the city, cats are the most common pets; but I have two dear little sisters, Marion and Belva (or Daisy, as she is usually called), and they are nice enough pets for me. GUSSIE J.

UNIONTOWN.

MY KIND FRIEND THE POSTMISTRESS (for you are certainly kind to notice all the little letters sent you),—I love to read the Post-office Box. I live in a country called Canebrake, because it was once covered with cane. It is almost all cleared now, and cultivated in corn, cotton, oats, and sweet-potatoes. We also can have all kinds of fruit here—peaches, apples, pears, grapes, plums, and figs. The soil is black in some places, and in some yellow. The trees which grow naturally here are the hickory, ash, and sweet-gum; from the hickory-tree we gather scalybark nuts to eat in the long winter evenings. I am a little boy ten years old; my birthday was October 28. I have never been at school, but my mother teaches me at home. LEONARD L.

You have sent an excellent letter, but you forgot to tell in which State your Uniontown is to be found, and there are just twelve places with that name in these United States. So you must write again.

FRIO TOWN, TEXAS.

I thought I would write to the Post-office Box too. I have to go to Sunday-school this afternoon, so I write this morning. I go to school every day, and to Sunday-school every Sunday. My studies are Latin and English grammar, arithmetic, and writing; my teacher's name is Professor H. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and think it is the best paper we take; my sister takes *The Youth's Companion*. I like "Wakulla" and "The Ice Queen" best of all. I love to read the Post-office Box as well as the stories. It rained all day long yesterday, and it is cold today. Dear Postmistress, may I join the Little Housekeepers? I am twelve years old.

Your constant reader and friend,
MAGGIE S.

You may join, of course.

GANANOQUE, CANADA.

I live on the banks of the St. Lawrence River. I had a flower garden this summer; I had sweet-

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pease, marigold, pansies, and a geranium. Dick, my dog, scratched my geranium up so many times that mamma put it in her garden. A great many people come here to camp on the islands in summer, and in the winter I have good fun skating on the river at the foot of our garden. I have been taking this paper some time, and I am going to have the numbers for 1884 bound, and I would like very much to have this letter printed. I send you a few pressed pansies, the last to be found. We have a Band of Hope in our town. We meet every Saturday, and read and sing. We sign a pledge promising to abstain from the use of all liquors and tobacco and profane language. I have one sister, nine years old. As my letter is pretty long, I will close. MALCOLM J. McM.

Thanks for the pansies.

HARPER, IOWA.

I was twelve years old last month, and have not missed a number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since I was six years old. I also treasure the *Boys of '76* as one of the most valued of my possessions, and shall try to keep it as long as I live. HARPER R.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have not written to you since I came home from Atlantic City. The last time I wrote to you my letter was not published, but I thought I would write again. I go to school, and my teacher's name is Miss K. I like her very much. There are about forty girls in my class. I hope there will be room for my letter. LAURA B. R.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We are two little cousins, twins, just six years old this month We are both staying at grandma's, as our mammas are travelling in Europe. We can't write very well, so Cousin Annie, who is a big girl fourteen years old, is writing for us. We are very lonely without our mammas. We have a dog, Juno, and a kitten, Teeny. We love you very much.

LILY and TOTTIE.

We have just returned from a tour in Europe, so we thought we would write to you and tell you something about our travels. Many times, while enjoying the beautiful scenery of the Old World, we thought of you, and wished you were there to enjoy it with us. We visited London, Paris, and Rome, sailed down the beautiful Rhine, and enjoyed the grandeur of the Alps. We were charmed with old legends and stories told us while sailing down the Rhine, and derived great pleasure from the beautiful lakes and mountains of Switzerland. We were travelling for mamma's health, which was much improved. We had a very pleasant voyage going over, but coming back it was quite rough. While in London, where we remained quite a time, we visited Westminster Abbey, the Tower, and other places of interest. We also travelled in Scotland and Ireland, about which we may tell you some other time. We do not go to school, but have a governess at home. We love HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *very much*, and we should like to see you. We would like to correspond with Carrie B. F., of Elmira, New York, if she will write to us.

PANSY and DAISY,
142 Madison Street, Brooklyn, New York.

SOUTH BRAINTREE.

I just began a few weeks ago to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. As you are interested in sewing societies, I thought I would write about one we have. We meet at each other's houses. We have a number of things made. I am making a sweeping-cap. We are soon to have an exhibition. ALICE A. H.

HORN LAKE, MISSISSIPPI.

I am a little Mississippi girl, and as I do not see many letters from our State, I thought I would write you one. Mamma takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for my little brother and myself, and we are always glad to get it. I can sympathize with Jessie Gordon F., for my eyes have been weak about ten months. My pets are a dog named Joe, a cat named Tom, and a little kitten. I send you a little piece of two kinds of grass, and hope you will like them. As this is my first letter, I will close, with many good wishes to you all.

MAUD I. J.

Thanks, dear child.

LITTLE HORSE CREEK, WYOMING.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since February, and I like it very much; the stories I fancied most were "The Ice Queen," "The Story of a Ring," and "Left Behind." I went to town last week, and staid two days; it is fifty miles to town, but that is only half as far as where we lived before we came here. The city we live near is Cheyenne, at the base of the Rocky Mountains. About two hundred miles north of us are Indians; they trade buffalo-robes with the government for flour, sugar, coffee, and guns. Last summer I was up travelling among the Indians, but they were not on the war-path; they were sociable, like white men. I have tried some of the Little Housekeepers' receipts, and I've always had good luck with whatever I've tried. I go to school; my studies are reading, arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, and spelling. The other little writers talk about their pets, but I have none except a canary-bird. SARAH J. G.

SHERIDAN, NEVADA.

I have seen in the Post-office Box a beautiful description of Lake Como, in Italy. I should like to have the writer see Lake Tahoe, and say which she thought the more beautiful. Some few weeks ago my papa took me up to it. It was a twenty-mile drive over the Kingsbury Grade. We came to a hotel some distance from the lake, and stopped there all night. The next morning we drove on to a logging camp, where we found a pleasant family, whose dwelling-house was situated half a mile from the lake. After a while we started for a pleasant walk down to the shore. I had never seen so large a body of water before, and the waves, which were about a foot high, were a great wonder to me. The eldest girl, Cora, took us out in a boat. We saw two men shoving logs into a pond, a steamer coming there every week to take them to Glenbrook, a place fifteen miles distant. The men had long poles, and, getting three logs together, would shove them into the boom made for them. The men were constantly falling off into the water, but as it was not very deep, there was little danger. The steamer *Niagara* was at the wood wharf, and so we rowed around it. We rode back to the house on a heavy logging truck. It was a warm, sunny morning, and though the seat was rather uncomfortable, we decided to ride on and see them loading logs. When we came there the horses were unhitched from the wagon or truck on which we were sitting, and hitched on to a truck which was loaded, while eight pair of oxen came and hauled the empty truck to the place where more logs were waiting to be loaded; that is how I came to ride behind an ox-team.

I am very much afraid that my letter is getting too long for the Post-office Box; so, if the Postmistress wishes, I will make two letters, instead of one, as I first intended. EDNA M. M.

I shall expect the second letter before many days.

BERTHOUD, COLORADO.

I am eight years old. I live on a farm. I have some pets—a nice large bird dog, some pigeons, and four little pigs. I go to school and study reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and I speak every Friday. There are only twenty-two scholars in my school. I am going to visit my grandma in November; she lives in New York. I have a velocipede, and have great fun riding. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. HOYT D. W.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a boy eleven years old. I have two sisters, both older than myself. My eldest sister gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as a birthday present. My friend Charlie likes it, and wants to get one as a Christmas present from his mother. We both like the letters very much. We have a cat that is so small that everybody takes her for a kitten; she is three years old; we call her Kitty. We have two chickens; one is my mother's and the other is mine. The name of my mother's is Speckle, because his feathers are speckled; the name of mine is Browny, because her feathers are brown. I had six little white mice given me. Every morning I would feed them. They would sit on the edge of the saucer and take a piece of bread in their front paws, and eat the bread with their mouth; they seemed to like it, so I kept feeding them. One morning I went to feed them, and they were gone. I was very sorry that I had to part with them, for I liked them so much. I am going to sell the cage now to some other boy who has mice.

FRANK H.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—As I was looking over HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE it came into my head to give a description of the nice time Amy and I had in the country. The first thing we did we went boating on the Hudson River; next we went up the Storm King mountain with some cousins; and many other nice times we had while up there. Amy and I have brothers; they are both three years old, and are very cunning. Amy and I are eleven years old.

EDITH C. R. and AMY J. S.

Allow me to thank you for sending the two papers I wished for. I have been reading you from the first number. At that time I was nine years old: I have been taking you ever since, and now am fourteen. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is more interesting with every number, and many others who take it say the same thing.

W. C. K.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

Although fifteen years old I take great pleasure in your paper. I left school two years ago on account of being sick so often with the asthma. I now go to St. Mary's Convent for needle-work, five half-days in the week, and like it very much. I too have some pets—a dog called Sporty, a bird called Johnnie, and a horse called Frank. I have one brother; his name is Charlie. I go to turning-school three times a week, and have been going for seven years. We have fall here now, and the leaves are beginning to change. Nearly all my friends take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. The Milwaukee Industrial Exposition is now open. Good-by. BERTHA A. S.

Letters are acknowledged from **May M., Edith E. H., Leon M., Willie G. A., Charlie D., Annie Van M., Lucy E. E., E. C., Hatty** and **Edith S., Charlie V., M.,** and **T. L. C.**—**Karl T.**: You show your esteem for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in a practical way by trying to obtain new subscribers among your boy friends.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

AN EASY SQUARE.

1. A stain. 2. An animal. 3. A sign. 4. A cistern. MAY M.

No. 2.

THREE ENIGMAS.

1.—In tent, not in house.
In pussy and in mouse.
In rose, not in pink.
In knife and in ink.
In key, not in door.
In yes, yet, and yore.
Whole a bird that I've heard.
Feels sad when folks are glad,
At Thanksgiving time,
When the bells chime. SUSY P.

2.—First in call, but not in visit.
Second in witch, but not in wizard.
Third in ram, but not in wool.
Fourth in silly, not in fool.
Fifth in roots, but not in branch.
Sixth in Egypt, not in France.
Seventh in wolf, but not in bear.
Eighth in jump, but not in tear.
Ninth in night, but not in dark.
Tenth in eagle, not in lark.
Eleventh in dress, not in silk.
Twelfth in cream, but not in milk.
Thirteenth in road, not in gate.
Fourteenth in love, not in hate.
Fifteenth in laugh, not in cry.
Sixteenth in scream, not in sigh.
Seventeenth in bow, not in fiddle.
Eighteenth in conundrum, not in riddle.
Nineteenth in grass, not in tree.
And my whole is a man of high degree.
IRVA S.

3.—First in sow, not in reap.
Second in pile, not in heap.
Third in take, not in bring.
Fourth in twine, also in string.
Fifth in thread, not in spool.
Whole an article used in school. TITANIA.

No. 3.

HIDDEN ANIMALS.

1.—Katie, do go and get my coat. 2. We three wore brown capes. 3. Go at seven o'clock. 4. Papa said, "Zeb, rake the garden." 5. He came late to school. 6. He does not know it. 7. John, lay that pan there and go to the store. 8. The cattle are in the barn-yard. 9. He was a coward to run away. 10. Tell a man to bring my trunk here. 11. Dora's pigeon flew away. 12. Phebe, are the potatoes cooked? 13. There is a lottery near our house. 14. The pansy whispered, "I would like to be a verbena."

FANNIE and ALICE CRAFT.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 262

No. 1.—Washington.

No. 2.—

```
      P                 G
    C A R             C R Y
  P A G A N         G R E E N
    R A N             Y E S
      N                 N
      G                 R
    A R T             H I T
  G R A I N         R I G H T
    T I N             T H E
      N                 T
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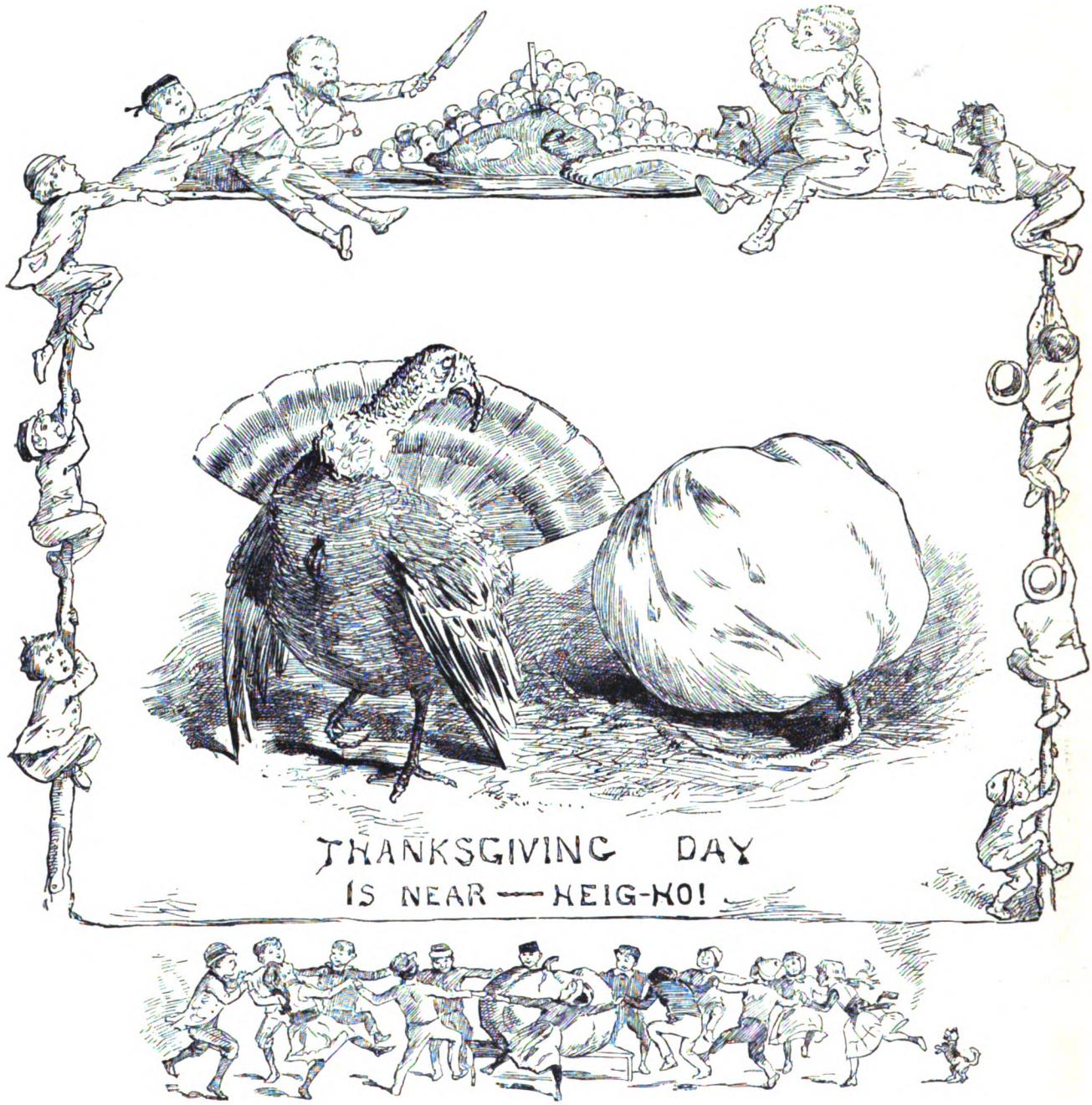
No. 3.—

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  H O M E
  O R A L
  M A I L
  E L L A
```

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from **Mary E. Fay, Florence J. A., Joseph C. K., Celia A., Topsey Budget, Fannie Ivy S., C. Verb, Charlie Davis, E. St. C. Whitney, John Kirk, Laura Day, Emily Holt, Theodore Brown, Miller Marchmont, Lois Green,** and **Allen Cox.**

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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"THAT IS SO."—By Margaret Eytinge.

SAID Turkey Great to Pumpkin Big:
"Long have I been, my friend,
King of the barn-yard, but my reign
Must soon come to an end:
Thanksgiving-day is near—heigh-ho!"
Said Pumpkin Big, "Yes, that is so."

Said Pumpkin Big to Turkey Great:
"The kitchen-garden's queen
I am, and one more beautiful,
I'm sure, was never seen;
And yet, with you, I'll have to go."
Said Turkey Great, "Yes, that is so."

"But still," said Turkey Great, "when cooked,
King of the feast I'll be."
"And in the pies," said Pumpkin Big,
"Will shine my royalty:
Our fate might be much worse, you know."
And then they both sighed, "That is so."



A THANKSGIVING "TURKEY SHOOT."
*Slightly changed from the usual order of things.*



A THANKSGIVING NIGHTMARE.
*In consequence of overindulgence in the national bird.*

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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 266. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1884.
Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"HOW HAPPY THEY MUST BE!"

## HOW LOTTIE WENT TO SEE CHRISTMAS TREES, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

### I.—THE RAG-PICKER.

"DAME BRIDGET, may I go out to-night to see the Christmas trees," says a plaintive voice from the corner of a squalid room, the only window of which looks out on the cheerless, smoke-begrimed court of a city alley.

It was Christmas-eve, the eve of gladness for all the world, but more especially so for little children,

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It was sad to see one of the little ones whom Jesus loved in such a wretched place. She was a very pretty child, with curling flaxen hair and large blue eyes, and although her little frock was ragged and much too small for her growth, everything about her was strictly clean and neat.

"What should you know about Christmas trees?" answers a hard-featured old woman, without looking up from her rag-picking.

"The Christ-child brings them to all good and happy children who have papas and mammas," said the little girl. "He used to bring me one when I was at home in Germany. I suppose it is because I have no papa now that he won't bring me one this year. Oh, they are so pretty! Did you never see one, Dame Bridget?"

"Mebbe I did, and mebbe I didn't," replied the dame, crossly. "What a time it takes to sort all these rags! I want to take them home to-night, and get as much money for them as will get us some oat-meal for supper. If I had that, it's little I'd care for Christmas trees, which won't ever fill an empty stomach."

"Let me help you, dear dame," pleads the gentle voice.

"No, no, child; this is too dirty work for you. If I keep on I'll soon have finished. Then we'll go out together. I'll go sell my rags, and you can go and look about you for a bit. But tell me about your Christmas trees, if you like, Lottie."

Bridget and little Lottie seem an oddly assorted pair, the one old, bent, and shrivelled; the other so young and fair.

"Well, Dame Bridget," she begins, her voice losing for a little its plaintive tone as brighter images rise before her mind, "you must fancy that you have got a nice papa, and, oh, such a dear, sweet, pretty mamma, who is always loving you and giving you lots of kisses and pretty things."

"'Twouldn't be very easy for me to fancy that," grumbled the old woman.

"It's only to make you understand how nice Christmas is. Of course I know that you never had a papa and mamma yourself; old people never have. But you can fancy you have, you know, just to make you understand."

"Yes, yes, child; I'll do it if it pleases you."

"Well, you see, when Christmas-eve comes round, if you've got a nice papa and mamma, you know without being told that something good is going to happen to you, but you don't in the least know what it is going to be. Then, one evening, your papa comes home from the city, and you run to the door to meet him. But he looks so funny with his pockets all sticking out that you can not help laughing. He marches straight into the best room without saying a word, until, just at the door, he turns round and says, 'The Christ-child is coming to-night to ask papa whether his little girl has been good or not.' 'If she has been naughty, papa, what will happen to her?' 'Oh, I should be *so* sorry for her,' he answers. 'And if she has been good, what then, papa?' 'Oh, she will soon see.' Then you and mamma sit outside until papa opens the door and calls, 'Come in!' Then you go in, and there is a blaze of light, and a beautiful green tree all glittering with tapers and pretty things, and a lovely pink angel with bright little wings is hovering from the ceiling. Then papa says, 'My dear little girl has been so good lately, and the Christ-child was so pleased when I told him all about her, that he left all these pretty things behind for her.' Then he kisses you, and you throw your arms about his neck, and mamma comes, and— Oh, mother! mother!" cries the little child, bursting into a sudden passion of tears and sobs, quite unable to finish her picture.

"Hush ye! hush ye! my poor motherless bairn!" says the old woman. "It's no good thinking on old stories like these. You'll see your dear pretty young mother again some day if you are always as good as you are now. But indeed," she goes on, muttering under her breath, "I sometimes think that the sooner He above takes us both to Himself the better it will be for us, and none the worse for the world. Well, well, we must trust in God. She has lost her earthly father, but she has One in heaven still."

### II.—PREPARING FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Meantime, in another room in a different part of the city, Christmas is being discussed with even more eagerness than in Dame Bridget's dingy apartment. It is on the parlor floor of a handsome house, at the end of a long avenue. It has a look of substantial comfort about it, and the room we are in at this moment, the "mother's room," looks especially cozy. There is a bright fire burning in the stove; near it is a sofa, on which two ladies are sitting deep in conversation. Two or three busy young people are sitting round a table by the window using up the last glimpses of daylight in finishing off odd bits of work for the beloved Christmas tree.

"I say, Isabel," cries a handsome boy, who is making liberal use of gold paper, scissors, and gum-pot in the manufacture of chain festoons to be hung presently on the tree, "if I were you I should leave those garters until next year. You drop more stitches than you knit."

"I s'an't leave zem," pouts Isabel. "Zey shall be done in dood time, oo'l see. Oh dear! how zat stupid stits is wunning down!"

"Let me look at it, dear," says a gentle-looking girl, whom they call Anna. She is a visitor, daughter of one of the ladies on the sofa.

A quick catching of the offending stitch with her deft fingers, and Isabel's good-humor is restored.

"Sally s'all have her darters," she whispers, after knitting a few more rows. "Zey're finissed now."

"And so are my chains," cries Will. "Anna, what are you doing, I should like to know?"

"Only finishing up, like the rest of you."

By-and-by chains and garters both are ready and laid with the other things. Then they go down-stairs to finish decorating the tree.

Meantime the two ladies continue their conversation.

"—And you never heard more of them?"

"No! It was a most complete disappearance. We were in a remote part of the country when the crash came, and knew nothing of it until long afterward. Otherwise we might have helped them."

"But they might have written. It was very strange that they did not."

"They did write—at least Ida did—but I never got the letter. It was lost by the servant to whom it was given to post. I had the confession from the girl's own lips. My brother-in-law was very proud, and probably, when no answer came to his wife's letter, he would forbid her to write again."

"And you took steps to discover them?"

"Yes. As soon as it was possible for us, my husband and I went to Leipzig to make inquiries in person. We could hear nothing of them, however. They had gone off quite suddenly; people supposed to America, but nobody knew for certain."

"They had no children?"

"Yes; they had a dear little girl. The principal reason I am so glad to return to my girlhood's home is the hope I have of finding her. I fear, from the fact of no one having heard of them since they went away, that they must be dead. But we may find the child."

"God grant it, my dear friend!" says Mrs. Lister. "But now let us put away such thoughts for to-night. I hear my young ones calling out for me. They are eager to have everything in the German fashion Anna has told them of."

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### III.—THE DISCOVERY.

On parting with Dame Bridget, Lottie ran off, eager to get a glimpse of something that might recall her former life. Her father, she remembered, used to leave the blinds withdrawn to let the brightness of Christmas into the darkness outside. She hoped others might do the same to-night; but she was disappointed to find that most of the houses were tightly closed. She was beginning to think sadly of returning, when she perceived at the end of the street a large handsome house with a garden plot in front. The gate was ajar, and light was streaming from a parlor window. Her hopes reviving, she gently pushed the gate open, and made her way to a high stone seat just under the window from which the light came.

Four happy-looking children were as busy as so many bees, decorating a large, beautiful fir-tree with all sorts of pretty things. Will—for they were our young friends of the "mother's room"—was standing on a chair disposing the chains, which pretty golden-haired Isabel was holding up to him, in graceful festoons. Mary was hanging on it gilded nuts and apples. Anna, thoughtful-looking, gentle Anna, was fixing the red, yellow, and green tapers into their proper position.

"How kind she looks, and how nice they all are!" thinks Lottie. "How happy they must be to have such a sister! Is there no papa or mamma, I wonder, that they are doing all this by themselves? Ah, there comes the mamma! How nice and good she looks! How she smiles at them!" The little girl, in her eager delight, forgets caution, and rising on tiptoe on the bench, presses her face close to the pane. At that moment Anna happens to glance in that direction.

"What is the matter, Anna?" says Mary. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Somebody is staring at us through the window," she replies, in a half-frightened whisper.

"Staring at us through the window! impudent fellow!" cries Will, jumping, boy-like, to the conclusion that the starer can only be a "he." "Hold on, Isabel, I'll soon put a stop to that."

"Oh, don't go to the window, Will!" cries Mary, whose head is full of wild stories heard in the nursery long ago, and not forgotten yet. "Suppose it is a robber, and he were to shoot you!"

"Nonsense, Mary," says her mother, advancing toward the window, which Will had already thrown open. "Oh, what was that?"

They hear a fall, followed by a low moaning. Lottie, seeing them coming to the window, had tried hurriedly to get down. But in her haste her foot slipped, and she fell heavily, hitting herself on the edge of the seat.

"The robber has hurt himself evidently," says Will, rather remorsefully. They all hurry to the door, which Will by this time had opened. Lottie was trying painfully to limp away. Mrs. Lister put her hand on her shoulder.

"What are you doing here, my child?" she said, gently, on seeing how very tiny and how frightened the juvenile spy was. "Don't be afraid. We are never angry with any one on Christmas-eve, and least of all with such a little creature as you."

"Indeed, indeed, ma'am," sobbed Lottie, "I meant no harm. I wished so much to see a Christmas tree, and I thought the people to whom the Christ-child brought them left the windows open, as papa used to do, so that poor folks who hadn't them might see how pretty they were."

"Are your parents dead, then, my poor child?"

"Yes, ma'am. Papa died first, then mamma. We lived in another country, far away over the sea. He lost all his money, and then we came here. But he did not get any more money, and one day he died."

"And who takes care of you now?"

"Dame Bridget said that as there was nobody to take care of me, she would do so as well as she could. So I live with her."

"This Dame Bridget must be a good woman. What is your name, and how old are you, my poor child?"

"I am eight years old, and my name is Lottie Lindhardt."

"Lindhardt!" cried Will and Mary in a breath. "That is Anna's name, mother."

Mrs. Lister, too, started on hearing the well-known name, and looked more attentively at the child. "Strange," she said, "how the two stories seem to tally! But no, no," she continued; "it can not be. Such strange things only happen in books. And yet the name. And she is evidently of German parentage. Lottie," she resumed, "do you remember the name of the place you were born at?"

"No, ma'am," answered the child, looking up wonderingly at this continued cross-examination. "After papa's death mamma was always so sorrowful that she never spoke much of anything. But I think Dame Bridget knows."

"Well, well, my dear; stay here a moment till I return. No one will harm you."

Mrs. Lister ran upstairs, and found her friend still seated where she had left her.

"Helen," she cried, breathlessly, "how old was your brother's child, and what was her name?"

"Why, Edith," smiled the other, "how eager you are! What makes you ask?"

"Never mind why I ask—only tell me."

"She would be eight years old now," replied her friend. "She was a remarkably pretty child, with thick flaxen curls, and blue eyes as dark as blue corn-flowers."

"But the name—the name?"

"Charlotte, or Lottie rather. But tell me why you ask this just now?"

"Helen," said Mrs. Lister, with the tears in her eyes, "don't be too much startled, but I verily believe your brother's long-lost child is in the house now."

"Here? now?—impossible! You are jesting surely," cried Mrs. Lindhardt, now thoroughly roused.

"No, indeed, I am quite serious. Come and judge for yourself. Or, no; I will bring her upstairs to you rather."

Mrs. Lister went out, and returned in a few minutes leading Lottie by the hand. She looked eagerly at her friend. The latter's eyes filled with tears.

"Surely it is not possible," she said, "that you are Lottie Lindhardt in these rags! But yet if you are not she, you are very like her. Tell me, my child, did you never see me before?"

Lottie looked at her in a puzzled sort of way, as if trying to recall some picture to her mind which yet would not quite come. "I think I have seen you before, but I don't know where."

"Did you ever see this gentleman?" continued her questioner, opening a locket attached to her watch chain.

"Oh yes!" cried Lottie, eagerly; "that is my papa. Did you know him, ma'am?"

Lottie told all her story over again, and on Mr. Lindhardt's entrance remembered him at once as "Uncle Hermann." There seemed to be no doubt of her identity, although they promised themselves to make all sorts of inquiries at Dame Bridget's next day. When Mrs. Lister, who had slipped out of the room, returned, she found her two friends caressing and being caressed by little ragged Lottie, now no longer a waif, and shedding tears of mingled joy and sorrow over her.

"Now, Lottie," said her first friend, "you shall not only *see* a Christmas tree—you shall sing and dance round it with us. Who could have thought that God was meaning to send us such a big present as you are to-night? Come, dear friends. Come, children."

They went down-stairs. The door of the dining-room

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was open. Lottie gave a cry of surprise and joy when she saw the beautiful tree all ablaze with tapers. They joined hands in a circle round it, and sang a hymn full of solemn beauty for the blessings of Christmas-tide. Then the presents were distributed.

"You shall have your real presents to-morrow, Lottie," said Mrs. Lister; "but meanwhile here are a few pretty things for to-night. And you have got an uncle and aunt whom you did not expect."

Then the children danced around the tree until the lights gave signs of being exhausted. After that Lottie was taken home by her uncle and aunt to Dame Bridget's.

My story is about done. Dame Bridget, on being asked, gave particulars enough of her little charge's dead parents as to leave not the shadow of a doubt that she was Mr. Lindhardt's niece. She was taken at once to his comfortable home, and Anna became in reality a sister to her.

Dame Bridget, too, was well cared for. Her former nursling never ceased to show her the greatest love and gratitude. In her old age she experienced how true were our Lord's words when He said,

"If any one of you will give even a cup of cold water to one of these little ones, he shall in no wise lose his reward."



"I WONDER WHY THEY LOVE ME BEST WHEN I'M ASLEEP."

## WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

### CHAPTER XIII.—(*Continued.*)

#### FIGHTING A FOREST FIRE.

MR. ELMER took Mark with him. Instead of going down the river to St. Mark's to take the train, they crossed over the ferry, and had Jan drive them in the mule wagon four miles across country to the railroad. On their way they came to a fork in the road, and not knowing which branch to take, waited until they could ask a little colored girl whom they saw approaching.

She said: "Dis yere humpety road 'll take yo' to Misto Gilcriseses plantation, an' den yo' turn to de right ober de trabblin' road twel yo' come to Brer Steve's farm, an' thar yo' be."

"Father, what is the difference between a plantation and a farm?" asked Mark, as they journeyed along over the "humpety" road.

"As near as I can find out," said Mr. Elmer, "the only difference is that one is owned by a white man and the other by a colored man."

They found "Brer Steve's" house without any difficulty, and, sure enough, there they were, as the little girl had said they would be, for "Brer Steve" lived close to the railroad, and the station was on his place.

Mark was delighted with Tallahassee, which he found to be a very pleasant though small city, built on a hill, and surrounded by other hills. Its streets were shaded by magnificent elms and oaks, and these and the hills were grateful to the eye of the Maine boy, who had not yet learned to love the flat country in which his present home stood.

They spent Sunday in Tallahassee, and on Monday started for home before daylight, on horseback and driving a small herd of cattle, which, with two horses, Mr. Elmer had bought on Saturday. As Saturday is the regular market-day, when all the country people from miles around flock into town to sell what they have for sale, and to purchase supplies for the following week, Mark was much amused and instructed by what he saw. Although in Tallahassee there are no street auctions, as in Key West, there was just as much business done on the sidewalks and in the streets here as there.

It seemed very strange to the Northern boy to see cattle and pigs roaming the streets at will, and he wondered that they were allowed to do so. When he saw one of these street cows place her fore-feet on the wheel of a wagon, and actually climb up until she could reach a bag of sweet-potatoes that lay under the seat, he laughed until he cried. Without knowing or caring how much amusement she was causing, the cow stole a potato from the bag, jumped down, and quietly munched it. This feat was repeated again and again, until finally an end was put to Mark's and the cow's enjoyment of the meal by the arrival of the colored owner of both wagon and potatoes, who indignantly drove the cow away, calling her "a ole good-fo'-nuffin."

Mark said that after that he could never again give as an answer to the conundrum, "Why is a cow like an elephant?" "Because she can't climb a tree," for he thought this particular cow could climb a tree, and would, if a bag of sweet-potatoes were placed in the top of it where she could see it.

It was late Monday evening before they reached home with their new purchases, and all were thoroughly tired with their long day's journey. The next day, when Ruth saw the horses, one of which had but one white spot in his forehead, while the other had two, one over each

* Begun in No. 252, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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eye, she immediately named them Spot and Spotter. Mark said that if there had been another, without any spots in his forehead, he supposed she would have named him Spotless.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### HOW THE BOYS CAUGHT AN ALLIGATOR.

"HI! Mark," shouted Frank from his ferry-boat one warm morning in March, "come here a minute. I've got something to tell you. Great scheme."

"Can't," called Mark—"got to go to mill."

"Well, come when you get back."

"All right."

Mark and Frank had by this time become the best of friends, for each had learned to appreciate the good points of the other, and to value his opinions. Their general information was as different as possible, and each thought that the other knew just the very things a boy ought to know. While Mark's knowledge was of books, games, people, and places that seemed to Frank almost like foreign countries, he knew the names of every wild animal, bird, fish, tree, and flower to be found in the surrounding country, and was skilled in all tricks of woodcraft.

Since this boy had first entered the Elmer household, wounded, dirty, and unkempt as a young savage, he had changed so wonderfully for the better that his best friends of a few months back would not have recognized him. He was now clean and neatly dressed in an old suit of Mark's which just fitted him, and his hair, which had been long and tangled, was cut short and smoothly brushed. Being naturally of a sunny and affectionate disposition, the cheerful home influences, the motherly care of Mrs. Elmer, whose heart was very tender toward the motherless boy, and, above all, the great alteration in his father's manner, had changed the shy, sullen lad into an honest, happy fellow, anxious to do right and in every way to please the kind friends to whom his debt of gratitude was so great.

Every other day Mark and Frank were sent down to St. Mark's in the canoe for the mail, allowed to take their guns and fishing-tackle with them, and given permission to stay out as long as they chose, provided they came home before dark. Sometimes Ruth was allowed to go with them, greatly to her delight, for she was very fond of fishing, and always succeeded in catching her full share. While the boys were thus absent Mr. Elmer took charge of whatever work Mark might have been doing, and Jan always managed to be within sound of the ferry horn.

On one of their first trips down the river Mark had called Frank's attention to the head of a small animal that was rapidly swimming in the water, close under an overhanging bank, and asked him what it was.

For answer Frank said, "Sh!" carefully laid down his paddle, and taking up the rifle, fired a hasty and unsuccessful shot at the creature, which dived at the flash, and was seen no more.

"What was it?" asked Mark.

"An otter," answered Frank, "and his skin would be worth five dollars in Tallahassee."

"My!" exclaimed Mark; "is that so? Why can't we catch some, and sell the skins?"

"We could if we only had some traps."

"What kind of traps?"

"Double-spring steel are the best."

"I'm going to buy some, first chance I get," said Mark; "and if you'll show me how to set 'em, and how to skin the otters and dress the skins, and help do the work, we'll go halves on all we make."

Frank had agreed to this, and when Mark went to Tallahassee he bought six of the best steel-traps he could find. These had been carefully set in likely places along the river, baited with fresh fish, and visited regularly by one or the other of the boys twice a day. At first they had been very successful, as was shown by the ten fine otter-skins carefully stretched over small boards cut for the purpose, and drying in the workshop; but then their good fortune seemed to desert them.

As the season advanced, and the weather grew warmer, they began frequently to find a trap sprung, but empty, or containing only the foot of an otter. At first they thought the captives had gnawed off their own feet in order to escape; but when, only the day before the one with which this chapter opens, they had found in one of the traps the head of an otter minus its body, this theory had to be abandoned.



"'IT 'LL HOLD HIM,' SCREAMS FRANK."

"I never heard of an otter's gnawing off his own head," said Frank, as he examined the grinning trophy he had just taken from the trap, "and I don't believe he could do it. I don't think he could pull it off either; besides, it's a clean cut; it doesn't look as if it had been pulled off."

"No," said Mark, gravely, for both boys had visited the traps on this occasion; "I don't suppose he could have gnawed off, or pulled off, his own head. He must have taken his jackknife from his pocket, quietly opened it, deliberately cut off his head, and calmly walked away."

"I have it!" exclaimed Frank, after a few minutes of profound thought, as the boys paddled homeward.

"What?" asked Mark—"the otter?"

"No; but I know who stole him. It's one of the very fellows that tried to get me."

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"Alligators!" shouted Mark.

"Yes, alligators; I expect they're the very thieves that have been robbing our traps."

The next day at noon, when Mark finished his work at the mill, he hurried back to the ferry to see what Frank meant when he called him that morning, and said he had something to tell him.

Frank had gone to the other side of the river with a passenger, but he soon returned.

"Well, what is it?" asked Mark, as he helped make the boat fast.

"It's this," said Frank. "I've seen a good many alligators in the river lately, and I've had my eye on one big old fellow in particular. He spends most of his time in that little cove down there; but I've noticed that whenever a dog barks close to the river or on the ferry the old 'gator paddles out a little way from the cove, and looks very wishfully in that direction. I know alligators are more fond of dog-meat than anything else; but they won't refuse fish when nothing better offers. Now look here."

Going to the other end of the boat as he spoke, Frank produced a coil of light, but strong Manila line that he had obtained at the house. To one end of this rope were knotted a dozen strands of stout fish-line, and the ends of these were made fast to the middle of a round hickory stick, about six inches long, and sharply pointed at each end; these sharp ends had also been charred to harden them.

"There," said Frank, as Mark gazed at this outfit with a perplexed look, "that's my alligator line; and after dinner, if you'll help me, we'll fish for that old fellow in the cove."

"All right," said Mark; "I'm your man; but where's your hook?"

"This," answered Frank, holding up the bit of sharpened stick; "it's all the hook I want, and I'll show you how to use it when we get ready."

After dinner the boys found several teams on both sides of the river waiting to be ferried across: then Mark had to go with Jan for a load of fence posts, so that it wanted only about an hour of sundown when they finally found themselves at liberty to carry out their designs against the alligator.

Frank said this was all the better, as alligators fed at night, and the nearer dark it was, the hungrier the old fellow would be.

Taking a large fish, one of half a dozen he had caught during the day, Frank thrust the bit of stick, with the line attached, into its mouth and deep into its body. "There," said he, "now you see that if the 'gator swallows that fish, he swallows the stick too. He swallows it lengthwise; but a strain on the line fixes it crosswise, and it won't come out unless Mr. 'Gator comes with it. *Sabe?*"

"I see," answered Mark; "but what am I to do?"

"I want you to lie down flat in the boat, and hold on to the line about twenty feet from this end, which I am going to make fast to the ferry post. Keep it clear of the bank, and let the bait float well out in the stream. The minute the 'gator swallows it, do you give the line a jerk as hard as you can, so as to fix the stick crosswise in his gullet."

"All right," said Mark. "I understand. And what are you going to do?"

"Oh, I'm going to play dog," answered Frank, with a laugh, as he walked off down the river-bank, leaving Mark to wonder what he meant.

Frank crept softly along until he was very near the alligator cove, just above which he could see the fish, which Mark had let drop down-stream, floating on the surface of the water. Then he lay down and began to whine like a puppy in distress.

As soon as Mark heard this he knew what his friend meant by playing dog, and he smiled at the capital imitation, which would have certainly deceived even him if he had not known who the puppy really was.

Frank whined most industriously for five minutes or so, and even attempted two or three feeble barks; but they were not nearly so artistic as the whines. Then he stopped; for his quick eye detected three black objects moving on the water not far from the bank. These objects were the alligator's two eyes and the end of his snout, which were all of him that showed, the remainder of his body being completely submerged. He was looking for that puppy, and thinking how much he should enjoy it for his supper.

Again it sounds clear and distinct, and the sly old 'gator comes on a little further, alert and watchful; but without making so much as a ripple to betray his presence.

Now the whine sounds fainter and fainter, as though the puppy were moving away, and finally it ceases.

Mr. Alligator is very much disappointed; and now, noticing the fish for the first time, concludes that though not nearly so good as puppy, fish is much better than nothing, and he had better secure it before it swims away.

He does not use caution now; he has learned that fish must be caught quickly or not at all, and he goes for it with a rush. The great jaws open and close with a snap, the fish disappears, and the alligator thinks he will go back to his cove to listen again for that puppy whine. Suddenly a tremendous jerk at his mouth is accompanied by a most disagreeable sensation in his stomach. He tries to pull away from both, but finds himself caught and held fast.

Mark gives a cheer as he jumps from the bottom of the ferry-boat, and Frank echoes it as he dashes out of the bushes and seizes the line.

Now the alligator pulls and the boys pull, and if the line had not been made fast to the post, the former would certainly have pulled away from them or dragged them into the river. He lashes the water into foam, and bellows with rage, while they yell with delight and excitement. The stout post is shaken, and the Manila line hums like a harp-string.

"It 'll hold him," screams Frank. "He can't get away now. See the reason for that last six feet of small lines, Mark? They're so he can't bite the rope; the little lines slip in between his teeth."

The noise of the struggle and the shouts of the boys attracted the notice of the men on their way home from work at the mill, and they came running down to the ferry to see what was the matter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE PERSIP LIONS.

THE Persip 'gators had hardly ceased to excite the curiosity of the boys in the little village where "Eagle" Persip lived, before his "Zoo" received a new and wonderful addition to its numbers in the shape of a cage of lions.

I think I hear a chorus of voices from a small army of bright-eyed young people exclaiming, "A cage of lions! sent to a boy, and to be kept in a little room in his father's barn? It's too ridiculous, and I don't believe it."

All the village boys thought the lion story was ridiculous also; but they knew that Eagle must have something wonderful on hand, and they hurried to his Zoo to see what it was, some of them secretly hoping that it might be a cage of real lions after all.

Andy Mack was the first to arrive, and he bounced into the room all out of breath, while the others followed as fast as possible.

"Say, Eagle, where's your lions?"

"Show us the lions."

"Have you got any lions?"

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Then, without waiting for an answer, they began:

"He 'ain't got any lions."

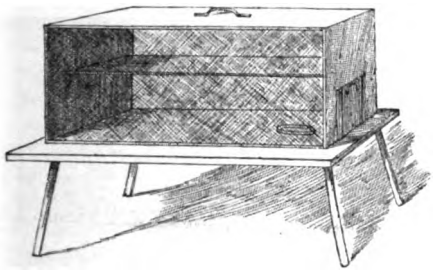
"There isn't a single lion here."

"He wouldn't dare keep lions."

"Perhaps they're dandelions."

"They ain't," shouted Eagle Persip, who at last found an opportunity of making himself heard. "They're ground-lions, and they're in that cage, ten of 'em. Some people call them chameleons; but I looked that up in the dictionary, and it says: 'Chameleon, literally, ground-lion, from two Greek words meaning "on the ground" and "lion";' and I am going to call them lions."

Although much disappointed at not finding real lions, the boys were anxious to see what "ground-lions" looked like, and crowded around the cage in which the new pets were. The cage was a box about two feet long, eighteen



inches high, and ten inches wide. It was made of very thin boards, except the front and back, which were of the finest wire gauze. In one end was a sliding door. Inside, near the top, was a shelf or perch, a cup of water, and a bunch of Spanish moss. Looking out from this moss the boys saw several pairs of bright eyes, that were set in sharp-pointed little heads, and presently a beautiful green lizard crawled out of his hiding-place, ran up the wire netting, and landed on the perch, where he stood swelling his body in the most comical way, and puffing out his throat, which was of bright pink, like a pouter pigeon.

"Where did you get 'em?" asked Andy, who was greatly interested in this performance.

"Cousin Laff brought them to me," answered Eagle.

"Yes," said Lafayette Persip, who until now had remained quietly seated in one corner of the room, "I knew that Eagle liked queer pets, and already had alligators, so I thought I'd catch him a few chameleons and bring them along. I made the cage myself, and I've got acquainted with them all, and have learned to call them by name in the last two weeks."

"You have!" exclaimed Andy. "Why, they all look just alike to me."

"Oh no!" said Lafayette; "they're very different. That fellow puffing himself out upon the perch is old Puff, and then there's Major, and Tailor, and Dumps, and Hospital, all males. I call that old wrinkled one Hospital because he looks sick. Then the females, which are much smaller than the males, are Puffina (Puff's wife), Baby, Dolly, Dot, and Lena (the little thin one)."

"What do they eat?" asked Andy.

"Why, in Florida, people say that they never eat or drink anything, but just live on air; so I haven't tried to make them eat."

"That's nonsense!" exclaimed Eagle. "They used to say the same thing about my alligators; but I find that they eat all they can get, and I guess these little fellows will too."

A month later, under the heading "Lions," Andy Mack read the following entries in Eagle's Zoo note-book:

"Ground-lions, or chameleons, like toads, eat flies, spiders, water-bugs, cockroaches, and all sorts of insects, but won't touch them unless they are alive. They won't eat meat, bread, cake, fruit, or anything that is not alive. They are fond of sugar and water, and drink a great deal of water, which must be put in the cage fresh every day.

"They enjoy the hottest sunshine; and in real warm weather are very lively; but when cold are very stupid, and will not eat.

"I catch flies in a trap, and give them about fifty every day; but they can live for weeks without eating anything.

"Every evening at sunset they bury themselves in their nests of moss, and do not appear again until daylight.

"They shed their skins about once a month. When one is ready to shed, he splits his skin down the front and back by swelling his body, and it loosens all over, so that he looks as though he had a white tissue-paper blanket on. Then he tears it off with his mouth and eats it. It takes about three hours to shed the entire skin.

"I keep a dish of sand in the cage, and in this the females lay eggs, but these do not hatch.

"The colors of my lions are dark brown, light brown, ash-colored with spots, very dark red, light green, and dark green. The change of color does not depend entirely upon the color of the objects upon which they happen to be, but upon their own state of mind or temper. I know this because when they are happy and warm they are light green, and when they are unhappy and cold they are dark brown, though in both cases they are on the same object.

"Lions are the most interesting pets I have ever had."

## AN INTERESTING YOUNG FOREIGNER.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

THERE is at present residing in our Central Park a young African whose receptions are daily attended by hundreds of visitors. He is, indeed, a most fortunate host, for while he can not speak a word, every one leaves charmed with his bright and entertaining manners. Remus—for that is his name—is fortunate, too, in being the object of the especial care of Mr. Conkling, the Superintendent of the Natural History Department, and having Mr. Cook for his ever-watchful and affectionate keeper.

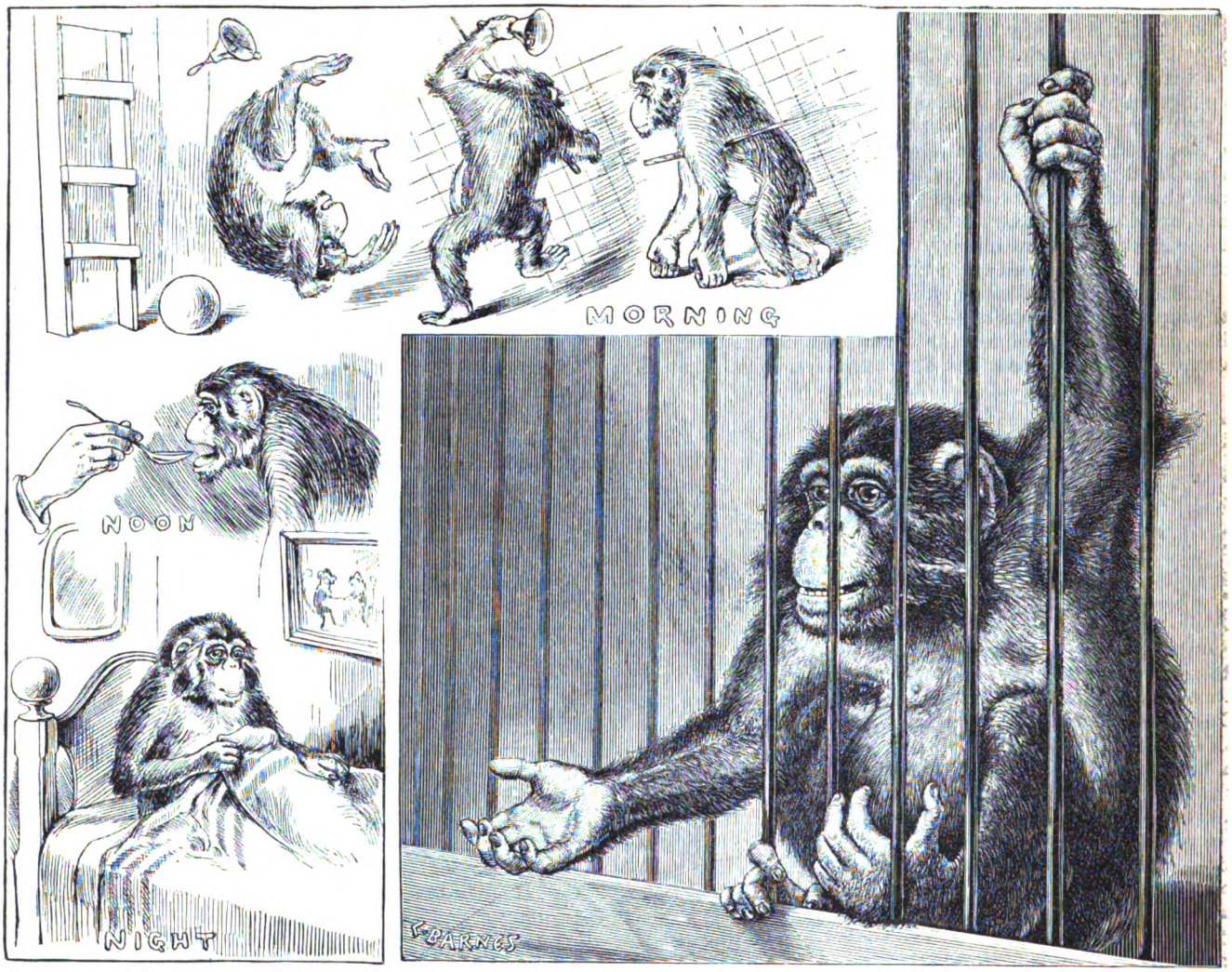
For Remus is not a boy, though he looks and acts strangely like one, but is a young chimpanzee from the west coast of Africa. He is one of the few that have ever been safely brought to this country, and it is, perhaps, more directly owing to the efforts made by the two gentlemen mentioned than to any other cause that Central Park is able to boast the possession of so valuable an addition to the museum.

The chimpanzee is generally admitted to be the highest species of ape, because its anatomy compares more nearly than any other of the monkey family with that of man, and in action and manner the chimpanzee is far more human than any of his cousins. The full-grown animal measures nearly five feet in height. Its body is covered with blackish-brown hair, which in Remus's case has by dint of careful brushing come to be as soft and glossy as silk. The hair is rather thick upon the back and sides, but is scant upon the fore part of the body; on the cheeks and chin the hair is very long, and hangs down in the form of whiskers.

Remus was brought to the Reverend Mr. Smythe, United States Minister to Liberia, when about six weeks old, and was brought up in the family of that gentleman with almost the same care a child would receive. When Mr. Smythe returned to this country he brought Remus with him, taking him in the cabin with his family, and paying half fare for him as if he was a child, and it must be said to his credit that few children could have behaved better.

Arrived here, Mr. Smythe presented him to the Central Park—a valuable gift, for the little fellow is valued at between two and three thousand dollars. A special cage was built for him, and he soon became devoted to his keeper, Mr. Cook, who has taught him to sit in an arm-

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REMUS AT HOME.

chair at a small table, eat his warm milk with a spoon, wipe his mouth with a napkin, and to behave himself in a grave and decorous manner, which is amusing in the extreme.

Remus is a playful little fellow, and he has no lack of toys. Mr. Cook has a theory that his mind requires active employment, that he may not suffer from melancholy, which seems to have been one of the great causes of the loss of several of his family who have been brought to this country. For a time a bell was his especial delight. Dolls, croquet balls, rattles, hand-mirrors, and a small flag have furnished the little fellow with amusement for days, and a flying trapeze in his apartment is a never-failing source of pleasure.

When I visited him he was just about to have his dinner, and he was watching with evident interest the preparation of some rice and milk. As the keeper approached the cage with it he swung himself across his table, and seated himself gravely in his chair. The pan being placed before him, he took the spoon in his right hand, and his napkin in his left, and after stirring the mixture a few times he proceeded to eat it, wiping his mouth from time to time with his napkin, and pausing to watch the spectators.

Having finished his dinner, which was eaten with a dignity and grace which would do credit to a man, he walked over to his keeper and extended his hands to be wiped. Then he submitted quietly to the ordeal of having his hair and whiskers combed. Then came the most comical part of the performance.

Remus has been suffering from a slight cough, and Mr. Cook has prepared an onion syrup, which seems to be breaking it up in a manner which is satisfactory to all except Remus. He evidently does not like the onion syrup, and makes unmistakable signs of disapproval while he watches Mr. Cook getting it. When it is brought into his cage, however, he opens his rather large mouth and takes it quietly enough, though his expression is of intense disgust, and he eagerly seizes a piece of orange to take the taste out of his mouth.

It would be impossible to describe all the funny ways and child-like actions Remus will display in a single hour. One of his quaintest tricks is when he goes to bed. He gets his blanket, and after spreading it out, carefully rolls himself up in it, and laying his head upon his arm, goes to sleep. The attitude and manner are so like those of a tired child that it is hard to realize he is only a monkey.

If Remus can be safely carried through this winter, the greatest danger will be passed. Consumption and melancholia, which seem to be the two complaints most fatal to all species of monkeys in this country, he has so far escaped. He eats regularly good, wholesome food, sleeps well, and so far seems to be in the best of health and spirits. With his active brain constantly occupied by a variety of amusements, and carefully guarded from cold, there seems to be no reason why he should not live many years to delight visitors to the Park with his strangely human appearance and gravely affectionate manners.

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GRAND CHRISTMAS MEET OF THE "YOUNG PEOPLE HUNT CLUB."

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## THE LAKE-DWELLERS.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

MANY years ago the people of Europe were obliged to build their houses and villages in the middle of lakes and ponds, or in some place surrounded by water. In this way they protected themselves against the wild beasts that filled the woods around them, and from the savage men who were more cruel than the wild beasts.

It is probable that at this time England, France, and Germany were nearly covered with forests, through which monstrous animals wandered. Great bears, wolves, and possibly the immense mammoth, drove men and women before them. They took refuge in the lakes and ponds of water. They built their towns on piles or stakes driven into the bottom of the lake.

All over Europe the remains of these singular retreats are found, but the most remarkable are in Switzerland. Here, when the waters of the lakes are low, great numbers of these villages may be traced. The piles on which they were built are still there; sometimes even remains of the houses are found. The people who lived in them were of small size, apparently. They used stone axes or hatchets, and fought with arrows pointed with flint. It is no wonder that they fled from the wild beasts of the forests.

These lacustrine villages, as they are called, can not have been very comfortable. The piles or stakes on which they rested were cut in the woods near by, and then dragged to the water-side, where they were driven into the deep mud and fastened together. A floor of logs was laid upon them. It seems to have been covered over with brush-wood, leaves, and grass. The houses were built above, probably wooden huts, scarcely sheltered from the wind and rain.

The people who lived in them knew how to weave a coarse linen or woollen cloth, but usually must have been clothed in skins. Rude ornaments of different kinds—rings, chains of copper or bronze, weapons, stone knives, beads, hammers of stone—are found. Fire was evidently used, and the bones of the ox, hog, and goat are proofs that the lacustrine people were not vegetarians. But it is easy to imagine how uncomfortable were their dwellings. The floor of brush-wood must always have been damp and unhealthy; the chill winds of the Swiss and German lakes pierced through the walls of the huts; sometimes floods overwhelmed them; sometimes a stealthy enemy broke into their defenses and burned the whole village as if it were a nest of venomous insects. The ashes of many of these towns are found at the bottom of the lakes, showing that they were destroyed by fire. They were usually joined to the shore by a bridge of stakes, over which an enemy could pass.

Many of these towns are found in the lakes and ponds of Ireland and Scotland. Here they are called "crannoges." They seem to have been less carefully built than those of Switzerland, but they still show that the people who planned them must have labored hard to provide themselves with a safe home. They had canoes hollowed from trunks of trees, on which they carried their piles out into the lake. They cut down oak-trees of considerable size with their hatchets of stone or bronze. In one "crannoge" recently discovered in Scotland more than three thousand trees, some of great size, had been cut down and used in building one of these villages in the midst of a lake.

We who live in safe and pleasant cities or country homes can scarcely believe that people could exist in these wild retreats in the midst of the waters. Yet it seems that they were inhabited by a large population even in Scotland. Here men, women, and children lived and died, sometimes perhaps as happily as if they had lived in New York or Boston. They caught fish from their house doors. The children swam in the waters. They sometimes cultivated grain on the land, and sometimes lived like squirrels on the nuts of the forest.

Men have not even yet given up these lake-dwellings. The savages in South America, Africa, New Guinea, and Borneo still build them. But they are said to be not so skillful as were the builders on the Swiss lakes.

## "CHRISTMAS CASTLE."

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

IT was on the 19th of December that Mr. and Mrs. Lockby started on the trip that would keep them away from home a week or more. Only important business could have induced them to leave the children alone at such a season; but from Ashton, who was already in his teens, down to Bess, just turned eight, not one of the four uttered a murmur, although it was well understood that the expenses of the journey would swallow up the sum that had been set aside for Christmas gifts.

"It 'll be 'present' enough for all of us," Helen said, "when you come back and tell us that we needn't remember about the mortgage any more."

"But it seems too bad," returned her mother, "that we should have to leave you this week of all weeks in the year. I do wish some of our relatives lived near enough to come and stay with you till we get back."

Ashton, coming in to announce that the sleigh was ready, overheard the last sentence, and kept thinking about it a good deal during his solitary drive home from the station. The sleighing was splendid, and as he swerved to one side to allow a party of shouting coasters to go scudding by him down the hill, an idea popped into his inventive brain which caused him to smile to himself.

"I'll talk it over with Helen right off," he resolved.

Therefore, as soon as the horses were "put up," he hurried in to electrify his elder sister with the remark, "Helen, I'm going to open a hotel."

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed.

"Well, almost exactly what I say. Now listen a minute. Every year people come to the country in the hot weather, and always see it the same; so I think that they'd like to have the chance to see it once when it's different. I don't mean to have regular grown-up boarders, but boys and girls. Poor things! they can't have much fun winters in the city, with no coasting, and but precious little sleighing. Now this house is a queer-looking old place, anyway, so I move we call it "Christmas Castle," and advertise it under that name as a holiday resort for city children, with coasting, fort-building, and skating as the attractions, instead of swimming, boating, and croquet. Come, now, Helen, say 'yes.' I must be off by the ten train to put the notice in the papers."

Helen was so used to being guided by her big brother that her few objections were soon urged, and equally soon overruled. Some little time was spent in discussing ways and means, and then Ashton proceeded to prepare his advertisement. When completed it read:

"Ho for Christmas Castle! Try the country air in winter. Plenty of snow, fine coasting, fort-building, and skating! Just the place to send your boy for a week at five dollars. Only open during the holidays. Address A. F. Lockby, Bannerburgh."

"How'll that do?" he asked, drawing a long breath.

"Very nicely," answered Helen. "Now as you go to town don't forget to stop at the store and order some syrup, flour, and things sent up. I'll give you a list."

That night Ashton returned home in a thrilling state of expectation, for he had arranged to have his announcement appear for two days in three of the city papers.

The next morning he and Johnny came in from the barn carrying a board between them, on which, in very crooked green letters, appeared the words,

"CHRISTMAS CASTLE."

This was hung up over the front door, and at that distance really had an artistic look.

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The proprietors of the "Castle" had nothing to do now but wait patiently. They did so for two or three days. Christmas came nearer and nearer, when, on the afternoon of the day before, the sound of bells came over the snow, and then suddenly ceased, proclaiming that the sleigh to which they belonged must have stopped at the farm-house.

Ashton flung open the door, and there were three boys from the city in Farmer Crane's sleigh.

"Yes, this is it," the biggest one was saying, as he pointed to the sign over the door. "How jolly! And now, what do we owe you, Mr. Driver?" he added, taking out a fat pocket-book.

The other two meanwhile were pitching satchels, umbrellas, and skate bags out into the snow, to flounder in after them in rubber-booted recklessness. Johnny, who had rushed upstairs to bring down the blank-book he had provided as a register, now appeared with it under his arm, and as soon as the young strangers recovered from their amazement at finding the "hotel-keeper" not much older than themselves, they were invited to write their names.

Then the boy of the fat purse picked up the pen and dashed off, "Earl Clark, Jun.," as he explained rapidly: "These other two chaps are my cousins George and Ted Richings. I came all the way from Baltimore to spend Christmas with them; but their sisters were taken down with the measles yesterday. Somebody told about this castle of yours, so we were sent up here to have our fun. And now about rooms?"

The new-comers were shown to the apartments prepared for them, and the afternoon and evening passed merrily away. Helen quite forgot her responsibilities, and was only awakened to a recollection of them just before bed-time by a sharp "Hist!" from Mirah in the doorway.

She went out, and did not re-appear until after Johnny, Bess, and the three boarders had gone up to bed. Ashton was standing in front of the fire waiting for her, and he noticed that she had a "queerish look" on her face.

"Well," she began, dropping into a chair, "the things from the store haven't come; there's no syrup for the buckwheat cakes, not a bit of bread in the house, only half a tea-cupful of coffee, and what we're going to do for breakfast I don't know."

"What!" exclaimed Ashton; then added, in a different tone, as he pulled a crumpled piece of paper out of his pocket: "Oh, Helen, I forgot all about ordering the things. But why on earth didn't you speak about it before? I'll go down to the store now," starting toward the hall for his coat.

"You can't," cried Helen. "Walk half a mile and back such a night as this?" Then, seeming to feel certain that a practical illustration of the state of the weather would be of more avail than mere words, she threw open the front door, when instantly such a gust of wind and whirling snow swept into the hall as almost took the two off their feet.

Ashton smiled rather bitterly, for was it not his own fault that the provisions had become reduced to their present dimensions? And then they both went up to bed, with never a thought of Santa Claus or Christmas-eve.

The next morning Johnny was the first to discover something that caused every inmate of the "Castle" to forget for a while that they had entered upon the greatest holiday of the year. He had risen long before it was light in order to be ready to conduct the "boarders" to the famous coasting hill before breakfast, but in about two minutes after he had gone down-stairs he came tearing back, with the panting announcement: "Oh, Ashton, I can't get out! The snow's piled 'way up the sides of the house, higher'n the window-sills, and it's snowing yet."

A careful inspection of all means of exit only served to confirm Johnny's statement. And now the boarders came scampering down-stairs, all ready for their breakfast.

Helen and Bess had also made their appearance, and the faint light that began to struggle in through the snow-banked windows of the sitting-room revealed a variety of expressions as Ashton mounted a chair and made the following proclamation:

"Friends and fellow-dwellers in Christmas Castle, you know that most of the castles of the olden time had to stand sieges, and now so does ours. The fires have gone out, there's not a match in the house to light them with, and we can't go borrow one from our neighbors, because we're snowed in. But we needn't quite starve, if we do have to give up our hot coffee and cakes, for there's plenty of apples in the cellar, and some dried beef in the pantry."

The three boarders bore up under this intelligence remarkably well; indeed, they appeared to be rather rejoiced than otherwise at the prospect of having a "real adventure" befall them.

"Oh, if I only had a pair of snow-shoes!" exclaimed Earl, as they arose from their cold but merry breakfast, "I'd soon bring back some matches, and then we'd be 'snug as bugs in a rug.' But I know what I *can* have;" and, catching up a cane-bottomed chair, Earl began hacking away at the seat with his knife.

"I hope you'll excuse the liberty," he added, after a minute, turning to the Lockbys, who were staring at him in astonishment. "I'm going to try and make a pair of snow-shoes."

However, it soon became evident that something stronger than a pocket-knife would be required to sever the chair seat from the legs, if it was to be accomplished before the snow melted.

"Have you got an axe or a 'little hatchet'?" finally cried Earl, dropping his knife, after barely escaping cutting off his first finger. "Oh, if I only had my tennis rackets!"

"Why, could you walk on them?" Ted wanted to know.

"I don't see why I couldn't," replied Earl. "They look ever so much like snow-shoes. Are you sure you haven't any in the house?"

This last eager query was addressed to Helen, who had just come in from the kitchen.

"Why, yes; I have one I got last summer when I was away at the sea-shore," was the unexpected reply.

"Pshaw! it's more provoking to have one than none."

At this moment Ashton returned with a hatchet, and with a few vigorous blows the chair seat was freed of back and legs, ready to be transformed into its new character. Bess then appeared with the racket, which Earl proceeded to bind to his right foot by means of a stout cord provided by Johnny. Ashton and George were already lashing the chair bottom to his left shoe.

Helen meanwhile had brought the clothes-line, which, in spite of his laughing remonstrances, she fastened around Earl's waist.

"Now if we see you begin to sink," she said, "we can pull you in."

"I feel like a duck with a wooden leg," remarked the hero of the occasion, as he was lifted up to the window-sill, whence the start was to be made.

"Now you're off!" exclaimed Ashton, keeping a tight hold on the "safety-rope."

Earl struck out bravely, but, alas! the corner of his cane seat tripped him up at the second step, and he landed face downward in the snow.

"Oh, hurry! quick! drag him in!" cried Helen; and the whole party at once laid hold of the clothes-line.

"O-h-h! oh! don't pull the breath out of me!" panted Earl, as he came spluttering in at the window. Then he joined the rest in their laugh, and confessed that home-made snow-shoes, with a Southerner to wear them, were not a success. "But doesn't anybody ever drive past here?" he added.

"There's some one coming now," screamed Johnny. "I believe it's old Santa Claus himself."

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"'O-H-H! OH! DON'T PULL THE BREATH OUT OF ME!' PANTED EARL."

The driver of the approaching sleigh was certainly very like the guardian saint of the season, with his long gray beard, fur cap and coat, and the great heap of bundles that almost covered up the small boy by his side.

"Yes, it must be," went on Johnny, his eyes growing rounder and rounder. "What shall we—" But at that instant there came a joyful shout from Ted Richings.

"It's Uncle Fritz! it's Uncle Fritz!" he cried, clapping his hands in great excitement.

George was almost equally enthusiastic, and what with trying to understand how their uncle came to be there, when they had imagined him in Germany, and endeavoring to explain their predicament, all at one and the same time, the two nephews made such a Babel of it that the mystery bade fair to become more mysterious still.

But at the first pause Ashton broke in with: "If you please, sir, have you got a match? We're snowed—"

However, he did not wait to finish his sentence, for the Christmas stranger had handed him over half a dozen, with which welcome holiday gifts he hurried off to Mirah in the kitchen. Johnny then helped him start the sitting-room fire, and by that time Uncle Fritz had found opportunity to announce that he had come all the way from Europe expressly to give a Christmas surprise to his favorite nephews, and on being told in town that they had gone to Christmas Castle, had declared that that was just the place for such an "old young boy" as himself.

"So here I am," he concluded, adding, with a twinkle of his merry eyes, "and if it won't be too much trouble, will you boys and girls just take these bundles as I pass them in?"

When he had handed them all out but one, Uncle Fritz presented that to the small boy, and bidding him drive home stepped in through the window himself.

His presence in the "Castle" appeared to act like magic. The fires crackled and burned their brightest, then the sun burst from behind the clouds and set to work to put a stop to the "siege," the odor of coffee began to float in from the kitchen, and, best of all, Mirah found some syrup in a far corner of the highest shelf in the pantry. And while the cakes were baking, Uncle Fritz distributed his packages right and left.

"Plenty for all, plenty for all," he cried, as he tossed the bundles about. "You see, I knew I was coming to Christmas Castle, where there was sure to be lots of young folks. But oh, by all my reindeers, I haven't made my compliments to the landlord yet."

"Why, yes, you have!" exclaimed George and Ted in chorus, and then, when the facts of the case were made plain to him, how Uncle Fritz did laugh and rub his hands together, to be sure!

And now the second Christmas breakfast was brought in (and this time a royal hot one), and after that had been disposed of it was possible to force a way through the drifts to the barn, and, before night, coasting, fort-building, skating, and a straw-ride all had their turns.

And Uncle Fritz kept growing jollier and jollier, until everybody felt that he must laugh if he so much as looked at him.

So the Christmas that had dawned so dismally was transformed into the merriest of many, and that night Johnny enthusiastically tacked up over Uncle Fritz's door the words "Christmas King."

He went away the next morning, taking the three city boys with him, and the Lockbys never saw any of the four again. The bill for the whole party came to five dollars, and as the mortgage affair had been satisfactorily arranged, Ashton was told he might keep the gold eagle Uncle Fritz gave him as a souvenir of his first and last attempt at managing a "Christmas Castle."

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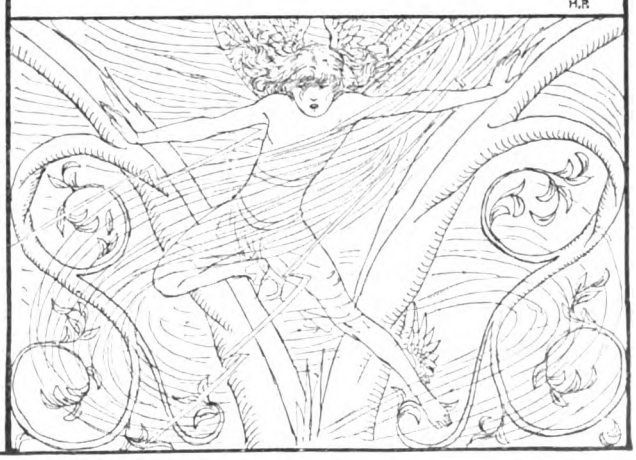

# Play & Earnest:

Over dewy hill and lea
Merrily
Rushed a mad-cap breeze at play;
And the daisies, like the bright
Stars at night,
Danced and twinkled in its way.

Now, a tree called to the breeze:
"Little breeze,
Will you come and have a play?"
And the wind upon its way
Stopped to play.
Then the leaves, with sudden shiver,
Sudden quiver,
Met the light
Mad-cap breeze
With delight.

Presently the breeze grew stronger,
For it cared to play no longer.
So it flung the limbs about,
And it tossed the leaves in rout,
Till it roared, as though with thunder.
Then the poor tree groaned and bent,
And the breeze,—a tempest,—rent
Leaves and branches from its crown;
Till, at last, it flung it down,
Stripped, and bare, and torn asunder.

H.P.



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WHAT should we do, dear children, if the kind mothers did not come to our aid so promptly and charmingly? I am sure you all join in thanks to the writer of the letter which now appears.

NACOGDOCHES, TEXAS.

My little girl besieges me to tell the other little girls of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE how to make a few presents acceptable to either a dear old grandmother, mamma, or the much-loved aunties. It is far easier to please those blessed three than other folks; isn't it, dear Lady Postmistress? So be very sure, girlies, that even a small bit of your own handiwork is much more to the ones who love you than anything your store of pocket-money could buy, for will not each little stitch and bow, or even first attempt at embroidery and hand-painted decoration, betoken to the recipient the loving efforts of the dear little woman who sought thus to please?

Then let us "to work." What shall it be that is useful, pretty, and acceptable? Well, girls, try first a ready-threaded needle-case. Take half a yard of ribbon, any pretty color, about two inches wide, or wider if preferred—a strip of silk with the edges neatly turned in will do if already on hand, for it is an art of itself, girlies, to use what is nearest; line the silk with a strip, doubled but slightly narrower, of white or light-colored merino or flannel; after basting the edges together smoothly, brier or feather stitch all around on the flannel side, taking care the stitches shall not be too visible on the outside of the ribbon. Make one end of the ribbon pointed. All done, so far? Well, you may now decorate the outside—which of course is your ribbon or silk—with the initials or monogram of the happy one who is to own it, or you may add a row of the feather stitches in shaded green embroidery silk, and put little dots of scarlet or pink silk on every other one of the green-shaded vine of stitches just made. But wait, girls; forgive me: I really think if I were doing this, I would decorate my ribbon first of all. When completed—merino lining, etc., —to this point, the ends neatly finished off, one pointed and the other square, stitch on the pointed end a narrow ribbon about ten inches long, to tie the needle-case when rolled up. Next beg or buy all sorts of the sizes of needles most in use, say from five to ten, and proceed to thread them; double each thread, and tie a knot at the ends, taking care to have the needleful, when complete, a little shorter than your needle-case. About eight or nine needles to one case, and all the colors of thread or silk you can think of most likely to be needed in a hurry, to sew a missing button on gloves or dress, or mend a suddenly discovered rent just as one is about to leave the house or start off on a journey, when, by-the-way, this little case is very useful. Proceed to run in and out the threaded needles in the flannel lining, in long parallel lines, regular and close together. Stitches not too short this time, girls. All is done, and as we inspect the shining rows of needles, with their lines, "like black spirits and white, brown spirits and gray," for ready use, in waiting, the pretty scarlet, blue, or bronze outer cover shining with its silken vine, or daintily hand-painted by the little maker's elder sister, who, indeed, would not wish to be the owner of so lovely and useful a gift?

I find I have taken so much space already I can only add suggestions of crocheted fishing-cord bags for school-books or skates, and smaller-sized ones, satin-lined, for mamma's work when she goes to a favorite neighbor's for an afternoon. Bedroom slippers of zephyr, crocheted, with the cork soles, are inexpensive, easy to make, and combine use with dainty looks. Lastly, the many articles for ornamental use that come now ready stamped on linen, to be etched with the needle in fast-colored threads, are so quickly done, and highly prized when received, that I hope many a little lady will surprise her mamma with a set of napkins for dessert or mats for the bureau (so easily laundried, too), all neatly done in outline stitch, with the favorite Kate Greenaway designs, or even an initial in one corner. With the hope that my borrowed ideas are not "too late" to be of service, and the wish that all the girlies of HARPER'S happy family of young people may be successful in their handiwork for Christmas, I am their loving friend, as well as yours, dear Postmistress,

BELLE'S MAMMA.

I wish that all the girls who avail themselves of these and other useful hints in the Post-office Box would send me their names.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

In No. 260 May E. O. asked how to raise roses from slips. My method is the following: I lay the slip in a bed of sand, mixed with a very little good soil, in a warm, sunny place, cover it with about two inches of the same soil, and keep it damp. In about two months the slip will have small roots, and a few leaves will appear above the ground. Some people lay the slips beside a running stream, and cover them with about two inches of soil. They should always be placed in the ground in a slanting position.

Salt Lake City is in a valley surrounded by mountains. On the west these mountains are islands in the Great Salt Lake, which formerly covered the entire valley and adjoining ones. It was then called Lake Bonneville. The water-line can be distinctly seen on the sides of the surrounding mountains. Immense numbers of shells are found high up the mountains. In the summer-time thousands of people visit the lake to bathe in its saline water, and many invalids go there in search of health.

I attend Hammond Hall, which is one of the best schools in this city. About two hundred pupils attend regularly, and we are instructed thoroughly in whatever study we undertake. I very much enjoy reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think the Christmas presents suggested in No. 260 are very nice and very easy to make.

Mrs. Lillie's stories are great favorites with my sisters and myself. We are hoping another of her stories will soon be published. We like "Wakulla" very much too. E. L. W.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO.

We have taken your paper ever since the first number, and watch every week for it, and the moment we get hold of it we look at the Post-office Box first. Please print this letter to surprise our papa and mamma. We are each thirteen years old, and we have two brothers and a sister. For pets, we have a canary and a brown and white pony. Your loving friends,

A. V. and M. G.

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DENVER, COLORADO.

I have never written to you before, but I have always thought I would like to, so here goes. I came here only about a month ago, but I like the country very much. I have several pets; one of them is a pony named Fay; she is about three years old, and is very gentle. I have also a few Wyandotte chickens; my rooster is named Mark Antony, and one of the hens is named Cleopatra. Don't you think they must be aristocratic? I live about five miles from the city. Next summer I am going to live on the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains for about six months. Won't that be grand? We have three little calves; they are named George Washington, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson. The son of the gentleman with whom I am boarding sent a pair of young Plymouth Rock chickens to the Colorado Mining and Industrial Exposition, and took the prize. The rooster is named Jupiter, and the hen Juno. F. N. B.

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WEST POINT, MISSISSIPPI.

I have been taking your paper for almost two years, and have written to you several times, but my letters were not published. I stay in my father's store on Saturdays. I have no mother, but have a sister who has been keeping house since she was ten years old. I have two brothers and three sisters. My brothers' names are Bennie and Maurice; my sisters' are Paulina, Miriam, and Bertha. I do not think you have any Jewish correspondents, but I am one. My sister Paulina made three beautiful quilts; they are star, anchor, and block. I am going to give you a full description of her, so if you ever meet her you will know her. She has black hair, brown eyes, and dark complexion; she is very fleshy, weighing about one hundred and forty pounds. She weighs just seventy-seven pounds more than myself. THERESIA K.

A good many Jewish girls and boys are among my young friends. They have reason to be very proud of that grand old man whose hundredth birthday has been honored around the world, Sir Moses Montefiore.

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DES MOINES, IOWA.

I am seven years old, and will tell you of a delightful trip in Colorado with my parents. I think Manitou the nicest place for children; it is such an odd little town, in among the mountains, with houses perched upon the steep sides, and a little stream winding down and crossed by a pretty little rustic bridge. There are a number of mineral springs. We drove up between two mountains, through what is called Williams Cañon. The rocks were so near you could almost touch them from the carriage. We walked up a narrow path almost to the top of the mountain, and went into a large cave—room after room in the rock. All carried candles, while the guide told about its being discovered by some boys who crept into a hole to see where it led to, and found this now famous cave. We also drove to Cheyenne Falls, a wild, grand place, eleven miles from Manitou. The stream makes seven separate falls. We ate our lunch at the base of the mountain. Some of the gentlemen climbed to the top and waved their hats to us; they looked like little boys up there. At Leadville we went down a silver mine; we went down an incline track, on a little rough car, eight hundred feet. We felt as though we were going clear through the world. We visited Denver, Georgetown, and other places. My one pet is a cute little dog named Gip; he is so smart he almost talks. We delight in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and read all the letters in the Post-office Box. BLANCHE H.

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PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for over a month, and I like it ever so much. I like to read the letters of other little friends, and I thought I would write and tell you about the Smoky City. There are a great many rolling-mills and glass-houses here; it would take about a month to visit them all. They are bringing natural gas in, which is doing away with a great deal of smoke. I would like to have some little Western friend write to me and let me know something about the Western country, and I will answer it and tell him about Pittsburgh. I would like to tell you more, but I am afraid my letter is getting too long; so good-by. I am fourteen years old. CHARLIE S. M. WILKINSON,
Thirty-third Street and Liberty Avenue.

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DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I think a great many little girls would like to make dolls' houses, and so I send some directions. First a large pasteboard box is needed, about two feet long and one foot wide. Out of the cover you cut a piece as wide as the box is, and then put it in the middle; this will be two rooms, a bedroom and a parlor. After you have your house fixed so far, you would like to have some windows in it, so you can cut them in at the sides. Then put curtains by the windows to make the house look pretty. Of course you would not like your house empty, so you get some cards or pictures and make furniture out of them. You can hang little pictures upon the walls. Your house will look very nice when it is finished. AMANDA S. (10 years old).

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. Boy's name. 3. Cries aloud. 4. Nevertheless. 5. The cry of an animal. 6. To perch. 7. A letter. JAMES CONNOR.

2.—1. A letter. 2. A pronoun. 3. To revolt. 4. A color. 5. A letter. H. A. H. and C. L. B.

3.—1. A letter. 2. A small animal. 3. Caverns. 4. Gorges. 5. Doctrine. 6. To place. 7. A letter.

4.—1. A letter. 2. To cleave. 3. A lake in the United States. 4. A part of the body. 5. A letter. K. M. JARED.

### No. 2.

TWO SQUARES.

1.—1. A row. 2. Not occupied. 3. A name. 4. Genuine.

2.—1. Proud. 2. A space. 3. The rainbow. 4. A home. JAMES CONNOR.

### No. 3.

TWO RIDDLES.

1.— Read me forward,
Read me backward,
I am the same.
My whole is a familiar
And favorite proper name.
BROTHER AND SISTER.

2.—We travel much, yet prisoners are,
And close confined to boot.
We with the swiftest horse keep pace,
Yet always go on foot. CHALMERS.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 263

No. 1.—Postmarks. Squirrel. Ice. Carpet.

No. 2.—

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | G | | | | B |
| | E | F | F | E | N | D |
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| | | A | | | | A |
| | | L | A | C | T | E |

No. 3.—Apple. Orange. Pear. Plum. Fig.

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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Brother and Sister, Steele Penn, Johnny Mac, Ernest G. Harlow, Horace F. Lunt, Walter W. Waters, Sophia M. B., Robin Dyke, R. B. Sheridan, James Connor, Clarence J. Simpson, Ignacio Vado, Charlie Davis, Margaret Payn, Lulu Wright, Bennie Vance, Jenny Rogers, Amy Ainslie, Agnes Lawrence, Rita Dow, and Elsie Campbell.

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[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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1. Ring a - gain the Christmas bells, Bid them break like o - cean swells, Till the tide of ju - bi - lee Rolls a - long o'er
2. See the host of an - gels bright, Fill - ing all the sky with light, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!" Hark! the song they
3. Earth is sor - row-ful and sad, Je - sus comes to make it glad! Tell it un - til ev - ery-where Thrill the tid - ings
4. Son of Ma - ry, Lord of all, Low - ly ly - ing in the stall, Gift and trib - ute would we bring, Take our hearts, O

land and sea, rolls a - long, rolls a - long, Rolls a - long o'er land and sea, rolls a - long.
chant a - gain, chant a - gain, chant a - gain, Hark! the song they chant a - gain, chant a - gain.
in the air, in the air, in the air, Thrill the tid - ings in the air, in the air.
Sav - iour King, Sav - iour King, Sav - iour King, Take our hearts, O Sav - iour King, Sav-iour King.

*Refrain.*

Glo - ry! glo - ry!

In the high-est glo - ry! Glo - ry! glo - ry! In the high-est glo - ry! Swell the cho - rus!

tell the sto - ry! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry! Swell the cho - rus, tell the sto - ry! Sing ye glo - ry, glo - ry!

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MAKING WATER-MELONS OUT OF SEASON.

## CLEVER PACK-MULES.

I SUPPOSE you have often heard the phrase "stubborn as a mule." My own opinion is that mules are taught to be stubborn by their stupid drivers, who are sometimes very cruel to the poor overworked animals.

Mules often show a good deal of wisdom. For instance, a traveller in Jamaica relates this instance of cleverness in getting rid of too heavy a load on the part of the pack-mules which carry coffee from the plantations to market:

They have to pass through some very narrow paths bordered on one side by sharp rocks. The mules have found out that by rubbing the bag against the sharp rocks they can tear a hole, out of which the coffee-berries run, so that the weight is soon lessened. Some shrewd old fellows have observed that making a hole on one side only destroys the balance of the burden, and so they rub first one side and then the other, the berries spilling out equally.

Ten or a dozen mules walking in single file, with a negro boy riding on the leader in front, have been seen to reach town from the plantation without a berry left in the bags on their backs.

This is certainly very provoking, but it is very clever, too, and looks a great deal like reason on the part of the beasts.

## LOOK SHARP.

CUT out of black paper two small bits in some curious shape, say,

✠ ●

Close one eye tight, and with the other look steadily at a sheet of white paper on which these have been pasted, holding it meanwhile about a foot from your face. The round black spot will be quite visible as well as the cross. But move the paper slowly toward your eye, which you must keep steadily fixed upon the cross, and at a certain point the round spot will disappear. Then as the paper is brought nearer it will come into view again.




A BASKET POKE.

"Hlee! 'f dat hain' a daisy poke! Whar you git dat, Missus?"



CHRISTMAS-EVE IN DREAM-LAND.—"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 267. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1884.
Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"SHE LIFTED HER IN HER ARMS."

## WHAT A CHRISTMAS-BOX BROUGHT.

BY N. I. N.

TWO figures—a boy and a girl—stood looking wistfully into a shop window. It was a stormy day, and they were lightly clothed—the boy without an overcoat, the girl bonnetless, with only a thin shawl pinned around her shoulders. They seemed, however, so absorbed by the contents of the window as to be

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quite unconscious of the weather, and were talking eagerly.

There was, indeed, everything there to delight a child's fancy, and make it seem unlikely that Santa Claus's palace could contain anything more wonderful—great woolly dogs, horses, and tin express wagons, dolls dressed like babies, which not only opened and shut their eyes, but, if you held them in the right position, said Papa and Mamma; on one side a great kitchen, with a doll cook at the table making bread; on the other, a grocery store full of customers, and a grocer just about to sell a Christmas turkey.

But the gaze of these little ones travelled past them all, and lighted on—what do you think?—a great heavy black shawl, which you might have supposed had been put there as a background for all the rest, if it had not had a price-mark, twelve shillings.

"It's no use trying, Polly," said the boy; "we never could make as much money as that by Christmas."

"There are three whole weeks," said the girl; "that will make just half a dollar a week, twenty-five cents apiece. Oh, Jack, don't give it up! Just think how surprised and pleased mother will be!"

"I know it," said Jack, "and that's just the reason I don't want to get my hopes raised for nothing."

"But," said Polly, eagerly, "it is Christmas-time now, and there will be lots of people out to buy, and everybody feels kind and good-natured. Oh dear! I think you might try, Jack."

"I don't see that Christmas makes people much kinder to poor folks," said Jack, rather bitterly; "it's just the same with us all the time, and I am sure nobody wants to buy black pins for Christmas presents. All the same, I want that shawl for mother just as much as you do, Polly, but I like to see my way clear. If I had a shovel now, I could clear away snow."

"The very thing!" cried Polly. "And here we have a snow-storm right away, to begin with. Why, Jack, how did it happen we never thought about it before?"

Jack laughed. "For the very reason we can't think of it now. I haven't any shovel, and it would cost half as much as the shawl is worth to get one."

"But," pursued Polly, nothing daunted, "couldn't you borrow one at some of these great houses, and do the work for half price? I know you could. Oh, Jack, I'm sure we'll get the shawl."

"That's an idea," said the more deliberate Jack. "I never once thought of it. Suppose, Polly, you lend me your broom; it will look as though I had something; and you take my pins, and sell as many as you can."

The arrangement was soon made. Polly was duly instructed as to the price of the pins, and having appointed the shop window for a place of meeting, the two children separated, Polly in the direction of a thoroughfare, Jack to begin his labors in a side street.

Somewhat shamefaced he felt as, selecting the least imposing house, he ascended the door-step and rang the bell. An untidy-looking Irish girl opened the door.

"And have you brought me all the way upstairs to ask that, and the snow falling fast yit?" she answered, indignantly. "It's the likes of yerself that had better be goin' to the basement-way;" and slam went the door into poor Jack's face.

This was sad discouragement. It took Jack several minutes to recover, and at first he felt very much inclined to give it all up; but the thought of Polly's disappointment and his mother's pale, tired face decided him.

"They can't do more than take my head off," he said to himself. "Mother does want a warm shawl so bad. She never does anything but sew, sew at that machine all day long. She said it used to be such a comfort to her to go to church. If I only didn't have to ask them for the shovel, I wouldn't care a bit what they said to me. I guess I'll go in here;" and he stopped in front of a large brick house.

A tiny fair-haired girl was on the sidewalk playing with her nurse and a little shaggy dog. The nurse would throw a snow-ball, and the child and dog ran after it, shouting and barking with glee.

Jack watched the sport for a moment, and then profiting by his former rebuff, stepped down into the area; the dog followed, and began to smell suspiciously at his heels.

"Come here, Flossy," cried the child, imperatively; "what a bad doggy you are! The poor boy is not going to do anything wrong."

"Perhaps Flossy is a better judge than you, Miss May," said the maid. "What do you want?" she continued, turning to Jack.

Jack stammered out his request.

"Humph! and how do we know but that when you've finished the snow, you'll run off with the shovel. A coal boy served me that trick not long ago."

Jack colored and began to protest.

"How can you be so cross, Maggie?" said little May. "Don't you see the poor little boy is cold, and perhaps hungry too." And she went toward Jack.

"You always did have a fancy for beggars," replied her nurse. "What do you suppose your mamma would say? Come, it's time to go into the house."

May stood for a moment looking at Jack, who had turned hastily away, and was walking very fast down the street. Then she broke away suddenly from her nurse's detaining hand and darted after him.

"I don't believe you'd steal at all," she said, breathlessly, as she overtook him; "you look like a good boy, and I like you. I am sorry Maggie scolded; but never mind, she don't mean half she says. I'll have to go back now, for she's calling; but if you'll come some day when mamma is home, she'll give you work. And here"—putting her hand into her coat pocket and bringing out a silver piece; "papa gave it to me last night, and I want you to take it and buy yourself a shovel."

Such a vision of childish loveliness—the little face flushed, the big brown eyes beaming with sympathy, looking out from a frame-work of golden curls! Jack was dazed for a moment, and took mechanically the twenty-five cents she held out to him.

"I don't like to take your money," he said at last; "you will want to use it yourself."

May shook her curly head. "No, I won't: papa will give me more to-night, and—"

Here the calls, "Miss May! Miss May!" grew nearer and nearer, and before the sentence was finished the nurse had reached them, seized the little girl angrily by the hand, and led her away.

Jack watched her until they entered the house, and then turned his attention to the silver piece. It wouldn't buy the coveted shovel, but somehow it seemed to put new heart into him, and that was worth more than the money.

After some deliberation he decided to try his fortune once more, and turned into another street. Presently he reached a small wooden house, and soon struck a bargain with a plump old lady, who stood at the window and watched him all the time. It was pretty hard work, for Jack was a little fellow, and he had to rest a good many times; but at last it was done, and he felt fully rewarded as he handed back the shovel, and received in return a bright silver dime.

Success brings success: the neighboring sidewalk was ready for him at the same price, but it was pitch-dark, and long after the time appointed to meet Polly before he finished. He was almost afraid she had not waited for him; but, yes, there she was, close to the window, looking for him eagerly in the crowd of passers-by. Polly had to take the money in her own hands and count it over sev-

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eral times before she could realize he had earned so much in one day. Very small her earnings seemed—only five cents—to lay beside such a mine of wealth, but she too had had a day's adventure, and this is what she told Jack as they walked along.

Scarcely any one had heeded the little girl's voice. She had become so discouraged as the afternoon wore on that she had almost decided to give up and go home. While she was waiting on the curb-stone for a break in the steady stream of vehicles to cross over, she heard a cry, and turning saw a child standing, as if confused by the crowd, sobbing bitterly. She was without hat or sacque, shivering with cold, her long fair hair streaming in the wind, and except that occasionally a gentleman on his way home from business looked at her curiously, and said, "A lost child," seemed unnoticed by the careless throng.

At length a tall grim-looking lady stopped and asked the cause of her tears.

"My doggy ran out the door," sobbed she, "and I went after him to catch him, but he went too fast, and now he's lost, and I can't find my way home again;" and then followed a fresh flood of tears.

"And where is your home?"

But the child was too frightened and confused to give any idea; she only knew she lived in a house by a park, and nothing more definite could be drawn from her.

"Humph!" said the lady; "some neglected baby given over to the care of nurses! I see nothing for it but to put her in the charge of the nearest policeman."

This seemed to strike the little girl with fresh terror, and she broke out into wild cries of distress: "I am not naughty; I will not go with a policeman;" and darting out into the street, would certainly have been trampled down by the horses if Polly had not caught her.

Polly took off her shawl and wrapped it around the shivering child. She was too tired for questions, so Polly made up her mind to take her home and get her mother's advice as to what it was best to do. She lifted her in her arms, and staggered across the street; but the burden was heavy, and the walk to the tenement-house long, so it was quite dark before she reached there. Mrs. Carr, the children's mother, was a kind-hearted English woman, who had once filled a far different station in life, and she received the little girl tenderly, and bade Polly go out and find Jack that he might give the notice at the different police stations at once.

"I had better see her myself first," said Jack, as they climbed the tenement stair, for it had taken Polly some time to tell the story. "There are always so many lost children, and they will want to know how she looks. Did she tell you her name?"

"She says it is Fleming," answered Polly, "and she is so pretty, with curly hair, and such nice clothes—all white from head to foot. My! I guess her mother must be rich."

Jack opened the door. Their mother met them with a caution to be quiet—the little guest had fallen asleep. They passed into the adjoining room, and there, reposing on an old ragged sofa, Jack saw his little friend of the morning! Mrs. Carr and Polly were at a loss to understand his cry of pleasure, much less May's look of recognition as she slowly opened her eyes.

"It is the snow boy!" she cried, with delight. "You know where I live; and oh, you will take me back again to my own papa and mamma!"

Jack was very tired and hungry, but he did not wait for the bowl of bread and milk which his mother had put on the table for him. Making the necessary explanations as speedily as possible, he rushed down-stairs, and in the direction of Mr. Fleming's house. With very different feelings from those of the morning he ascended this time the broad steps which led to the doorway, and sent word that he had news of the missing child. The household was in great confusion, servants running here and there in excitement, for Mr. Fleming had just come in from a fruitless search.

"Are you sure it is my little daughter?" he asked, anxiously, when he had met Jack. "I can scarcely bear a fresh disappointment."

But Jack's story was very clear. The events of the morning were soon told, and before he was half through, the carriage had been ordered, and Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, with Jack, were on their way for their lost darling.

During the journey Jack was asked many questions, and almost unconsciously to himself had soon divulged the best part of his history, with a full account of his mother's widowhood and exertions for her children, and even something of the morning's conversation and the determination to work for the shawl.

It would be quite impossible to describe the meeting between May and her parents—how Mrs. Fleming held her in her arms as if she would never let her go again, and Mr. Fleming stood guard over them as if he were afraid he might lose them both. Everybody laughed and cried and laughed again, until at last May's mamma wrapped her up in a great fur cloak, and Mr. Fleming prepared to carry her down-stairs.

"I never shall forget this," he said, wringing Jack's hand, as they stood at the carriage door. "You will hear from me very soon."

It was Christmas-eve, and the tea-kettle was singing cheerily in the fire-place of Mrs. Carr's apartments. Jack, in his comfortable suit of clothes, presented a very different appearance from the boy of three weeks ago. Polly was in the act of hanging up her stocking, "just to see how it would seem for once," when there came a loud rap at the door.

Jack opened it quickly, and there stood a man with a great wooden chest, directed to Mrs. Carr. Jack's hammer was soon at work, and it did not take long to get the cover off. Inside, right across the top, there was a large doll for Polly, which opened and shut its eyes like those they had seen in the shop; and then a dress for Mrs. Carr, with a hat and jacket to match. Below were packages of tea, coffee, sugar, provisions enough to last them a month, their mother said; then some story-books again for Polly, and another dress. Bundle after bundle was lifted out, until the bottom was almost reached. But nothing appeared for Jack. He watched each parcel in painful expectancy, and then turned aside with tears in his eyes, too disappointed to speak. At last everything was out. What is this on the very bottom, stuck into a crack of the box, and addressed to Master Jack Carr? He seizes it with avidity, and gives vent to his feelings by a long, low whistle. It is nothing less than a receipted bill for a year's tuition in a large boarding-school near the city, with a written agreement by which Mr. Fleming has bound himself to meet all the expenses of the boy's education and support until he shall be of full age to do for himself. "All this to be done"—so reads the paper—"in remembrance of services rendered him and his family which no money can ever repay."

It would be hard to tell which was the happiest of the little family that Christmas morning as they walked to church. Mrs. Carr wore the black shawl wrapped tight around her, which the children had presented in due form, with the full history of its purchase. Polly was resplendent in new hat and jacket, while Jack walked beside them, towering in the proud consciousness that his would soon be the full dress of a school uniform. Three thankful hearts joined that morning in the praises; and the "Peace on earth, good-will toward men," had a new and glorious significance to Polly and Jack.

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## "SETTING TRAPS."

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THE boys had been talking of setting traps,
For they were a parcel of country chaps,
Who knew about managing guns and snares
So that none of them ever went off unawares,
Except to the terror of rabbits and bears.

They were always asking for ropes and strings
To make their nooses and nets and springs,
And other nuisances, that were traps
To human beings, and caused mishaps
That made their courage awhile collapse.

Now Fred was rather too young to go
With his elder brothers across the snow
In search of the game; but what they said
Made a wise little project enter the head
Of this queer little, dear little sportsman, Fred.

Ah, many a time he had grieved because
He had no acquaintance with Santa Claus.
He wanted to hug him and to sit in his lap;
And so he determined to set a trap
To catch, if he could, the clever old chap.

'Twas done on the sly. On Christmas morn,
At an early hour, Fred blew the horn
That aroused the house; and clatter-te-bang!
Right out of bed the other boys sprung,
And into the room where the stockings hung.

There were games and candies, and books and toys,
And useful things for these Western boys,
Who failed to notice—so glad were they—
The monstrous trap that stood in their way,
By the chimney-corner, on Christmas-day,

Till all of a sudden Jake turned his eyes
In that direction, and with surprise
Exclaimed: "Who did it? who left it there?
A greedy fellow to set a snare
In hopes of getting the lion's share!"

Then Fred climbed into his mother's lap,
And whispered softly, "I set the trap."
A little sob and a little pause,
"I—put—it—down—there—myself—because
*I wanted to catch old Santa Claus!*"

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## TOM FAIRWEATHER AT ST. PAUL DE LOANDA.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U.S.N.

TOM began his experiences on the west coast of Africa when the *Neptune* steamed into the harbor of St. Paul de Loanda. There is a *lower* town built on the shore of the bay, and a *high* town on the more elevated ground farther back and inland. In front of the bay is a long, low, narrow spit of pure sand, which forms a natural breakwater for the harbor. Long ago large ships used to float in this harbor, but the sand spit has gradually increased and spread, until now vessels are obliged to anchor a couple of miles to the northward of the town.

St. Paul de Loanda is in the province of Angola, and was founded by Paulo Diaz, who in 1575 took possession in the name of the King of Portugal.

There are forts and batteries, churches and chapels, public and private buildings, but nowadays Loanda is not the wealthy city it was in the days of the slave-trade, when it was the chief shipping port for slaves to the Brazils, and when as many as twelve or fifteen vessels could be seen at a time taking in their black cargoes.

However, matters are rapidly improving, for there are now lines of steamers from Liverpool and Lisbon and numbers of sailing vessels engaged in carrying away the produce of the country.

Tom took his first run on shore alone; that is, he had an English-speaking black man to accompany him, and interpret when necessary.

Strolling about, he found himself in a "quitanda," or native market. The sellers were nearly all women; four sticks stuck in the ground, with a few papyrus mats, made a little hut in which presided a fat and lazy negress. Spread about upon the ground were pieces of cotton, bright-colored handkerchiefs, baskets with balls of cotton, beads, knives, plates, empty bottles, and a lot of other goods. Resting against the trunks of trees were long rolls of native tobacco, plaited like rope, and wound round a stick. A few inches of this tobacco were sold for a copper coin, and it was measured by a piece of stick hanging round the neck of the proprietor. A good trade was going on in pipes, as the native men and women smoke all they can afford.

When business slacked a little the traders lay down at full length in the hot sand and gossiped with their friends.

At another place in the market delicacies were served to tempt the African palate—wooden dishes full of small pieces of vile-looking pork; pots of beans cooked in palm oil sold at so much a spoonful, to be eaten on the spot; and many other nasty-looking messes, covered with flies and blue-bottles. Tom noticed something in gourds, which they called "garapa"—in English, corn-beer—and then as he turned to look at some fruit and vegetables he nearly fell over a swarm of children, dogs, and pigs, all rolling about together in the sand and rubbish. This so much disgusted him that he turned away toward the beach, and ran upon a fish-market. He was interested for a few moments in watching a process of roasting fish by holding them in a cleft stick before a fire, but the general filth and unpleasant odors that assailed him on all sides made him turn to his guide with a request to be taken to the higher town. He had gone but a short distance when two "machila" men came forward and suggested that he should ride up. The "machila" is a flat frame of wood and cane work with an arm at one side, and a low back provided with a cushion. The frame is hung by cords to hooks on a palm pole about fifteen feet long.

Tom found it a very comfortable though rather lazy contrivance. It had curtains which could be drawn all round and completely hide him. His guide told him that it was much used by Portuguese ladies in going to church and paying visits, for they do not like to walk, and as they do not wish to be seen when going out, they always pull the curtains around them. A Portuguese officer very ungallantly said afterward that the reason his countrywomen did not like to be seen was that they were so ugly.

The *high* town was much more pleasant, the air was fresher, the streets were cleaner, and there was not so much dirt and squalor as in the vicinity of the beach. A military band was playing in a square, and Tom naturally drifted in that direction. The band played very well, and there were many people lolling about; but what especially attracted our young friend's notice was a pelican, apparently tame, that was promenading about with great gravity, as though he too enjoyed the music. Occasionally he would stop as some passer-by would stroke his head or the soft pouch under his long bill. This pelican was quite a feature of the town. He was fed daily with a ration of fresh fish at the Governor's palace, after which he would fly over to the island forming the harbor, take a bath, and after pluming himself for a while at the water's edge, return to the upper town.

It happened that the next day Tom saw him on his flight to the bath.

Master Tom enjoyed himself that afternoon, but when he started out the next day with Dr. Goodfellow, the surgeon of the *Neptune*, he knew that he would learn more of Angola than he possibly could in a trip by himself. Dr. Goodfellow always liked to learn about the birds and animals of every place he visited; he proposed to make a little excursion inland, and he offered to take Tom with him.



NATIVE BOY PRAYING TO FETICH IMAGE.

They were not to depend upon a native guide, but were to be accompanied by Senhor Audrade, a merchant of Loanda, and instead of walking, they were to be carried in hammocks by a party of natives. The native name of the hammock is "tipoia," and it is a common travelling apparatus in Angola when long journeys are to be made. It is by no means as comfortable as the "machila," as Tom and Dr. Goodfellow soon found, as, swinging from a pole, they were trotted along by their black carriers.

In about an hour they arrived at the dry bed of a small

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stream, where a rest was taken. The natives all rushed to this sandy bed, and scooping out holes with their hands, plunged in their faces, which soon came up dripping.

Said Mr. Audrade: "I suppose if you two had come alone thus far, and had been thirsty, you would have been disappointed at finding no water. You will observe that the natives know better. It is a peculiarity of many of these streams that although apparently dry, a few inches below the surface there is cool and delicious water. The trees and bushes on the banks are green and flourishing, which would not be the case if there was no moisture."

After the natives had quenched their thirst, Dr. Goodfellow and Tom went a little farther up, and made holes for themselves. They found the water to be excellent.

Among the many beautiful birds they saw on their way was one called by the natives the "plantain-eater," from its love for that fruit.

"That bird," remarked Mr. Audrade, "has a peculiarly loud and hoarse cry. The natives say it is a sorcerer, and warns them of danger. If one of these birds should perch on a hut or on a tree in a village, it is thought such a bad omen that the inhabitants remove to another place. The bird is a 'fetich' bird."

Said Tom, "I don't think I quite understand about this 'fetich' business."

"No wonder," was the reply: "very few do. You see, the natives believe only in witchcraft. Everything bad that happens is in their opinion brought about by witchery or fetich. In such cases they consult a 'fetich man,' who lays the blame upon some unfortunate wretch, who is sacrificed by being killed or sold into slavery. Oftentimes the man's whole family is forced to undergo the same punishment. At other times the accused is made to drink 'casca,' which is a preparation of poisonous bark. If it does not kill him, he is declared innocent. The fetich man, if paid enough, will make the 'casca' so weak as not to produce fatal results.

"In almost every native town there is a 'fetich-house,' under the care of a 'fetich man.' He prepares charms against sickness and misfortune, with which every man, woman, and child is provided; and it is quite remarkable that while the art of reading and writing has been in some cases handed down from father to son since the time of the first missionaries, and although many of the customs taught by those good men are still retained, the belief in 'fetich' never leaves them. Those natives who can write preserve all the paper they find; they make pens of quills, and ink from ground-nuts, and then derive great satisfaction from writing to each other."

Dr. Goodfellow was anxious to talk of animals, and Tom learned by listening that lions, elephants, hyenas, zebras, hippopotami, alligators, monkeys, and many other animals abounded in Angola, but that gorillas were not found south of the Congo River. When speaking of lizards and snakes, Mr. Audrade asked Tom if he would like a chameleon. "I have one in town which you shall take away with you; it will interest you. Wherever you put him, you will find that his color will gradually assume that of his surroundings."

The most interesting insects that were discussed were the white ants, which eat almost everything they encounter. "Why," said Mr. Audrade, "they eat window and door frames away from the inside, and leave nothing but the thickness of the paint. I once left a trunk full of clothes at Loanda. When I went to it a month afterward it seemed all right, but on opening it I found it to be a mere shell, with a handful of dust only at the bottom. These ants are quite wonderful; they will bore through a wall exactly behind anything placed against it on the inside."

When, after two hours of swinging and bouncing, the party arrived at a native village, Tom was very glad to get on his feet and walk about.

Here were natives in very scanty dress, and dirty naked children lying about in the sun, fast asleep, and quite undisturbed by the swarms of flies that covered them.

Tom was shown the fetich house and many fetich images and charms, and the grave-yard, where a stick in the mound indicated the grave of a man, and a basket that of a woman. The graves of the dead chiefs were raised higher than the rest, and were ornamented on top with broken glass and crockery and various fetich figures.

There is a singular method of burial adopted by some tribes when a king or a king's wife dies. A shallow pit is dug in the floor of the hut, in which the body is placed. This is covered by a thin layer of earth, and then fires are lighted and kept burning for a month, the hot ashes being constantly spread over the grave.

At the end of this time the dried body is taken out and placed on an open frame-work of sticks, and fires kept burning under it until it is thoroughly smoke-dried. Women and children keep up a constant howling in the hut where this operation is going on, until the body is taken down, and wrapped in cloth, stuck upright in a corner, where it remains for two years before being buried. When that time arrives, all the relatives of the deceased are present, and a grand "wake" takes place, which consists in eating, drinking, and dancing.

After an inspection of the village, the hammocks were brought out, and a start made for Loanda. The natives, like horses whose heads are turned homeward, travelled much more rapidly than before. At Loanda Tom stopped for his chameleon, which he carried on board in a box; but in addition to this little animal Mr. Audrade gave him an elephant's tusk curiously carved by a native. This was a beautiful and most valuable "curio." Tom was envied by every one who saw the remarkable carving in ivory.

## WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### A FIRE HUNT, AND MARK'S DISAPPEARANCE.

"WE were fishing for minnows," explained Mark, "and we've caught a whale. Take hold here and help us haul him in."

The men caught hold of the rope, and slowly but surely, in spite of his desperate struggles, the alligator was drawn toward them.

Suddenly he makes a rush at them, and as the line slackens, the men fall over backward in a heap, and their enemy disappears in deep water. He has not got away, though; a pull on the line assures them of that; and again he is drawn up foot by foot until half his body is out on the bank. He is a monster, and Jan, with an uplifted axe, approaches him very carefully.

"Look out, Jan!" shouts Frank.

The warning comes too late. Like lightning the great tail sweeps round, and man and axe are flung ten feet into the bushes.

Luckily no bones are broken, but poor Jan is badly bruised and decidedly shaken up. He does not care to renew the attack, and Frank runs to the house for a rifle. Taking steady aim, while standing at a respectful distance from that mighty tail, he sends a bullet crashing through the flat skull, and the struggle is ended.

That evening was spent in telling and listening to alligator stories, and Frank was the hero of the hour for having so skillfully captured and killed the alligator that had been for a long time the dread of the community.

Besides showing Mark how to catch otter and alliga-

* Begun in No. 252, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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tors, Frank taught him how to kill or capture various other wild animals. Among other things he made plain the mysteries of fire hunting for deer, and this proved a more fascinating sport to Mark than any other.

As explained by Frank, fire hunting is hunting at night, either on foot or horseback, by means of a fire pan. This is an iron cage attached to the end of a light pole. It is filled with blazing light-wood knots, and the pole is carried over the hunter's left shoulder, so that the blaze is directly behind and a little above his head. While he himself is shrouded in darkness, any object getting within the long lane of light cast in front of him is distinctly visible, and in this light the eyes of a wild animal shine like coals of fire. The animal, fascinated by the light, as all wild animals are, and being unable to see the hunter, stands perfectly still, watching the mysterious flames as they approach, until perhaps the first warning he has of danger is the bullet that, driven into his brain between the shining eyes, satisfies his curiosity forever.

When he goes afoot the hunter must take with him an assistant to carry a bag of pine knots to replenish the fire; but on horseback he can carry his own fuel in a sack behind the saddle.

Some fire hunters prefer to carry a powerful bull's-eye lantern strapped in front of their hats; but our boys did not possess any bull's-eyes, and were forced to be content with the more primitive fire pans.

A method similar to this is practiced by the hunters of the North, who go at night in boats or canoes to the edges of ponds to which deer resort to feed upon lily-pads. There this method of hunting is called "jacking" for deer, and the fire pan, or "jack," is fixed in the bow of the boat, while the hunter, rifle in hand, crouches and watches beneath it.

Their first attempt at fire hunting was made by the boys on foot in the woods near the mill; but here they made so much noise in the underbrush that though they "shined" several pairs of eyes, these vanished before a shot could be fired at them. In consequence of this ill luck, they returned home tired and disgusted, and Mark said he didn't think fire hunting was very much fun after all.

Soon after this, however, Frank persuaded him to try it again, and this time they went on horseback. Both the Elmer horses were accustomed to the sound of fire-arms, and warranted, when purchased, to stand perfectly still, even though a gun should be rested between their ears and discharged.

This time, having gone into a more open country, the hunters were successful; and having shot his first deer, and being well smeared with its blood by Frank, Mark came home delighted with the sport and anxious to go on another hunt as soon as possible.

The country to the east of Wakulla being very thinly settled, abounded with game of all descriptions, and especially deer. In it were vast tracts of open timber lands, that were quite free from underbrush, and admirably fitted for hunting. This country was, however, much broken, and contained many dangerous "sink holes."

In speaking of this section, and in describing these "sink holes" to the Elmers one evening, Mr. March had said:

"Sinks, or sink holes, such as the country to the east of this abounds in, are common to all limestone formations. They are sudden and sometimes very deep depressions or breaks in the surface of the ground, caused by the wearing away of the limestone beneath it by under-ground currents of water or rivers. In most of these holes standing water of great depth is found, and sometimes swiftly running water. I know several men who have on their places what they call 'natural wells,' or small deep holes in the ground, at the bottom of which flow streams of water. Many of these sinks are very dangerous, as they open so abruptly that a person might walk into one of them on a dark night before he was aware of its presence. Several people who have mysteriously disappeared in this country are supposed to have lost their lives in that way."

This conversation made a deep impression upon Mark, and when the boys started on horseback, one dark night toward the end of March, with the intention of going on a fire hunt in this very "sink-hole" country, he said to Frank, as they rode along:

"How about those holes in the ground that your father told us about the other night? Isn't it dangerous for us to go among them?"

"Not a bit of danger," answered Frank, "as long as you're on horseback; a horse 'll always steer clear of 'em."

When they reached the hunting ground, and had lighted the pine knots in their fire pans, Frank said:

"There's no use our keeping together; we'll never get anything if we do. I'll follow that star over this way"—and he pointed as he spoke to a bright one in the northeast—"and you go toward that one"—pointing to one a little south of east. "We'll ride for an hour, and then if we haven't had any luck, we'll make the best of our way home. Remember that to get home you must keep the North Star exactly on your right hand, and by going due west you'll be sure to strike the road that runs up and down the river. If either of us fires, the other is to go to him at once, firing signal guns as he goes, and these the other must answer, so as to show where he is."

Mark promised to follow these instructions, and as the two boys separated little did either of them imagine the terrible circumstances under which their next meeting was to take place.

Mark had ridden slowly along for some time, carefully scanning the lane of light ahead of him, without shining a single pair of eyes, and was beginning to feel oppressed by the death-like stillness and solitude surrounding him. Suddenly his light disappeared, his horse reared into the air, almost unseating him, and then dashed madly forward through the darkness.

The fire pan, carelessly made, had given way, its blazing contents had fallen on the horse's back, and wild with pain, he was running away. All this darted through Mark's mind in an instant, but before he had time to think what he should do, the horse, with a snort of terror, stopped as suddenly as he had started—so suddenly as to throw himself back on his haunches, and to send Mark flying through the air over his head.

Thus relieved of his rider, the horse wheeled and bounded away. At the same instant Mark's rifle, which he had held in his hand, fell to the ground, and was discharged with a report that rang loudly through the still night air.

The sound was distinctly heard by Frank, who was less than a mile away, and thinking it a signal from his companion, he rode rapidly in the direction from which it had come. He had not gone far before he heard the rapid galloping of a horse, apparently going in the direction of Wakulla. Although he fired his own rifle repeatedly, he got no response, and he finally concluded that Mark was playing a practical joke, and had ridden home, after firing his gun, without waiting for him. Thus thinking he turned his own horse's head toward home, and an hour later reached the house.

He found Mark's horse standing at the stable door, in a lather of foam, and still saddled and bridled. Then it flashed across him that something had happened to Mark, and, filled with a sickening dread, he hurried into the house and aroused Mr. Elmer.

"Hasn't Mark come home?" he inquired, in a husky voice.

"No, not yet; isn't he with you?" asked Mr. Elmer, in surprise.

"No; and if he isn't here, something dreadful has happened to him, I'm afraid;" and then Frank hurriedly told Mr. Elmer what he knew of the events of the hunt.

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AMUSING THE BABY.

"We must go in search of him at once," said Mr. Elmer, in a trembling voice, "and you must guide us as nearly as possible to the point from which you heard the shot."

Hastily arousing Mr. March and Jan, and telling them to saddle the mules, Mr. Elmer went to his wife and told her that Mark was lost, and that they were going to find him. He then hurried away, mounted Mark's horse, and the party rode off.

Frank knew the country so well that he had no difficulty in guiding them to the spot where he and Mark had separated. From here they followed the star that Frank had pointed out to Mark, and riding abreast, but about a hundred feet apart, they kept up a continual shouting, and occasionally fired a gun, but got no answer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE "COUNTESS NINA."

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

HER mother was so delicate that season that the doctor thought the best thing she could do was to try the Baths; and of course she took little Nina and Victorine with her when she went to them, for Nina was far from well herself, easily tired, and eating hardly so much as a bird eats.

They were Americans, and had been staying in Paris for a while, and little Nina spoke French now with the most enchanting accent on her sweet tongue, and was very often the interpreter for her father and mother, although she was barely seven years old.

Nina was very beautiful, too beautiful, it seemed then, to stay long on earth, with her face wearing a pallor like some fine flowers, its large eyes shining with a gilded brown lustre, and her hair in soft tendrils round her high infantile forehead, but falling loosely, the ends breaking into large curls far below the waist. But, after all, the beauty of the face was its expression, and that no words can picture.

It is no wonder that when the Court came to the Baths, this child, walking in the gardens with Victorine, should attract the attention of the Empress, always on the lookout for something to relieve the etiquette and formalities that bored her almost to death, and that she should command Nina to be brought to her. And so taken captive was the imperial lady by the child's sweet artlessness that she would have her to breakfast with her, and to drive with her, and to take the baths with her, sending special messages of request to Nina's mother, who could not refuse in a land where the request of the Empress was held to be a command. If it had been any one but Nina, you would have said the Empress was fairly infatuated with the child; but being Nina, you would have done the same thing yourself, and so there is nothing to say about it.

Perhaps at first the Empress was as much entertained with the child's exclamations of surprise and amusement and delight when the Court went to the bath as with anything else; for all the fine ladies went in with bathing clothes up to their shoulders, those shoulders never becoming wet; and above the surface of the water, in the great pool where they all floated together, they were a mass of laces and jewels and feathers and rouge and the rest, and it was as strange a sight as picturesque, even although it had a certain lunatic look about it.

"Dear, dear!" said Nina, clasping her little hands. "In my country—in America, you know—this would be such bad taste. One wears jewels there, to be sure; but in the bath—never!"

The Empress laughed.

"I see you do not like it yourself," said Nina, in her confidential way, "for you have fewer jewels on than any of the ladies—only that clasp in your hair. And such hair!" said Nina, lifting a long tress over her fingers, to the consternation of the ladies-in-waiting. "Such hair! It is like the sleeping lady's in the fairy story, that grew and grew till it spread all over her like a coverlid, a golden coverlid."

The Empress laughed again. There was something in this innocent familiarity very pleasant to her to whom every one spoke with bated breath; and as they floated

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NINA WRITES HER LETTER.—Drawn by Jessie Shepherd.

along in the water that upbuoyed them so that they could not sink, she had Nina tell her one fairy story after another out of her endless store.

"Why is it," said Nina, on another day, with her look of baby wisdom, "that you wear fewer jewels and colors so much softer than the others do? Is it because you do not have the jewels to wear? But they all seem to love you so, all your friends here, that I should think they would give you the same things they like to wear themselves."

"You do not seem to know, then, that I am the Empress."

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"What is it to be Empress?" asked Nina, her eyes darkening with the feeling of some mystery afloat.

"In your country, have you no ruler?" asked the Empress of the strange little being beside her.

"Oh no," said Nina, sweetly. "We are all rulers; and we appoint, we choose, some one to do the ruling for us a little while, so that we can do other things."

"Ah, yes. Well, here my husband and I are the rulers, the only rulers, and we are always the rulers. God appointed and chose us. It is our duty. And the reason I wear few jewels is that I can do as I please; and the reason the others wear many is that it is right and proper to do honor to rulers who are God's vicegerents, and to appear before them in state that is consistent with their state —that is, in the utmost splendor possible."

"Then," said Nina, "you are really the ruler of all these people?"

"The ruler of all these people," said the Empress.

"That is all right," said Nina then, contentedly, having settled it in her own mind. "I am a ruler too, you see."

It was the next day that an equerry, a gentleman all gold-lace and stars and plumes, came, requesting Nina's mother to allow her daughter to dine with the Empress.

"Does she not look like an angel?" said the Empress, in an under-tone, as the child came confidently into her presence.

Nina paused, and gazed at her. "You take my breath away," she said. "You are like a great shining spirit."

"And *I* just said *you* were like a *little* spirit," said the Empress. And then Nina took the lady's hand, and bent her sweet mouth and kissed it, and after that dinner was served.

When it was seen that the Empress intended her new favorite should sit beside herself, there was a sensible atmosphere of disapproval.

"Is it so?" she said, in a tongue that Nina did not understand, since it was neither French nor English. "Needs it to be a question of precedence with a child? Very well; we will remedy the thing at once." And she gave a hurried command to a lady who stood behind her chair, and that lady passed it to another, and she to another, and so on; and by-and-by something came back, and a ribbon was placed in the hands of the Empress. "It is my own order," she said, as she took the dark blue band of velvet, where a diamond star glittered, and passed it over Nina's shoulder. "It is yours," she said; "and you are invested henceforth with its dignity, and with the title of Countess Nina, by my imperial pleasure and the assured consent of our lord the Emperor."

And Nina, feeling that something was expected of her —she hardly knew what—folded her little hands, and bowed her pretty head upon them, and said, "Amen."

One day, when the Empress sent for Nina, the child's face was tear-stained and her eyes swollen. "Does sorrow come to you, my little angel?" said the lady.

"I have been so naughty!" said Nina, with the full tears welling over her eyes till they looked like two great jewels themselves. "The maid would not speak to me properly; she would not call me Countess, nor say highness, nor excellency, nor anything, to me. And I—I—"—and she held up her morsel of a hand, and looked at it as if it had been an instrument of murder—"I slapped her. And my mamma says no lady could do such a thing, Countess or not, and that all the stars in heaven could not make a lady of one who so forgets herself."

"And it works with angels as it does with men and women," said the Empress. "Have I sent the apple of discord into another heaven?"

She thought it was certainly so a day or two afterward, when through an opening door came a stir and bustle, and the sound of a wrangle in the anteroom. And what should it be but our little Nina, again disputing precedence with the aged Baroness von Rodenseidlitzberg. "A Countess always goes before a Baroness!" Nina was crying, her eyes flashing, her tiny foot stamping.

"But mine is the elder title, little ladyship," said the old Baroness, whose mind was really too feeble to go alone. "You are the Countess of yesterday, and my grandmothers were Baronesses before the flood."

"It makes no difference," began Nina.

"Besides," said the Baroness, "I am so much the elder."

"It makes no difference again!" cried Nina. "I am a Countess of the Empress's, and it is my right—"

And then she saw the Empress looking at her, and the color swept away from the little excited face, and she ran and threw herself at the feet of her patroness, and hid the face in the folds of her gown. "See, now, Nina," said the Empress by-and-by, "if it has this ill effect, I shall have to take the title and the star away."

"But you can not," said Nina, gravely. She had not an idea that all formalities in the matter had not been concluded. "We have a play at my home, 'King, King, give a thing, and never take it back again.' My father asked me if I knew what it meant, and he said that what a King once gave he never could take back. And you are greater than a King—Victorine says so. You can not take it back; but I—I suppose I must learn."

The next day the Court had gone, and the Countess Nina was bereft of her imperial friend and of all the gorgeous trapping and ceremony that had so taken her eye and her fancy, and the common people went into the bath in common clothes, and went when they chose. It did not take the child long, however, to become used to the old manner of life again.

It was when they were back in Paris, where they hastened to see their own physician, as the strange symptoms of lassitude in Nina increased, that the first doubts as to her title entered the mind of the little Countess, not as to its legality or reality, but as to all titles of nobility as things of right.

She was walking with Victorine, when a dashing officer on his horse came galloping round the corner, knocked over a young girl carrying a hamper, and scattered its contents, the heels of the horse treading her into the pavement, as they bruised her flesh and broke her bones.

"Halt! halt!" cried one, and cried another, as the horseman disappeared without turning his head.

"We will send a gendarme after him," cried Victorine.

"It is of no use," gasped the wounded girl. "It is the Count de Freslin. There is no redress. The judge would not listen to me for a moment."

"And why?" cried Nina, coming into the affair in her busy little way.

"Because he is a Count," exclaimed an old woman, stooping over the girl. "*Scélérat!*"

"Is it, then, criminal to be a Count?" whispered Nina.

"It is the worst of all crimes," answered the old woman, who was a red-republican, with strong views of things. "It is to be born with an advantage over all other men. It is to commit a theft of other men's rights one's life long."

"But if one is born so—" began Nina.

"One can surrender such birthrights," snarled the old woman, still busy with the suffering girl.

"And they have eaten nothing but black bread for a year," said Victorine. "All the money they can earn is wrung from them in taxes, that these titled people may eat off of gold plate. So long as there are nobles, these people, with their immortal souls, will be the dust under their feet. Down with the nobles!"

Nina grew more and more silent day by day. She lay on her sofa listening. She remembered the fuss she had made that her mother had not had a coronet embroidered on her clothes. And she to be one of those people whose horses kill and think nothing of it!

The winter was coming on. The sparkling Christmas

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weather was near at hand, and the Countess Nina was looking forward to happy things, when one day the maid came in in great distress. Her young brother was in hiding; he would be arrested and condemned to the galleys for life on a charge of treason if they could not get him away in a ship about to sail for America, and for that more money was needed than all the family roundabout could raise. Nor had Nina's mother any ready money at that moment, as she was waiting for a draft from home. And what had the young man, Victorine's brother, done that was deserving of such punishment? He had said in public that the common people would be slaves so long as there were nobles with titles overhead to pull them down. And was that all? That was all. That was enough; it had caused him to be suspected, and now the officers of the law would seize the first chance they could find to use against him if they did not invent a charge. Oh, if only he could get away and ship to America! If all the family could go, and not be parted from him!

Victorine talked of nothing else then for days. She was possessed that all the family should go. But if they sold all they had, it was not enough to pay the passage of a quarter of them; and if it were, what could they do when they arrived in a strange land penniless?

Nina was almost as troubled as Victorine, although Victorine went about shaking her head and crying the most of the time. She lay still, thinking a great deal, counting a great deal, and always growing more puzzled. "I can't do it," she said. "Even if I give the children nothing in their sabots, I can't do it. Do you think, mamma, they would give me some money for my hair if you cut it off? They used to praise it so, you know. And I shall not want it long, anyway; and if I do, it grows again. Do you remember the story of the dead lady whose hair grew and filled the coffin with gold? Don't cry so, mamma dear; don't cry, my darling dear: it is all that makes it hard." So beautiful, so transparent, so much like a spirit already, how could her mother do anything else but cry?

But Nina went on brooding; she saw another mother crying for her child, she saw the child toiling in the galleys—and all for what? Lest one word should encourage another, and by-and-by people should rise and put an end to titles. One day Victorine gave her her little writing-desk, and propped her with pillows, and she worked a part of several days; and this letter, in its pretty French and its quaint spelling and its round writing, was the result:

"DEAR EMPRESS, MY FRIEND,—I can not be a Countess any longer. If you can not take back what you gave, yet surely you can undo what you did. Countesses are people whose horses tread on people in the street, and the trodden people may not cry out. Their dogs bite the children, and it is no matter. They make the poor people eat black bread, so that they themselves may eat ortolans off of gold plate. They have a glad time with money that these people earn, who never have time to look up from the earth to the sky. They put into prison and they put to death people who speak their minds about them, for fear it may make the rest see that there had better not be any countesses; Victorine says so. You can not help being an Empress; God made you so; you told me so. But you can help my being a Countess as you can rip a stitch in your embroidery. But I shall always love you just the same. And so I ask you to undo me. But there is another thing I want to say.

"The star, the dear, beautiful star that you gave me, and that is under my pillow. That I need not send back to you, you have so many. But I will sell it—I have thought much about it, and that is best—and the money shall take Victorine and her family to America, where they will always bless you. I could not wear it much longer if I kept it, for I am going where it is all stars and blue night pretty soon. You will be sorry, and my dear mamma will not know what to do, the days will be so long till she comes. When you wore that white velvet cloak and it blew open, and I saw you shine from head to foot in jewels underneath, I thought you looked like a great white angel. It seems strange that I shall be an angel first—a really angel. I shall reach out my hand to you, Empress, when you come up. Perhaps before you come you will leave off being an Empress, as I leave off being a Countess, if you pray to God to do it. You will find it a great deal easier to be good. I do. And just the same in heaven as on earth, I shall be

"Your loving NINA."

The letter, after a little hesitation, was sent through the American embassy, no one there having seen its contents, of course. And on the Christmas-eve when the Empress read it, Victorine, with her brother and her sisters and their mother, and the joyous rest, were safe under the American flag on the high-seas, feeling their life and liberty to be the Christmas gift of Nina, and little Nina herself was up among the stars and the splendors of the dark blue night.

## THE MAGIC LANTERN.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

OUR town is getting to be full of lecturers. Mr. Travers says that they spread all over the country, just like cholera, and that when one lecturer comes to a town, another is liable to break out at any time.

The last lecturer that we had happened a week ago. He was a magic-lantern one, and they are not so bad as other kinds. He had magic-lantern pictures of Europe and Washington and other towns, and he showed them on a big white sheet, and talked about them. I made a lot of magic-lantern pictures when I had my camera, and some of them were real good. The lecturer came to our house to spend the night, and the afternoon before the lecture he went out to walk, and left the door of his room open.

Tom was at my house that afternoon, and as we were going upstairs we saw a tremendous lot of magic-lantern pictures lying piled up on the lecturer's table. Most of the pictures were houses and mountains, but some of them were people, and then there were a lot of real funny ones, such as a man falling over a pig, and a big goat knocking a boy over. Tom and I had a very nice time looking at them, and we were very careful to put them back on the piles just in the same way that the lecturer had put them. Only once in a while Tom would forget just where a picture belonged, and we had to put it in the wrong place. This was what made all the trouble, and if any one was to blame for it, Tom was the one.

We didn't tell the lecturer that we had looked at his pictures, for that might have troubled him, and we ought never to give trouble to people that are older than we are. Tom and I went to the lecture, and so did almost everybody else in town, and when the lecturer began to speak you would have said that he was one of the nicest men you ever saw, he looked so pleased.

The trouble began when, after having showed us a lot of pictures, he said, "The next picture, ladies and gentlemen, is a portrait of her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria." Now it happened that the next picture was a large cat with a dozen kittens, and somebody said, "Haw! haw! is that the Queen?" The lecturer knew he had made a mistake, but he pretended it was all right, and said that the cat belonged to his little girl, and its name was really Queen Victoria.

The next pictures were mostly right, though what the lecturer said would be a picture of a steamboat on the Rhine turned out to be a man on a bicycle, and what he

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"WE COULD HEAR THE PEOPLE LAUGH."

called a view of the battle of Waterloo was a boy being knocked over by a goat. After a while he asked all his German friends present—but I don't believe he knew a single one of them—to admire a beautiful portrait of that hero and patriot Prince Bismarck, and when the portrait appeared on the sheet it was a picture of a pig running away from a fat butcher. You should have heard the lecturer's German friends howl, and I believe they would have thrown something at him besides heavy German words if he hadn't begged their pardon and said it was all a mistake, and he feared that some evil-minded person had wickedly mixed up his pictures.

Well, the Germans stopped saying things after a while, and the lecturer went on. His pictures got worse and worse. His lovely view of Venice, as he called it, was a picture of a herd of buffaloes, and what he told us would be a picture of a wedding in Egypt was a cat and a dog fighting and an old woman beating them with a club. This made him nervous, and he kept putting pictures in the magic lantern upside down, and making the King of Greece and the Queen of Italy stand on their heads, and asking the people to excuse any mistakes, and wishing he could put his hands on the evil-minded persons who had meddled with his pictures. Finally he told the people that he would now show them a picture of two innocent and lovely children. Tom hit me in the side with his elbow when the lecturer said this, and whispered to me, "Be all ready to run." I didn't have the least idea what he meant till I saw the picture. I was never more astonished in my life, for it was a picture I had made of Mr. Travers and Sue sitting on the sofa and holding each other's hands. It had got mixed up in some way with the lecturer's own pictures, and I believe Tom had something to do with it, though he won't own up.

Tom and I went out as soon as we saw the picture, but we could hear the people laugh and yell when we were half a mile away. I heard afterward that the lecturer didn't show any more pictures, and that he jumped out of the back window, with Mr. Travers close after him. Anyway, he never came back to our house. Mr. Travers, when he found that I really hadn't put the picture of him and Sue among the others, forgave me, but Sue says she never will. I think Tom ought to own up, and if Mr. Travers catches him I think he will.

## MILLY CONE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

"THIS wall-pocket I made for Mamma," continued Milly, as soon as the music lesson was over, and she and Grace were once more established on the edge of the bed, with the Christmas presents before them, "and I hope she will hang it over her desk. I saw one in a store, and I described it to Aunt Jennie, and she helped me to make it. First I bought a large Japanese fan, and a piece of raw silk with little pink daisies on an olive background. I covered the paper part of the fan, front and back, with the silk; I had to sew it over and over, and, when I came to the handle side, take stitches between the reeds. Aunt Jennie cut out the card-board front, and I covered it with the raw silk on one side and this olive satteen on the other. I sewed it on to make the pocket, as you see, and put the pink and olive silk cord around the edge; the cord is just made out of floss twisted. I put a pink bow on the pocket, and tied a ribbon around the handle. It took me ever so long to make it, because overhand sewing is so slow.

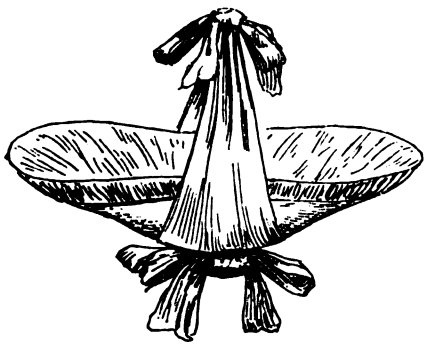
"Now this is a wall-pocket too. It is to hold newspapers. You buy a cheap flat hat; one of the soft paper chip ones which sell for ten cents will do. Line it with glazed paper cambric, and put a pinked quilling around the edge. Take a strip of the cambric four inches broad, fasten it with a knot or bow at the top of the hat, and tie the ends as strings, so giving it a basket shape. Of course you can use the hat as a catch-all for anything you like.



WALL-POCKET.

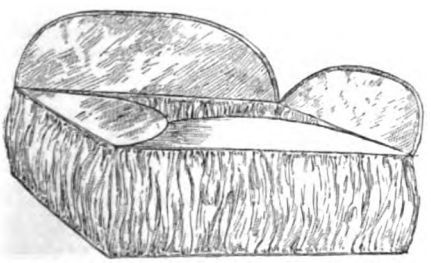
"This is a handkerchief case. You take a piece of bronze leather five and a half inches square. Cut four pieces each five and a half inches long and two inches wide. These are for the sides. Then cut four more pieces, leaving one long straight edge and rounding the opposite one. These are for the top. Place on your square a well-scented piece of cotton batting, and over that a

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WALL-POCKET.

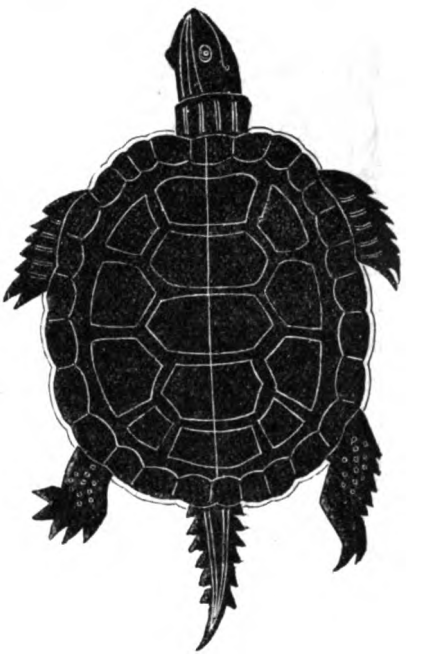
square of silk, bright or dark, as your taste inclines. Stitch these together with a narrow binding of brown silk braid. Finish each of the four lid pieces in the same way. Take then a piece of silk like the lining, two inches wide and forty inches long, gather it top and bottom like a puff, and sew it around the bottom square. These are for the top. On the upper edge of the puff sew the four lids, each corresponding to one of the sides of the bottom square. The result will be a handkerchief case, pretty, compact, and convenient.



HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

"Here, Grace, is the queerest little animal you ever did see. We will play we are doctors, and dissect him. Look! The three top pieces are made of olive-colored cloth. No. 1 is cut out without head, tail, or legs; No. 2 is cut with the fold of neck; No. 3 is cut with the head attached; No. 4 is made of black cloth, and cut out with tail and legs; No. 5 is made of red cloth, and cut a little larger, so as to show a slight margin beneath the other pieces. The markings are made with old gold or yellow outline stitch. A bead is used for the eye.

"This is the end of my treasures. Now I am going to wrap each one in tissue-paper, mark it, and put them all away."



TORTOISE PEN-WIPER.

"Dear me!" said Grace; "I wish my bed looked like yours. I thought I didn't have any money at all, but I have enough to make these things twice over. I have learned a great deal from you, Milly, and next year you shall see if my bed can not make as brilliant a display as yours."

With a kiss the two girls parted.



"NOW COMES THE LAST OF ALL."



"ONLY A GIRL'S DOLL."

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THROUGH all the bright weeks of the autumn we have been looking forward with pleasant anticipations to December, and now that December is fairly here, we are counting the days to Christmas. Merry Christmas, with its carols, its exchanging of gifts between the loved ones at home, and its wreaths of holly and garlands of pine—how we love and honor it as the crowning day of the year!

Of course every little hand would be raised eagerly and quickly if we should ask, "Who wants to hear about the Christmas Number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE?" You all want to hear about it, for you know that, while every number is attractive, at Christmas the beautiful paper always excels itself, and is as jolly as Santa Claus, as witty as Mother Goose, and as full of fun and frolic as the boys and girls who read its fascinating pages.

For several weeks there have been manifest tokens of Christmas in the stories and pictures which have appeared in the columns of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Last week one page of the Post-office Box was given up to a stirring Christmas carol, which will be sung on the happy day by thousands of fresh young voices. And after the holidays, all the way along until spring, there will be articles and sketches, illustrations and poems, sparkling with Christmas joy.

But *the* Christmas Number! Look out for it next week. It will have an entirely new and charming cover, designed by Mr. Frederick S. Church. It will not have the Post-office Box or the Puzzles, because those good things are once a year crowded out to make room for the spicy, sprightly, and sparkling stories and sketches which enchant you, filled as they are with the very spirit of Christmas.

Shall we give you a peep at the programme? First there will be the delightfully original leading story, "The Christmas Presents Bert did Not Give," by John R. Coryell, with a beautiful front-page picture, and two wood-engravings besides, by W. T. Smedley.

Then, too, there will be a charming story entitled "The Sword of Hildebrand," by Sherwood Ryse, which will have a series of fine illustrations by Howard Pyle.

Everybody admires the lovely work of Jessie Curtis Shepherd, and so everybody will be glad to learn that there will be, as a prominent feature of the Christmas Number, a beautiful double-page wood-engraving entitled "The Christ Child." It will be in Mrs. Shepherd's best manner, and will appear as a Supplement, without reading matter. It is needless to say that this will be a brilliant addition to the volume, or, framed and hung, will adorn with grace the nursery wall.

There will be an amusing and clever sketch entitled "The Wax-works' Holiday," by Matthew White, Jun., with illustrations by C. D. Weldon, and there will be a beautiful full-page engraving by Mr. Frederic Dielman, showing "Cuffee with his Fiddle"—the little colored boy who stole to the foot of the altar where he might greet the coming Lord with "An Advent Serenade" composed of all the airs his awkward little hands could play.

Thought, time, and expense have been lavished on the Christmas Number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1884, and we are sure the great circle of children who love the paper will be thoroughly pleased and satisfied.

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The dear little girls whose names are signed to the letter which follows had a beautiful thought, and it blossomed, just like a flower, into a beautiful deed. I am sure their own Christmas will be happier because of the brightness which their unselfish kindness has sent into the lives of some little suffering ones at St. Mary's Hospital, in which, you know, children, we all take a deep interest, as Harper's Young People's Cot is in the ward to which this generous donation is made. The little girls charged an admission fee of two cents to their fair, and the articles sold were nearly all the work of their own fingers. The money has been sent to Sister Catherine, who is the Superintendent of the Hospital.

PORT RICHMOND, STATEN ISLAND, *November 24, 1884.*

We, the undersigned, members of Miss Bevan's private school in Port Richmond, Staten Island, inclose forty-four dollars, the proceeds of the Children's Fair held in our school-room November 22, for Christmas presents for the dear little ones in the Holy Innocents' Ward of St. Mary's Hospital, New York City. We hope you will publish this letter in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and that our success will encourage others to do likewise.

| | |
|---|---|
| **Annie Bevan,** | **Laura Welch,** |
| **Josie Smith,** | **Jennie Johnston,** |
| **Beatrice Bamber,** | **Emmaline Vroom,** |
| **Judson Hayward,** | **Florence Dixon,** |
| **Lillie Simonson,** | **Mamie Williamson,** |
| **Rosalie Hayward,** | **Amy Bamber,** |

**Marie Boyle.**

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RANCH NO. 7, HEREFORD, TEXAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—My mamma and I went to get up a Little Housekeepers' club. We went on horseback, and I got down and opened all the gates. I went about three miles one day, and about three miles another day, and two miles another. The first time we went I got down to open the gate, and there was a post driven in the ground, and I stepped on it and got up on my horse, but the next time we went the gate was torn down, so that I could not get up by that, and the post was torn up, so that I could not get up by that either; so I got up by the wire fence. I am a little girl seven years old. The children met for the first time last Saturday, at our house, and I was chosen the president, and our motto is, "Busy as Bees." There were three little girls from one house, two little boys from another house, and I have a sister younger than myself and a sister older than myself, so that made eight of us; but the next time there will be three more, and that will make eleven, and a little later there will be two more, and that will make thirteen. We are going to make Christmas presents and have a tree together. Mamma is going to teach us all a nice Christmas carol to sing together. We have all made a cornucopia, and we mean to see who gets the most presents at Christmas. We are going to trim the tree with mistletoe. It is so pretty! It has such pretty berries on it! they are white, and look just like little pearls. I will send you a box of it near Christmas, so that you will get it a little while before the day, and you can trim your room.

My papa has just had a new chimney built, and the mason just finished it last night. It is a nice large one, and it is made out of stone. The hearth where we burn wood is four feet long, and before it was only three feet long. It looks so nice! the rock is all smoothed. The other chimney was made out of brick, and was not near so nice. It is a lovely day. I live seven miles from Decatur. Good-by from your little reader,

KATE H.

My dear child, I'm afraid the little fingers were very tired indeed before you finished the last words of this delightful letter. I am so glad to have another name for my book, and I am sure you will be a graceful and obliging president. Send me word about the club and its doings, and let me know whether you tried the lovely carol in last week's paper. Please accept my thanks beforehand for the mistletoe.

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SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

I have often thought that I would like to write to you. Papa has bought HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE at the book-store every Saturday for three years. I live out West, but will move East very soon. I have four sisters and one brother; my youngest sister is ten weeks old. Did you ever see a weed growing twelve or fifteen feet high? We have such weeds growing near us. When we move East we will live not very far from New York city, and then some day I may call on you. It is getting rather late, so I will stop writing now.

FANNIE A. P.

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NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought I would write you and tell you what a tulip said to me one day, and thought that if you had space, and considered it good enough, you would print it. I am thirteen.

I was walking in the garden of a friend, when I came to a bed of tulips. They looked so grand and stately that I could not help admiring them, when suddenly one of them spoke up and said, "Oh, what a sad fate is ours, sisters and brothers, with no one to love and admire us!"

"Well," spoke up another proud and stately tulip, "we know that we come from a respectable family, and are much more refined than any other flowers in the garden." After making this speech he drew himself up proudly and opened all his petals. It was a pretty sight to see. They all copied his example, and it made a pretty sight indeed.

At that moment my friend came out and cut a handful of the tulips to wear down-town, and as they were carried away I heard them bemoaning their fate, and saying, "What a sad fate is ours!" a little farther off, "—a sad fate is ours!" still farther, "—fate is ours!" "—is ours!" "—ours!" until their voices were lost in the distance. Well, in fact, they had very weak voices, if they did come from such a fine family.

I told my friend what the tulips said, but she laughed, and said it was my imagination. But I don't quite agree with her. Do you?

Your loving little friend, LULU R.

A very well written little essay.

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MOUNT PLEASANT, IOWA.

I would like to join the Little Housekeepers. I am going to get up a club if I can. I like to cook. I am the president of a secret society. Our letters are A. B. C. We are going to have a fair a little before Christmas, and with the money we make we mean to buy some toys and have a Christmas tree. Do you know what kind of a tree would make a nice one? We had an Easter sociable, and made over six dollars, and all summer we had sociables. I have a play house. It is rather large. It has an ingrain carpet, a lace curtain tied back with ribbon in the parlor, a sliding curtain in the bedroom, and sliding curtains in dining-room and kitchen. I have a regular cooking stove, not very large and not very small, and I have a table-cloth and a dozen napkins, a set of white dishes, and a blue tea-set. I have a door-bell on my front door. If I may join the Little Housekeepers I will send some receipts.

A READER.

Of course you may join, and you must organize a club if you can. The cedar is preferred for a Christmas tree.

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MONGAUP VALLEY, NEW YORK.

I have often thought I would write a letter to your dear little Post-office Box, but I have never done so. I will tell you about the society we girls have here, which is composed of nine members. We have singing, playing, dancing, and reading in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. We have not yet found a name for it; would you please tell us some, if you know any? Please may I join the Little Housekeepers, for I have been learning to make bread? I correspond with a little girl who wrote to the Post-office Box. I go to school every day. Last winter I received a prize; it was a lovely leather purse. In the summer I have a little flower garden, and in it I have pansies, nasturtiums, marigolds, geraniums, etc. My sister and I have taken over three terms of music, and we are very fond of it. Would you please find a place for my letter, if it is not asking too much of you?

C. H. S.

You might call yourselves the Good Times Club, or the Merry Girls, or the Pansy Club. I am glad you can make bread.

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This pretty little story, written by a child to her diary, is every word true:

## MY TODDY.

DEAR DIARY,—He's dead! The poor dear little bird which we have watched with so much pride is dead. But, Diary, such is life. The poor little thing had met with mishaps ever since its birth. As soon as it was feathered, and was almost ready to fly, it was blown out of the nest in a storm, and there I found it all drenched in the rain. I took it in the house and fed it, and the next morning put it out for the mother robin; but alas! she would not come near it. She seemed afraid because it had been handled.

Near where the robins had built their nest two bluebirds had made their home, and had a fine family of five little birdies. Do you know that bluebirds are very motherly creatures? Well, when they heard my little robin endeavoring to make himself heard, they came and fed him, and took care of him every day, and would have done so at night, but I took him in for fear some stray cat might make a meal of him. I used to watch them with delight. Each day when I put little Toddy (that is what I called him) out, my! how happy father and mother bluebird would be! They would feed him time about with their own birdies.

But this could not always last, and after a while the young bluebirds flew out of their cozy nest and soared away, and their parents with them. But one little bluebird did not fly far, for a cruel dog ate it at one mouthful. I was sorry to see them go, but I loved little Toddy, and so adopted him. I took care of him each day, and he learned to know his name, for he would come when I called him, and fly up in my lap, and when he had accomplished this feat, he would put his head on one side, and look up *so cunning*.

He slept in his cage in my room, and I was awakened as usual by his cries for breakfast. It was very chilly, and I was cold and sleepy, but I jumped out, and put him out on the roof of the porch, and went back to bed to take another nap. Pretty soon, thinking that Todd was hungry, and that it was time for breakfast, I jumped up, and was hastily dressing, when my sister entered with some flies, which she had caught for his

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breakfast. He was very fond of flies, and often tried to catch them, but rarely succeeded.

She brought him in, but he would not eat, and his head hung down, and he was in a most pitiable condition. We tried everything to get him to eat, and the poor thing tried, and said "Peep, peep," or whatever robins say, several times, but it was a vain effort.

We took him to the kitchen, in hopes of helping him by getting him warm; but very soon—oh! how can I tell it?—he threw back his head, straightened out his limbs, and giving two or three gasps, died. Yes, died! although I loved him better than any pet I ever had. I buried him under the bow-window, and you can see his little grave still. FLORENCE BELLE.

CAYUGA, NEW YORK.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE two years, and like it very, very much, and all the stories are so nice. I attend school nearly every day, and have eight studies, and take music lessons from my sister. I have seven pets. I will name them: two canaries, four cats, and a dog. I wish to be one of your Little Housekeepers. I have tried a number of the receipts; they were very nice. I send you with this letter a receipt for chocolate creams. I will close now, or my letter will be too long. I am thirteen years old.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.—Break the white of one egg in a glass; then put in as much water as you have egg; turn this into a dish large enough to mix in, and stir in with your hand one pound of confectioner's sugar. Then make it into little balls, and dip into melted chocolate. Let it stand overnight before eating. ANNA H. M.

MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

We have only seen two letters from Canada—one from Yarmouth and one from Toronto—but we have not seen any from Moncton, though we know quite a number who take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. We go to school, and are in the highest department. We think your paper is very nice, and especially the Post-office Box and Exchanges. We intend to try some of your receipts. We will not tell you our ages, but would like you to guess.
MAUDE C. and MARY G.

Some puzzles are very hard to guess, but, judging by your excellent penmanship, I think you may be in your teens.

MONTICELLO, NEW YORK.

I'm a little girl. I am six years old. We have got a dog. It is very cold to-day. Hammond is my little bit of a brother. Edith wrote this.
EDITH A. W.

NORTH BAY, WISCONSIN.

I am a little girl nine years old, and I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have blue eyes and light brown hair. I have a brother named Robby; he is six months old. I go to school. I like to read the letters in your Post-office Box. I would like to have Mamie H. write to me. JENNIE M.

MILTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy nine years old. I like "Wakulla" better than any other continued story so far, but I like them all very much. I thought "The Ice Queen" was splendid. I had two Maltese cats; their names were Tom and Jumbo. Both the poor cats are dead. I had also three rabbits; two were taken by the dogs, and I sold the other. WILLIE D.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and I think it is the nicest paper I ever read. I go to school, and I am in the Third Grade. The First Grade is the highest. My teacher's name is Miss H. She is very pleasant. I like very much to go to school. I was twelve years old last June. I am next to the youngest in the grade. I live on a very pleasant street—Niagara Street. I have two brothers and one sister, and I am the youngest. RUTH L. C.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

My father buys your paper for me every week, and I like it very much. I raised a fine lot of pansies this year, and I would like to exchange some seed for other kinds of flower seeds with some of the young people who take the paper.
JAMES DAVIS.

Please send me your full address.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I am twelve years old. I haven't any pets. I had a little kitten, but she ran away. I have two brothers and one sister, all older than I. I think I shall form a Housekeeper's Club, if I can find any little girls who would like to join. I have been going to school, but do not go now. I have not been very well lately, so I study at home.
MARY W. A.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

My father takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me, and I like it very much, especially the Post-office Box and "Wakulla." I have not any pets, except my sister. I am twelve years old, and have a brother sixteen and a sister ten. I would like to ask the readers of this paper what a boy can make for presents. I hope this letter is not too long to print, as it is my first, and I would like to see it in, if you have room for it.
PERCY C. M.

Who will answer Percy's question?

I am a little girl eleven years old. We have not taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE long, but I like it very much. I like "Wakulla."

I have no pets, as almost all the little girls who write letters have. I had a little kitten, but it died. It was quite tame. Maybe papa is going to give me a Maltese cat. We have a calf named Daisy, and a good many chickens. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and drawing, but I did not go to-day, because I was sick. I have two sisters, both younger than I, and three brothers; two are younger than I, and one older. We live in the country, and have nice times. FLORENCE A. P.

I have thirteen dolls; one has hair eyelashes, and another has hair below her waist. I had a little kitty, but Major killed it (Major is my sister's large dog), and we buried it. Mr. M. carved this on a column of gypsum:

"Here lies Jenny, my own dear cat,
Who was killed by Major, who thought her a rat."

We went to Santa Cruz this summer. I learned to swim. Can you swim? LOUISE I.

No, dear, I have not that accomplishment; so you are much better off than I.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much indeed. I am eight years of age, and I go to school every day. I have two brothers, named Willie and Freddie, and I love them very much indeed. I like the stories in the paper. HATTIE A. N.

WATERTOWN, NEW YORK.

First I will tell you about our pets, namely, two canary-birds and one thrush, which we brought from England when my mother and I were there a year ago last summer. It was a long journey, was it not? I would have had a splendid time if I had not kept worrying for papa, who did not go with us. I go to school, and study arithmetic, spelling, geography, reading, language, drawing, and writing; besides these, I take music and singing lessons, so my time is pretty well taken up. Well, I must close, or my letter will be too long. Lovingly yours,
NELLIE H.

Next time you go on a journey, darling, take a leaf from my book, and do not worry about any one, however dearly loved, whom you have left behind. It does no good to the person, and only spoils your own enjoyment. We are always in God's care, and whether we travel or stay at home, He watches over us every day, and I truly believe that He means us every day to be as happy and as trustful as we can.

ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a native of the "Athens of America," and a big girl of 12 years. I take a good many children's magazines, but HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is my favorite, because it comes so often.

When Carl Schurz was in Boston I went to Tremont Temple and heard him speak. It was splendid, and the audience was so enthusiastic it was impossible not to feel the same way. Last night we had a splendid torch-light procession here; it took two hours for it to pass. There were numbers of men who looked very funny dressed up in night-gowns and night-caps and holding lighted candles in their hands with "Good-night" on their transparencies. ROSE S.

FORT CUSTER, MONTANA.

I read Nellie's letter in which she requested receipts for an invalid, so I thought I would send some. Will some Little Housekeeper please send me a good receipt for lemon-drops?
MARY A. F.

MUTTON BROTH.—One pound of lean mutton or lamb cut in small pieces, a quart of cold water, a table-spoonful of rice or barley soaked in a very little warm water, four table-spoonfuls of milk, salt and pepper, with a little chopped parsley; boil the meat, unsalted, in the water, keeping it closely covered until it falls to pieces; strain it, and add the soaked barley or rice; simmer a half-hour, stirring often; stir in the seasoning and the milk, and simmer five minutes after it heats up well, taking care it does not burn. Serve hot, with cream crackers.

ARROWROOT WINE JELLY.—A cup of boiling water, two heaping tea-spoonfuls of arrowroot, two tea-spoonfuls of white sugar, a table-spoonful of brandy, or three table-spoonfuls of wine.

ARROWROOT BLANC-MANGE.—A cupful of boiling milk, two dessert-spoonfuls of the best arrowroot rubbed smooth in cold water, two tea-spoonfuls of white sugar, and vanilla or other essence; boil until it thickens well, stirring all the while. Eat cold with cream flavored with rose-water and sweetened to the taste.

PANADA.—Six split Boston crackers, two table-spoonfuls of white sugar, a good pinch of salt, and a little nutmeg; enough boiling water to cover them well; split the crackers and pile in a bowl in layers, with salt and sugar scattered among them; cover with boiling water and set on the hearth, with a close top over the bowl, for at least one hour. The crackers should be almost as clear and as soft as jelly, but not broken. Eat from the bowl, with more sugar if you wish it.

ICELAND-MOSS JELLY.—A handful of moss washed in five waters and soaked an hour, a quart of boiling water, the juice of two lemons, a glass of wine, and a quarter of a tea-spoonful of cinnamon (measure scantily); soak the washed moss in a very little cold water, stir into the boiling water, and simmer until it is dissolved; sweeten, flavor, and strain into moulds. You may use two glasses of cider instead of one of wine for a fever patient, putting in a little less water.

Thank you, dear. All these receipts are nourishing and good.

Always serve the meals of an invalid daintily, children. Your very prettiest dishes, your finest napkins, your brightest silver, should be used, so that the meal will look very inviting, and do not offer too much at a time.

DAYTON, KENTUCKY.

This is the first time I have written to the Post-office Box. I go to school, and am in the Sixth Grade; I study geography, grammar, writing, reading, arithmetic, and history. I have three brothers and two sisters. I have two dolls; their names are Edith Grace and Ethel Gertrude.
FLOY.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

ENIGMA.

My first is in lad, but not in boy.
My second is in plaything, but not in toy.
My third is in bush, but not in tree.
My fourth is in her, but not in she.
My fifth is in paper, but not in pen.
My sixth is in duck, but not in hen.
My seventh is in oar, but not in wheat.
My eighth is in warmth, but not in heat.
My whole may be found on the map of North America. HARRY L. JOHNSON.

### No. 2.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. To excel. 3. A small boat. 4. Sandwich-Islanders. 5. A utensil. 6. Part of a plant. 7. A letter. THE MAN IN THE MOON.

2.—1. A letter. 2. A kind of fish. 3. Somewhat faded. 4. A kind of loose coat. 5. A substance much used in cooking. 6. Recaptured. 7. Guitars. 8. To put into casks. 9. A letter.
NAVAJO.

### No. 3.

CONCEALED HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

1. He is not able to run. 2. They cast over the anchor. 3. The radishes are fresh. 4. Loving lasses sing sweet tunes. 5. Close the door, John; it is cold. JAMES CONNOR.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 264.

No. 1.—

```
        T                   T
      R U T               T I P
    T U N I C           T I D A L
      T I E               P A Y
        C                   L
```

No. 2.—Mamma.

No. 3.—
B ear.
E rie.
L ong.
L ulu.
O val.
W ore.
S hoe.

No. 4.—Finished. Fineness. Fincsse. Fin-fish. Finned. Finish. Fined. Find. Finn. Fin.

No. 5.—Richmond. Spring. Lima. White. Great Bear. Silver.

No. 6.—Damask.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Grace P. Ford, Willie W. Ford, Grace L. Galway, Frank J. Savage, C. F. Swett, J. A. Forar, Dale Clark, Scharlie Marra, Lulu Van Norden, Celia B. Adams, Ernest G. Harlow, Helen W. Gardner, Willie K. C., James Connor, Titania, E. W. Simons, The Man in the Moon, Hattie Carhartt, Emma Wilkins, Emma St. C. Whitney, Flora Jane Kennedy, Alice M. Smith, Steele Penn, Lillie Larkins, John Tucker, Abram Day, Alice Barker, and Jennie and Johnny T.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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## "WHERE DOLLY WAS LOST."

### KITTY TELLS HER STORY.

BY M. D. BRINE.

OH yes, there were lots of boys up there,
And I liked them all; but then
The very nicest boy of all
Was only little Ben.
The other boys teased him many a time,
But I liked him the more for that,
And his face was nice as any of theirs
For all his old torn hat.

Mamma used often to say that I
Must play with the boys of our set,
But Bennie was so much nicer than they,
I often used to forget.
And many a time when he drove the cows
I'd help him all I could,
And Bennie would often whisper to me
He liked me for being so good.

Well, just before we came home, one day
I took my dolly to walk,
And there was Bennie under a tree,
And he wouldn't even talk.
But he looked so sorry I almost knew
'Twas 'cause I was going away,
And he didn't smile till I promised I
Would think of him every day.

Then I thought, you know, that he'd like to have
Something to 'member me by,
So I said, "I love *you*, Bennie, the best
Of all the boys; don't cry;"
And I gave him the *bestest* thing I had,
My own dear dolly, you see,
Because I s'posed when he looked at it
He'd make believe it was me.

His face got awfully red, but still
He was glad to have it, I know,
'Cause I wouldn't have given my doll away
If I hadn't liked Bennie so.
And that is why mamma thinks she's lost,
For I do not like to tell
That I gave my dolly to Ben, because—
Because I liked him so well.

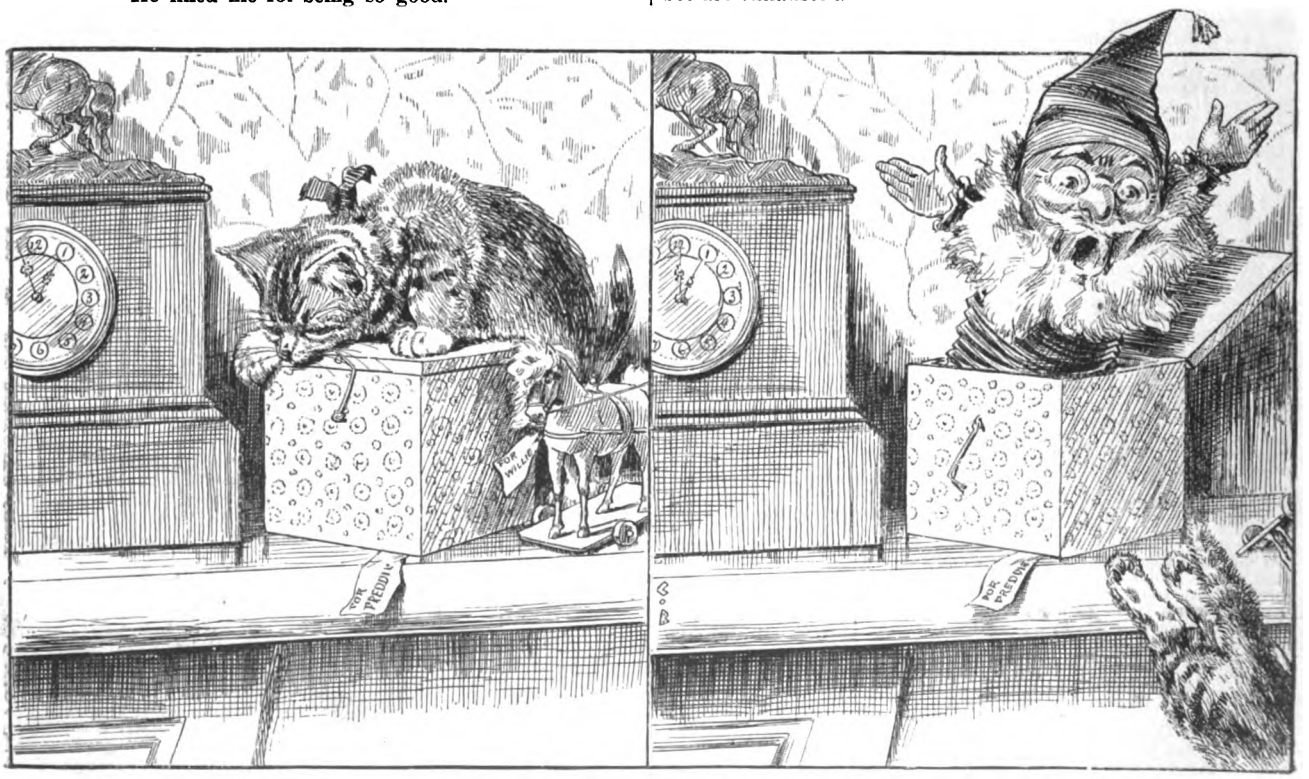
## THE GAME OF "NAMES."

LET us suppose that there are ten players. Each should be provided with a long slip of paper and a pencil; and if one of the players has a watch, so much the better. If not, a clock must be used. One commences by calling out:

"Girls' names commencing with A; two minutes allowed."

Each player then writes down all the girls' names that he or she can recollect, and at the expiration of the two minutes "time" is called. Then the oldest player reads from his or her slip all the names he or she has written down—say Amy, Amabel, Alice, Ann, Annie, Amanda, Aileen, etc. All the other players, as each name is read out, cancel that name if it be on their list. If, for instance, all have written Amy, all cancel Amy, and count one mark. Say six players have Amabel and four have not, each of the six counts one mark; those who have not thought and written down Amabel get nothing for Amabel, and so on through the list.

When marks have been allotted for all the names, the total is read out and noted on each slip. The players then proceed in a similar manner for all boys' names commencing with A, such as Alfred, Abel, Adam, Andrew, Arthur, etc. The game can be continued any length of time, or until all the letters of the alphabet are exhausted.




"I WONDER WHAT'S IN IT." PUSSY'S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE. "HELLO!!!"

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

## Christmas Number.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. VI.—NO. 268. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1884.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.





"FATHER PERKINS LOOKED FIRST AT HIS GIFTS."—SEE STORY ON PAGE 98.


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## THE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS BERT DID NOT GIVE.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

I.

"WE are so going to hang up our stockings; aren't we, Bert?"

"Well, I should say we were, sweet Nancy Lee."

"Silas is always so smart! he said we weren't," said Nancy, indignantly.

"Never you mind Silas," advised Bert, soothingly patting his sister's round cheek. "We know some things that he doesn't, and this is one of them."

"Oh, you can hang 'em up fast enough," exclaimed Silas, with a disagreeable little laugh; "but that doesn't prove you'll get anything in 'em."

"Yes, it does, though," replied Bert, cheerily; "for whoever heard of old Santa Claus passing an empty stocking without putting something in it? Why, if I thought he'd forget us, I'd mount the chimney and sit there all Christmas-eve, and stop him as he passed. I would, Polly, as sure as you live; so you needn't open your eyes at me like that, for I don't allow little girls, particularly fat little girls, to do it without being kissed."

And the big brother pounced upon little Polly and kissed her; and so that Nancy would not feel slighted, he kissed her too; and not to give Rob any chance to complain, he tumbled him on the floor, and pretended to be having a tremendous tussle with him. All of which highly delighted the small children, and made a great deal of noise. At which Silas looked up from a sheet of paper on which he was writing, and scowled.

What a very sour sort of scowl it was! Just as if he had borrowed it from some crabbed, ill-conditioned, dyspeptic old man. But it was not a borrowed scowl at all. It belonged to Silas, and was quite at home on his sharp features. His face might have been as round as Polly's once; but, dear me! a scowl is as good as a grindstone for sharpening.

"For goodness' sake, Bert, do stop fooling with those young ones!" he snarled. "And if you haven't anything better'n that to do, I wish you'd help me with this address."

It was not a very prudent way of addressing quick-tempered Bert; but for a wonder there was no explosion. The truth was that circumstances were decidedly against a Merry Christmas in the Perkins family, and Bert had commenced the week with his mind made up to make it merry in spite of the circumstances. He stopped the romp.

"Address!—address to whom?" he exclaimed, going to the table and glancing curiously over his brother's shoulder.

"Christmas address to my customers on my newspaper route."

"What, give each one an address?"

"Yes; and what I want you to do is to help me write something in the Merry Christmas line—something that will make the people feel happy and generous. You understand that sort of thing," added Silas, complimenting Bert's generous nature without intending to.

Well, this was a surprise! Here was Silas in a new rôle—Silas spending money and Silas taking trouble to make people happy. Bert had done his brother an injustice; he would make amends by entering heartily into the scheme.

"Now that's what I call a good idea, Si!" exclaimed Bert. "You rush by their houses every day in the year but one, and then you stop long enough to give them a hearty Merry Christmas, just to show you take a living interest in 'em after all. What if it does cost a little money, the satisfaction of wishing two hundred and eight Merry Christmases more'n makes it up, eh?"

"I like that," exclaimed Silas, with a mean sneer. "You don't suppose I'm fool enough to go to all this expense and nonsense just to get my satisfaction in sentiment, do you? Well, I should say not. If the thing works well at all, I ought to clear all of—" He was going to say how much, when it occurred to him that Bert might want to borrow some if he knew, so he ended with, "Well, a pretty fair trifle. More'n my printer's bill, anyhow."

"Well, Si," exclaimed Bert, after he had recovered from his astonishment, "I'm very glad that I don't care as much for money as you do. To want to make it out of the kind feelings of people! I don't mind your taking their money, but you might give a little good feeling in return."

"You're mighty particular, you are; but I notice you don't make money by it," sneered Silas.

"And I don't want to," retorted Bert, hotly. "I want money bad enough. There are those bills Pop owes, and the men worrying him all the time. And the butcher won't let us have any more meat till his bill is paid, and that means no turkey Christmas. I'd like money for all those things, but I wouldn't pay the price for it you do."

Silas only answered by a provoking shrug, which certainly did not mollify Bert, who delivered a final shot, and hurried from the room:

"You want to know what to put in your address," he said. "I'll tell you, and you may think it over yourself: 'It's more blessed to give than to receive.'"

The sentiment is a very sweet and a very true one, but when it is delivered with a flushed face and flashing eyes, and is cut short off by a slammed door, it may be anything but sweet. The white face and tightly shut lips of Silas showed that he found it bitter.

II.

The day before Christmas was cold, and the snow-clouds that cut off the sunshine from the city of Portland were scurrying away south in endless procession.

Along one of the by-streets of the city there hurried a boy—a boy of about fourteen. He had no overcoat on, but he wore two jackets, and that was just as good, apparently, for he seemed perfectly comfortable. Indeed, he was more than that, for he not only whistled in snatches, as if he could not hold in his happiness, but he now and then took a hand out of his pocket, snapped his fingers gleefully, and then hugged himself. And how his eyes sparkled! Between the snatches of whistle he talked to himself:

"Twenty-five dollars!"—a snap of the fingers. "That's a cashmere gown for mother, a pair of skates for Rob"—a poor attempt to skate on the sidewalk—"a muff for Nancy, bless her fat little fingers! a doll for Polly"—hugging himself—"a pair of shoes for dear old Pop"—looking with positive affection at his own worn-out boots—"a turkey"—a snap of the fingers—"and that old butcher's bill"—a frown. "Poor old Pop! I wish I could pay all the bills. He looks so tired. If I had the money Si has, how I'd make Pop laugh to-morrow. I'd wrap his presents up in the receipted bills, and as he took each one out of his stocking—he's got to hang up a stocking anyhow—how he'd laugh! No, he wouldn't, though, he'd cry. Hello!"

Bert had so lost himself in his imagination that he had run into and knocked down a little boy.



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"Did I hurt you? Up she comes. Why! Oh! You're—" Bert saw that the little boy was lame. "I'm awfully sorry. Did I hurt you? No. That's right. Good-by. Merry Christmas;" and Bert hurried on.

He looked back as he turned the corner. The little boy was just visible in the gutter, seemingly looking for something. Bert was in a hurry, but maybe he had made the little boy drop something; so he ran back.

"What is it? Lost anything?"

The little boy nodded his head without looking up, and continued his search.

"What did you lose?"

"Ten cents," said the little fellow, certainly shivering, and Bert thought he heard a sob.

Ten cents, and Bert had twenty-five dollars.

"Well, never mind, here's another to take its place;" and Bert handed out a silver dime.

The little fellow shook his head silently, and kept turning over the leaves in the dirty gutter.

"Why not?" demanded Bert, a little quickly, for he wanted to be off. "I made you lose the money. Come, take it. Why don't you take it?"

"I earned this one," sobbed the little fellow.

Bert looked down pityingly at the little figure in the gutter—a thin little body covered with very thin clothing, lame, shivering, and crying. Ten cents his whole fortune, maybe, and that was lost. Time was precious to Bert, but if he did not buy a present he was not going to meet Christmas-day with that sorrowful little figure to haunt his memory.

"I'll help you find it," he said, suddenly. "Earned money *is* the sort to buy presents with, eh? I know all about that. I'm off for the stores now, and I've earned all my money. Now you hunt up that way and I'll hunt down here. You never can tell how money will roll. Can you?"

Two great gray eyes wet with tears looked gratefully up at Bert and then looked down again. Bert's heart was not proof against all he saw in the short glimpse of the pinched face with the big eyes, and he made a resolve: "I'll take him to a store and spend fifty cents for him. I'll spend that much less on Si's present." Bert could not help chuckling at the thought of Silas giving in spite of himself in a charitable cause.

Bert was not going to lose any time poking about that cold, dirty gutter, however; so he prepared an innocent deception, the sly rascal. He took a dime out of his pocket and held it between his fingers. Suddenly he cried out, "Here you are!" and made believe to pick up the lost ten-cent piece. "I lost it and I restore it."

The little fellow nodded his head.

"Well, now, look here. What's your name?"

"Billy Carew."

"Well, Billy, I want you to do something for me; will you?"

"If I can."

"Oh, there's no trouble about that. I want you to go along with me and see what's in the stores."

"I'm afraid I haven't time," said Billy, timidly.

"Why, you've got to buy your own presents, haven't you?"

"Yes, but"—with a faint smile—"that won't take long, and, besides, I'm to be here at six o'clock, so's I can earn ten cents more."

"Six o'clock! Goodness! Why, that's two hours to wait, and if you stay here all that time you'll shiver your head off. Come along; we'll be back in time. What are you going to get? Who's it for, anyhow?"

"It's for mother," said Billy, shivering, as he limped by Bert's side.

"That's good," exclaimed Bert, heartily. "And what's it to be?—a seal-skin cloak, eh?" and Bert looked jocosely down at his companion.

"No," answered Billy, very seriously: "a loaf of bread, for one thing."

A loaf of bread!—what an odd present! Bert looked sharply at the tiny, shivering boy. Hunger and want were written on every line of his face. Bert had not thought of that.

"Billy, you're hungry," he blurted out.

Billy shrunk within himself, but did not answer.

"Are you?" demanded Bert.

"Yes," faltered Billy, timidly, "but—but I don't care. It's—it's my mother." And the sob in the little fellow's voice was followed by big tears that rolled down his cheeks.

"Are you very poor?"

"My mother—hasn't—had anything—to eat—since day before—yesterday."

The quivering of Billy's lower lip, the slow welling of big tears from his eyes, and the convulsive, catching sobs, as he manfully tried to keep from crying, were too much for Bert. He winked a couple of tears out of his eyes, and taking Billy suddenly by the arm, pulled him into an open doorway.

"Put that on." It was one of Bert's jackets.

It was useless for little Billy to struggle against energetic Bert. The jacket was on him in a twinkling.

"Now come with me." Bert was filled with a sudden resolve, and the way he whisked that little lame boy from store to store was a marvel. It was a dream to Billy; he did not realize what he was doing or how he did it.

When he waked up he was sitting with his mother in their little room, and both of them were drying their eyes. A fire was in the stove, and parcels of all sorts of things were scattered about the floor. A month's rent was paid, too; and it would not have surprised Billy if Bert had bought the whole house for them.

Bert had not enough money left for that, however. In truth, he had only enough left to pay the butcher's bill. Not a present had he bought—not one.

III.

About two hours after Bert had tumbled over little Billy, another boy, perhaps a year and a half older than Bert, hurried along the same street. Just listen as he talks to himself:

"Merry Christmas, indeed! I should say it was. I've made since morning—let's see. There are twenty-one dollars and forty cents on that address. Bert thought he was awfully sarcastic with his 'More blessed to give than to receive'; but it was a good dodge, and I worked it well, and I'll bet half the folks took it all in, and gave down handsome on account of it. 'More blessed to give than to receive!' Maybe it is, but I'm willing to sacrifice myself, and do the receiving."

What a disagreeable chuckle that was!

"Then there's a dollar ninety on those bundles. I'd a had to pay most boys half a dollar anyhow, but that lame Billy is such an innocent little fool he was glad of ten cents. I b'lieve he'd take five. I'll try him. Let's see; that's twenty-three thirty. Twenty-five for holding the horse ten minutes. It was worth ten, but he gave the rest for Merry Christmas. Oh, dear; that's twenty-three fifty-five and one ninety, no, say, one ninety-five—I can get him down to five—'ll make twenty-five fifty. By gracious! I've a great mind to lay out the extra half in presents. No, I won't, though. I've got to pay that butcher's bill, or I'll have to go without meat, unless I go to a restaurant, and that 'll cost more in the end, so I'll get the credit of it and save money too. Oh, hello, Billy! Come along."

"Please," chattered Billy, "I can't go with you."

"You can't go? Why can't you go? Have you had a fortune left you since morning?"

"No, sir," replied Billy, awed by the sharp tone of the big boy. "I'd go, only I promised I wouldn't."

"Promised whom?"

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SILAS, WITH WHITE FACE AND TIGHTLY SHUT LIPS.

"Him."

"Him? Who's him? Somebody's been putting you up to this to get more out of me. Well, I'll pay you fifteen cents, then, but you needn't try it on any more, for it's all it's worth."

"I don't want any more," said Billy, indignantly. "I told Bert I wouldn't go, and I won't."

"Bert? Bert who?" demanded the big boy, savagely, as a sudden idea flashed through his mind. "Where did you get that jacket?"

"Bert gave it to me," and in the fullness of his gratitude Billy was easily induced to tell all about his meeting with Bert.

"Isn't he awful good?" he added, smiling, when he had told the story.

"Good!" There was a bitter sneer on the boy's face. "You'll see him again, I s'pose?"

"Oh yes, I hope so."

"Of course you do, naturally. Well, if you do, will you tell him something for me?"

"Yes," said Billy, eagerly, for all the sneering had been lost on him.

"Well, you tell him that Silas—that's me—that Silas says that charity begins at home, and that he's a bigger fool than I thought he was."

With these bitter words Silas darted angrily away, leaving little Billy with a swelling heart to sob surprisedly after him.

"You wicked boy, I won't do it."

The words never reached Silas, however, for he had turned the corner before Billy had fully understood his brutality. He did not need to hear them. His own angry passions were punishing him.

It was in no pleasant mood that he walked into the butcher's, and demanded the bill.

"Your brother Bert paid it more than an hour ago. We have some nice turkeys left that we'd—"

But Silas had stalked out of the shop more angry than before. Bert had not forgotten the needs of his own family, then.

Silas sought the man for whom he was to carry the bundles. He was a wealthy man, who was giving many presents. A fool, Silas called him. He greeted Silas with a hearty "Merry Christmas, my lad. Cold, isn't it? Come in. Here are the packages, all addressed. Can you carry them alone? Where's the little fellow who was with you this morning?"

"He's going to stay home. It was too cold for him. I'm going to pay him just the same. I can carry them all. If I can't, I'll come back."

Was this Silas? Did he mean it? Or was it perhaps said, as the address had been written, because he knew it would be a good stroke of business?

"Now that's the Christmas spirit, my boy. It does me good to hear you say that. You've already found out, then, the pleasure of giving? I hope you'll some day be a rich man, and be able to give as much as you please; but believe me, lad"—here the gentleman's voice trembled—"the poorer you are, the more you enjoy the giving. I know it now, but I didn't believe it when I was a poor boy. You needn't come back for your pay. I can trust a boy like you. Here's your money, and here's a Merry Christmas for you"—giving him a five-dollar bill; "and here's another for the lame boy, and God bless you both, and never forget that there's more happiness in giving than in getting."

How did Silas feel then? Do you think the heart that had been loaded down and cased in with hundreds of petty schemes for making money could be touched by so simple a shaft? Do you think the angry passions roused by the goodness of his brother Bert could be laid to rest by the kindly words of a gentleman—a man who was so very foolish as to really believe that he could find more pleasure in giving than in getting?

Follow him now that his task is done. He has five dollars for little Billy. Does he take that to the lame boy? No. What! can he not bear the sight of the happiness he will cause? Where does he go? Into the bright and joyous streets where the fools are buying Christmas gifts? Not yet, anyhow. He turns into a side street, and, with head down, speeds along.

What is he saying to himself? He is adding figures—the money he has earned, perhaps. Now what! He is muttering Bert's name. Is there a sneer on his lips? Why, there must be, for he is repeating what he saw on a slip of paper that morning.

"Cashmere gown for mother, skates for Rob, muff for Nancy." And so he rehearses all of poor Bert's intended gifts, and when he has finished he laughs. Why should he laugh? Is it because he knows that Bert has spent all his money, and will be miserable when morning comes, and Rob and Nancy and Polly will seek in vain for the coveted gifts from Santa Claus?

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IV.

What a jolly hubbub of Merry Christmases there was in the Perkins sitting-room that cold 25th of December morning! If Santa Claus had not been so hard beset to keep ahead of the sun, he would have been on hand in that sitting-room to have seen the fun. Indeed he would!

But then they were not dressed for company, so perhaps it is just as well, though it is said Santa Claus is not very particular about that. Bob had taken just time enough to put his little shirt on, and Polly had not had even that much time to lose, but appeared in full night costume. Nancy had brushed her hair, and that was all the toilet she had made. They had reached the sitting-room first. After that nobody in the house slept.

Silas came in next. He said "Merry Christmas," but he was not used to it, and the words scrambled out of his mouth as if glad to be out of such a strange place. Then he went to the window and looked out. If he did not like such foolishness, why not stay away?

Mr. Perkins and Mrs. Perkins came in next. No trouble about their Merry Christmases. But where was Bert? He was usually on hand first, his cheery voice filling every corner of the house with greetings and jests and laughter long before Silas was out of bed. Had Silas risen early on purpose to enjoy Bert's misery? It looked like it.

Well, there were the stockings hanging under the mantel. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. One apiece, and each individual stocking provokingly full and bulgy. Why did not Bert come? You see, it was not to be thought of that the inspection of stockings could take place without Bert.

"I'll fetch him," said Silas.

Bert was dressed. He was sitting on his bed. He was not sorry for what he had done, but he could not bear to see the disappointment of the "babies." He sat listening to the merry voices down-stairs, and picturing to himself the limp and empty stockings.

"Come along, Bert; they're waiting for you down-stairs."

Did he see a mocking smile on his brother's lips? Never mind, he must go. He could not explain; they might think him mean now, but when they thought they would know there must be a good reason.

Ho! what a shout of Merry Christmases there was for Bert! But what was this? A furtive glance at the chimney told him that the stockings were full. Who had done it? Did he suspect that Silas had prepared a practical joke? No; but we, who know how angry Silas was, we can suspect.

There was a rush for the stockings. Mr. Perkins dealt them out. There was much feeling, many oh's and many ah's, but no plunging into the stockings. There was a custom in that family: father Perkins looked first at his gifts, and everything was properly oh'd and ah'd before mother Perkins began, and in this way the pleasure of Christmas morning was long drawn out. No wonder Bert shuddered. He stood near the door nervously pulling at his stocking. Silas looked out of the window. Was there a twinkle of gratified malice in his eye?

"Merry Christmas from Polly," read Mr. Perkins, holding up with admiration a chubby pincushion.

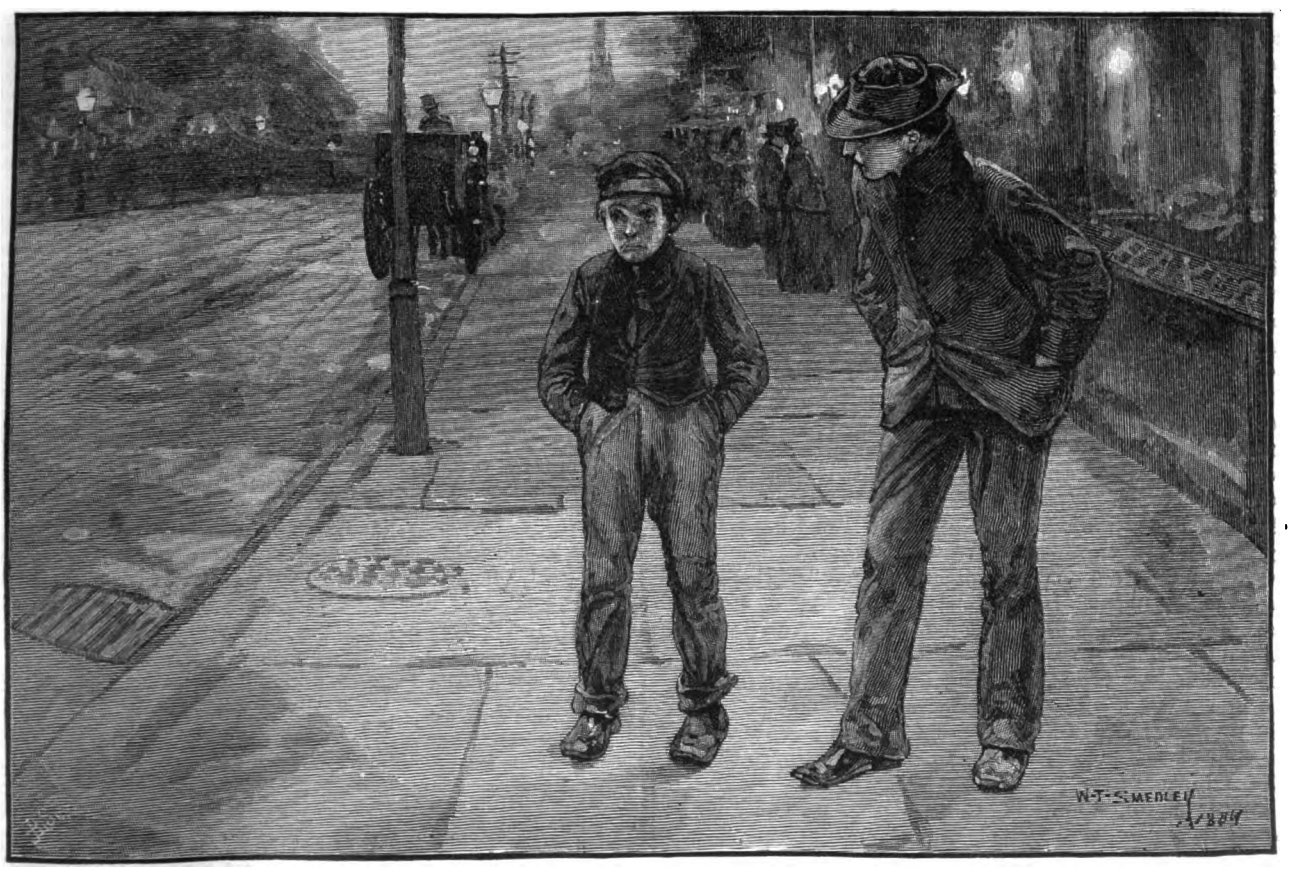
"Merry Christmas from Rob." Only a lead-pencil, but then!

"Merry Christmas from Nancy." A neck-tie: exactly what he had wanted.

"An envelope! Who's this from?"

This was mysterious, and there was a solemn stillness as father tore open the envelope and took out a sheet of paper.

"Merry Christmas! A pair of good shoes, and all Pop's debts paid. From Bert."




"'BILLY, YOU ARE HUNGRY,' HE BLURTED OUT."

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There were tears in father's eyes, tears in mother's eyes. Nobody spoke. Silas looked out of the window. His face was white, his lips compressed. He had heard a groan from Bert, and knew the cause. Was he satisfied with his joke? The paper told what Bert would like to give. Did Bert suspect Silas? He did. And as he rushed from the room and threw himself in a frenzy of strangling sobs on his bed, he felt that he could never, never forgive the heartless brother.

"Generous boy!" exclaimed father Perkins, turning toward where Bert had stood. "Why, bless me, he's gone!"

"He didn't want you to thank him," said Silas, turning around. "I'll fetch him."

"Don't you dare to come near me," cried Bert, when Silas entered the room.

But Silas did go near him, and finally persuaded him to go back to the sitting-room, promising to explain his joke to them all. They returned together, Bert with red eyes and bent head, and Silas with white face and sparkling eyes. He had not yet played out his joke. Father Perkins would have spoken, but Silas stopped him.

"I want to speak. That paper is a joke of mine. Don't look so startled. Maybe you will laugh when I am through. Bert had saved twenty-five dollars to buy presents for you all. He went out yesterday to buy them. He met a poor, starving, lame boy, and spent some of the money on him. Then he found the boy's mother was starving and freezing, and he spent the rest of the money on her, so that except for paying your butcher's bill, he had no money left."

Had Silas been preaching, there could not have been greater stillness in that room. He held Bert's hand in his and was squeezing it painfully; but Bert understood the joke now, or thought he did, and would not have complained for the world. Silas had taken this way of setting him right.

"Another boy," Silas went on, "had taken advantage of the little boy's lameness and need, and had hired him to do work for ten cents which he would have had to pay any other boy fifty for. He learned how good Bert had been to little Billy, and how he had made Billy promise not to work any more at that price, and he hated Bert."

"Oh, don't, Silas," pleaded Bert.

"Be still, Bert; I'm going to make a clean breast of it. This other boy then went to pay his father's butcher's bill, not because he wished to do a kind act, but because he did not want to go without meat. His brother had paid the bill, and this boy hated him for that; but he kept feeling all the time—I did; it was I; you know it was I—I kept feeling that I hated Bert because he was so good. That was something. I was feeling better myself, or I couldn't have told myself the truth, could I?"

Oh, the piteous energy of Silas as he spoke!

"Then the man I carried the bundles for praised me for saying a kind thing I did not mean. But maybe I did mean it without knowing it. I was getting better—indeed I was. And when he praised me and said kind things about the happiness of giving to others, I began to see myself and feel how contemptible I was. And I kept thinking it more and more as I carried the bundles about, and saw how happy everybody was. And then"—Silas spoke very quickly now—"I made up my mind to give the presents for Bert that he had intended to give. And you will all find them in your stockings. They are from Bert, not me, remember. And Billy and his mother will be here to dinner to-day. The turkey is in the cellar."

If there was any more to be told, it was obliged to wait, for Silas at this point rushed from the room, and nobody followed him.

There was no one missing at dinner. And you may be sure that Bert's turkey, as Silas insisted on calling it, was thoroughly enjoyed, Billy in particular doing wonders in the eating line.



# THE WAX-WORKS' HOLIDAY.

## A Christmas Play.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

### CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, AND PROPERTIES.

*WAX FIGURES.*

JULIUS CÆSAR..... Wears purple robe, and wreath of green leaves. Stands at extreme left of stage, with pencil in right hand, memorandum pad in left, and eyes cast upward, in attitude of deep thought.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE... Long hair, false mustache and goatee, knickerbockers tied at knee with yellow ribbon, broad collar, under which immense yellow tie. His hands hang down at his side, and he must look as stupid as possible.

QUEEN ELIZABETH..... Trained dress of velvet, high ruff, and gilt crown.

ROBINSON CRUSOE..... Peaked fur cap, tippet, and leggings. He is kneeling, measuring with yard-stick the upturned sole of an old shoe.

MOTHER HUBBARD..... Modern "Mother Hubbard" dress. She holds in her right hand a large bone, at which she is gazing with the utmost disgust.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR..... Sailor suit. Stands with hands on hips, and his mouth puckered up as if for whistling

BROTHER JONATHAN..... Long trousers, on which are stitched red stripes; white stars on blue coat, and an enormous white "stove-pipe" hat. He carries a small American flag across his shoulder.

JACK..... *Live* boy of twelve or thirteen. Derby hat, winter overcoat, knickerbocker suit.

SCENE: Room with door on one side, through which JACK may be drawn on child's express wagon, or similar contrivance on wheels, to which a rope is attached, and which may be concealed from view of audience by potted plants placed behind the figures. At each wing small table to hold *unlighted* candelabra. The seven "wax" figures are arranged in a semicircle across the stage in the order indicated above. Each stands on a low box covered with green baize, and on which the several names are plainly labelled. The curtain rises (or is drawn aside) to slow music, which latter continues for a minute or two, during which time the figures (which are the sole occupants of the stage) must remain immovable, in the attitudes above suggested. Suddenly a clock (any sort of bell will do) strikes twelve, and at the last stroke all the figures begin to move, gaping, rubbing their eyes, and stretching their arms, as if just awakened from sleep.

ROBINSON CRUSOE (*dropping the shoe, and straightening himself up*). Dear, dear, how stiff I am!

(Julius Cæsar *and* Shakespeare *shake hands.*)

SHAKESPEARE. What's the good word, Julius? How dost come on with those new Commentaries of thine?

CÆSAR. Ah! but sadly slow, Will. What with the cantaleverous and suspension contrivances of these mad moderns, I fear me much that my ten-day bridges will command but scant attention.

(*The two continue to converse in an under-tone between themselves.*)

BROTHER JONATHAN (*taking off his hat and bowing to* Queen Elizabeth). Ahem! And how does your Majesty to-night?

QUEEN ELIZABETH (*coughing*). But indifferent well—thanks, Brother Jonathan. 'Tis the dampness of this vault under the sidewalk that doth affect me.

(*She coughs again, whereupon* Brother Jonathan *steps down from his pedestal and comes over to converse in pantomime with her.*)

MOTHER HUBBARD (*who meanwhile has been gesticulating violently with the bone to her neighbor* Sindbad). No, no, Mr. Sindbad; it is all wrong, I tell you. Does not the poem say that Mrs. Hubbard went to the cupboard and found, *not* a bone, but bareness? So it is therefore, I maintain, improper—quite improper—to have

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given me this bone to hold. (*She shakes the bone angrily.*)

SINDBAD. True, Mistress Hubbard, true; but think how much worse you would be off had the bit of a verse commanded you to belay on to a bone, and they had shipped you from port without one. Ay, ma'am, but that *would* be an uglier squall for you to weather. I too fall in with nasty spells every day o' me life when folks forgit to sheet home that small, small "d" in me name, and make it "Sinbad," as if I were a werry wicked sort o' personage.

(*He begins to look gloomy, when* Brother Jonathan *hurries back to his pedestal, and raps on the floor with the end of his flag-staff. Instantly all the other figures resume their former positions.*)

BROTHER JONATHAN. Ladies and gentlemen of the Historical Department of the Excelsior Show, this Christmas-eve, from twelve to six, is, I need scarcely remind you, our annual holiday—or shall I say holi-night? The year past has been generally favorable to our health and prosperity. No scorching sun has been suffered to cast its blight upon our complexions, and the leaky roof above our heads has been repaired. For all this we should be grateful. And now, before proceeding to enjoy our usual frolic, it is in order for each one present to name the game he or she would prefer.

CÆSAR. Tag.

SHAKESPEARE. Puss in the Corner.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Hop Scotch.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. Shinny.

MOTHER HUBBARD. Puss in the Corner.

SINDBAD. Geography.

BROTHER JONATHAN. "Puss in the Corner" has it, and I'll be Puss.

(*Drops his flag, which is the signal for any of the others who may be holding articles to follow his example, while all scamper off to secure corners.* Shakespeare *and* Sindbad *carry their pedestals to the rear wall of the stage, placing them about four feet apart to furnish "corners"; and all six being thus provided for, silence reigns, while* Brother Jonathan *takes up his station in the centre, and looks from one to another of his companions as they begin their secret beckonings to each other. Suddenly a crash and a cry are heard without, on the side where the door is, and instantly all the figures, in the greatest seeming terror, hurry back to their places. If foot-lights are available, it is well to turn them down at this point, turning them up again when* Jack *lights the candle.* Shakespeare *and* Sindbad *have scarcely succeeded in dragging back their pedestals and getting upon them when* Jack *comes half limping in, partly covered with sawdust and shavings.*)

JACK (*groping with his hands out in front of him*). Well, here's a go! Wonder if I've landed down in China? I might just as well be there for all I can see of the look of the country. Whew! (*rubbing his left leg*) didn't I come through with a thud, though? If it hadn't been for carpenters having been at work around here, and leaving a pile of sawdust behind them, I don't believe I'd be able to walk a step. But where in the world am I, and how am I ever going to get out? (*Feels in his vest pocket.*) Good! here's one of the matches I had for lighting the tree. (*Strikes it on his shoe, and finding himself near the candles next to* Cæsar, *proceeds to light one of them.*)




Hello! this is handy. Wonder if anybody lives in this cellar? (*He takes up the lighted candle and starts off to explore, when, in turning around, his head strikes* Cæsar's *pad, which falls to the floor.* Jack *looks up, and on seeing by whom he is confronted, gives a start, and almost drops the candle. All the figures remain immovable, while* Jack *slowly glances around the semicircle.*) My crickey! what's all this? (*Reads the names on the pedestals.*) Wax-works. Julius Cæsar—old friend of mine at school. "Spokeshear"—don't know him so well. Queen Elizabeth—she's the one that never got married. And here's "dear old Robinson Crusoe." Wonder what's become of his man Friday? And if there isn't one of those "Mother Hubbards" they've been making such a fuss over lately! Old Sindbad there looks just as if his mouth was going to break out into a whistle and his legs into a jig. Brother Jonathan: who is—oh yes, he stands for the United States, when they don't want to use that girl leaning on a shield, and holding that fool's-cappish-looking hat on a pole. Oh dear, though, I wish I could get out of this, and safe in at Aunt Maria's! I don't care how much of a show I can have here for nothing. (*Goes off at side opposite to that by which he has entered, but immediately returns, looking more discouraged than ever. While he is gone, the figures turn their heads, smile, and wink at each other.*) Every door locked. But perhaps I can climb up some way and crawl out of that coal-hole, or whatever it was, I fell down. (*Goes off at other side, but soon comes back to sit down on* Shakespeare's *pedestal, prop his chin on his hands, and look very sober. Again during his absence the figures seize the opportunity to stare about them.*) No; I'm not a bird, to be able to climb up on air, and that's all there is between the floor and the roof. Now I s'pose there's nothing for me to do but sit here till morning—Christmas morning, too. I just wish these wax figures would come to life and help me out of the scrape.




ALL THE FIGURES (*in chorus*). We will.

JACK (*jumping up as though sent from a spring-board, and crying out as if somebody had pulled his ear*). Ow! I didn't mean to say it. I take it all back. Please, please be wax again.

BROTHER JONATHAN (*still remaining immovable except as to his lips*). Too late, my boy. A wish such as yours, uttered here on Christmas-eve between the hours of twelve and six, is sure to be granted.

(*As he speaks the last word all the figures step down and crowd about* Jack. *He at first tries to run away from them, but they quickly form a ring and dance around him, singing, "Oats, peaze, beans, and barley grows, you, nor I, nor nobody knows." Then they stop, apparently out of breath, and sit down on the pedestals.*)

BROTHER JONATHAN (*drawing* Jack *down to a seat beside him*). Now if you will explain how you got here, and exactly what you want, we will all do our best to help you.

THE OTHER FIGURES (*in chorus*). That we will.

JACK (*after edging as far away as possible from* Brother Jonathan). All right. It's a bargain, though this is the craziest performance I ever heard of, and I expect to wake up every minute, tumble out of bed, and find that I've been dreaming the whole thing. But here goes for the explanation. (*While he talks he brushes the shavings and sawdust from his coat.*) You see, I came on to-day to spend Christmas at my aunt Maria's, because my father and mother are away from home. (*All the figures solemnly nod their heads.*) But first I was to meet my cousin at another aunt's, at a party, and then go home with him afterward. He's a doctor, and just in the middle of the fun he was sent for to see somebody that was sick. Of course I didn't want to go then a bit. (*The figures solemnly shake their heads.*) Aunt Maria's house—she's his mother, you know—wasn't far off, so he said I might stay, and he'd wait up to let me in. And now, as I was

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"OATS, PEASE, BEANS, AND BARLEY GROWS."

walking along trying to see the numbers, I plumped right into a hole in the sidewalk, and found myself down here.

BROTHER JONATHAN. I see. They leave the lid off to give us air, and Tim must have forgotten to put the stool in its place.

JACK. Oh, that's it, is it? Well, if you waxies—excuse me, I mean your Waxen Majesties—will only be so kind and obliging as to get me out of this pickle before morning, I won't make a complaint against Tim, whoever he is.

CÆSAR (*standing up*). Tim is the janitor. And now, my friends, I move that we lay our heads together, and think up a means of aiding this youth to regain his freedom.

(*All the figures rise and literally put their heads together,* Queen Elizabeth *and* Mother Hubbard *occupying the foreground. There is a moment's silence, while they cast their eyes thoughtfully toward the ceiling.* Jack *remains seated, watching the proceedings with the greatest interest.*)

ALL THE FIGURES (*in chorus*). Ah, we have it!

CÆSAR (*motioning for* Jack *to rise, and leading him to the low car or little wagon behind the flower-pots*). Stand thou here, my son, and by the magic properties contained in a gift from each of our number shalt thou be transported back to thy natural element. Here is my contribution.

(*He takes off his purple robe, drapes it around* Jack, *then returns to mount his pedestal.*)

SHAKESPEARE (*tying on* Jack *his enormous yellow neck-tie*). Thou'rt welcome, minion, to whatever moving virtues this punjab may possess.

QUEEN ELIZABETH (*placing her crown on* Jack's *derby*). With my best wishes.

(*She then returns to her proper place, as do* Shakespeare *and all the others, after having bestowed their gifts.*)

ROBINSON CRUSOE (*presenting the old shoe*). Here's a seven-league boot for you.

MOTHER HUBBARD (*offering her bone*). And here's refreshment by the way.

SINDBAD. I'll whistle for the spirits to move you.

BROTHER JONATHAN. And by my trusty flag I'll summon them.

(*Waves it over* Jack's *head. At the same moment* Sindbad *gives a sharp, low whistle, soft music is heard, and with all the figures waving their hands toward him in token of good-by,* Jack *is drawn slowly off.*)

JACK (*who is moving backward, with one foot in the big shoe and the bone held in a flourishing fashion above his head*). Here I go; good-by, good-by. I'm ever so much obliged. I'll send the traps back by telegraph, and wish you all the jolliest of Merry Christmases. (*Disappears.*)

CÆSAR. 'Tis well, and we have done most fitting deed for Christmas-eve. Now to our play again. *Tempus fugit.*

(*As they all hurry off to secure corners, the curtain falls.*)



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CUFFY AND HIS FIDDLE.—SEE POEM, "AN ADVENT SERENADE," ON PAGE 106.

*"Oh! was it a dream that Cuffy had—*
*Or did Jesus come to the little lad?"*

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## AN ADVENT SERENADE.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

BLACK CUFFY had come in the bluebird's train,
When the tender leaves were jewelled with rain,
When daisies were starring the hedge and field,
And the pasture gay with the clover yield,
When rank upon rank the green canes stood
In the violet bank of the swampy wood,
When the roads were decked with jasmine flower,
And the wild rose peeped from its leafy bower.

Whose boy was he? There was no one who knew
Any more than whence came the birds of blue,
While he, with a laugh or a sigh, would say:
"I's Cuffy, and 'longs to de broad highway,
Just as de bubble belongs to de spring,
Or de fiddle bow to de fiddle string.
I's gay as a squirrel in a hickory-tree,
For me and my fiddle was bofe born free."

'Twas Cuffy who knew where the sweet plums grew,
Where the brown thrush built or the birds of blue,
Who knew where the berries were thick and black,
Where the clover drooped to the rabbit's track,
Who could tell the name of an herb or flower,
Or find you the spring in the ferny bower.
He was always thoughtless, loving, and gay—
Just a wild bird caught in a cage of clay.

And, oh! when the Christmas feast came round,
There was not a lad that could be found
Who knew so well where the berries were red,
And the straightest cedar lifted its head,
Who dared to climb for the mistletoe white
As it hung far up in the wintry light.
'Twas Cuffy who knew how to bind the leaf,
And mingle it best with the golden sheaf.

When the church was decked, and left in the night,
And the cabins were full of ruddy light,
And the women were busy with loving hands,
As they talked of Christ, and the angel bands
Who had sung from the north, south, east, and west
That the earth was still and at perfect rest,
For Jesus its King had come from above
To bind it to God with a cross of love,

Cuffy listened with face and heart aglow;
Then he raised his fiddle and poised his bow;
As swiftly he patted his small bare feet,
And told to his fiddle a secret sweet,
Whispered it down to the little brown thing
As though there was life in its every string.
"For de Christ-child be berry glad," said he,
"For a serenade from you and from me."

So away he sped when the stars dropped low,
Lovingly hugging his fiddle and bow.
"For surely Lord Jesus dwelleth," said he,
"In de church where dey dressed de Christmas tree."
Away he sped to the church in the bend,
Where he laid his cheek to his trusty friend,
And he drew such tones from its tender strings
That the night-bird hushed its whirring wings.

Gayly he played all the tunes that he knew,
From "Home, sweet Home," to "Red, White, and Blue";
Gayly he whistled and gayly he sang,
Till the echoing pines to the music rang;
Then he touched the strings with a tender grace;
"Lord Jesus," he cried, "let me see dy face."
And the tall pines stood like priests in the night,
And they sighed, "Amen," from their stately height.

"Lord Christ, it's dy birfday," sweetly he sang;
"Let me see dy face," through the wild woods rang,
When, with bow half drawn, he paused in surprise,
And lifted to heaven his wondering eyes;
For just where the morning star was in sight
Stood Jesus, the Child of the Christmas night;
He stood with his feet on the great white star,
While the angel host shone down from afar.

Sweet was the vision that answered his call,
But sweeter the smile that the Lord let fall
On Cuffy, who stood with his half-drawn bow
That night by the church where the pine-trees grow.
He had brought his gift to the Master's feet,
Of humble songs that were caught in the street.
So simple the gift! so great was the grace!
For he saw, as he sang, the Christ-child's face.

Oh, was it a dream that Cuffy had?
Or did Jesus come to the little lad?

## ON THE TRACK OF CHRISTMAS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY child! Did you ever think what that means, little Robin and Ruby? You live in the time of the telegraph, the telephone, and the type-writer, the railroad and the ocean steamer, and I don't know what else that saves minutes and muscles. How your little great-grandmothers in their day would have stared if they had been told of half the fairy-like wonders which are every-day and commonplace and matters of course to you. Why, even Christmas has grown to be lovelier and brighter in these days than it ever was before. It was a dream of delight to me in my childhood, but it has gained some charms since then, and every year it comes with new beauty and added enchantment.

"Merry Christmas!" The sweet words have a music all their own, the sweeter that everybody is saying them, and they are popping from lips which are often pursed up and crusty, as well as from those which are always smiling and bland. The cook wishes the milkman a "Merry Christmas," the mistress wishes it to the maid, the merchant says "Merry Christmas" to his customer, and, in fact, we all wish it. Like jolly Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim, the thought in our hearts is not "Merry Christmas" only, but "God bless us every one!"

There were thousands of years during which the earth waited for Christmas. There were sowing and reaping, winter and summer, and the years with their changes rolled round, but no Christmas came with its songs and gifts and its great gladness, until the angels brought the first good news of its advent.

I like to think of the Wise Men—whom tradition tells us were three kings of the East—Melchior, Nicanor, and Balthasar, journeying slowly through the desert day after day, and following the wonderful star, until at last it stood still over the manger where the infant Jesus lay. They brought gifts to Him, gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and He was Himself God's gift to mankind. So you see that giving is bound into the very fibre of Christmas.

Better even than to think of the Eastern princes is it to recall the shepherds watching their flocks by night on the Judean hill-side, when, as they talked together to keep themselves alert and wakeful, the glory of God shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

And there, right above them, hovered a mighty angel, majestic and serene, who told them to "fear not," because this very day a Saviour is born in the city of David. Suddenly through the opening skies issues a host of the seraphim, praising God and singing—singing such a strain as the earth had never heard before—and when the last sweet echo dies away the angels go back into heaven.

Then the shepherds, in the gray dawn, take their reverent journey to Bethlehem to find the young Child and His mother.

At the period of our Saviour's birth the world was ready for Him in a peculiar way. For a long time there had been war and fighting everywhere, but now there was profound peace.

The great empires of Assyria, Persia, and Greece had passed away, one after the other, and the magnificent empire of Rome had succeeded them. The whole known world was under the sway of the Seven-hilled City. Augustus Cæsar was the supreme ruler of the world. Every nation paid him tribute; the Roman eagles had conquered all who opposed them.

When people are at war there is little time for learning or art or commerce to flourish. It is only when peace prevails that there is time for these things. Although Rome was despotic, yet in her vast provinces she allowed a good deal of liberty, and altogether there had never been an era so fit for the coming of the Prince of Peace as the golden age of Augustus.

It was in the middle of the fourth century that Christ-

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mas was first observed as a festival. From Rome it passed over into Asia, and as years elapsed it was kept in Europe. One of the last places where Christmas was greeted with anthems and processions, strange to say, was Jerusalem, although Christian worship began there.

During the Middle Ages there sprang up in the track of Christmas what we have all read about as the institution of chivalry.

There was a time when nobody's life was safe anywhere. People had to surround their castles and homes with deep ditches, and then keep warders on their drawbridges by night and by day lest assassins should find their way into the hall or chamber. Bold barons, and bands of robbers and marauders went roistering up and down the land, and there was nothing but riot and turmoil and plunder going on, the rule being the right of the strongest, and only that. A very, very bad rule!

With the sweet spirit brought into the world by Jesus there grew up reverence for woman, a desire to protect the weak, and a resolve on the part of the nobles to set wrongs right if they could.

So the order of knighthood came into being, and through the forests and over the mountains and into the cities rode the goodly knights, sworn to deliver all who were in peril, and to scorn every mean action.

The mother of the pure and lofty Bayard said to him, when he received his sword, "Serve God, and He will aid thee; be sweet and courteous to every gentleman in divesting thyself of all pride. Be not a flatterer or tale-bearer, be loyal in word and in deed, keep thy word, be helpful to the poor and orphan, and God will reward it to thee."

Can the gentlemen of to-day adopt a better code of morals and manners?

When gradually the gloom of the Dark Ages passed, and the invention of printing came, so that books were multiplied instead of being slowly copied out by hand, the track of Christmas grew wider and plainer.

In the pleasant homes of Germany the Christ-child was lovingly remembered, and the Christmas-tree was lit by numbers of candles, and strung with shining balls, and hung with presents. Then came the pleasant fiction of the good St. Nicholas with his laden pack, his jingling bells, and his galloping reindeer.

English children, Dutch, Spanish, French, Norwegian, and Danish children are all in wild spirits when Christmas comes. Perhaps American children are a wee bit wilder than any of the others. The stockings are hung up in the chimney corner, and with hearts full of delight the little folk go to bed, sternly determined to stay awake all night.

Strangely enough, no child ever has staid awake all night, and no boy or girl has ever beheld the face of Santa Claus, or ever heard the prancing of his fleet-footed steeds, except in dreams. But that he is real, and that he comes some time between the dark and the daybreak, your stockings crammed with gifts testify.

Dear children, amid the pleasures of the season, I beg you not to forget the gladness which lies at the heart of Christmas. It was sung by the angels. It was brought by the Lord Himself when He became a little child.

The track of Christmas is ever gaining breadth and taking to itself new glory. Christmas is kept in islands of the ocean which a little while ago were occupied by cannibals. To-day the islanders are Christians.

India, China, Japan, Syria, Africa, are joining the multitude who worship the Saviour born in Bethlehem. Wherever there are idols, and wherever there are misery, want, and sin, the true religion is slowly but surely making its way. And before many years shall have gone, Christmas will be kept the wide world round. The twentieth-century child may see that happy time when all tongues and nations shall say "Merry Christmas!"

## THE SWORD OF HILDEBRAND.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.



THE revels ran high on Christmas-eve in the great hall of Castle Erlstein. Never before during the centuries that the Counts von Erlstein had waged war and wassail in that vast feudal fortress had the heavy oaken rafters rung with such gay laughter, or looked down upon such a band of merry-makers, as upon this Christmas-eve when the young Count Rudolf celebrated his fourteenth birthday.

Seated upon a great rock which rose abruptly from the plain, Castle Erlstein frowned grimly down upon the town of the same name. A vast, fierce-looking pile was the castle, with many bristling towers. Within, mazy corridors and wide halls, decorated with old portraits and curious trophies of the chase and the battle-field, told of ages long gone by.

It was fitting that the young Count should celebrate his birthday here, for it was his home, and he was heir to the great castle and its surrounding lands. In obedience to their young host's request, many of the guests had come in fanciful costumes, and he himself, clad in a rich court suit of purple velvet, fashioned after the style of the sixteenth century, was the leader in every gay frolic. They had danced the cotillion until their restless spirits had demanded something in which ceremony could be laid aside, and real fun play the leading part. Hardly was one game well begun before another would be suggested, and, if it promised wilder gayety, immediately adopted.

"A forfeit!" "A forfeit from Rudolf!" cried a score of voices, as the chances of the game claimed the young host as a victim.

Then the children gathered, noisy and jostling, around the young girl whose office it was to name the penalty that each should pay.

"Come, Cousin Marguerite," said Rudolf, "I know you have some wicked scheme in your head. Do your worst. The more difficult the penalty, the better I shall like it."

The clamor rose again as he ceased speaking, and his fair cousin was deafened by the noisy suggestions that were offered her. But she heeded them not, and a half-merry, half-frightened look lighted up her black eyes as she held up her wand to still the tumult.

"My cousin Rudolf," she said, "has bidden me set him a difficult penalty, and a Von Erlstein would never shrink from a challenge, no matter how great the danger. But what I shall say demands no extraordinary courage. I decree that my cousin Rudolf shall go alone and bring me the Sword of Hildebrand from the Haunted Gallery."

For the first time since the merry company had assembled the great hall was hushed in a deep and breathless silence. To these young people the Haunted Gallery had long been a subject of fearful curiosity, and its legend a mystery in which their interest was the greater for the reason that hardly any of them had ever entered it, or indeed knew where in the great castle it was situated. To what unknown terrors, then, had the whim of his fair cousin subjected their gay-hearted playmate! The Sword of Hildebrand, too! There was a chapter of romantic adventure in the very name.

But the silence lasted only a few moments.

"Is that all, fair cousin?" cried Rudolf. "Your behest shall be obeyed. I had, indeed, expected something more

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worthy of the courage of a Von Erlstein. But why this sudden silence?" he continued, turning to the awe-stricken group. "I believe you think I am going on a real adventure. Well, I will go and bring hither the Sword of Hildebrand from the Haunted Gallery. If there be a ghost, he is a Von Erlstein, and should give his kinsman hearty greeting."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried the boys, their spirits restored by his bold words and careless manner. "Hurrah for our brave Rudolf!"

"Thanks," he replied, bowing, cap in hand, with mock courtesy. "If I don't return to-night, you will know that my ghostly ancestor has been hospitable enough to entertain me on this my birth-night, and so I bid you all meet me here in the morning."

In a few moments Rudolf had reached the gallery. To him the errand on which he had been sent was a matter of no anxiety, for he was perfectly familiar with the Haunted Gallery, and he had been taught to laugh at ghosts and all such foolish old women's tales. The lamps in the room were not lighted, but the full moon shone in through the tall, narrow windows, and by its light he easily found his way to the corner of the room where the great weapon he sought hung upon the wall. Standing upon a chair, he disengaged it from the nail that supported it, and for the first time in his life held the great Sword of Hildebrand in his hands.

"Aha, old fellow!" he muttered to himself, "my ancestor that carried you into battle was no weakling. Ah! what is this?" he continued, as he examined the weapon in a ray of the bright moonlight. Then with difficulty he made out an inscription on the tarnished blade. It was written in the German language, and in old German characters, and read,

I will do no wrong that I will not right.

"So—so! a brave motto, truly!"

Then throwing himself into the attitude of a fencer—in which exercise he was well instructed—he lunged with difficulty at a small boss in the centre of one of the panels in the wall. The first time he missed it by two or three inches; then, with an impatient exclamation at his want of skill, he lunged a second time, but again struck the panel wide of the mark. "I am a bungler," he exclaimed, "or the thing is too heavy for me. Again!"

Steadying himself, he lunged a third time at the boss, and struck it fairly in the centre.

"Good!" he said. "Now I will carry it to my cousin."

He turned to leave the room, but as he did so he became aware that an opening had appeared in the wall where he had struck it. He started. Had he displaced the panel? There had been no sound except the hollow stroke of the sword upon the wood. He approached closer. The whole panel had moved back. He stepped into the open space. There the panel hung back on a hinge. "It is a secret chamber," he thought; he had read of them in romances, but knew not that Castle Erlstein contained such mysterious apartments.

His first impulse was to run back and an-




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nounce the discovery to his friends, but a desire to explore it a little way by himself urged him on, and he entered the passage. After a few steps he heard a faint click, and looking back, he saw that the panel had closed behind him. This startled him; but supposing that it could be opened from the side he was on, he groped his way back, and began to feel for the lock. The panel was perfectly smooth; there was no lock nor handle, and not so much as a projection on the surface which he might take hold of.

He was now thoroughly frightened, but he tried to keep his courage up by remembering that if he did not return in a few minutes his companions would become alarmed, and would come with lamps and servants to seek him.

In the mean time his young friends waited anxiously in the hall for his return. The uneasy feeling that had taken possession of the party when Marguerite named the penalty had deepened into real alarm as the minutes passed by and Rudolf did not return. Marguerite herself was frightened at what she had done, but she tried to hide her fears from the others, and when some of them proposed that servants should be summoned to seek the young Count in the gallery—for none of the guests cared to venture on the errand—she prevented it, fearing some unknown consequences of her foolish whim. And so the young host was left in his gloomy prison alone and unsought.





The serious nature of his position brought back his presence of mind, and soon the hot blood flushed his cheeks as he thought of the ridiculous side of his plight. That he should have been sent to bring the Sword of Hildebrand to his cousin, and, instead of doing so, should be found shut up in a hole in the wall, would seem pitiful; whereas, if he could escape unaided, the adventure would be one to boast of.

Thus reasoning, he moved slowly away from the place by which he had entered, and groped his way along the narrow passage. After some minutes of this slow progress, he turned an angle, and saw, not far ahead of him, a thin ray of light which came from a loop-hole high up in the wall.

Hardly staying to wonder at this, he walked a few more steps in the same direction, but seeing no more

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light, he made up his mind to go back. Acting upon this decision, he turned, and, following the wall, soon saw the dim light ahead of him. A few more steps, and he found himself at the head of a long flight of stairs. He now knew that he had missed his way, for the stairs by which he had come would have led him up instead of down. Then, as he cautiously descended, he became aware that the passage seemed to be quite light at the foot of the stairs, and the further he went down the more plainly could he make out the floor and walls of the corridor beyond.

In a few seconds he stood at what seemed to be a natural window in the rock, and saw below him the roofs and towers of the town of Erlstein clearly defined in the bright moonlight.

But where was he now? The castle, its courts, offices, and pleasure grounds were familiar to him, but this stern, forbidding rock was strange, though he had often seen it from a distance, whence, however, it was partly hidden by the stunted trees and shrubbery that managed to maintain life in the scanty soil almost up to the line where the masonry of the castle met its rocky foundation.

Following a narrow ledge along the side of the rock, and using the trunks and roots of the trees for support, he gradually descended; and when he had nearly reached a broad stretch of level ground he was startled by a sense of suffocation by smoke. A moment's examination showed him the hole in the rock whence the smoke came, and leaning over it to satisfy himself, he drew back suddenly, for his ear caught the murmur of voices.

The sound made him pause to reflect. This was his grandfather's domain, and he had a right—so he told himself—to enter any part of it. Possibly some groom or forester might lodge here. On the other hand, it was so far removed from the inhabited part of the castle that a band of robbers or smugglers might have taken up their quarters here. But whosesoever were the voices he heard, they were human voices, and were a welcome sound, for Rudolf seemed to have been away from human companionship for hours.

In another minute he had reached the entrance to the cave in which he had heard the voices, and as a bright light shone through the crevices of the rickety door and shutters, he made up his mind to knock.

Within, a young girl heard the knock, and started. "Some one knocks at the door, grandfather," she said.

"It can not be, my child," replied the old man. "We have no visitors. No stranger has come here in many years. It is your fancy."

Rudolf heard the gentle voices, and knocked again, and louder.

The old man got up, and opened the door. "Who comes at this hour to our quiet home?" he demanded.

"I have lost my way, sir," said the boy, "and would ask shelter or guidance back to the castle."

The old man started as he recognized the young visitor, and trembled with excitement. "The young Count von Erlstein is welcome to my humble shelter; but I never thought to see one of your race visit the old servitor of your family in this poor place."

"Then you are one of the old pensioners of the castle?" said the young Count. "Strange that I have never seen you before. But you should have come up this morning to wish me blessings on my birthday; then you might have been feasting in the servants' hall at this hour. And who is this?" he asked, looking at the girl, whose large blue eyes had been devouring the youthful figure in the strange suit of purple velvet and plumed cap ever since he appeared.

"It is my granddaughter Wilhelmina, Herr Count. As for me, I had a name once, but it is forgotten. May I ask how happens it that the young Count is abroad at this hour?"

"Oh, I've had such an adventure! and if you'll let me warm myself at your fire—for I'm almost frozen—I will tell it to you."

It was a strange party that sat around the fire as Rudolf told his story. The old man's hair and beard were long and white, and his tall form bowed by the weight of years and sorrow. The young girl was blue-eyed and fair-skinned, and her golden hair hung in two long braids over her shapely shoulders, but her face told of quiet content and happiness as certainly as his spoke of age and its sorrows.

In a few minutes Rudolf had told his story. His hearers were visibly moved, the one as if she were listening to some old-time tale told by the hero-prince himself, the other with excitement, as if the depths of memory had been powerfully stirred.

"Herr Count," said the old man, in trembling tones, "your story has interested me greatly. Have you leisure to listen to a tale that I would tell you?

"Many years ago a rich noble, who dwelt in a great castle, had a son whom he loved dearly. He was handsome, clever, and winning in his manners, and he had married a young wife no less well-favored than himself. After a time a little baby came to them, and the cup of happiness of that noble family seemed full to the brim. But the son—the young Count, as he was called—was headstrong, and could ill bear restraint. One day he had set his heart upon some foolish exploit which his father, the old noble, forbade; and as the young man threatened to go in spite of his father's commands, the old Count took advantage of his son's presence in a large unused apartment in the castle, and turned the key on him, so that he was a prisoner in his father's house.

"The steward of the castle had served that noble and his father before him for years with a true, faithful service, and when the old Count had locked the door on his son he gave the key to the steward, commanding him not to unlock the door until he bade him, on pain of his lasting displeasure. It was sad work, as you may imagine, for the steward to be jailer of the lad, whom he loved as his own son. But the old Count was his master, and he had never failed in his duty yet. He would not prove false to his trust now.

"At night the old Count came to inquire how the young man fared, and to release him; but when in obedience to his master's commands the steward unlocked the door, the room was empty. Lamps were brought in, but the young man was not there. The old Count's first thought was that, in desperation, his son had attempted to make his escape by the windows, and he turned pale as he thought of the hundred feet and more of sheer wall and precipice that lay below them. But the casements were untouched, and it was easily seen that no attempt had been made to force them.

"Then the old Count turned fiercely upon the faithful steward, and accused him of having betrayed his trust by releasing the young man, and raising a heavy sword that chanced to lie near by, made as though he would strike him to the ground. But the steward did not flinch. 'My lord,' he said, 'I have served your father and you for more than half a century in this castle, where my forefathers served you before me, and never has a breach of trust been scored or even suspected against me. After such service, think you I would fail in my duty now, even though I love that boy as if he were my own son?'

"The next day was Christmas-day, but it was a melancholy day for all in that great castle. Messengers had been sent in all directions to seek the young Count, and in the morning one of the grooms came, saying that the young Count's horse had returned home to his stable without a rider. A few hours later a wood-cutter brought word that the young man's body had been found in the forest—dead. In his mad ride he had been struck by an overhanging bough, and had died where he fell.

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"The father's grief was great, but it turned to fierce anger against the faithful old servant of his house. He was believed to have given the young man his liberty, and was thus held responsible for his awful fate. Bitter words were spoken, and though the steward over and over again denied his guilt, he was stripped of his keys of office, turned out of doors, and bidden seek a kennel out of sight in which to pass the remainder of his miserable life. A poor hermit's cave was assigned him as his home, a scanty pension granted him, and there for many years he lived, a broken-spirited man, under the shadow of the great castle where he and his fathers before him had served faithfully as chief of the retainers of a great family."

As the old man finished his story, the girl started forward, while the tears streamed down her fair cheeks, crying, "Grandfather! grandfather!"

But he only kissed her tenderly, soothed her head on his breast, and whispered in her ear; and soon she looked up at her "fairy prince" through the mist of her tears. The boy seemed to be wrestling with some uncertain idea. At last his face cleared, and his eyes flashed with indignation. He had guessed what the quicker wit of the girl had discovered some time ago.

"I see it all!" he exclaimed, his voice trembling with excitement. "*You* were the steward so cruelly wronged, the unjust noble was my grandfather, and the unfortunate young man who was killed was my father. Am I not right? He was imprisoned in the Haunted Gallery, and by some means opened the secret door which I accidentally discovered to-night. Was it not so?"

"Yes, Herr Count, it was so," replied the old steward, whose excitement had calmed down. "There is one thing that your story called to my mind, but which I omitted to speak of in mine: when your grandfather and I entered the gallery we found the sword of Hildebrand lying upon the floor."

"Then the motto on the sword is a true boast, 'I will do no wrong that I will not right.' Oh, this is wonderful! All shall be set right. To-morrow you shall again be steward of Erlstein, and you, Wilhelmina, shall dance with me on Christmas night. Ah, wicked little Cousin Marguerite! you little knew the good you were to do, though I fear you have sadly frightened our good people up at the castle, and yourself not the least. Well," he continued, "this has, indeed, been a Christmas-eve worthy of the old knightly days, and I would willingly go through all the fright of it again for such an ending up."

"And now, sir," said the old steward, "I must direct you on your way back to the castle. You have said that you will see me righted. I demand, but will not beg for, justice."

"Depend upon me, good steward," said the young Count, warmly, as they parted; "all shall be well. The Christmas sun shall hardly have risen before you shall be summoned back to the castle as steward of Erlstein."

The great clock in the court-yard was striking the hour of midnight when Count Rudolf reached the castle. His disappearance had created the greatest alarm and confusion. The guests had been hastily dismissed to their homes, servants had searched all through the castle, messengers had been sent out in all directions, and while all were more or less affected by grief and fear, two persons in the castle were utterly overcome. The old Count paced his room restlessly, in great distress. The memory of that Christmas-eve thirteen years ago came back to him now with awful clearness when he heard that it was from the Haunted Gallery that his grandson was supposed to have disappeared. He could hardly persuade himself that the fate of the father had not fallen upon the son, and the idea crushed him. As for poor little Cousin Marguerite, though she feared to tell the Count her share in the matter, she had confessed it all to her nurse, and was now crying her heart out on her pillow. Wicked little Cousin Marguerite!—she little knew the good she had done.

Into the midst of all this confusion at the castle the young Count returned as coolly as if his absence had been no one's affair but his own. Silencing the eager servants, he demanded to be conducted to his grandfather's presence, where he was received with many protestations, on the old Count's part, of relief, joy, and thankfulness. To his grandfather's inquiries he merely replied that he had been outside of the castle gates on an errand which he would explain. He was sorry to have given cause for so much alarm, but his adventure, he said, had had a strange result.

"It is thirteen years ago to-day," he continued, "since my father disappeared from the castle, and never entered it again alive."

The old man started, and turned pale. "Boy! boy!" he cried, "who has told you the story of that miserable night?"

"You laid the blame of that fatal midnight ride on an old and trusted servant of our house. You stripped him of his office, and turned him out-of-doors for a fault that was not his."

"It was! it was!" cried the Count, excitedly. "He let my unfortunate son escape, and that night he was killed. Could any father forgive that? Boy, you know not what you are saying."

"Sir, I can prove it. You are a just man, and at this happy Christmas-tide—"

"You know not what you are saying, child. Some one has told you that sad story, and your tender heart is touched. My boy, I honor you and I love you the more for it, but it can not be. Such a wrong as I suffered can never be forgiven. Say no more. Forget what you should never have learned."

"Grandfather, that old man has been cruelly wronged, and *I have proved it*."

"*You* have proved it! You were but an infant. Forget it, I say, and let me thank God that *you* are restored to me, who I had thought were lost."

"You shall hear my story, grandfather: then say if I am not right."

In a few minutes Rudolf had told the old Count the story of his adventure. His grandfather heard him eagerly and with much agitation. When he had finished, the old man clasped him to his heart, but could say nothing. Then he led the boy out of the room and along the great silent corridors until they reached the Haunted Gallery, pausing only to take a lamp from the table on which it stood.

"Show me the place," he said in a trembling voice.

Rudolf touched the spot and pressed the boss, but the panel did not move. Then he glanced around, and saw the great Sword of Hildebrand standing in a corner close by, and taking it up he carefully fitted the point to the centre of the boss, and sharply thrust his weight against it. The panel slowly swung back.

Rudolf's last words to his young friends as he was leaving the hall on his errand to the Haunted Gallery had been a laughing invitation to them all to meet him in the morning if he did not return that night. When, therefore, his servant awoke him in the morning with the news that the court-yard was thronged with children and others from the town who had come to inquire after him, he remembered his invitation, and hurriedly dressed to receive his guests.

Leading his cousin Marguerite by the hand, he went out on the steps in front of the great door, and was received with eager welcome by the assembled crowd.

"Well," said he, "I'm glad to see you took me at my word, and I wish you a right merry Christmas. Why, I do believe you thought the ghost had eaten me. I didn't see or hear any ghost after all, and Cousin Marguerite knew as well as I did that it was all fun. Ghosts and Haunted

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Galleries are all nonsense, and I'm going to use ours as a play-room in wet weather. But I'll tell you what—I want you all to come up this afternoon in those fancy costumes, and we'll have a royal time. I'll not tell you whom I shall open the cotillion with. Oh, it's none of you here. Wait and see. Till then, good-by. Marguerite and I haven't eaten our Christmas breakfast yet. Good-by." And the young orator waved his hand and led his cousin in-doors, while the crowd cheered.

In the afternoon a large and gayly dressed company thronged the great hall. Not only Rudolf's friends were present, but all the retainers of the castle, the principal burghers of the town, and many others whose custom it was to come up to the castle on Christmas-day. When they were all assembled the band struck up a lively march, and the Count von Erlstein entered the hall, leaning upon the arm of the old man whom Rudolf saw last night in the hermit-like cave, now dressed in the gorgeous state livery of the steward of Erlstein.

After a few words of welcome to the company, the old Count said:



"This is my old friend and faithful steward Martin Haussmann, whom some of you will remember. Many years ago I did him a great wrong. I blamed him for a fault that he did not commit, and dismissed him in anger from my service. He has borne his sorrows patiently. A strange circumstance has opened my eyes to the injustice I did him, and I now receive him back, with honor and gratitude, as still steward of Erlstein. The motto that my ancestor, Count Hildebrand, wrote upon his sword-blade was, 'I will do no wrong that I will not right.' May that brave sentiment guide us all through life!"

The Count ceased; the band struck up a waltz, and Rudolf ran to the steward's granddaughter.

"Come, Wilhelmina," he said: "I promised to open the ball with you."

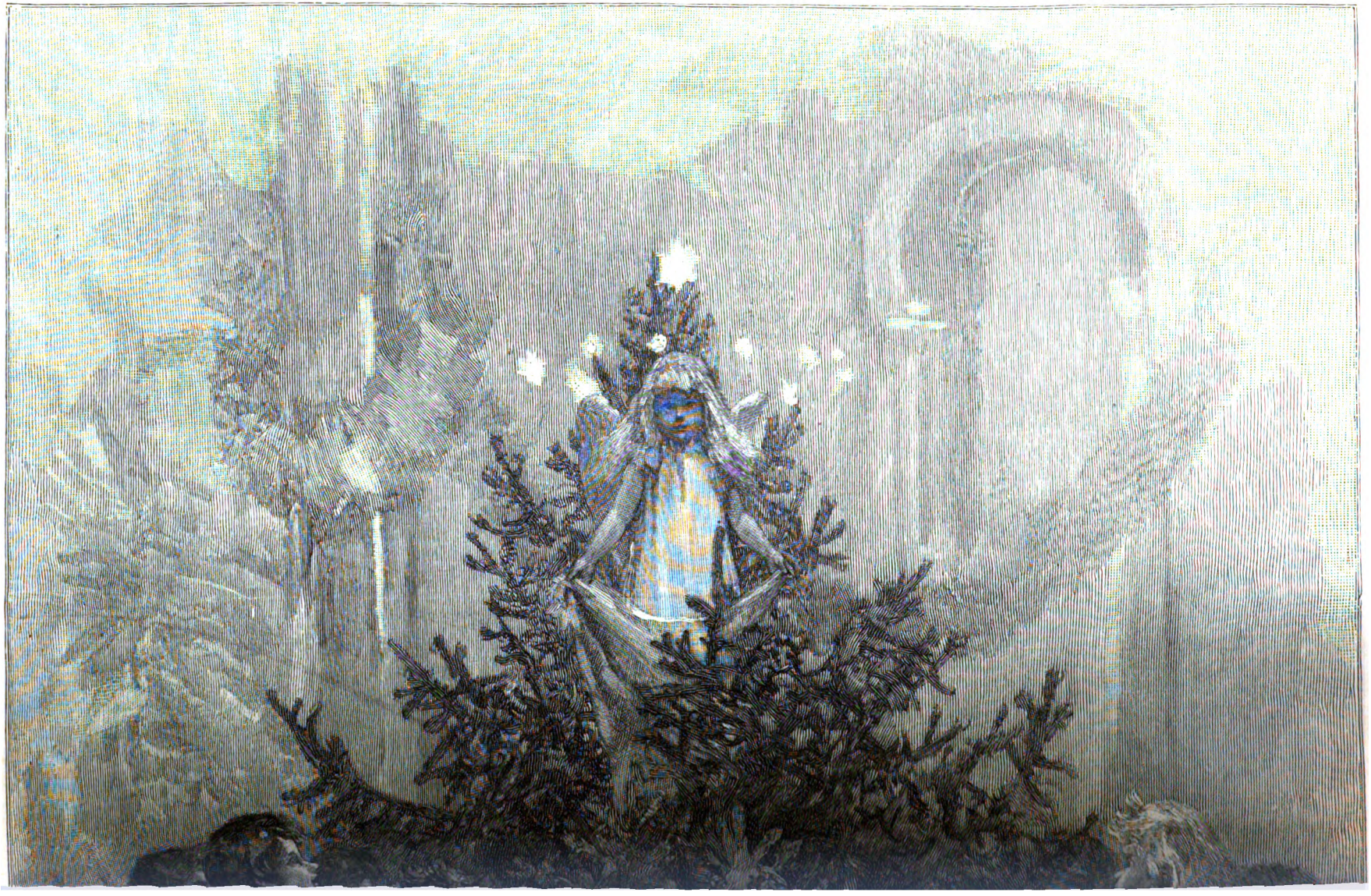
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"THE CHRIST-CHILD."—Drawn by Mrs. Jessie Shepherd.

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 269. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1884.


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THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL.—SEE "THE MOON CHILDREN," ON PAGE 119.


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## AN OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.



I.

VICTORIA HOUGHTON, as she turned over her embroidery silks in quest of a desired shade, exclaimed, "Well, I begin to think Christmas is about used up!"

"Why, Vic, what a wicked thing to say!" and her sister Bell stopped, quite startled, in the centre of the room.

"Not the day itself or the event it commemorates, of course, so don't look so frightened, Bell. I mean our manner of celebrating it. We work for weeks preparing for the grand holiday, and when it comes it always falls below our expectations. Stockings and Christmas trees have lost their charms, and I think that after we have ceased to be children the 25th of December is a disappointing day."

"But what could we do?" asked Bell.

"I would like to see the real old Christmas customs revived — the wassail bowl, the boar's head, and the waits singing from door to door. Then the holidays were merry in deed and in name;" and Victoria's eyes sparkled.

"Not a bad idea, my Early English maiden," laughed a hearty voice, and both girls turned to welcome a cheery-faced old gentleman with soft, snowy hair.

"I did not know, grandpa, that any one was listening," said Victoria, with a blush.

"But I think with you, my dear, that familiarity has made balls and sugar-plums a trifle 'flat, stale, and unprofitable.' Perhaps, with your assistance, we can make a change this year, and even in this nineteenth century have a sort of old-time Christmas at Hollywood."

"Oh, that will be charming!" cried Victoria, beginning at once to ransack the library for any book that might give suggestions.

Hollywood was a delightful old mansion not many miles from New York, and in days gone by had sheltered a myriad happy boys and girls, but one by one the birds had flown from the home nest, until only father and mother Houghton and the youngest son remained beneath the quaint gable roof; and soon now Archie, this last child, was to say farewell, and go to seek his fortune in far-away Japan. But Christmas was a time of reunion, when children and grandchildren came to spend the happy, holy season with "the old folks at home," and was the "red-letter day" of the whole year in the history of Hollywood.

This year the day before Christmas was the coldest of the season, but not one was missing from the bevy of cousins that gathered about dusk in the Grand Central Depot, from Dick Bartlett, a young collegian, down to baby Ellis, crowing and capering in his nurse's arms. There were eight Houghtons, five Bartletts, three Ellises, and one Hastings, who with parents and attendants trooped gayly into the warm car, and were whirled away to the little station nearest to Hollywood.

An omnibus sleigh is in waiting, and, well tucked up in furs, all are packed in, and dash off up the winding road to the old homestead, from which many lights are twinkling a welcome, while the boys shout at the top of their lusty young lungs, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New-Year."

Victoria, assisted by grandpa and Bell, has done her work well. From the moment of their arrival the newcomers meet with a series of surprises. Scarcely are greetings exchanged and wraps laid away before a loud-voiced bell summons them to the dining-room. The long table seems fairly groaning beneath its weight of good cheer, everything being set on together, as in the simple old days, and there are several dishes which none of them has ever seen or tasted.

Before grandpa stands a tureen of rich plum porridge, while grandma's end of the board is adorned with an enormous "Christmas pye," shaped like a manger, and filled with a composition of cows' tongues, geese eggs, sugar, raisins, lemon and orange peel, according to a very ancient and famous recipe. But what please the children most are the little *Yule-doughs*, or baby cakes—quaint little images made of paste and baked a fine light brown; and they have great sport over these old-time Christmas dolls.

"Where are the boys?" asks Gladys Ellis, suddenly missing her brothers and boy cousins.

But at that moment the shrill notes of a fife are heard, the door is thrown open, and in come the lads in procession, led by Dick, bearing a platter on which rests the crown of the Christmas feast, namely, the boar's head (although it bears a striking resemblance to a fat pig), decked with ribbons and garlands, a lemon in its mouth, and rosemary in its ears. This with great ceremony they set upon the table, singing meanwhile:

"The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary.
I pray you all synge merrily,
*Qui estis in convivio.*"

This is received with great applause, and amidst the clapping of hands, the boys take their seats at the bounteous board.

The Christmas-eve supper was eaten with jokes and laughter and fun, and afterward they all assembled around the glorious wood fire.

Then grandpa had his surprise. His face was a study when, as Mrs. Hastings struck a few chords on the piano, there entered little Dolly Houghton and Max Ellis dressed like a lady and gentleman of the *ancien régime*, in ruff and farthingale, three-cornered hat and high-heeled shoes. They took their places on the polished floor, saluted their hosts, and with amusing dignity commenced the first stately steps of the *minuet de la cour*.

It was indeed a charming picture, and the dainty little pair went through the difficult dance with perfect accuracy. Such high steps and *glissades*, such deep courtesies and courtly bows, such reverence on the part of the gentleman, and such gentle condescension from the little lady! How deftly Max hopped on one foot and clapped his wooden heels together, and how coquettishly wee Dolly tossed her pretty golden head and gave her tiny white hand to her partner! until at length they ended with the *balance royale*, joining hands and making a profound reverence to the company.

"You precious darlings!" cried grandma, rushing to embrace them; and suddenly divested of their dignity, the little dancers were passed round to be kissed and admired, and were soon romping as merrily as the rest in a grand game of blindman's-buff.

"The stockings must not be given up, on account of the little ones," said grandpa; "so we must to bed in time to give St. Nicholas a chance;" and soon a motley array of red, blue, and brown hose were swinging before the dying embers of the great Yule-log.

Then, Gladys playing a gay air, all joined in an old Christmas carol, the chorus of which was:

"Hail, Father Christmas! hail to thee!
Honored ever shalt thou be!
All the sweets that love bestows,
Endless pleasures, wait on those
Who, like vassals brave and true,
Give to Christmas homage due."

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After which the happy children dispersed to their respective bedrooms.

As the last footstep died away old Mr. Houghton laid his hand sadly on the shoulder of his youngest-born, and looking round on the others, said: "Another month, and Archie will have left me, while Hollywood will be desolate with only the old people in it. I am therefore, my children, going to ask of you a rare Christmas gift. It is that you give mother and me one of your boys to be the comfort and stay of our old age. His education and welfare shall be our fondest care, and he will have four parents in place of two."

Aghast the fathers and mothers gazed at each other. They were unwilling to part with their sons.

"Dick and baby Ellis are out of the question," continued grandpa, "but Charlie, Tony, Fred, or little Max would make the old homestead bright again. Shall it be so? Will you give us one of your boys?"

All hesitated, until Mr. Ellis said: "It does not seem right, indeed, father, that you should be left alone; but it is a hard thing to ask, and you must give us time to think and decide. It may be that the right one will be pointed out."

"Yes, let us wait and see." So, with a slight shade dimming the Christmas joy, they too parted for the night.

II.

While all this fun and frolic was going on at Hollywood, people were quite as busy elsewhere. In the great city there was Christmas bustle and hurry and rush, on side street and thoroughfare, in home and store, and the shop of Graball & Co. was no exception to the rule. Too crowded and overheated it seemed to little Peter Kinkle, as he sped here and there, obeying the shrill cry of "Cash! cash!" on all sides. But both fear and love lent wings to his feet; for had not old Dame Snapper called after him that morning as he left the wretched tenement he called home, "Don't you dare to come back the night without yer board money, if ye want a whole bone left in yer skinny body?" and was not his little sister Greta, at the big orphan asylum, eagerly expecting the Christmas doll he had promised to bring her without fail?

He would receive his wages that evening, and perhaps be able to add a candy dog to Greta's gift; and full of these pleasant anticipations, he started hurriedly to answer an unusually sharp call. But two other boys were before him, striving to see which could reach the spot first, and as he came quickly around a corner they pushed rudely against him, almost throwing him to the ground. As he flung out his arms to save himself, he knocked from the counter a glass vase, that fell with a crash, and was shivered into a thousand atoms.

Too frightened to move, Peter stood gazing upon the disaster—although the real mischief-makers had disappeared in a twinkling—until one of the managers laid a hand on his shoulder and harshly exclaimed: "See what you have done now, you young rascal! Do you think we keep boys to smash our goods?" Then, as Peter tried to stammer out an explanation: "No words, please, but march up to the desk, get your week's wages, with the price of the vase taken out, and then go. We don't want such careless boys here."

Almost before he knew it, then, poor little Peter was hustled into the street, a mere pittance in his hand, and with nowhere to go, for he fully believed Dame Snapper capable of carrying out her most direful threats.

"If mother had but lived, we might have been happy together, as we were last year," he sobbed, as he turned toward a small toy shop, for, whatever happened, Greta must not be disappointed.

A collection of waxen beauties was soon before him, from which he selected one with very red cheeks and yellow hair, and although it took all his money to pay for it, a wee ray of comfort stole into his heart as he hastened up-town, thinking how the little sister's eyes would sparkle at sight of this long-desired treasure.

The Orphan Asylum is a large and imposing building, and Peter's limbs trembled as he climbed the steps and rang the bell.

It was answered by the matron herself. "Another contribution for the orphans' dinner?" she asked.

"No—no, ma'am," stammered Peter; "this is a little present for Greta."

"Greta!—Greta who?"

"Greta Kinkle, ma'am. She's my sister."

"Kinkle! Ah, yes; but she's not here. Was adopted last week by a lady going to Kansas. First-rate home."

"Greta gone!" gasped Peter, hardly believing his ears.

"Yes. Don't look so distressed, child. Best thing for you both. But I have no time to answer questions now. Call again. Good-by." And the great door slammed shut, while the busy woman bustled away.

Stunned and bewildered, Peter retraced his steps. All alone—all alone in the great dreary world, for to him Kansas seemed as far off as heaven; and, hardly knowing what he did, he stumbled on until he came to a net-work of rails, up and down which engines were running and puffing like big black-beetles in distress. Some boys made fun of his tear-stained cheeks, and to hide his misery he clambered up into a baggage-car that stood on the track. Curling among the trunks and boxes, he took out the little doll, and sobbing out all his grief and loneliness, fell asleep with it in his arms.

"Hello! be you an express package? 'cause if yer be, I think this is where you're going." And Peter rubbed his eyes, and gazed up at the grimy brakeman in surprise, to find the car in motion.

"Where am I?"

"Seven mile or so from the city; and as we're slackin' up, p'r'aps you'd better be a-rollin' out of here, as your damages ain't paid. I'll lift yer down." And two minutes later Peter found himself in what seemed the country, trudging along over the snow, with a biting wind chilling him through and through.

"I am so tired and my feet are so heavy I can't walk any farther," he murmured, drowsily; and then, as a pleasant numbness stole over him, he sank down by the road-side. The Frost King wound him close in his cruel, subtle mantle, and he fell asleep, with the little doll buttoned next his heart.

How long he lay there he never knew, when a rude shake and some burning liquid being poured down his throat aroused him to see, by the light of a lantern, two men bending over him.

"He's comin' round, Bill," said one.

"That's good, for he's just the cove we want for to-night's biz. Here, my hearty, git up and walk as far as yonder barn. You'll be froze if you lie here;" and dragging him between them, the strangers conveyed Peter to a stable that seemed to belong to a gentleman's country-seat. More of the fiery fluid set him to coughing, but brought warmth to his benumbed limbs, and after partaking of bread and meat, life and color returned to face and frame.

But he almost wished they had left him to die when the roughest of the men said: "Now, my man, we've saved your life, and expect a good turn back again. We're bound to have a crack at this house to-night, and a slap at the plate they have out for the family party, and we want the help of a chap about your size. Understand?"

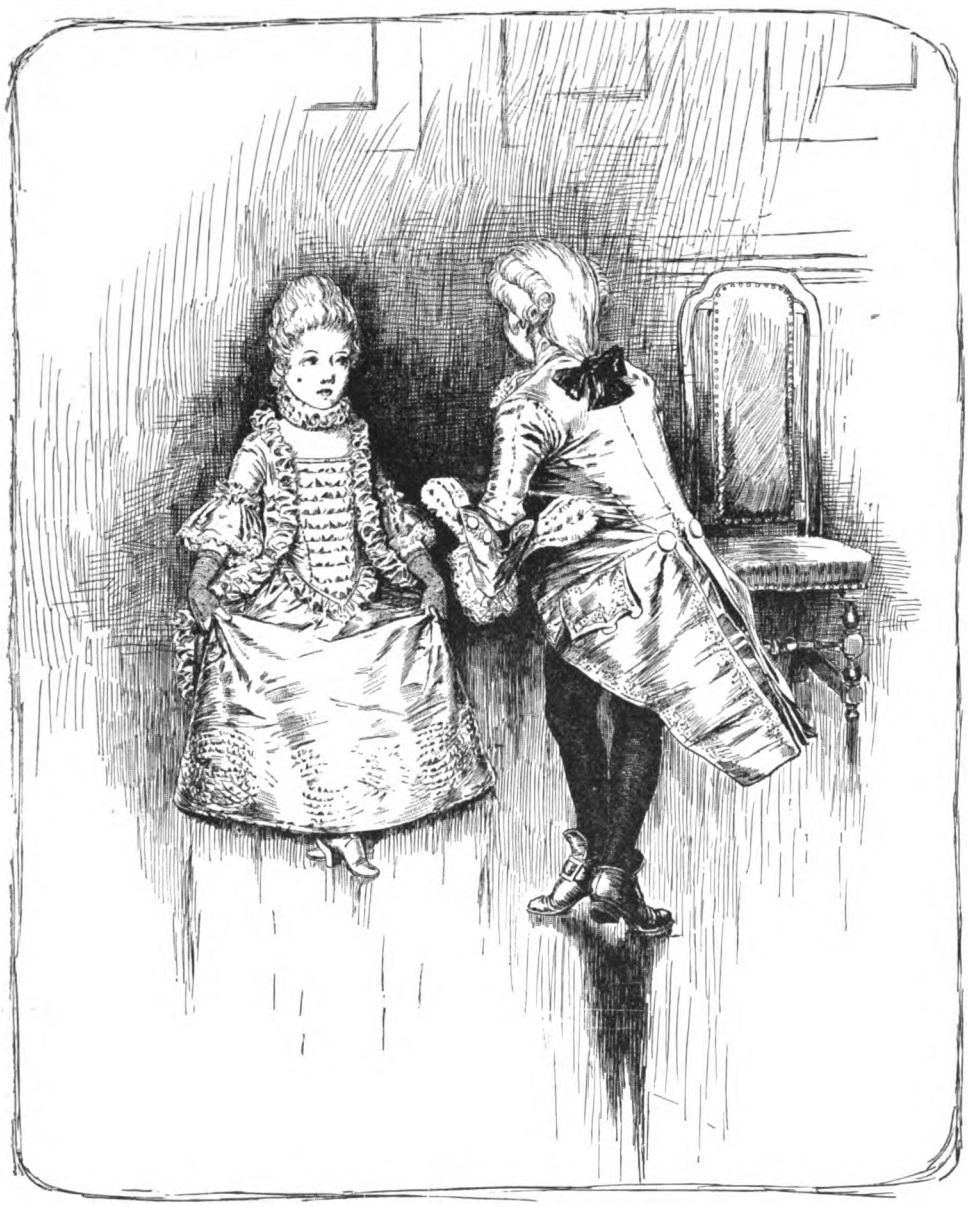
"Do you mean you want me to help you rob a house?" cried Peter, in horror.

"That's about the talk."

"Oh no! I can't; I won't."

"We'll see about that. Hand me the barker, Bill;" and

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the muzzle of a pistol was pointed at Peter's head. He started back, cowering and frightened, and took refuge in an empty stall, while Bill roared with laughter, and then said,

"Let him alone for a while, Jake; he will be ready enough when the time comes, or we'll make him;" and as they sat down, with a bottle between them, Peter was left to creep into one of the mangers, feeling the companionship of the honest cow and carriage-horses far better than that of these house-breakers and burglars.

III.

Hollywood is a large mansion, but this Christmas had stretched its capacity to the utmost, so Tom Houghton and Charlie Bartlett were obliged to occupy a small attic store-room. They rather enjoyed, however, sleeping among the odds and ends stowed away there, and as Tom unlaced his shoes he remarked, "This old-fashioned Christmas is quite fun, isn't it?"

"Yes, and we'll have more to-morrow," responded Charlie, "for we are to try a queer Kentish frolic called 'hodening.' Uncle Archie has fastened the head of a dead horse on a pole, with a string tied to the lower jaw, and a horse-cloth attached to the whole. He is to get under this and head the procession, snapping the jaws, while we rig up in masks and march after, going round to the houses in the village ringing bells and singing carols."

"How jolly! But where is the horse now?"

"In the shed by the barn. It is called the 'hoden.'"

"That reminds me," said Tom, "of something I wanted to do. You know, they say cattle go down on their knees as the clock strikes twelve on Christmas-eve. I'd like to go and peep at the cow and horses, and see if it's true."

"I don't believe it."

"Neither do I; but Dick was telling Gracie Hastings a story to-night, and he said: 'Just at midnight the cock crows, "*Christus natus est*" (Christ is born). The raven asks, "*Quando?*" (when?). The crow replies, "*Hac nocte*" (this night). The ox cries, "*Ubi? ubi?*" (where? where?). The sheep bleats, "Bethlehem, Bethlehem," and then a voice from heaven sings, "*Gloria in excelsis*" (glory in the highest).' You know Dick has been to college, and knows a great deal."

"That's so," said Charlie, quite impressed by the Latin. "Suppose, then, we slip out the back door and see, for it is ten minutes of twelve now."

No sooner said than done, and the two boys stole softly down the kitchen stairs.

"See! there's a light," whispered Tom as they approached the barn; and, trembling with excitement, both crept up on tiptoe and peeped in the dusty window. Quiet enough were Dobbin and Jerry and the pretty Alderney Buttercup in their comfortable stalls; but the lads started with surprise at the sight of two men examining some curious tools by the light of a dark-lantern.

"Burglars!" gasped Charlie, and his suspicion was confirmed by the words that floated through a broken pane.

"There's the jimmy and the keys and the darkies all right. We'll put the boy through the pantry window, and he can draw the bolts of the door. Then in and off with the swag before you can say Jack Robinson."

"Well enough, if the little 'un don't cut up rough."

"No danger; I'll fix him. But hark! what's that?"

"Don' know; but it's sort o' creepy here to-night. I always heard as how ghosts walk on Christmas-eve."

"Nonsense, you—" But what he would have said was lost in a piercing shriek, as, leaping to their feet, both men, with ashy, frightened faces, rushed from the barn,

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cleared the fence, and disappeared in the darkness; for "conscience makes cowards of us all," and the wooden horse, or hoden, in its white drapery, which Charlie was waving up and down close to the window, had startled these hardened men as no mortal ever could, and they fled blindly away, stricken by an unreasoning and supernatural terror.

"Well done, Charlie!" cried Tom, when they were sure the robbers were really gone. "I never should have thought of such a cunning trick."

"That was hodening to some purpose," laughed Charlie, as they entered the barn. "And they have left their tools behind them."

"Something else besides," said Tom, who was exploring every corner. "If here isn't a little boy sound asleep in the manger!"

"Perhaps he is a son of one of them."

"Oh, I am sure he is not; he looks too good and innocent."

"I think we had better go and tell grandpa." But just then Mr. Houghton and Mr. Bartlett entered the stable, having been roused by the noise made by the fleeing burglars.

"Charlie! Tom! what are you doing here?" they exclaimed, and then listened in amused surprise to the way the lads had saved the family silver.

"And look what they have left!" said Tom, pointing to the little sleeper.

"Poor, poor child," said grandpa, bending over the boy, who opened his eyes and started up, crying wildly, "Oh, don't let them shoot me! please, please don't let them!"

"No one shall hurt you, my little man," said Mr. Houghton. "Only tell us how you came to be here."

And surrounded by the pitying quartette, Peter told in simple, childish words, that bore the stamp of truth, his sad little tale.

It seemed very sad to the boys, and grandpa wiped his spectacles many times during the recital, and when the child closed with, "You will save me from the wicked men, won't you?" he clasped him protectingly in his arms, while at that moment a chorus of voices without sang,

"Unto us a child is born,
Unto us a son is given."

It was only the choristers returning from a late rehearsal at the church; but the effect was so magical that Mr. Houghton said, in a voice that was full of awe, "Yes, Peter, you shall stay with us for the present, and if you prove worthy, shall find a home and friends at Hollywood. It may be you are my Christmas gift from Heaven."

Merry Christmas dawned in a shower of sunbeams, and the wee folk were early astir to examine the treasures left by the good St. Nicholas; but none caused more delight than little Peter Kinkle, who appeared from the depths of a huge bag labelled "Grandmamma's Stocking."

Mrs. Houghton received this strange gift with open arms, and her children were no less hearty in their welcome, hoping the one to fill Archie's place had been satisfactorily pointed out.
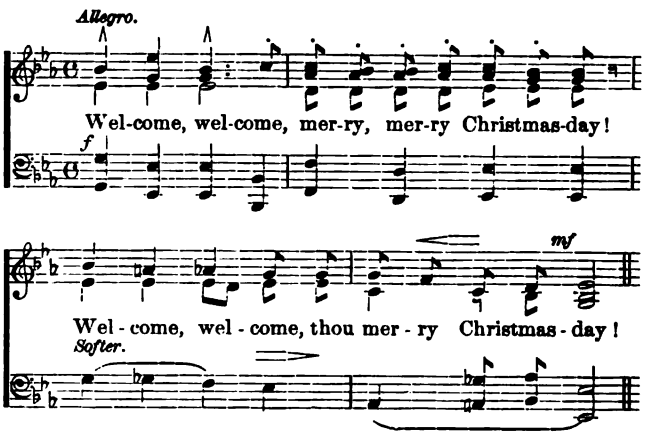
So it proved, for no one could dislike the gentlemanly little fellow, whose language and bearing showed the training of a lady-like mother, and by his behavior at church, and the way he joined in the games of snapdragon and forfeits afterward, won golden opinions from all.

Before Archie sailed, grandma could not have been induced to part with her adopted son; and Victoria often says, "You may thank me for it all, for we should have lost the silver and never found Peter if it had not been for the hodening and our old-time Christmas."



## VIVIAN'S CHRISTMAS JOURNEY, AND WHAT HE SAW DURING IT.

BY EDWARD IRENÆUS STEVENSON.




THE sound of his brothers' and sisters' voices loudly raised in the carol rang very pleasantly across to Vivian as he lay on the lounge in the dining-room listening to their music coming through the open doors. Dinner over, Vivian had found himself mysteriously sleepy, so he left Bert and Lottie and the rest to troop off into the parlor and shout at the top of their lungs. Vivian, stretched out on his back, enjoyed the fire-light and the music dreamily, too comfortable to get up.

"Merry, *merry* Christmas!" Vivian reflected, lazily. "Always the same words every year. I wonder how it would seem not to know or care anything about the holidays or Christmas-time coming round again—to be too sick or too busy or miserable about some disagreeable thing or other to stop to pay any attention to it. Phew! I wouldn't like that myself. Yet there must have been lots of people in just that sort of a fix, to whom the holidays weren't a bit 'merry.' And I don't mean just the beggars in the streets and the charity-school children ei-

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ther. But *I* never heard of things happening to people in the histories about the holiday-time except just their getting presents, and having a good time, and so on. Besides—"

Vivian did not finish his sentence. He started half up from the lounge in surprise. He was not alone. While he had been talking thus to himself the room had grown strangely dim and shadowy, and he could no longer hear the singing nor see distinctly, except that in the corner by the book-case, with its long lines of richly bound histories, Hume, Motley, and Macaulay, a pale light spread and brightened. In the centre of that glow was standing another boy, looking steadily at him, with a smile on his lips.

"Who are you?" faltered Vivian, "and—and where did you come from?"

The new-comer, now more plainly seen, advanced, and stood beside Vivian. Never had Vivian seen a face so wonderfully beautiful, nor eyes that, in spite of their being those of a boy, seemed so deep and clear and full of wisdom as to look into Vivian's very soul.

"A friend, Vivian," he said, in a grave, sweet voice that was nevertheless a boy's voice in its tone. "They call me one of the Spirits of Christmas. Just now you were saying—what was it?—that you wondered whether the blessed holiday-time ever came either solemnly or sadly to men and women that the world reads and talks about. Why, my dear fellow, only think one moment, and you can remember a dozen. Or if you cared to come with me for a little while, why, you might save yourself the trouble of thinking out so much history."

Vivian could not decide yet whether the Spirit of Christmas was that extra piece of plum-pudding at dinner or not. But the Spirit put out his hand, and smiled so kindly that the boy ceased to feel any fear or surprise, and somehow found himself stretching forth his own hand in return. The Spirit grasped it firmly. "Do not be afraid," he said, as Vivian felt himself lifted from his feet. It seemed to him that clouds were rushing about them. He found that he could see nothing. Farther, farther, that magical flight went on, and then all at once the Spirit's clear voice said to him, "Now look!" and Vivian found that they were standing motionless in some out-of-door spot in clear starlight.

"First of all, Vivian, here are people who do not think of Christmas at all," said the Spirit, "because the first Christmas-day is just coming to them and the whole world."

I.

A wide plain stretched before them, covered with white objects, moving or still, which Vivian at once guessed to be sheep. From far and near came the tinkle of their bells in the quiet night air. Vivian presently discovered groups of men dressed in long rough robes, and with crooks in their hands, scattered among their thousand woolly charges. Some of the men talked gravely together in a strange, hoarse language; others lay on the ground, watching the stars. But suddenly two shepherds leaped up and cried aloud something. One pointed eastward. The sky there was flashing with a marvellous light. Group by group the men began running about, calling and questioning as the light spread, and all the country, the sleeping city near by, and every object for miles and miles, could be seen in its glory. Quickly it became too white and dazzling for Vivian to look up at it. The sky seemed full of brightness like the lightning. Vivian would have fallen in fear upon the ground, as the humble shepherds had done, but the Spirit turned away with him as they caught sight of a host of winged figures filling the air close at hand; and as the Spirit and the boy left the scene behind them there began on every side a chorus of joy, the words of which Vivian had read long ago—"Glory to God in the highest—in the highest!"

"It is the first Christmas-eve," said the Spirit. "So much for the coming of it to those who were not to be blamed if they gave no thought at all to its being so near."

II.

"It is hundreds of years later already," said the Spirit, as Vivian tried to open his eyes, still blinded by all that wondrous light left behind. They were standing together in the nave of some vast, dim cathedral.

It was sunset. Vivian could tell that by the blue and yellow and red stains from the painted windows falling across an altar. "It is the altar of Saint Bennett, in Canterbury Cathedral," murmured the Spirit. But how terrified was Vivian to find close together before it four knights in full armor, such as he had seen pictured in books! They held swords and daggers drawn in their hands, and before them stood another man—in the robes of a priest—on the altar steps, who seemed to be arguing with them. His servant, frightened and pale, stood a little way from him. "Down with the traitor! cut him down!" all at once cried one of the knights. Thereupon the four all fell upon the priest, and struck him to the ground, and stabbed and thrust him through until he was dead. Then they fled, leaving the servant alone by his dead master.

Vivian had been too frightened to open his lips.

"It is four days after Christmas, Vivian, in the year 1166, and Reginald Fitzurse, William Tracy, Hugh de Moreville, and Richard Brito have murdered Archbishop À Becket, of Canterbury, before the altar, thinking to please King Henry II. It is a wicked holiday-time to them. Away from such a place!" And having so spoken, the Spirit drew the boy thence.

III.

A long city wall with tall towers and great gates Vivian next beheld. The day was bright, but wall and towers and city were wrapped in smoke and flame. A terrible battle was in progress, and cannon thundered on all sides. Everywhere along the wall leaped or ran men and women in Dutch costumes, soldiers and common people. Their faces were blackened with powder, and they were pouring boiling water and seething oil and pitch upon the heads and shoulders of other soldiers who were assaulting the fortifications from outside and below them. Every now and then a great shout would go up as they hurled to the ground one of the long scaling-ladders by which the foe was striving to reach the top of the wall. The cries of the wounded, the clash of arms, and the smoke and flame made the scene too terrible for Vivian's eyes. The air was full of Spanish curses and Dutch war-cries.

"It is Christmas-tide in 1572," spoke the Spirit, as they glanced at the awful picture for only a few seconds. "The Spanish army under the terrible Duke of Alva are besieging old Haarlem, in Holland. Within a few months he will burn it to ashes over their heads, and slay as many more of its people as he can. Let us think of it no more. It is not Christmas to these desperate souls!"

IV.

"Open your eyes, Vivian!" came the Spirit's grave command.

Where were they now? Apparently they had entered an ancient bedroom, furnished with old carved and gilded chairs, a huge bed, with steps to climb up into it, and on the walls rustled faded hangings of velvet. There were bars across the narrow windows. Beside a smouldering fire and at a table was sitting a lady, writing. She wore a black gown, and a high white ruff about her neck. Vivian thought that she must have once been very beautiful, although her face was now pale and thin, and her hair gray. "Ah me," Vivian heard her say to herself, as she laid down her pen, "the blessed Christmas-day is near, truly. I had forgotten it. A bitter, sad Christmas-time is it for me."

She turned to her letter again—a letter addressed "To my dear cousin the Queen of England," asking the mighty Elizabeth to take pity upon some of her sorrows.

"It is Mary Queen of Scots whom we see, Vivian," whispered the Spirit of Christmas, pityingly. "She

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is a prisoner here in Fotheringay Castle this holiday week. Centuries have passed by since we might have cheered it for her. Farewell, poor Queen!"

V.

A magnificent council-chamber, adorned with stately banners and tapestries, unfolded itself next to Vivian's bewildered eyes. It was a French palace, and on a high seat sat a French king, with a group of chosen nobles standing about a table before him. Behind them, and ranked about the room, were at least a hundred guards with bared weapons. Presently the great door of the room opened, and a man, tall, proud-looking, and gorgeously dressed, walked up to meet the rest, and bowed to the King. "I am ready," Vivian heard him say. "It is cold here. Let a fire be lit!" But just as he spoke out stepped one of the other men. He cried out angrily, and plunged a dagger into the tall councillor's breast. Each man except the King leaped forward too, and struck at the same struggling figure, and cut and stabbed until he moved no more. And the King stepped trembling from his seat, and said, "Is he quite dead? Then carry him away."

"We have seen the murder of the Duke of Guise, two days before Christmas in the year 1588," said the Spirit. "His friend and king, Henry III. of France, wished it, and betrayed him into ambush."

A welcome cloud rolled between Vivian and the gorgeous room full of angry men gathered about the body of the fallen Duke.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]




LONG ago, before astronomers had begun to take care of the Moon and put it into ugly almanacs every month, it was much pleasanter to think about. The New Moon stuff was piled up in great soft clouds like sunset clouds, only not quite so yellow—more like vanilla ice-cream, you know. You could not always see it—only when the sun was shining in a particular way upon it; but the Moon Children always knew just where to find it, and the moons were always ready exactly at the right time.

A little while before sunset on New Moon night a darling little wee girl went flying to the Moon Cloud, and said, in a silvery sweet voice,

"Where is my dear New Moon?"

"Then a voice said, "Here it is," and out of the soft cloud rolled a lovely New Moon, all shaped and smooth, ready to be hung in the sky.

The little wee girl softly clasped her dimpled hands around the New Moon, and they flew away together till they found the New Moon's place, near the sunset. They staid together for two whole weeks, but every night they went a little farther away from the sunset, and both the New Moon and the little wee girl kept growing larger, till at last they were too big to stay as New Moon any longer. Then the little wee girl kissed the New Moon, saying,

"Good-by, darling New Moon; go and shine forever."

Then the New Moon broke into a thousand pieces, and each piece became a little star, and found its place in the wide blue sky to shine forever. The little wee girl came down to the earth, and when she found a little girl of her own age who was sweet and good, she staid with her and played with her, and they grew up together. No one ever saw the little Moon Child, for she was an angel from far up above the sky; but she was always beside her little chosen earth girl, trying to keep her good and happy.

As soon as the New Moon was gone another little girl went and got the Full Moon out of the Moon Cloud, just as the little wee girl had got her New Moon. But the Full Moon girl was older, and she had more to do. Her Moon was larger, and had to draw the tides in the sea, and scatter the clouds in the sky, and turn the storms, and make

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"SHE KEEPS ALL THE OLD MOONS IN A WONDERFUL BOX MADE OF ICE."

newly planted seeds grow quickly, and to shine gladly upon weddings; and oh, it had many other things to do which can only be done by the Full Moon; so it is no wonder that both the little girl and the Moon were tired enough after two weeks, and were glad to rest.

The little girl kissed her Moon good-by, and flew down to the earth to be a companion to some gentle, pure-hearted girl of her own age, for she too was an angel. The Full Moon was too old to make stars out of, so the queer old woman who lives at the North Pole among the polar bears came and carried it away to make Northern Lights of it. Some say she keeps all the old moons in a wonderful box made of ice, and when she opens the box to look at her treasures the light streams out all across the sky, and then we see the Northern Lights. After the old woman carried off the Old Moon another little wee girl came down and brought a New Moon; then came the Full Moon girl, and so on every month till December.

The December New Moon has always been the best and dearest, for in December comes Christmas. A tall, beautiful angel then came, standing in the lovely New Moon, and, holding in her arms a baby angel with loving eyes and outstretched arms, she said, in a voice like the sweetest music,

"I am the Christmas angel, and I bring you all a Merry Christmas."

## WILLIE'S CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

BY C. O. THOMAS.

'TWAS the night before Christmas, and golden-haired Willie
Knelt down to his evening prayer.
He'd been thinking all day—now don't call him silly—
Of old Santa Claus driving a pair
Of the cunningest reindeer, with toys a big sleigh full,
And smiles on his broad face bewitching and playful,
Swooping down through the keen snowy air.

And while "Now I lay me" he whispered, in fancy
He saw the bright vision again.
Toys, reindeer, old Santa Claus, all at a glance he
Recalled as he ended; and then,
With troops of glad hopes through his little brain flocking,
He prayed, "And let Santa Claus fill my stockings
Just as full as he can. Amen."

Jumping quick into bed, the dear little fellow
In a jiffy was sound asleep,
When, lo! all at once a clear light, soft and mellow,
Began through the chamber to creep.
But Willie saw nothing save piles of nice candies,
Drums, trumpets, tin soldiers, and queer jack-a-dandies,
That danced through his slumbers deep.

Yet still, when the beautiful light, like a glory,
Fell full on his face as he dreamed,
He saw from the fire-place, as in the old story,
Dear Santa Claus come—so it seemed;
And he laughed—in his sleep—as the funny old chappie,
So round and so rosy, so jolly and happy,
Upon him with gentle smile beamed.

But when, with a wink, the dear, merry old fellow,
With hair and long beard white as wool,
All sorts of nice things—red, green, blue, and yellow—
Began from his pockets to pull,
Willie woke from sheer joy, and, behold! it was morning,
And there hung his stockings, the chimney adorning,
And *Some One* had crammed them chock-full.

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*"He prayed, 'And let Santa Claus fill my stockings Just as full as he can. Amen.'"*

—See Poem on Page 120.

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## MR. THOMPSON'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

MR. THOMPSON sat in his easy-chair before his open fire and watched the glowing embers, and mused.

It was the night before Christmas, and Mr. Thompson had been busy all day down-town buying presents for his friends; for notwithstanding his peculiarities, he is a good-hearted old fellow, and besides his many young friends, this year he was obliged to buy a present for Miss Angelina.

He had changed his boarding place, when he returned from the country, so as to be near her, and had moved all his goods and chattels from his bachelor's apartments to the big front room under hers. He now had the satisfaction of hearing her footsteps just above. Every time she crossed the room to her writing-desk and then went back to the window, Mr. Thompson knew that she had taken the paper, pen, and ink from the desk, got a book from her shelves, and had gone over to the window, after the manner of womankind, to write on her lap.

It always puzzled Mr. Thompson why, with a prettily furnished desk in the room, a woman will always prefer to write on her lap. He gazed fondly at a handsome lap tablet which he had purchased for her, and murmured softly, "I would I were a Christmas present!"

"A pretty-looking Christmas present you'd be," chirped a stuffed sparrow, which sat on an impossible-looking bough just over Mr. Thompson's mantel.

Now Mr. Thompson had become quite used to having live animals talk to him, but to be addressed by a stuffed bird was a new sensation—so new, in fact, that he could not refrain from remarking, politely, "I spoke to a cousin of yours last summer, but it is hardly the thing for a stuffed bird to speak;" and he added to himself, with a shudder at the recollection of the usual result of these conversations, "I'll be turning into a stuffed bird myself before I know it."

"You are stuffed enough already," said the sparrow, pertly, "after all the dinner you ate."

Mr. Thompson sighed as he remembered the mince-pie and coffee, but said nothing.

"Humph! I should think so," said a new voice, which seemed to proceed from a case of birds which ornamented one side of the room. He turned, and then in the case all was activity. The great quack, or the bird with the lantern, who was evidently the speaker, was snapping his bill viciously; the crow was pulling at the imitation grass, which he mistook for corn; the gray owl was winking on his perch, and the little prairie owl was skurrying around, vainly looking for a prairie-dog's burrow. Without thinking, Mr. Thompson arose and threw open the glass doors. Such a fluttering as ensued!

"So you want to be a Christmas present!" said the sparrow, jeeringly, as he left his perch and sat familiarly on the arm of Mr. Thompson's chair.

"Yes, or a stuffed bird," replied Mr. Thompson, desperately. "You must have a pretty good time of it; no one to bother you, no fear of hawks, or men with guns, or anything of that sort."

"Of course, of course," answered the crow, sarcastically. "But just look at my wing, half-eaten up by moths, and my feathers covered with dust!"

"Yes," chirped the cat-bird; "and to be obliged to sit day after day tip-tilted on a bit of twig in a position I could not hold a moment except for the wires."

"Or to stand on one leg from one year's end to the other, and have everybody take you for a stork," grumbled the crane.

"But the very worst is to have you tell a different story about each of us every time you have a new visitor," said the owl, glaring at Mr. Thompson reprovingly. "Your mendacity is something alarming."

"Where did you get the dictionary?" shouted all the birds in chorus, turning upon the owl.

Mr. Thompson was beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable, and was glad of any change in the conversation. He was also becoming angry, and he blurted out, "I'll give the whole lot of you away."

"To who? to who?" asked the owl.

"To Miss Angelina," answered Mr. Thompson, defiantly, turning to his desk, and rapidly penning a note to her to that effect.

"Oho! oho!" said the owl. "He wanted to be a Christmas present; now is his chance. Come along." And before he knew what the matter was, he found himself in the glass case. All the rest of the birds had returned, and were regarding him with malicious eyes. He had time to notice that he was standing on one long leg just opposite to the crane, and he realized that his long nose had grown longer, his neck thinner, and that, in fact, he was a stork, such as one sees on the fancy painted panels. Suddenly the glass doors shut with a click, and he was imprisoned.

How long he staid this way he does not know. After a time he heard a knock on the door of his room, and presently the chamber-maid entered.

"Misther Thompson isn't here at all at all," she remarked, as she glanced round the room. "Well, I s'pose he's gone off to the country agin. He's a quare one intirely. Phwat's this?" she added, seeing the note on his desk. "A letther to Miss Angelina. Mebbe that 'll tell where he's gone." And, to Mr. Thompson's vexation, she deliberately opened and read it. "No," she continued, as she held it musingly in her hand. "He only says he'll give her the ould case of stuffed birds; and that's a funny present. Well, I'll be after taking her the present." And she left the room, returning shortly with the waitress. The two lifted the case carefully enough, and, after some consultation, bore it between them to Miss Angelina's room.

"Here's a Christmas Mr. Thompson bid me bring to ye, mum, and here's a bit note that goes with it," said the girl.

"Oh, how lovely!" murmured Miss Angelina, who was talking to two lady boarders when the case was brought in. "Where is Mr. Thompson?"

"Faith, I'm thinking he's gone to the country; he's not in his room, mum," replied the girl, going out.

"Isn't it nice!" exclaimed Miss Angelina to her friends, examining the case of birds.

The two ladies exchanged glances.

"The case seems to be very cheap black-walnut," said one.

"And you'll find it an awful bother to keep those things clean," added the second.

"And they don't seem to be very well stuffed," said the first.

"And that stork is positively hideous," said the second, pointing to Mr. Thompson. His blood, or perhaps we should say his stuffing, fairly seemed to boil. But Miss Angelina set it all right by saying, brightly, "*I* think them very nice, and the stork is perfectly lovely."

The two ladies exchanged glances again, and left the room.

All through that long Christmas-day the boarders came into Miss Angelina's room to display their presents and talk them over, making quite a Christmas party, as Miss Angelina said. Many were the criticisms upon the case of birds, and much sly fun was poked at the stork.

Mr. Thompson noticed, however, that it was only the grown-up folks who found fault. The children were all pleased, and they all seemed to like the poor stork. One bright little girl was the only one who seemed disappointed, and she gazed longingly at a beautiful doll held tightly by one of her companions; and then coming over to the

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case of birds, which Miss Angelina had opened that they might see them the better, she stroked the head of the stork softly, and as she pressed her cheek against his soft feathers, she murmured, "I wish I had a dolly like that."

Mr. Thompson's heart—for despite the stuffing he still felt his heart—jumped in his breast, for he remembered that he had just such a doll, which he had bought for her, snugly packed away in his closet down-stairs. He felt that he could stand it no longer. He must get away from this hateful case. He made a desperate effort, and found himself sitting in his easy-chair in front of his fire, which had long since gone out. A childish voice rung in his ear and a chubby hand was on his arm.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Thompson." He turned, and there was the little girl at his side.

"You shall have your doll," he exclaimed, rising and going toward his closet. She looked at him in bewilderment, which was soon changed to joy in the possession of "Just the loveliest dolly in the world," as she called it, hugging it tightly to her bosom. Mr. Thompson did not give the case of birds to Miss Angelina, but, as the young man who told me the story remarked:

"He told her the story, and she compromised by taking the stork, which she still thinks 'perfectly lovely.' So sometimes good results may come of eating mince-pie," the young man adds, with a mysterious smile.

Mr. Thompson, contrary to his usual custom in such cases, admits that he may have dreamed, but he too claims that it is sometimes a good thing to be stuffed *before* you go to a Christmas party.

## WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

### CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued.*)

AT length Mr. March detected a glimmer of light on the ground, and dismounting, found a few charred sticks, one of which still glowed with a coal of fire.

"Hallo!" he shouted; "here's where Mark emptied his fire pan."

They all gathered around, and having brought a supply of light-wood splinters with which to make torches, they each lighted one of these, and began a careful search for further evidences of the missing boy.

A shout from Jan brought them to him, and he showed the broken fire pan, which he had just picked up.

A little further search revealed the deep imprints of the horse's hoofs when he had plunged and reared as the burning brands fell on his back, and then, step by step, often losing it, but recovering it again, they followed the trail until they came upon the rifle lying on the ground, cold and wet with the night dew.

Mr. March, holding his torch high above his head, took a step in advance of the others, as they were examining the rifle, and uttered a cry of horror. "A sink hole! Good heavens! the boy is down there."

A cold chill went through his hearers at these words, and they gathered close to the edge of the opening, and peered into its black depths.

"We must know beyond a doubt whether or not he is down there before we leave this place," said Mr. Elmer, with forced composure, "and we must have a rope. Frank, you know the way better than any of us, and can go quickest. Ride for your life back to the house, and bring that Manila line you used to catch the alligator with. Don't let his mother hear you: a greater suspense would kill her."

While Frank was gone the others carefully examined the "sink hole," and cut away the bushes and vines from around its edges. It was an irregular opening, about twenty feet across, and a short distance below the surface had limestone sides.

Begging the others to be perfectly quiet, Mr. Elmer lay down on the ground, and reaching as far over the edge as he dared, called: "Mark! my boy! Mark!" but there was no answer. Still Mr. Elmer listened, and when he rose to his feet, he said, "March, it seems as though I heard the sound of running water down there. Listen, and tell me if you hear it. If it is so, my boy is dead."

Mr. March lay down and listened, and the others held their breath. "Yes," he said, "I hear it. Oh, my poor friend, I fear there is no hope."

The first faint streaks of day were showing in the east when Frank returned with the rope and an additional supply of torches.

"Now let me down there," said Mr. Elmer, preparing to fasten the rope around him, "and God help me if I find the dead body of my boy."

"No," said Frank; "let me go. He saved my life, and I am the lightest. Please let me go."

"Yes," said Mr. March, "let Frank go. It is much better that he should."

Mr. Elmer reluctantly consented that Frank should take his place, and the rope was fastened around the boy's body, under his arms, having first been wound with saddle blankets so that it should not cut him. Taking a lighted torch in one hand and some fresh splinters in the other, he slipped over the log which they had placed along the edge, so that the rope should not be cut by the rocks, and was gently lowered, by the three anxious men, into the awful blackness.

Thirty feet of the rope had disappeared, when it suddenly sagged to the opposite side of the hole, and at the same instant came the signal for them to pull up.

As Frank came again to the surface the lower half of his body was dripping wet, and his face was ghastly pale.

"He isn't there," he said; "but there is a stream of water so strong that when you let me into it I was nearly swept away under the arch. It flows in that direction," he added, pointing to the south.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### BURIED IN AN UNDER-GROUND RIVER.

WHEN Mark felt himself flying from his horse's back through the air, he, of course, expected to strike heavily on the ground, and nerved himself for the shock. To his amazement, instead of striking on solid earth, he fell into a mass of shubbery that supported him for an instant, and then gave way. He grasped wildly at the bushes; but they were torn from his hands, and he felt himself going down, down, down, and in another instant was plunged deep into water that closed over his head. He came to the surface, stunned and gasping, only to find himself borne rapidly along by a swift current. He did not for a moment realize the full horror of his situation, and, with the natural instinct of a swimmer, struck out vigorously.

He had taken but a few strokes when his hand hit a projecting rock, to which he instinctively clung, arresting his further progress. To his surprise, on letting his body sink, his feet touched bottom, and he stood in water not much more than waist deep, but which swept against him with almost irresistible force.

His first impulse was to scream, "Frank! oh, Frank!" but only a dull echo mocked him, and he received no reply but the rush and gurgle of the water as it hurried past.

Then in an instant it came over him what had happened. He had been flung into a "sink-hole," and was

* Begun in No. 252, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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"'NO,' SAID FRANK, 'LET ME GO. HE SAVED MY LIFE.'"

now buried in the channel of one of those mysterious under-ground rivers of which Mr. Marsh had told them a few nights before. That was at home, where he was surrounded by his own loving parents and friends. Should he ever see them again? No; he was buried alive.

Buried alive—he, Mark Elmer? No; it couldn't be. It must be a dreadful dream, a nightmare; and he laughed hysterically to think how improbable it would all seem when he awoke.

But he felt the cold water sweeping by him, and knew it was no dream. The reality stunned him, and he became incapable of thinking; he only moaned and called out, incoherently, "Mother! father! Ruth!"

After a while he began to think again. He had got to die. Yes, there was no escape for him. Here he must die a miserable death, and his body would be swept on and on until it reached the Gulf and drifted out to sea; for this running water must find its way to the sea somehow.

If he could only reach that sea alive; but of course that was impossible. Was it? How far is the Gulf? And the poor boy tried to collect his thoughts.

It couldn't be more than five miles in a straight line, nor, at the most, more than three times as far by water. Perhaps there might be more sink holes opening into this buried river. Oh, if he could only reach one of them! He would then die in sight of the blessed stars, and perhaps even live to see the dear sunlight once more.

These thoughts passed through his mind slowly, but they gave him a ray of hope. He determined that he would make a brave fight with death, and not give up like a coward without making even an effort to save himself.

Thus thinking, he let go his hold of the projection to which he had clung all this time, and allowed himself to be carried along with the current. He found that he could touch bottom most of the time, though every now and then he had to swim for greater or less distances, but he was always carried swiftly onward. He tried to keep his hands extended in front of him as much as possible, to protect himself from projecting rocks, but several times his head and shoulders struck heavily against them.

Once, for quite a distance, the roof was so low that there was barely room for his head between it and the water. A few inches lower would have drowned him, but it got higher again, and he went on.

Suddenly the air seemed purer and cooler, and the current was not so strong. Mark looked up, and saw a star—yes, actually a star—twinkling down at him like a beacon light. He was in water up to his shoulders, but the current was not strong; he could maintain his footing and hold himself where he was.

He could only see one star, so he knew the opening through which he looked must be small; but upon that star he feasted his eyes, and thought it the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

How numb and cold he was! Could he hold out until daylight? Yes, he would. He would see the sunlight once more. He dared not move, nor even change his position, for fear lest he should lose sight of the star and not be able to find it again.

So he stood there, it seemed to him, for hours, until his star began to fade, and then, though he could not yet see it, he knew that daylight was coming.

At last the friendly star disappeared entirely, but in its place came a faint light—such a very faint suspicion of light that he was not sure it was light. Slowly, very slowly, it grew brighter, until he could see the outline of the opening far above him, and he knew that he had lived to see the light of another day.

Then Mark prayed—prayed as he had never dreamed of praying before. He thanked God for once more letting him see the blessed daylight, and prayed that he might be shown some means of escape. He prayed for strength to hold on just a little while longer, and it was given him.

When Frank March was drawn to the surface, and said he had been let down into a swift current of water, Mr. Elmer buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud in the agony of his grief.

"Why did I bring him to this place?" sobbed the stricken man. "To think that his life should be given for mine! If we had staid in the North my life might have been taken, but his would have been spared. O Heavenly Father! what have I done to deserve this blow?"

For some time the others respected his grief, and stood by in silence. Then Mr. March laid his hand gently on the shoulder of his friend and said:

"You are indeed afflicted, but there are others of whom you must think besides yourself. His mother and sister need you now as they never needed you before. You must go to them."

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Turning to Frank, he said, "I will go home with Mr. Elmer, but I want you to ride with Jan in the direction you think this stream takes, and see if you can find its outlet. There is a bare possibility that we may recover the body."

So they separated, the two gentlemen riding slowly and sadly homeward, and Frank and Jan riding southward, with heavy hearts.

They had not gone more than half a mile when they came to a little log house in the woods; and, as the sun had risen, and they and their horses were worn out with their night's work, they decided to stop and ask for something to eat for themselves and their animals.

The owner of the house was a genuine "cracker," or poor white; lean, sallow, and awkward in his movements, but hospitable, as men of his class always are. In answer to their request he replied:

"Sartin, sartin; to be sho. Light down, gentle*men*, and come inside. We 'uns is plain folks, and hain't got much, but sich as we has you 'uns is welkim to. Sal, run for a bucket of water."

As Frank and Jan entered the house, a little, barefooted, tow-headed girl started off with a bucket. They were hardly seated, and their host had just begun to tell them about his wonderful "nateral well," when a loud scream was heard outside. The next instant the little girl came flying into the house, with a terror-stricken face, and flung herself into her father's arms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

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"Mamma, we've dressed the Turkey for dinner."

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS
To all the girls and boys,
With lots of fun and frolic,
Of laughter and of noise.

May every boy be jolly,
And every girl be gay;
We'll even pardon folly
Upon our holiday.

A Merry, Merry Christmas!
Who's there? Old Santa knocks,
And leaves his love, dear children,
To your Post-office Box.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I want to tell you about a game we played last summer in the evenings. It was something we had never heard of before, so I thought I would write you about it. We shut the doors between the parlor and the hall, and placed a table on the hall side. We put some books and a few little ornaments you find in a parlor on the table, and then covered it with a table-cover or a shawl. We then opened the doors, and my two brothers, my cousin, and myself stood in a row, and mamma and papa held up the cloth for about six seconds. The point was to see which one of us could name most of the things we had seen on the table during the few seconds that the cloth was held up. My eldest brother saw the most every time. You see, it makes us very observing, and it is also good practice for our memory. I hope some of the children will try it, and enjoy it as much as we did. This is the first letter I have written to the Post-office Box, and I shall hope to see it in print.

Yours lovingly, MAY H.

Some time I intend to play the game myself. I hope this will not be little May's only letter. It is a very bright one, and the penmanship was excellent.

CLAPHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am so pleased with HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, mamma says I may take it regularly. I have got the first number. I am eight years old, and have got one sister; she is ten years old. My sister likes the long stories and I like the short ones in the papers. We both go to the same school. I have no brother, and dear papa died three years ago. I have no pets but a nice little doll, which I can dress myself. Please will you print this letter from your little friend, NELLIE R.

Dear Nellie, we are ever so glad to have you write to the Post-office Box, and we hope you will always enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, liking it better the longer you are acquainted with it.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH, GOODWIN TERRACE, LONDON.

I wrote to YOUNG PEOPLE once before, but not finding my letter in print, I thought I would try again, hoping you will publish it. I am going to tell you something real funny. One morning at breakfast, while eating her mutton-chop, one of my friends said to her father, "Papa, this meat tastes sheepy." The next morning they had beefsteak, and her father said, "Do you think the meat tastes sheepy this morning?" But her little brother said, "No; it tastes bully." Of course everybody laughed. She meant that it tasted sort of "beefy." WILLIE M.

ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy six years old and 'most seven. We have a little canary: her name is Dot. She used to be blind in one eye, but she isn't now. I have three sisters. My sister Earlie wrote to you a while ago, and her letter was printed. She is sick now. My sister Helen is writing this for me. I am glad Christmas is coming. There is a pretty little dog that I play with, only he isn't ours. Some days I take him in the house and play with him. He will stand up on his hind-feet and beg for a cookie. FRANK W. C.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I staid at Atlantic City all summer, right opposite the light-house, and every night I could look at the light and see how bright it was. I have been up in it three or four times, and had such a beautiful view from it. Sometimes ducks and birds strike against the wire netting, but they can not break the glass, as this wire netting is around it. Sometimes when it has been blowing a gale and there is a pail of water on the stove, it will splash over the sides on the floor. But I must stop, as I must not forget to tell you about the fishing. I was out fishing a great many times. I suppose this will be a very small letter in print. Good-by, Postmistress.

HARRY H. H.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I go to the High School, and am in the second year. We have a club in our class in which we take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. We have a class of fifty girls; we each bring a cent every week, and then one of our teachers buys the paper for us, and with the rest of the money we buy other books. When we get all the papers of one continued story we bind them all in one book ourselves. I will tell you how we bind them. First we sew them all together (we take the backs off); then we get two pieces of pasteboard the size of the books; then we put a strip of cambric up the back; then we sew the book on the cambric and cover it with paper. It is then in a very nice form to pass around among the school-girls. We all like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. We are going to start a Christmas-gift Club in our class. We shall bring the little articles that we are making to school and work on them there. Then we will show each other how to make little things for gifts. Our teacher is going to help us too, and in my next letter I will tell you how we succeeded.

LULU W.

I will be very much pleased to hear about the Christmas Club and its doings. I am sorry that there is not room in this crowded Post-office Box for the pretty story which you sent with your letter.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I have written to you before, but I thought you would like to hear from me again. This time I will tell you about my travels. First I went to Bar Harbor. We took a great many buckboard rides there. From there we went to Campo Bello Island, where they put up herring. First they string them; then they put them in the smoke-house and smoke them. They let them hang for a month or two, put them in boxes, and they are all ready for market. From Campo Bello we went to the famed Grand Pré, the land of Evangeline, which is a very nice place. There are dike-lands covered with hay, and two miles wide; then there is Evangeline's Well, where I drank some water. There was an Acadian coffin dug up near there. From there we went to Halifax, and went through the Citadel, which is a very strong place. From Halifax we went to St. John, which is more like a city in the States than any city in the Provinces. We stopped at the only hotel that was not burned in the great fire. Next, from St. John we went to the White Mountains through the Crawford Notch to the Profile House and Echo Lake. I have seen the "Old Man of the Mountain." I think it looks very real; don't you think so? MAURICE H. C.

A very good letter, Maurice. I agree with you about the "Old Man."

MANAYUNK, PENNSYLVANIA.

I study reading, writing, spelling, geography, grammar, and music. All the children tell about their pets, so I thought I would tell you I have but one pet; that is a cat. He is so cute. My sister asked him if he was going to get into her coach, and right after supper he went into it. I used to have a little canary, but the cat killed it. I was so sorry, for he had just begun to sing and he was such a pretty bird. I can draw a map of North America, but I am not pleased with the way I draw the Great Lakes, but I can draw everything else in it. Sincerely yours,

MAY C. S.

Keep on trying, dear, and you will draw the Great Lakes to your satisfaction, I am sure.

CAMBRIDGE, NEBRASKA.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly a year and a half, and think it a charming paper. I could not do without it. I am a little boy eleven years old. I go to school in winter; in summer I herd my father's and uncle's cattle. This will perhaps seem queer to some of the readers of the Post-office Box—the idea of herding cattle—but as there is not much fencing done here now, herd-boys are in demand. My papa came here from New York State; he owns three hundred and twenty acres of land. I saw, a short time ago, four wolves out on the prairie; they were gray, and ran from me as I came near them. We just had a terrible prairie fire near our place; it came near burning our house down. Nearly every one was out fighting fire. As I take great interest in reading the letters to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I hope you will consider this worthy of publication. ARTHUR F. S.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am one of the many little readers of this lovely paper, and like it very much. I have for my pet a large cat, which I call Tom, and I had a number of gold and silver fish, but they all died. I take music lessons, and like them very much. Would some little reader or the Postmistress please tell me the meaning of the word Mizpah? I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will close. LULU F.

Mizpah is a Hebrew word. It means, "The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent, the one from the other."

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I have not seen any letters from this city for a long time, so I thought I would write one. I am a little girl ten years old, and go to school. I study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and geography. I have a little sister two years old, and twin brothers five years old. We live in a little cottage with our mamma and papa. As this is my first letter to the Post-office Box, and a surprise to my papa and mamma and brothers, I would like to see it in print. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the very nicest paper there is for little folks; don't you? I am your little friend and constant reader, BELLE R. C.

I certainly think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE charming, and so are the little ones at home who read it.

### RAIN AND SUNSHINE.

Once upon a rainy day
I sat and watched the rain at play,
And as it glided along the walk
It seemed as if 'twere trying to talk,

And tell how much good 'twas doing
To things in the fields and gardens growing,
But after a while the sun burst through
To see how much good it could do.

LIZZIE W.

Lizzie wrote a dear little letter as well as these pretty verses. She is a little Kentucky girl, and her home is in the pleasant village of Glasgow.

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

We have a foot-ball club, named the "Jersey Blues." We practice every day, and are making good progress. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE one year, and had it bound. I have no pets, but I have a great many birds, of which I will name you some. For instance, Java birds, a German bullfinch, two canaries, and a parrot. I also had a bird which was caught a thousand miles from land on a Cunard steamer. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for its interesting stories. CHARLIE F. N.

FORT MISSOULA.

I am a little army boy. I am eight years old, and I go to school here in the garrison. I like the stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. We have a pet fawn; its name is Juno. I have five sisters and two brothers; one of my brothers is five years old, and marches splendidly, sings, and dances the polka. I have a pony. I learned to ride when I was six years old. I hope you will print this letter, as it has been a good deal of trouble. I am your little friend,

WILLIAM H. J.

And it was very nicely written, my boy. Next time tell us something about army life, if you can.

SAN JOSE, FLORIDA.

I have been wanting to write you a letter for a long time, and tell you how much I enjoy the letters and stories in my dear magazine when it comes, but I am a little boy, and can not write myself, so had to wait until one of my sisters could write for me. I am not going to tell you about my school, because all the other boys do, and I think you would rather hear something else. My dog is a pretty curly buff setter, and he is my constant companion. My brother hunts with him, and when he shoots the birds, Flop (that is my dog's name) brings them to him. We took him with us last summer to the sea-shore, but I don't think he enjoyed the surf-bathing as much as I did. He was afraid of the great breakers that came rolling in, but I thought the baths were good for him, and so I would take him in every morning. There is going to be a city on our beach; it is named Pablo Beach, but there are no houses there yet. I went to see the town site and the grading for the new railroad, and we drank some of the nice cool water from the artesian-well, which is three hundred and fifty-four feet deep. This city will be ten miles south of the mouth of the St. John's River, but of course you can not find it yet on a map. Now I want

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to tell you about my home. It is a plantation on the St. John's River, and its name is San Jose; don't you think it a pretty name? The Spaniards called it so a long time ago. The oranges in the grove are ripe now, and they look beautiful. I wish I could give you some. I am afraid if I write any more my letter will be too long for the Post-office Box, and I would like to see it in print if there is room for it. If you would like to hear from me again, I may be able to write my own letter the next time. For the present I wish you a very Merry Christmas. GEORGE W.

PETROLIA, ONTARIO, CANADA.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought that perhaps you would like to hear from a little boy in Petrolia, Ontario. I have never written before, and will think it great fun to see this printed in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which we all love so much; we have taken it for more than two years. Mamma is going to have the numbers bound next year. I like the story of "Ten Days a Newsboy" the best. Where I live oil is pumped from the ground. Papa says there are about two thousand wells here, and I think there are ten refineries for making it ready for use. I am writing this on a caligraph. We are all longing for snow, so as to take our sleigh down from the attic, where it has been all summer; it holds four. There is a splendid hill at our back gate, where we can go ever so far. As you will not hear from me again before Christmas, I wish the kind Postmistress and all the little girls and boys of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a Merry Christmas and a Happy New-Year. GEORGE M.

P. S.—I forgot to say I am nine years old.

A Happy New-Year to you in return.

HIGHLAND PARK, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl, and live in Oakland. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Mamma reads it to me. I like the letters the best. After we read it I send it to my brother, who is in Oregon, going to school. He likes it too.

I want to tell you about my trip to Los Gatos. We rode two hours in the train from here. Los Gatos is at the foot of the Santa Cruz Mountains, and the hills about it are very pretty. Some are covered with grape vines and fruit trees. Very early in the morning big wagons come by the house from the mountains, loaded with wood. The horses had bells on their harness, which made a great noise. We spent a pleasant week there, and then we went to Santa Clara to a small farm, where they had apples and grapes and other fruit. They have two such cunning baby boys there. The youngest has no name yet. When we got home my little dog Jip went almost wild, he was so glad to see me, and I was just as glad to see him. Besides Jip, I have four cats and a bird. Now I hope I have not made this letter too long to print. VIRGINIA W.

A very bright letter for a little girl only eight years old.

LONG LAKE, HAMILTON COUNTY, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I live in Glendale, Ohio, and I have been a subscriber to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years, and have only written you three times besides this one. While we were coming in papa killed a big deer on Forked Lake, and has killed four since. Papa went out to camp at the foot of this lake, and the whole three camps together killed thirty-two deer and three bears. We have a nice comfortable house, kept by David Helms, at the head of Long Lake. The lake is thirteen miles long, and Long Lake village, where the post-office is, is about three miles from the head and on the east side of the lake. The lake is frozen and the mountains are covered with snow. There is pretty fair coasting where the snow is not drifted or too wet. There are nice little children here that I play with. All the old people here are spinning for their winter knitting. Some of the spinning-wheels are so old that nobody knows their age. It is snowing hard this morning, and the snow is very wet. Last night was not as cold as the night before. The snow is three inches deep, and increasing all the time. Racquette Lake is the biggest lake in the Adirondacks, and is the prettiest. There are a great many beautiful camps on that lake. We are the only boarders in this house now. MURRAY MARVIN S.

LIMA, OHIO.

Mamma has been reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to me this morning; it is full of nice Thanksgiving stories, and I can hardly wait till the Christmas numbers come. I have been a subscriber since the 1st of September; I was seven years old that day, and it was one of my birthday presents. Mamma wrote the letter for it and I mailed it. I started to go to school on my birthday, and can read and write a little. I got the medal last week for being head in the class. I get a quarter every time I get a head-mark. I keep my money in grandpa's bank. Papa has given me seventy-five cents every week since I was a baby, and I am to have it all when I am twenty-one years old if I do not drink, chew, or smoke; I now have $350. I have a new cousin; they call him Frank. He is going to have a bank account like mine. Mamma gave him $5 to start it with, because he is her namesake. I have no brothers or sisters, but I have some little cousins and a little Uncle Thorn. I have a little dog, Nip, and a play-room. I raked up all the leaves in our yard, and papa lighted the bonfire for me. Uncle Thorn had one too; he just lives over on the other corner. I will write about my trip to Washington and Baltimore if you would like to hear about it. REX M. B.

Certainly I would. If you keep to your agreement with your papa until you shall be twenty-one, you will have formed good habits to last all through life.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have never written a letter to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, though I have taken it nearly two years, and so I thought I would begin now. I find this magazine very interesting. I think the story of "Wakulla" is very interesting, like "The Ice Queen" and "Raising the 'Pearl.'" We boys had a splendid time Thanksgiving-day; we had a fine time playing Hare and Hounds, and the hares led us a good long chase, but we caught them when they stopped for want of paper. Coming home we found an old fort with three old-fashioned guns in it, and then we separated and played storming and holding the fort. FRED E.

WYANDOTTE, KANSAS.

I enjoy the Post-office Box in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have no brothers nor sisters, but have nice little playmates. I go to school, and am in my eighth year. I have a pair of Seabright bantams that papa gave me. Papa has two cows, and sometimes I drive them home from pasture. I have to cross a little creek when I go for them. It is fun to watch the little fish dart about in the water. Once I caught one in my hand. I carried it home and kept it about four weeks; it used to eat cracker and bread crumbs. It got very tame, and would come up to my hand. One morning I went to feed it, and it did not come out from under the stones as usual. I moved them, but could not find it; after searching some time I found it lying on the carpet—dead! Mamma said she heard it splashing about in the water in the evening, but did not think it could throw itself out. J. WILLIS S.

CANBY, MINNESOTA.

I thought I would tell how to make chocolate candy. Take the whites of two eggs, beat to a froth, then put in a tea-cupful of pulverized sugar, and stir well; put in an oven until it is quite warm, then take out and rub in chocolate, and flavor if wished. MAY H.

JAMESTOWN, KANSAS.

I have never written to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE before, although I have taken it two years. I have got a pig, and so has my brother. My father is the proprietor of the *Cloud County Kansan*. I will send you one of the next copies. CHESTER L. B.

Thank you.

BIG CREEK, OSCODA COUNTY, MICHIGAN.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE nearly one year, and I think it is very nice. Of all the stories in it I can't tell which is the best. I have no brother nor sister, but lots of cousins. I have no pets. Papa said he would get me a pony. We are keeping store. I have a very nice time. I am a mile from a school-house, so papa is going to have me study at home. I began a quilt to-day. Your friend, ROSA JULIA G.

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

My friend Rebecca W. and myself wrote you a letter a little while ago, and also sent you a story. We were very glad to see it in print. I had four little kittens, but two got poisoned and died. One of them came to us, but will not play with the others, but always stays down in the barn. I had two canary-birds, and one day the bottom fell out of one of the cages when they were hanging up out-doors, and the bird flew away. I was very sorry, but papa said he would get another one. May I join the Little Housekeepers? I send you a receipt for candy. It is very good, and has never been known to fail. If some of the readers of this paper try it, I hope they will write to the Post-office Box and tell how they like it. With much love to you, dear Postmistress, I am your constant reader, VIOLET T.

MOLASSES CANDY.—Two cups of molasses, three table-spoonfuls of vinegar, seven lumps of sugar, butter half the size of an egg; boil over a hot fire, stirring frequently, until hard, when you must drop it in cold water; put into buttered tins, and when partly cool, pull with the tips of the fingers; then cut in small pieces. Do not twist it when pulling, as it will get very hard before you finish pulling it.

**Maude S.**: Your drawing is very well done, and I am glad you enjoy school-days so thoroughly. —**Lena D.**: You wrote a bright little letter. I wish you a Merry Christmas.—**Susie O. D.**: It is just splendid, dear, to have a big brother.—Just think of it, **Lily M.** has for a pet a tame blackbird! He eats seed from her hand. A friend of hers has a lovely French poodle, and the girls have great fun playing with it.—**Eddie Clark H.**: Your request has been granted.—**M. Nora K.**: Sir Walter Scott would have liked your merry family of dogs. All the way from Green Springs, Louisiana, your letter came swiftly, but I can not crowd it in this time.—**Eddie M.** has a rabbit for his pet.—**Mamie A.** has a cat.—**Mary H.** likes Miss Alcott's stories very much. So do we all.—HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE brings great delight every week to **Sylvia S.**—**Florence A. H.** is very busy at school. So is **Gertie V. F.**—**Grace P.** attends a school opposite which is a saw-mill, which keeps up an incessant commotion.—**Spencer G. L.** has a Maltese kitten. Ever so pretty, I am sure.—**Iva W.** and **Jennie D.** are two loving little friends.—**Eddie N.**: Do not be discouraged because your exchange does not appear at once. A good many boys were before you.—**Bessie V. B.**: Would Puff, Muff, and Fluff do for the kittens' names?—**Anna B.** lives in Lawrence, Kansas, and has two Maltese kittens.—**Albert C.** has a kind feeling to all who are invalids, though he is himself a hearty, lively boy, who has seven brothers and two sisters. They have grand times when they are all together.—**J. E. A., Joe R. B., Lillian L. R.,** and **Florence E. H.** will all write again, please.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

ENIGMA.

My first is in tea, but not in cup.
My second is in eat, but not in sup.
My third is in man, but not in boy.
My fourth is in pan, but not in toy.
My fifth is in youth, not in old age.
My sixth is in house, not in cage.
My seventh is in oats, not in barley.
My eighth is in Dan, not in Charley.
My whole is a world-famed poet.

CHARLIE KELLOGG.

### No. 2.

THREE SQUARE WORDS.

1.—1. A young animal. 2. A space. 3. A soft metal. 4. To lose color. OTTO KAHN.

2.—1. Gray with age. 2. A side glance. 3. An exclamation. 4. Quiet.

3.—1. To receive. 2. Rest. 3. Small serpents. 4. A plague. JAMES CONNOR.

### No. 3.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. Healed. 4. Pertaining to earth. 5. To titter. 6. A river in Scotland. 7. A letter.

2.—1. A letter. 2. A bit of cloth. 3. An estimator. 4. A revealer of secrets. 5. Cold. 6. A primitive color. 7. A letter. CHARLIE DAVIS.

### No. 4.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead departed, and leave a number. 2. Behead a word meaning so be it, and leave the plural of a human being. 3. Behead did ride, and leave a sonnet. 4. Behead the visage, and leave a unit. 5. Behead a bird, and leave a word meaning twice. 6. Behead an exclamation expressing surprise, and leave the point of a spear. 7. Behead placed aside, and leave help. 8. Behead finished, and leave a number.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 265.

No. 1.—
B L O T
L A M A
O M E N
T A N K

No. 2.—Turkey. Christopher Columbus. Slate.

No. 3.—Dog. Apes. Goat. Zebra. Camel. Doe. Panther. Cat. Cow. Llama. Pig. Bear. Otter. Beaver.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Emerson Jenkins, Little Aunt Sue, Helen W. Gardner, Fred Elliott, Florence de P. B., J. B. R., The Man in the Moon, Frank Marsh, Edward White, James Connor, F. Roy Rutter, Titania, Robin Dyke, Harry E. Nichols, Eulalie Chevalier, Anna Fry, Jane Noble, Eunice Temple, Ronald McKenzie, Dana Westcott, R. J. S., Tony Brown, Grace and Amy Cooley, Francis C., Effie M. Cartwright, George S. Weller, Kitty Keese, Emily Benson, Jehu, Tim Trotter, North Pole, Ella and Freddie, Fidget, Floy Harding, Willie James, W. H. Colburn, Dotty Adams, Edith and Bertha, Felix, Charlie Davis, Myrtle Pardee, Lillie M. H., F. W. H., and Steele Penn.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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## LAP-LAND.

BY E. E. OLMSTEAD.

A SUNNY clime I know full well,
Where merry little people dwell.
Its funny name, if I may tell,
Is Lap-land.

A balmy air, an April sky,
Breezes that sing sweet lullaby
To cradles on the tree-tops high
In Lap-land.

'Tis there one learns his Q's and P's,
How the young moon is made of cheese,
And many wonders such as these,
In Lap-land.

And one may read upon one's toes
How this wee pig to market goes,
And that one squealeth out his woes
In Lap-land.

E'en there the jolly baker-man
Doth pat his cakes as best he can,
And tosseth them into the pan
In Lap-land.

And there resides good Dr. Bliss—
A very wiseacre, I wis—
Who cures all ailments with a kiss
In Lap-land.

But I lived there so long ago,
The little folk I scarce should know
Whom once I met, for weal or woe,
In Lap-land.

Yet oft I dream, with happy thrill,
A little king I reign there still,
And all bow down to my sweet will
In Lap-land.




FREDDIE'S CHRISTMAS—TOO FULL FOR UTTERANCE.

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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 270. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1884.
Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



## A CHRISTMAS ANGEL.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

I.

THERE was a flaming poster on the side of Link Fickett's store. Nance stopped to spell it out. Parson Tim, a miner who had been crippled by an ex-

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plosion, had taught her to read, but some of these words would have puzzled Parson Tim himself.

SIGNOR TITO BENDELARI'S

**WORLD-RENOWNED VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.**

*THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE AGE.*

**The Skeleton Lady. The Fat Boy. The Great African Snake Swallower. The Texan Giant. The Mexican Fairy.**

ALSO,

A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,

IN WHICH

SIGNORINA CARLOTTA BENDELARI, THE CHILD ANGEL,

WILL APPEAR.

So it was Christmas! Nobody lived in Lone Pine but miners, a few store-keepers, some gamblers, who came and went, a half-dozen women old and worn out with much hard work, and Hop Lee, the stolid and thrifty little laundry-man, whom the women were always attacking for having stolen their trade. And Santa Claus never came there.

If she could only see the Child Angel in the Christmas Pantomime! thought Nance.

But she must hurry home; the baby was fretful, and Sally was always angry when she had to take care of him.

At the foot of the long hill that fell away from the row of shops that constituted the main street of the town, Nance met four great covered wagons, gay with flags and colored pictures—the show!

The back of the last wagon was rolled up, and dangling out were a pair of red-stockinged legs and stout little boots. The wagons stopped just then, and Nance walked around and took a nearer view of the red stockings. They belonged to a little girl about twelve (Nance's own age). She wore a warm little coat trimmed with fur, and a hood tied with red ribbons.

She gave Nance a friendly little nod and smile, and then asked, "Are you coming to the show to-night?"

Nance shook her head. "If the baby wa'n't a-screechin' I might come and peek in at the winder, but he 'most always *is* a-screechin'."

"I wish you were coming, because I haven't seen a little girl for 'most a month. There don't seem to be any round here."

"I never see one afore in my life!—only when I was such a little mite of a thing that I've forgot," said Nance.

"Why, how queer! Where do you live?" exclaimed the little girl.

"With Old Sally, in that shanty down behind the last o' them small hills. I don't *b'long* to her. I don't b'long to nobody, but she picked me up when I was a young one. What's your name?" added Nance, suddenly.

"Sharly—Sharly Benson. In the show we're Italians, and that's why we have such funny names; but at home, 'way off in Connecticut, papa is Titus Benson, and I'm Charlotte Benson. On the bills I'm Carlotta, but that's because I'm the Child Angel. I'm growing so stout now that papa has had the machinery made stronger for fear I should fall. He says that he shall have to get another Angel before long. And then I shall be the Fiend. That is ever so much more fun, for he has horns and a fiery tail, and frightens people."

The wagons were beginning to move. "Do come to-night if you possibly can," called Sharly.

II.

The show was quartered in rooms over Fickett's Hall, where it was to exhibit. While the preparations for the entertainment were going on, Sharly was continually running to the window to watch for the little girl whose acquaintance she had made. But Nance did not come.

"It seems as if I might have one little girl Christmas-eve," she said to herself, with a great sigh. "I suppose Old Sally won't take care of the baby. Perhaps she would, if I asked her. Why couldn't I ask her? It isn't far to that shanty where she said she lived. I could see the smoke from the chimney before it grew dark. I know the way; the road turns off at the great pine-tree. I don't go on till the pantomime, so it wouldn't matter if I should be a little late. And Old Sally couldn't help letting her go if I went after her."

This reasoning seemed to Sharly so conclusive that she immediately put on her cloak and hood, and slipped out unobserved.

It was very dark, and a fine sleet began to blow into her face before she reached the foot of the hill, but Sharly did not think of being afraid; her wandering life had made her brave. She turned at the lone pine, and followed a faint light that shone from the window of Old Sally's shanty.

The road was little more than a path; it was difficult in the darkness to follow it. Sharly stumbled against hillocks and rocks, but at length she reached level ground, and ran bravely on, until suddenly her feet struck a board made slippery by the sleet, and she fell. She flung her arms out as she felt herself going down, caught the board, and clung to it desperately. Into what had she fallen? Her first thought was that it might be a creek, and the board a bridge across it; but she was soon convinced that there was no water. It seemed to be a gulf over which she was hanging, deep—who could tell how deep?—and wide. She tried desperately to raise herself upon the board, but it was slippery and she was heavy. She felt that she could not hold herself there long; she was slowly slipping off, down into the black yawning gulf.

"Help! help! oh, *help!*" she cried; but the wind blew so hard now that it seemed to drown her voice. Sharly screamed again. It seemed as if mocking echoes answered her, but no human voice. And it was Christmas-eve—good times everywhere, brightness and jollity, and she there alone slipping into that gulf of darkness, to be dashed to pieces on rocks or—

"Hullo! who are you, and where are you, and what's the matter?" It was Nance's voice, and it sent a thrill of hope to poor Sharly's despairing heart.

"I'm clinging to this board. Oh, can you pull me up?"

"Oh-h-h!" shrieked Nance, "if you 'ain't been and fell into Flighty Sol's old mine! And I can't pull you up; you're too heavy! But you jest hold on, now!" and Nance tore her shawl into strips, and made a rope of it, which she fastened around Sharly, under her arms, and then tied the ends securely around the board. Then Sharly let go, and hung there safely, with a blessed sense of relief.

Nance stooped and patted her on the head in motherly fashion, and then darted off like a flash. It was not long before she was back, with two men and a horse and wagon. The strong arms of the miners lifted Sharly, who was half fainting now, and scarcely knew where she was, and placed her in the wagon. She clung wildly to Nance.

"You'll have to go with her," said one of the men.

"Oh, you must go!" cried Sharly. "I'm afraid to go without you. And we're going to have a Christmas tree. We always have one, wherever we are, after the show. Tom cut such a beauty this afternoon! And we have time to make lots of presents when we're travelling in the wagons."

"I can't," said Nance. "Who'd take care of the baby?"

"My wife will. I'll send her over," said the other miner.

Nance was very glad to go, as soon as she was assured that the baby would be taken care of.

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"I don't see how I'm going to be the Angel, I'm so *trembly*," continued Sharly. "Oh, don't you suppose you could do it for me? Your hair is just right without any wig."

III.

When they got back to the hall Sharly was kissed and cried over, and then, when the story was told, the same thing happened to Nance, who had never been kissed before in her life that she could remember, and who had to work very hard to keep back the tears.

Sharly's father was the first one to propose returning to business, and Sharly suggested to him that Nance should take her place as the Angel.

Signor Tito Bendelari stood off several paces from Nance and surveyed her critically.

"She's got the makin's of a tip-top angel, and no mistake! The clothes will need a little nippin' and tuckin', but your mother will see to that, and you can jest give her a few p'ints."

Sharly explained to Nance that it was quite easy. The chief personages of the pantomime were the Fiend and an Orphan Boy, and whenever the Fiend tempted the Boy to evil, the Angel came sailing down on a bank of white and rosy clouds—really a wooden platform moved up and down by springs—and spread her wings over the Boy.

Nance felt a little timid, but still it was delightful to think of being, even for one short Christmas-eve, not poor Nance, neglected, abused, and overworked, often hungry and cold, but an angel in a white dress that glittered like frost, with wings upon her shoulders.

When the nipping and tucking were accomplished, and Nance was dressed, even to the white slippers with glittering things upon them, and Sharly drew her up to the looking-glass, she started back. "Is that me? Is it really, for sure?" she exclaimed.

She was a little bewildered when she alighted from the clouds, and the Fiend had to prompt her, which was a little awkward, but she was very quick-witted, and after that everything went well.

It was hard, when it was all over, to find out that she really was only Nance, to take off the sparkling dress, and put on her old clothes again.

But that feeling was lost in delight when Sharly, quite herself again, though a little pale, and with one hand in a bandage, drew her into an inner room, and she saw a beautiful, glittering Christmas tree. And there was Santa Claus, round and jolly, with red cheeks and frosty beard, and a twinkle in his eye!

"Tom is ever so much better for Santa Claus than he is for a Fiend, because he can laugh as much as he wants to," said Sharly.

When Santa Claus took the presents off the tree, lo and behold, there were more for Nance than for anybody else. There was a hood with red ribbons, as pretty as Sharly's, and a bright plaid shawl, nicer and warmer than the one she had torn up, and, best of all, a fan with flowers and a lady on it. How did they know that if she never did have enough to eat or to wear, a fan was just what she wanted?

All the show people seemed to try to be kind to her. And what delightful people they were!—although the looks of some of them were a little disappointing. The Fat Boy seemed to collapse, like a balloon, in private life, and the African Snake Swallower was just a common man, and the snakes—this was quite gratifying to know—were not snakes at all. But the Texan Giant was real from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head; he bumped that crown against the ceiling every time he arose from his chair. And the Mexican Fairy was such a mite that one could hardly have believed she was real flesh and blood if she had not been so cross. She scolded everybody in a shrill, high-keyed voice, and when Santa Claus gave her off the tree a tiny box, and she opened it and found only one sugar-plum in it, she began to scream in a big voice which one would not suppose her little body would hold.

Nance was almost too happy, when a sudden thought came to her.

"Oh, the baby! the baby! I've left him too long! I must start for home this minute!" she cried.

They all urged her to stay; but the baby was crying, she felt sure; he never would be quiet with anybody but her, and the woman who was taking care of him would be quite worn out.

"But there's a little matter o' business that I was calkilatin' to talk to you about afore you went," said Sharly's father. "I've been on the lookout for an Angel for a consid'able spell, sence my Sharly begun to grow too big and heavy to make a real interestin' one, and I hain't come acrost nobody that seemed so fitted by nater for the part as you. With your pink an' white complexion, and dark eyes and yaller hair, you look as if you growed a-puppose for an Angel. I'll give you a reg'lar engagement and a good salary, and bime-by, when we give up this rovin' kind of a life that has its bad p'ints as well as its good ones, and have a home of our own, why, then you'll be jest one of the fam'ly, for we ain't them to forgit what you done for our little gal."

To be an Angel every night! to belong to somebody! to have only kind faces about her, and pleasant words spoken to her! to have it Christmas all the time! Nance's face grew radiant.

"You don't mean it, now! It's just too good to be true!" she gasped; and then her face fell suddenly.

"Oh, I can't do it nohow. There's the baby! I can't leave the baby. I can't, I can't!" she almost sobbed.

"The baby ain't nothin' to you, as I understand it," said the showman. "If his mother's gone off and left him, why, then, it belongs to the town to take care of it. What can a little gal like you do to support yourself and a baby?"

"Thar's a great many will give me washin', for all o' the Chinyman, and the baby is crooked and ugly, and folks won't do anything for him. I jest *couldn't* leave him."

Sharly whispered something in her father's ear.

"Oh, la, no!" he answered, with decision; "I ain't forgettin' what we're owin' of her. But a baby, even if he's a likely-appearin' one, ain't no good in a show. Infant wonders is a drug. We can't take the baby."

IV.

Nance rushed out, not trusting herself to speak. She ran so fast that even the Giant, who was escorting her home, could scarcely keep pace with her. When they reached the shanty she let him shake her small hand, which was almost lost in his huge one, but she could not say good-night.

The woman who had been taking care of the baby was at the door with her shawl on as soon as Nance opened it. "I don't begrudge yer your good time," she said, "but if I *ain't* glad to get rid of that young one!" And she was gone before Nance could utter a word of thanks.

The baby ceased to cry when Nance took him into her arms. She walked the floor with him until he fell asleep; then she laid him on the bed, and lay down herself beside him. But she could not sleep. Nance had a stout heart, but she was afraid of the future. Times were apt to be hard at Lone Pine in the winter; the miners often had to do their own washing for lack of money to pay for it, and food was very high. Could she keep the baby and herself from starving?

At last she fell into a troubled sleep, and awoke with a start, to find that the sun had already climbed Polly's Roost—the great hill that overhung the shanty—and was looking in at the window.

The baby stirred in his sleep, and flung his arms across her neck. Nance hugged him tightly to her breast.

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GRANDPA'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS HOLIDAY VISIT.

"You're smaller an' worse off nor me, an' I'll jest stick to you anyhow," she said, and rose and dressed herself with a firm courage. Looking out of the window at a notch between the mountains, where the road ran, she suddenly caught sight of a gleam of white canvas and gay bunting—the wagons were going!

Nance's courage gave way at the sight; she hid her face in the bedclothes and sobbed.

Just then there came impatient knocks at the door. Nance wiped her eyes on her apron, and opened it. There stood the Giant and Sharly's father and Sharly, and in the road was one of the great wagons.

"You and the baby too!" cried Sharly, joyfully.

"To come to business," said Sharly's father. "I couldn't sleep last night for thinkin', and says I at last, if infant wonders is a drug, the friendless and the orphan brings a blessin', to say nothin' of you bein' the tip-toppinest Angel I ever did see! So now if you'll jest step round lively and pack up yourself and the baby, we'll start as soon as possible."

The packing was soon done, Nance did it so joyfully.

In the mean time the Giant devoted himself to the baby, and the baby sat upon the Giant's huge hand and laughed and crowed like a cherub. And the Giant, who was thought to be a remarkable judge of character, foretold that he would be a great honor and comfort to his friends.

Nance and the baby were soon tucked cozily into the back of the great wagon. The sleet had changed to snow in the night, and it was a white, sparkling Christmas world into which they went out.

"Parson Tim he 'lowed that Christmas would get round to everybody some time," said Nance, "an' I guess he was right, for it's a real one that's come to me."

## VIVIAN'S CHRISTMAS JOURNEY,

### AND WHAT HE SAW DURING IT.

BY EDWARD I. STEVENSON.

VI.

WHAT a contrast was the scene to which the Spirit of Christmas next turned Vivian's eyes!—a cheerful, sunshiny English house, with odd gables and dormer-windows and a sun-dial before the door, and snow all over its lawn.

"We will go within," said the Spirit, smiling; "and this time, for the sake of change, I will let you see some people who are not sad a bit, but only too happy over a certain Christmas gift that has come to them to recollect that it is Christmas-day."

"I don't understand you," Vivian responded. Nevertheless, he had no time to receive explanation then. In a quiet, old-fashioned bedroom where the two next paused a bright fire blazed, and half a dozen people were gathered about a fat nurse who held a baby, a very little baby, which she had just brought in from the adjoining room to show to the circle.

"Well, 'tis a dear little midget indeed!" remarked a lady, leaning on her husband's shoulder to admire it. "I trust it may live to be a man of sense."

"How, think you, Vivian, that child will be called in history after he is grown to be 'a man of sense'?" inquired the Spirit, as the pretty home-like scene disappeared, or they parted from it, Vivian could not tell which.

"I don't know," replied Vivian. "Tell me."

"Sir Isaac Newton," answered the Spirit, "the greatest philosopher of his time. He was born on Christmas-day, 1642, at Woolsthorp, England. He was a present that all the world is thankful for; he taught it some of the greatest lessons it knows by heart nowadays."

VII.

Vivian's guide hurried Vivian now through several scenes so rapidly that he could scarcely take them all in one after another. "Another baby!" he said, in some disgust, as they slipped into a great apartment, so splendidly furnished and lofty, and so full of magnificently dressed princes and cardinals and ladies, that Vivian was astonished to find them all staring at a cradle, some kneeling before its little occupant.

"You see here the first New-Year's Day reception that the gallant young Pretender, Charles Stuart, 'Prince Charlie,' as his soldiers called him, held in Rome in the year 1720. He is only a few days old, but the court makes stir enough about his coming into the world. By-and-by he will make a stir in it himself."

VIII.

Presto! The Roman palace was no more to be seen. Before them was a broad river flowing between snowy and muddy banks. Huge cakes of ice floated by thou-

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sands in the water, and dashed and ground now and then against each other. But Vivian's eyes were quickly attracted to a far more important feature of the winter landscape. All along one bank of that cold stream were drawn up an army in full uniform, with their cannon and baggage-wagons in the rear. They seemed in deep perplexity, and the leaders were galloping up and down to encourage them.

"They are going into a fight," said the Spirit of Christmas, "but it is a fight with ice and that current. Do you see that other shore? This army must cross to it at once if boats can float. They have no choice. It is Christmas-eve, 1776."

At the same moment Vivian saw a score of boats filled with men and horses push out and thread their way amid the ice-floes. First in the line was rowed a transport, in which stood several generals. One of them, a tall, noble-looking man, was pointing out the course with his sword. All at once Vivian remembered that their uniform was blue and buff, and that the flags he saw were much like the Stars and Stripes of to-day, and that the face of the officer with the sword was one he had seen in many a picture before.

"Oh, gentle and wise Spirit," he cried, "is this America, and are we looking at Washington crossing the Delaware in our Revolution?"

"Yes," replied his guide, solemnly. "They are terribly serious days for the country and its defenders, Vivian; and General Washington and his brave officers feel more like praying to God to fight for them than making merry over Christmas-day. But to-morrow morning they will fight the battle of Trenton, Vivian, and conquer their foes, and the first great step in the freedom of the United States will be taken."

IX.

Like magic, snow and ice were seen no more. Palm groves and deep green forests surrounded the two. They were looking down over a fair country, full of fields and woods. But cries of terror came up to their ears. Vivian could see men and women running for their lives, with negro mobs pursuing them, and burning and shooting and laying waste the landscape.

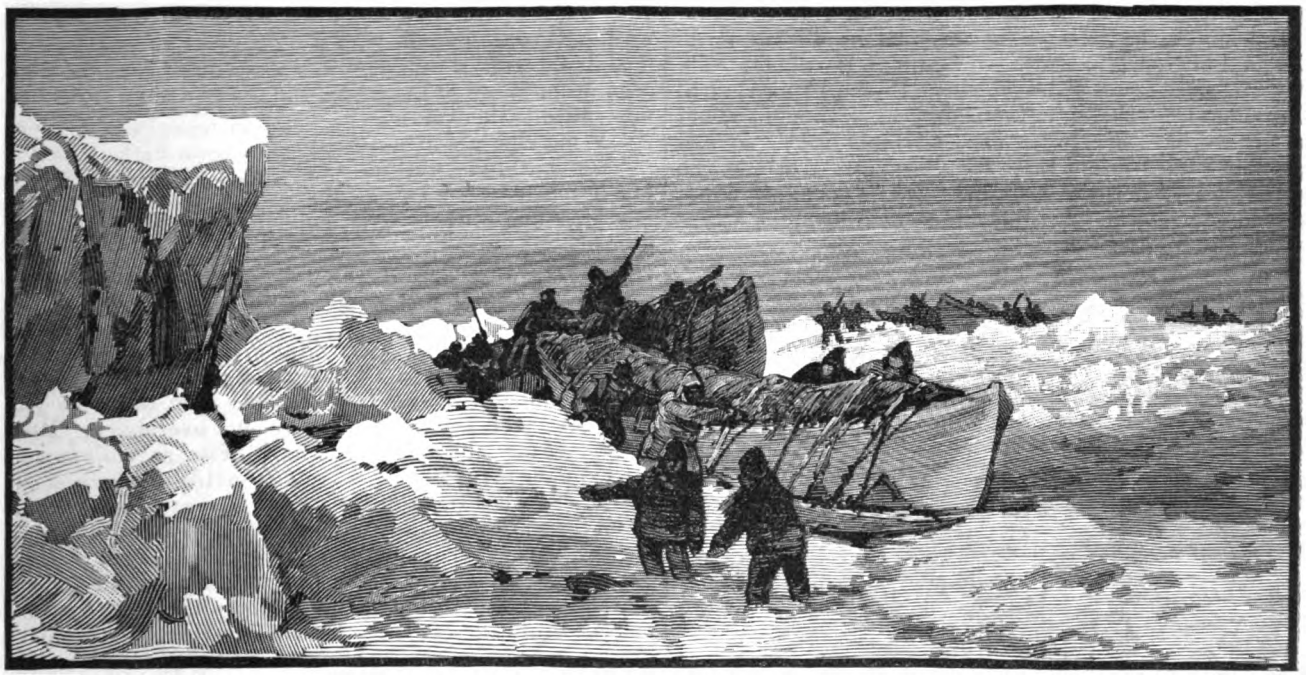
"This is Jamaica island in the year 1831," explained the Spirit, "and the slaves have risen in revolt against their masters and mistresses to destroy their plantations, and kill them. While the rest of the world is rejoicing over the holiday-time, here every white man's life is in danger. It was a woful hour for the planters, Vivian, and for years after they talked of 'the terrible Christmas-tide of 1831.'

X.

"Back to England, you see!" whispered the Spirit. They stole into a plainly furnished room where a man lay dying, surrounded by weeping friends. "His name is William Makepeace Thackeray," said the Spirit, softly, as Vivian looked at the face on the pillow, which smiled calmly. "You will read more about him and the wonderful books he wrote when you are older. He died on Christmas-day, 1863. Better than all his wit," said the Spirit, "he had a kind heart, and men loved him dearly and mourned when he left the world. On his head-stone might well have been placed the words which he used in describing one of his heroes: 'Everybody who knew him loved him—everybody, that is, who loved modesty and generosity and honor.'"

XI.

Vivian felt a chill of cold air steal over him. Clouds full of snow seemed to be whirling about them. He and the Spirit were surrounded by vast bergs and white drifts and desolate scenery of an arctic land. A party of weary and desperate men were making their way along, dragging after them a number of boats wherein were packed all the goods left them since their ship was crushed by the remorseless ice.



THE ICE JOURNEY AFTER LEAVING THE "JEANNETTE."

"Who are they?" asked Vivian.

"They are the survivors of the *Jeannette*, the exploring ship sent out by James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, to find the North Pole."

"And is it Christmas with them?"

"No. On Christmas they had their ship. This terrible experience came very soon afterward. They were sitting in the cabin. One of the party said:

"'Well, good friends, it is Christmas-day at home. It's a comfort to think that our wives and children are

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not shut up here in this prison with us, and that they can be merry if we can not.'

"'Yes, it is indeed, Melville,' said one of the group. 'God bless Christmas-day and them, wherever they are!' And all the rest repeated softly after him, 'Ay, God bless them, wherever they are!'"

"Oh, good Spirit of Christmas!" the boy cried, with tears starting into his eyes, and forgetting that he and his companion had only stepped back into the sorrowful past, "can we not tell them that they will—that some of them will be saved yet from the ice and snow? Will you not speak to them? May not I?"

Vivian's voice sounded loud and clear in his own ears. He stretched out his hands to the Spirit.

"Oh—ugh—what's the matter?"

Vivian discovered himself back in the dining-room at home, half fallen from the lounge, with the pillow on the floor, and a neck as stiff as possible, while loud and clear from the other room came the words of the carol:

"Welcome, welcome, thou Merry Christmas-day!"

There was a great shout as he entered the parlor. "Oh, do look at Viv! He's been sound asleep. Such eyes!"

"I haven't," he retorted indignantly. "I've had the most wonderful thing happen ever you heard of! I've been with the Spirit of Christmas, and, oh, he's a boy like me—and it—they—"

There was too much laughing from all sides for Vivian to explain himself further just then. When he did, I am sorry to say nobody would believe him.

"Such a jolly old nightmare!" declared Val.

But Vivian has always insisted that he did not go to the land of Nod, and that he *did* go with the Spirit.

"For how could I dream about things happening in Christmas-time that I never should have thought about in the world?" he always asks, triumphantly: "and at any rate I learned that there have been lots of people who weren't a bit 'merry' when Christmas was coming round, and that 'a Merry Christmas' is something quite worth wishing to folks, after all."



## MALACHI BIGSBY'S REFORM.

BY HARRIET WATERMAN.

MALACHI BIGSBY was very bad indeed, and the more he thought about the matter, the more surely was he convinced of the fact. It was easy enough to prove it. He was a little colored boy who went to school in Florida. There was a rule in that school that every time one of them was naughty a mark should be put on his card; when five marks were there, a round black zero was added, and when three of these zeros, which meant fifteen sins, were on the card, the boy or girl was sent home, and not allowed to return to school for a whole week.

Thinking about it this morning, it seemed to Malachi that the cause of his getting so many marks was that he did not begin to "look out" soon enough. So he resolved that he would turn over a new leaf with the new year.

Just as he made this resolution Malachi looked up at the big live-oak which grew by the road-side, and remembered that he had heard the song of an oriole from that tree before.

"'Spects yer got yer nest thar," he shouted, and without delay Malachi clambered up the trunk. He looked carefully among the branches, and at last he found the nest. He looked at it with great satisfaction, but did not take it away, because he felt that it was safer there than in the crown of his hat, which was his only pocket.

He came down from the tree, and very soon caught up with the dozen or two Slabtown boys, who were slowly walking toward school.

Malachi winked in a wise way to Ananias Loomis, who soon dropped out of the ranks, and the two fell a little distance behind the rest.

"What cher got?" said Ananias.

"Oh, nuthin'—nuthin' exactly," answered Malachi, mysteriously. "I reckon thar's a right smart oriole's nest up some o' these trees, an' I thought yer'd like ter know."

"Whar? whar?" cried Ananias, eagerly; "I'll swap yer my bottle of water with a hole in the cork, that has ter be filled twicet every day."

"Huh!" said Malachi, scornfully. "Mammy 'd give me ez many bottles ez I'd carry fur nuthin'. I was er thinkin' about yer knife that teacher give back ter yer last week. But I recollect the aige ain't oversharp. Miss Bright she don't like us ter steal birds' nests; says it's mean. I reckon so myse'f. Ad Adams is gettin' a c'lection of nests. 'Spects I'll speak ter him at recess; but I'll think about the knife and bottle tergether;" and he would say no more.

But a strange thing happened in the Lincoln school that day. Instead of going out-of-doors at recess, they all marched into the big assembly-room, where, on the platform, stood an enormous chimney and fire-place.

Miss Bright was there, and a lot of other white folks, all smiling in a very queer manner. The children sang two or three songs about "The whale did swallow Jonah whole" and "Gabriel blowing his trump, trump, trumpet"; then Miss Bright took out a little book and began to read,

"'Twas the night before Christmas.'"

She stopped after a line or two, and said: "You must watch, children, for I think that Santa Claus will come pretty soon."

They all knew about Santa Claus, and had hung up their stockings Christmas-eve. Nearly every one had found "nigger-toes" and "Jackson balls" in those same stockings Christmas morning.

But she was a long time reading the story, and they listened so hard in order not to lose a word, and looked so

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intensely at the chimney for fear Santa Claus should whisk by before they saw him, that their three hundred little hearts nearly stopped beating. Then,

"'Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound,'"

read Miss Bright; and down he came, fur-coated, white-haired, red-nosed, pipe in his mouth and pack on his back.

For one awful second the children were too frightened to stir; then, like a great wave, the whole mass surged back toward the door, crying and trembling, the big ones falling over the little ones in a genuine panic.

Ahead of them all Malachi Bigsby had sprung out of the door, and above all their voices rose his terrified scream: "It's me he's come fer! I knowed I was wicked!"

The familiar bell soon calmed the children so that they would look at Santa Claus from a respectful distance, and when he pulled off his beard, and they recognized a well-known face, they were glad to take the candy from his pack and the presents from his hands—clothes, books, and dolls—which the kind children in the North had sent.

All but poor Malachi. No amount of persuading could coax him inside the door. Miss Bright brought his presents to him—a bag of candy, some trousers, almost whole and with two pockets, and best of all, a red Tam o' Shanter, which she had added especially to soothe him. He would only say, "I knows I's dreadful wicked, teacher, an' I ain't ter goin' near him."

When they walked home after school Ananias said, "Yer needn't say nuthin' ter Ad about that nest; I'll give yer the knife an' bottle."

"No, yer don't," responded Malachi, with dignity. "I ain't ter goin' ter tell yer whar that nest are. I 'spects I sha'n't never steal nests no more."

"'Fraid cat!" sneered Ananias, tauntingly. "I warn't scared at all, quick ez I see the p'int, and that he warn't no real Santa Claus, but jest Pete Blackman rigged up."

"Huh!" made answer Malachi, "yer warn't fur behind me racing fer the door. I warn't too scared ter see that. And I ain't ter goin' ter tell yer whar that nest are, and I'm goin' ter begin lookin' out soon's I get five marks on my card after this."

Ananias, who never "looked out" until he had thirteen marks, was too astonished to do more than stare at Malachi, who had turned his corner and was walking slowly down the road.

## IN THE FIRST FLIGHT.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

"A SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky proclaim it a hunting morning." So says the old English hunting song, and on such a morning in the autumn and winter months it is no uncommon thing in merrie England to see horsemen gathered together in scores, sometimes in hundreds, to follow the eager pack of hounds in pursuit of the wily fox.

But cunning though Reynard be, our Young People's Hunt Club, as we may call it, has met to follow more tricky and daring game, for Jack Featherweight, mounted on his gray cob Pete, is a plucky rider, knows the country through and through, and will scatter the shreds of paper which represent the "scent" in such a manner as to confuse and bewilder the sharpest of his followers.

The sport of hare and hounds on horseback differs somewhat from ordinary fox-hunting, for whereas in the latter the hounds chase the fox and the riders follow the hounds, in the former the riders represent the hounds. They it is who follow the scent, mark where it lies thick upon the ground, and ride more slowly where it is spread at long intervals. Perhaps in spite of sharp eyes the scent will be overridden, and the leading horseman will do well to notice where Pete's hoof-prints come to an end, as if the animal had stopped there, and disappeared into the ground. There Master Jack has doubled upon his tracks. Having brought Pete to a stand-still, he turns him round and rides back a few rods; then strikes off again in another direction, thereby gaining two or three minutes of time.

The rule is, as regards the "hare," that he be allowed to start five minutes ahead of the hounds, and as soon as he gets out of sight he begins to scatter the scent. Then, when time is up, the Master of the Hunt sounds his horn and leads the way in the direction that the hare was seen to take.

Let us look at the hare and his hunters, as our artist has shown them, in "full cry" over the meadows. Jack Featherweight has already been mentioned. He and his pony are old friends, and the one knows that he can depend upon the other in everything. Jack rides at a rail or a ditch in full confidence that Pete will carry him over it somehow, or if not, that he will inform his rider that too much is being demanded of him by steadily refusing to face the leap. Jack, indeed, when he is in the hunting field, entertains exaggerated ideas of Pete's jumping powers, and is willing to put him at a five-foot fence when he knows that Pete's limit is only an inch or two over three feet. Fortunately for Jack's safety, Pete is not so ambitious as his master.

Here, on the left-hand side of the picture, is that gallant huntsman and accomplished rider Arthur Martingale. He is only ten years old, but he rides with an ease, grace, and nerve that many an older man might envy. See how he sits his pony, with body leaning slightly forward as the pony rises to the leap, hands lying low near the withers and just feeling the animal's mouth, ready to hold him up when he lands on the other side of the fence. And it is to be hoped that the two will come over safely, and not meet with such an accident as has happened to Tommy and his "mount," who are both in the act of turning somersaults. Tommy's pony has struck the strong hurdle with his knees, and the result is that Tommy has had a "cropper." However, the ground is soft and Tommy is light, so the chances are that they will both scramble to their feet unhurt; and as the pony will probably be even more frightened than Tommy, he will stand still and allow himself to be caught.

But if it should happen that the pony in his struggles should roll over the hapless boy, or should strike him with his iron-shod hoofs, then perchance there would be great sorrow in a certain country house where Tommy has been in the habit of ruling like a young king. No longer do his jolly laugh, his merry song, his shrill whistle, ring through the silent house. Instead, his mother and the maids are going about on tiptoes, and the doctor's buggy drives up three times a day to that house, while the pony in his stable wonders why he never sees his young master now, and begins to find out that people do not pet him so much as they used to. But as the spring comes round he hears the sound of a familiar voice. It is his young master, thinner and paler than of old, but still the same, even though that nasty "cropper" in the field had laid him on a bed of sickness for months.

The young huntsmen that we have noticed are in the "first flight," as the phrase of the hunting field has it; but gallantry as well as her capital riding should induce us to give a place among that favored few to Mabel also, who is only a few yards behind the first. In a few minutes she may be up with the best of them, for in a long run it is not always those who get the best start that are "in at the death." Behind her the hunting party streams out in an ever-lengthening line, for, as the hunt progresses, the bad riders, the too eager jumpers, the ponies

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THE "YOUNG PEOPLE" HUNT CLUB.—THE "FIRST FLIGHT."

that are "touched in the wind," and the ponies that are given as much oats as they can eat and too little exercise, gradually fall back, while the well-conditioned animals and their judicious riders maintain their places, and maybe after an hour's hard riding they will run down Master Jack and his fleet-footed Pete. He who is first "up" at the finish may claim the "brush," which in this case is only the honor of the thing, and judging from the way the first flight is going it looks as if Miss Mabel would win the honor.

## HOW HARTY'S HOPE "CAME TRUE."

### A Christmas Story.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

I.

"THERE ain't no other way 's I see," said Grandma Hartwell.

"I don't like sick children, an' I don't want him," growled Grandpa Hartwell.

"He was named Hartwell on purpose for you."

"Don't care if he was. He'll make no end o' trouble."

"But," said Grandma Hartwell, as she saw "how set in his way" her husband appeared to be, "there ain't no other way, Jacob. I know Mary's my daughter by my first husband, an' she don't belong to you—but you've always liked Mary—an' Harty's got this paralyzed side, so 't he's only a baby, 's you might say, for all 't he's six years old. But he's bright, an' you'd love him, I know. Just think! His father was buried last week, an' he an' Frank are all alone in the world, and, dear knows, Harty oughter be *here*. Frank he's thirteen, an' got a good place on the horse-cars, an' I won't say nothin' about Frank, but I'd oughter see to Harty. Now, Jacob, how *can* you!" and Grandma Hartwell looked as though she was going to cry.

Grandpa Hartwell kept up an impatient rat-tat-tat on the floor with his knotty cane for a while; then he said, "It 'll cost ten dollars an' more to go an' git him."

Grandma's keen ear caught the note of surrender, and she knew that Grandpa was almost ready to give up.

"Well, there's more'n twenty dollars in the clock," she said, cheerfully. The big old clock had a sort of a shelf in it, on which Grandma Hartwell kept, in a little red collar-box, all the hen money and egg money and milk money that came to the farm. "And, massy me! if I'm goin' down to New York to-morrow, I must step lively;" and Grandma began to tie on her big baking-apron over her white one, and to look very busy and excited.

"Who said you was goin' to New York to-morrow?" stormed Grandpa. But the anger was gone from his voice, and Grandma stopped for only just a word in response to him as she disappeared through the kitchen door.

"Why, Jacob!" she said, sharply, "I told ye there was twenty dollars an' more in the clock."

That seemed to settle the matter.

II.

It was late on the following day when the train bearing Grandma reached the station nearest the old farm, and close up to her nestled a tiny figure, which she lifted tenderly into Grandpa's arms when the train stopped.

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"Quick!" she said. "Hurry, Jacob, an' put him under the blanket in the wagon. He ain't used to chill nights like this. My! but September down in the city is a mighty different thing from September up here. There! there!" and soon Grandpa and Grandma Hartwell, with little Harty between them, were speeding along toward the farm-house under the hill, where the little boy, who had hardly ever known the green, beautiful country, except in his sweetest dreams, was to find a happy home.

"Bless his heart!" cried Grandma, as they drew up before the door. "Here we are! Ain't it nice, darling? There, Grandpa, I've got him tight now. You can drive right along to the barn;" and Grandma brought the tiny bundle into the sitting-room, where Solon, the hired man, had just built a roaring fire in the fire-place. The bright rag carpet, the sleek cat and dog lying on the rug basking in the pleasant heat, the gay prints on the clean walls—all these made a most home-like and satisfying picture; but the gaze of the child rested on them for only a moment. The great hill outside the window, and separated from the house only by a little river, with a strip of meadow on each side, caught his eager eye.

"What's that, Grandma?" he said, feebly, pointing up to where the last rays of the sun were resting, though the valley below lay in shadow.

"That? Why, that's Pulpit Rock. Folks come from all around to see that great rock, and always want to hear the story about old Parson Penny. He was so cranky an' queer he couldn't get a church to preach to, an' so he used to preach on top o' the rock yonder. Mis' Penny an' the three boys an' seven girls used to be the audience. They say he used to holler himself hoarse up there, an' they could hear him—your Grandpa an' his folks when he was little—down here to the house. I guess they used to have great times. That's why they called it Pulpit Rock. '*Tis* pretty," continued Grandma Hartwell, watching the lame boy's face as he looked at the mighty precipice, "an' awful high an' steep. I believe they call it nigh onto seven hundred feet straight up from the medder, an' the top part 'most hangs over—don' know it *does* hang over a little."

Little Harty curled down in Grandpa's big chintz-covered arm-chair by the window, and resting his head upon its faded cushions, gazed out through the gathering twilight upon the mountain opposite, with its rugged granite front; and when Grandma came, a little later, to lift him into the high chair which she had brought for him from the garret, she found him asleep upon the chintz cushions, his pale face uplifted, with a smile upon it, toward the giant cliff opposite.

When he had waked up, a little later, and had eaten a nice supper of bread and milk, Grandma undressed him in front of the warm fire. They were all alone,



"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN FRANK AND HARTY WHEN THE CARPET-BAG WAS OPENED."

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and the little boy was telling her stories about his brother Frank, of whom he was very fond.

"Frank is always good to me, Grandma," he said, in his feeble but intense voice, and with his large hazel eyes shining in the fire-light. "But, oh! he has to get up so very early since he got to be tow-boy on the Noland Avenue cars! And when he got up early this morning, before he went to see you, he bent over me and cried and cried because I was going away. Oh, Grandma! I want him so! I want him so!"

"Don't!" cried Grandma, as the child began to cry.

"No, no; I won't," said the little fellow, making a brave effort to control himself, "for Frank is earning money, and he's coming up Christmas, sure—isn't he, Grandma?"

"I hope so, dear. He promised us that he would if he possibly could."

"And, Grandma"—lowering his voice, and showing on his little face the same awe-struck look which she had seen there when he first beheld the mountain—"oh, Grandma!"—and he turned to where the darkness hid the mighty rock—"my mountain there is so high that I am sure it must see into New York. Don't you believe it sees Frank, Grandma? Don't you believe it could let me know if anything happened to Frank?"

The earnestness of the child as he advanced these startling queries quite took away good old Grandma Hartwell's breath.

"What a notion! Bless his heart!" she ejaculated, as soon as she could. "Where ever did Grandma's Harty get such crazy thoughts? Why, Harty, there's Hoosac Mountain and Greylock and lots more between Pulpit Rock and New York."

A look of disappointment came over the trustful little face.

"But—but don't you think—" he began, with quivering lips.

Grandma saw his grief, and her woman's wit taught her that she must not shatter his dream so rudely.

"Oh, of course, Grandma wouldn't pretend to say it *couldn't*, darling," she hastened to add. "God knows everything. *He* sees Frank, and Grandma is sure she doesn't know what He lets big old rocks see like ours over here. That's beyond Grandma!" And when the child had whispered his prayers, and had thought it all over, he was comforted, and fell asleep with a smile on his face as before.

III.

Autumn passed, and the little cripple's face grew round and fair under the kind care of Grandma Hartwell. Harty was making his way slowly and surely into Grandpa Hartwell's heart, though wild horses could not have drawn a confession of the fact from that old gentleman. Letters came every week from Frank full of love and encouragement.

"I'm so glad you are growing fat, Harty," he wrote in November. "Eat my share of the Thanksgiving turkey. I guess you can do it by what Grandma says about that appytite." Frank had not learned to spell very well, though he was fourteen years old. "But you want to be just looking out for me 'long about Chrismus-eve, and you can just be lookin' out for something 'long with me too. I've told Joe Card, who drives car 40, about you. He calls me Grand Panjandrum, to make fun of my bein' so little, I s'pose. Every day when old 40 comes along, and I jump on and hitch my horse on, Joe he says, 'How about Harty?' or, 'Bully for Chrismus!' or something like that. He just likes you, an' mebbe he's going to send —but that's tellin'. There's lots o' secrets; but I'll tell you all about em when I come."

As Christmas-time drew nearer, the little boy's anxiety to see his brother became almost painful, especially when two weeks passed and nothing more came from Frank.

"My rock says he'll come, Grandma," he said, confidentially, to his grandmother, "but somehow I worry about him. Oh, I do hope he'll come!"

It was on that very day that Frank, looking even smaller than usual—and he was very small for his age—stood on the pavement beside tall Jumbo, the big horse of which he had charge on the Noland Avenue horse-car line. Car 40 was coming, and Joe Card stood on it, beaming down upon his little comrade as his tired horses toiled up to where it was Frank's duty to attach Jumbo.

"Hello, Grand Panjandrum," said Joe Card, cheerily, "and how's Christmas?"

"Oh, Christmas is comin'," said little Frank, smiling back into his eyes, and the two or three men who were smoking on the platform looked a little kinder as they saw the pleasant expression on the two faces.

"Don't know how I'm goin' to spare you Christmas, Grand Panjandrum," Joe Card went on, banteringly. "I s'pose the little feller up country 'll like it, but to take a great big Panjandrum like you off the Noland Avenue cars for a day or so—I tell you it makes a big hole. Don't you see?"

At this instant, Joe Card's speech was cut short, and an expression of dismay burst from every man on the platform, for little Frank, usually so nimble and sure of foot, had caught his toe as he attempted to step off, and in some strange way had been thrown flat, with one leg under the car. It happened so quickly and unexpectedly that the smile had not had time to vanish from Joe Card's genial face, when a wheel of the heavy car passed over the little tow-boy's ankle, and he lay faint and bleeding upon the muddy ground.

"Oh-h-h!" cried Joe Card, stopping his car with a jerk, just in time to prevent the second wheel from passing over the thin, helpless little leg. "Oh! oh! hold the horses, will you, while I pick him up?" cried the poor driver, in distress. "Oh, he's all gone! To think it should 'a been my car that did it! and the Christmas comin'! Oh, it's too bad!" And with broken murmurs of this sort, Joe Card conveyed the frail form of little Frank to the drug-store, and then, making the druggist promise that the boy should receive the best of care, and that he should be told what was done with him, Joe Card unwillingly went back to his work.

For days after the accident Frank lay upon a little white bed in the hospital, his ankle, which had not been broken, but violently bruised and wrenched, swollen and very painful, and his mind weak and wandering. Every night faithful Joe Card managed to get around to ask for him, and to bring him a flower or some other little token of affection, though he was obliged to come usually very late, and at great inconvenience to himself.

Three days passed, and still Frank was not himself. He slept for many hours at a time, spoke little, and that not intelligently, and Joe Card began to get very fidgety. But on the morning of the fourth day he was much better, and that night, when Joe Card came around, the nurse had a great story to tell him.

"He's doing first-rate," she said, "and he'll be about in a week or two, though of course he'll have to go on crutches for a while; but he seems mightily cut up about Christmas. Here it is coming in a few days now, and I don't see how he's ever going to get to his 'grandma's' that he tells about. He's been talking with the doctor about it. The doctor was immensely wrought up."

And this same story, with a pathetic "I must get there Christmas, Joe," was told to that perplexed young man when he reached Frank's bedside.

IV.

It would take too long to try to tell here how the doctor, who had been thoroughly interested from the very first in Frank's case, became even more so when he heard

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Joe Card tell the whole simple, touching story, and how he and Joe resolved to exert themselves to the utmost to bring to pass the desire of the little invalid's heart; how a substitute was procured for Joe on "old 40"; how the warmest wraps were found for Frank; how on the morning of the day before Christmas, folded tenderly in Joe Card's strong arms, he boarded the train for Grandma's; and how a certain big carpet-bag, which Joe had managed to carry by means of a strap around his shoulder, lay beside them on the floor. But all these things certainly did happen in the most delightful and bewildering way, and in the big carpet-bag—but I couldn't begin to mention the things in the big carpet-bag.

That morning Harty had been in very high spirits.

"He'll come, Grandma; I know he'll come."

"Did your rock say so, my little pet?" asked Grandma, laughing at him a little.

The color came into the child's face, and he straightened up his poor little form proudly.

"You mustn't make fun of my rock, Grandma," he said, solemnly. "It can see, oh! so much further than we can, and it's always true—always—and I know my Frank is coming."

Grandma had been to the collar-box in the clock, taken out some money, and bought some trifles to put into Harty's stocking on Christmas-eve. She felt a strong fear that he was to undergo a terrible disappointment, and she hoped the little presents would help him to bear the blow.

But who is that driving up to the door in the early twilight? Harty's face, pressed against the pane, glows as if an electric light had just been turned upon it, while into the room, amid the blessed shadows of the Christmas-eve, stalks big Joe Card with Frank in his arms.

V.

You should have seen Frank and Harty the next morning when the carpet-bag was opened. No words can possibly depict the scene. What games, and toys, and bright soldier caps, and warm scarfs, and beautiful books, and the music-box! Harty almost succeeded in walking across the room without his crutches amid the general hilarity.

But it was after breakfast that the greatest surprise came. Grandpa Hartwell went out to a room back of the shed where he kept his tools, and where he did a little carpentering at odd times. When he came in he was dragging something noisily on the floor behind him, and his face was trying to look sour so hard and so unsuccessfully that you would have laughed outright to have seen it. He stopped before little Harty very shamefacedly.

"Here, Harty," he said, trying to speak in a very cross voice, and bringing a bright red sled within the range of Harty's vision, "here's somethin' mebbe you'll like."

"Chain-lightning," read Harty on the side of the red sled; and then he exclaimed, looking up into Grandpa's face, where he could not help observing that the twinkling eyes formed a strong contrast to the puckered mouth and fierce brow: "Did—did you make it for me, Grandpa? Why, I thought you didn't like *me!*"

"You see," said Grandpa, ignoring Harty's last remark—"you see, it's for you and Frank. I want Frank to stay here right along now. When his ankle gets well he can help me a sight, an' my crops have turned out pretty good this year, an' I might as well keep another boy as not." And here Grandpa's mouth kept on going, but no sound seemed to come forth, and what should he do but catch up Harty and hug and kiss him for a full minute.

"Then who'll ride Jumbo?" exclaimed Joe Card; but he noticed just then that Grandma was crying softly, with her apron over her head. What under the sun did that mean? Joe Card wondered.

"Just what my rock said," whispered little Harty to himself beside the window—"just the Christmas that it said; but I couldn't quite believe it would really come true."

## WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

### CHAPTER XVI.—(*Continued.*)

"WHY! what is it, gal? So, honey, so! Tell yer daddy what's a skeering of ye;" and the man tried to soothe the child and learn the cause of her sudden fright.

At length she managed to sob out, "It's something dreadful in our well, an' he hollered at me, an' I drapped the bucket an' run."

At these words Frank sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "What! a voice in the well? And you said it was a natural well, mister? Oh, Jan, can it be?" And then, turning fiercely to the man, "Show us to the well, man, quick! What do you sit there staring for?"

Without waiting for a reply, he rushed from the door, and running along a little pathway leading from it, was in another minute lying flat on the ground, looking down a hole of about six feet in diameter, and shouting, "Hello! down there."

Yes, there was an answer, and it was "Help! he-l-p!"

The two men had followed Frank from the house, and Jan had been thoughtful enough to bring with him the Manila rope that had hung at the pommel of Frank's saddle.

There was no need for words now. Frank hastily knotted the rope under his arms, handed it to Jan, and saying, "Haul up gently when I call," slipped over the curb, and disappeared.

One, two, three minutes passed after the rope had slackened in their hands, showing that Frank had reached the bottom; and then those at the top heard, clear and loud from the depths, "Haul away gently."

Very carefully they pulled on that rope, and up, up, up toward the sunlight that his strained eyes had never thought to see again came Mark Elmer.

When Jan, strong as an ox, but tender as a woman, leaned over the curb and lifted the limp, dripping figure, as it were from the grave, he burst into tears, for he thought the boy was dead. He was still and white; the merry brown eyes were closed, and he did not seem to breathe.

But another was down there; so they laid Mark gently on the grass, and again lowered the rope into the well.

The figure that appeared as they pulled up this time was just as wet as the other, but full of life and energy.

"Carry him into the house, Jan. He isn't dead. He was alive when I got to him. Put him in a bed, and wrap him up in hot blankets. Rub him with alcohol, slap his feet—anything—only fetch him to, while I go for help."

With these words Frank March, wet as a water-spout, and more excited than he had ever been in his life, sprang on his horse and was off like a whirlwind.

That that ride did not kill the horse was no fault of Frank's; for when he was reined sharply up in the "Go Bang" yard, and his rider sprang from his back and into the house at one leap, he staggered and fell, white with foam, and with his breath coming in gasps.

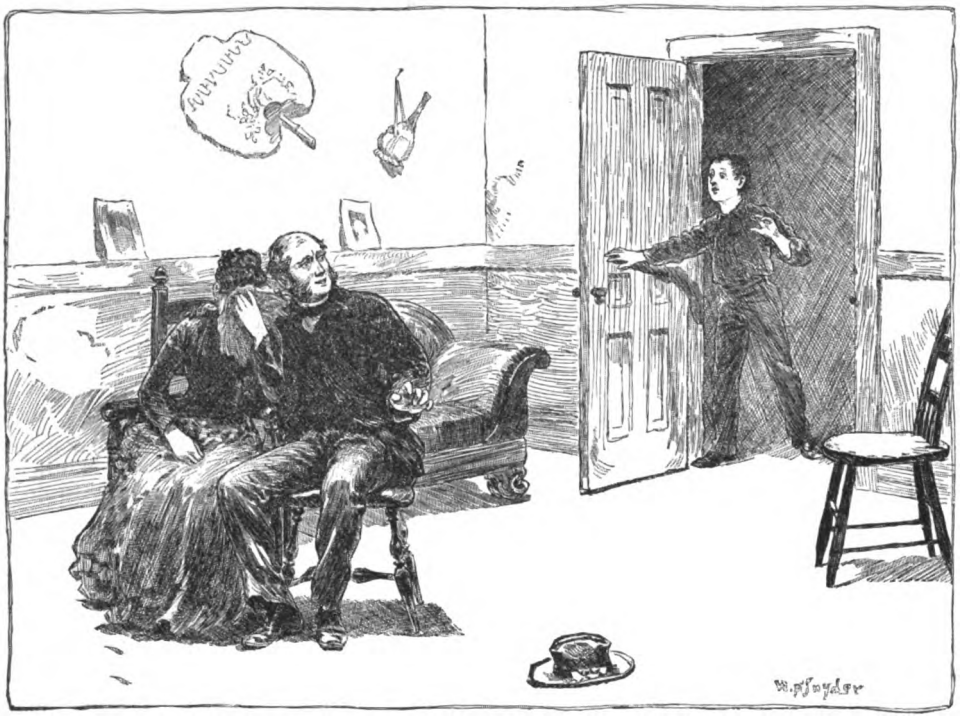
In the sitting-room Mr. Elmer was just trying to break the news of Mark's death to his wife as quietly as possible, when the door was flung open, and Frank, breathless, hatless, dripping with water, and pale with excitement, burst into the room shouting,

"He's alive!—he's alive and safe!"

Over and over again did he have to tell the marvellous story of how he had found Mark standing up to his neck in water, at the bottom of a natural well, nearly dead, but still alive; how he had knotted the rope around him and sent him to the top, while he himself staid down there until the rope could again be lowered; how Mark had fainted,

* Begun in No. 252, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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"'HE'S ALIVE!—HE'S ALIVE AND SAFE!'"

and now lay like dead in a farm-house—before the parents could realize that their son, whom they were a moment before mourning as dead, was still alive.

Then the mules were hitched to the farm wagon, a feather-bed and many blankets were thrown in, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer, Ruth, and Frank climbed in, and away they went. John Gilpin's ride was tame as compared to the way that wagon flew over the eight miles of rough country between Wakulla and the house in which Mark lay slowly regaining consciousness.

The meeting between the parents and the son whom they had deemed lost to them was not demonstrative; but none of them, nor of those who saw it, will ever forget the scene.

A solemn "Thank God!" and "My boy! my darling boy!" were all that was heard; and then Mark was lifted gently into the wagon, and it was driven slowly and carefully home.

An hour after he was tucked into his own bed, Mark was in a raging fever, and screaming, "The star! the star! please let me see it a little longer." And it was many a day before he again left the house and breathed the fresh air out-of-doors.

## Chapter XVII.

### TWO LETTERS AND A JOURNEY.

It was late in April before Mark rose from the bed on which for weeks he had tossed and raved in the delirium of fever. He had raved of the horrible darkness and the cold water, and begged that the star should not be taken away. One evening he woke from a heavy, death-like sleep in which he had lain for hours, and in a voice so weak that it was almost a whisper called "Mother."

"Here I am, dear;" and the figure which had been almost constantly beside him during the long struggle bent over and kissed him gently.

"I ain't dead, am I, mother?" he whispered.

"No, dear, you are alive, and with God's help are going to get well and strong again. But don't try to talk now; wait until you are stronger."

For several days the boy lay sleeping, or with eyes wide open watching those about him, but feeling so weak and tired that even to think was an effort. Still, the fever had left him, and from the day he called "Mother" he gradually grew stronger, until finally he could sit up in bed. Next he was moved to a rocking-chair by the window, and at last he was carried into the sitting-room and laid on the lounge, the same lounge on which Frank had lain, months before, when he told them what a wicked boy he had been.

Now the same Frank, but yet an entirely different Frank, sat beside him, and held his hand and looked lovingly down into his face. Each of them had saved the other's life, and their love for each other was greater than that of brothers.

After this he improved in strength rapidly, and was soon able to ride as far as the mill, and to float on the river in the canoe, with Frank to paddle it; but still his parents were very anxious about him. He was not their merry, light-hearted Mark of old. He never laughed now, but seemed always to be oppressed with some great dread. His white face wore a frightened look, and he would sit for hours with his mother as she sewed, saying little, but gazing wistfully at her, as though fearful that in some way he might lose her or be taken from her.

All this troubled his parents greatly, and many a long consultation did they have as to what they should do for their boy. They decided that he needed an entire change of scene and occupation, but just how to obtain these for him they could not plan.

One day Mrs. Elmer sat down and wrote a long letter to her uncle Christopher Bangs, telling him of their trouble, and asking him what they should do. To this letter came the following answer:

"Bangor, Maine, *May* 5, 188–.

"Dear Niece Ellen,—You did exactly the right thing, as you always do, in writing to me about Grandneph. Mark. Of course he needs a change of scene, after spending a whole night hundreds of feet under-ground, fighting alligators, and naturally having a fever afterward. Who wouldn't? I would myself. A good thing's good for a while, but there is such a thing as having too much of a good thing, no matter how good it is, and I rather guess Grandneph. Mark has had too much of Floridy, and it 'll do him good to leave it for a while. So just you bundle him up and send him along to me for a change. Tell him his old grandunk Christmas has got some important business for him to look after, and can't possibly get on without him more than a week or two longer. I shall expect a letter by return mail saying he has started.

"Give Grandunk Christmas's love to Grandniece Ruth, and with respects to your husband, believe me to be, most truly, as ever, your affectionate uncle,

"Christopher Bangs.

"P.S.—Don't mind the expense. Send the boy C.O.D. I'll settle all bills. C. B."

[to be continued.]

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# THE FORCE OF NEED

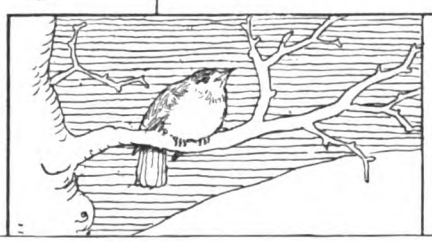
Hey, Robin! ho, Robin!
Singing on the tree,
I will give you white bread,
If you will come to me."

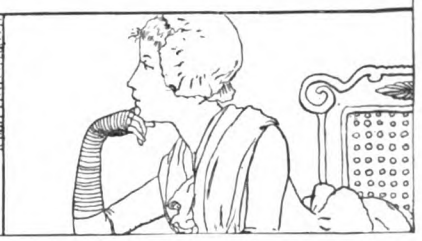
"Oh! the little breeze is singing
To the nodding daisies white;
And the tender grass is springing,
And the sun is warm and bright;
And my little mate is waiting
In the budding hedge for me;
So, on the whole, I'll not accept
Your kindly courtesy."

"Hey, Robin! ho, Robin!
Now the north winds blow;
Wherefore do you come here,
In the ice and snow?"

"The wind is raw, the flowers are dead,
The frost is on the thorn,
So I'll gladly take a crust of bread,
And come where it is warm."

Oh, Children! little Children!
Have *you* ever chanced to see
One beg for crust that sneered at crumb
In bright prosperity?





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A HAPPY New Year to you, my dear children. The new year is a time for good beginnings, and for leaving off bad habits, if unfortunately we have formed any. You remember the verse in the Bible which says, "Take care of the foxes, the little foxes, which spoil the vines." I don't want to preach a sermon, because, as a rule, children do not care for sermons, particularly long ones; but you will let me tell you that among the little foxes which nip the home vines, and make young lives unhappy, are ill temper and deceit and indecision. Be amiable, be honest, be decided, in this new year, and every day ask God's help that you may grow better and nobler. Let not such mean words as "I can't," nor such silly words as "I don't want to," nor such absurd excuses as "I couldn't help it" or "I didn't mean to," have any place in your daily talk this coming year. There is a line I am rather fond of, and so I shall write it down for you: "In the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail." We shall not fail if we take hold of our tasks and our play in earnest.

The Postmistress wishes you each and all A Happy New Year.

Here is a bit of rhyme for you:

"Come, dear," to the year
Said Nature, the mother,
"You must go, you know,
To relieve your brother.
It is now his turn
To sleep with the Past,
And he's hastening home
On the midnight blast.
I'll give you playthings
Of frost and rime,
Fifty-two weeks
And twelve months of time,
Blossoms and buds
And dancing streams,
Rivers and floods
And rainbow gleams,
Corn and wheat
With their golden sheaves,
Cold and heat
And the ripened leaves,
Birds to cheer you,
Bees to make honey,
While men and women
Are earning money.
So waken, year,
For the children call
You Happy and Bright
While the snow-flakes fall.
You must haste, you see,
To relieve your brother,
Who is tired and old,"
Said Nature, the mother.

In the next number the Postmistress will tell you a true story about a certain Little Housekeeper of her acquaintance.

Shall we give the place of honor this week to some little letters which a great steamer brought over the wintry Atlantic from some of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in Great Britain?

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CHARING CROSS, LONDON, W. C.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—The one number I have taken in of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE I have thought very nice. The best piece, I think, was "The Rajah and the Fly." I shall often write letters to you and tell you about my pets. I have at present a guinea-pig, two canaries, and a cat. I sometimes catch flies, and put them in wide-mouthed bottles, where I can see them playing about nicely. I used to have a tortoise, but he is dead now, poor old fellow; I think he was cold. I will tell you about my tortoise next time. Wishing you and all little people a merry Christmas, I remain

Yours affectionately, FRED P.

Keep your promise, Fred. I shall be glad to hear from you again.

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EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

This is a cold and chilly night, and preferring to stay in-doors I just ran along to the book-stall to get some sort of paper or other. I was not particular what paper I got, as I do not take out any. So I just asked the man who kept the stall to show me a good paper. He handed me a few, and looking over them I decided on taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like "The Lost City" very much; also the other stories are very good. I have a very beautiful canary; it is a buff color, and a splendid singer. It is about six months old, and is very tame. When I got it it was in the moult, so I put a rusty nail in its water, and also two or three drops of castor-oil. I keep its cage hanging at the window during the day, and at night I cover it up with a black cloth and hang it in a warmer place. I change the water every second day, and fill the seed box every fourth day. I always blow the seed every morning. Twice a week I give it a small piece of cabbage; I also give it canary-seed in the larger quantity, for the reason that too much hemp-seed makes it fat, and thus prevents it from being a good singer; also, in the case of young birds, it breaks their bills and hurts them very much. I use gravel sand. If any reader has difficulty in getting this, ordinary sea shingle will do as well, only you must first boil it to take the salt taste out of it, as the birds eat it; and it is good for them, as it helps to digest their food.

RODERICK.

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DERBYSHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I began to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in to-day for the first time, and think it a very jolly magazine, especially the Post-office Box. I am fifteen, and I'm afraid rather a tomboy, as I like rough games and boys' books. I am the youngest. I think American children have a jolly time of it, from the interesting letters they write about riding, etc. I think tennis is very amusing, and skating too, only we don't often get any in England. I go to a High School, and like it very much; I did not know that there were High Schools in America until I read your paper. I hope you will think this little letter worth putting in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE if you have room; I should feel very proud to see it. I wish the American contributors would put their ages in their letters, as you seem to know them so much better then. I live in one of the prettiest counties in England—Derbyshire—and we live in the country. I love the fields and the woods. The other day papa and I went to the "meet" of the hounds; it is great fun to watch the beautiful creatures bounding after the fox, quite as eager as their masters. I hope you will not think this letter too long. With love from AMY W.

The Postmistress feels very well acquainted with you, Amy, from the picture you have given of yourself. You could not do a better thing than to love the woods and fields.

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ACCRINGTON ROAD, BURNLEY, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.

A book stationer from whom I usually get a paper came to our house last Saturday, and looking through his papers I selected HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and read it with great interest. I was about to put the paper away, when my eye caught Our Post-office Box; I read the numerous letters, and was very pleased with them. Now that the paper is being published in London as well as in America, it will give the English boys and girls the privilege of corresponding with their American friends.

Now let me, in our English fashion of greeting anything that pleases us, shout, Hurrah for our American cousins!—success to them! and three cheers for Our Post-office Box! JUAN C.

Juan will pardon me for having published only a part of his pleasant letter, owing to the demand upon our space.

---

GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Though I am not one of the "Little Housekeepers" myself, I think perhaps that flourishing society of industrious little women might like to hear about our kitchen, which we all think is the prettiest we have ever seen. The room is almost square, with two opposite windows, making it very bright and pleasant. Upon entering one faces the dresser with its rows of dishes, suggesting delicious possibilities, while to the right is the large double range. The wood-work is all painted a delicate buff, "picked out," as the painters say, with a warm rich red, and the furniture is painted a bright vermilion. There are two tables, one before each window. The servants' dining-table, when not in use, is covered with a bright striped cloth, the other bare, but just as white as strong arms and sand-soap can make it. Besides the ordinary kitchen chairs there is a comfortable rocking-chair, with splint seat and back, the wooden part vermilion. In each window there are blooming geraniums, and on the upper sashes are very full curtains of cross-barred muslin, while last, but not least, a bright rag carpet of many colors covers the floor. Now don't you think that ours must be a pretty kitchen? And I am sure that the Postmistress and the Little Housekeepers agree with me that, when cooking, a great deal of additional pleasure is derived from the fascinating art if one has a clean, comfortable, cozy room to work in.

Another thing that helps to make our kitchen delightful is the fact that we live in the country, so that from one window we have a lovely view of the meadows and the woods, while not far off is the valley of the Wingohocking, a stream which runs through Germantown. In a part of this valley, called Harper's Hollow, is a cluster of little houses, and we can always see the smoke curling up from the chimneys among the trees. It has a very cozy look. We do not live in Germantown proper, but about half a mile from the main street, and only twenty minutes by railway from Philadelphia, so you see we enjoy both the beauties of the country and the convenience of the city.

I am sorry I have not room to describe some pretty Christmas gifts. However, I think the girls are pretty well supplied with ideas from the descriptions of Milly Cone's presents. I believe the boys generally prefer to buy their gifts, and I think they lose half the pleasure of Christmas by doing so, don't you? B.

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DANSVILLE, NEW YORK.

I attend school, and am in the seventh grade. I am twelve years of age, but I am so tall that I am usually taken to be sixteen by strangers. I have taken piano lessons for some time. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, especially the Post-office Box. I am one of those who have been helped in my designs for Christmas presents by the Post-office Box, also by "Milly Cone's Christmas Presents." Hoping to see this letter published, I am your constant reader, ANNA.

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The Postmistress is very proud of a boy who at ten years of age has written so good a composition as this.

THE STORK.

The stork is a native of Holland, and is thought very much of by the people of that country. The people think that it brings good luck when the stork builds its nest on the top of the house. It is fond of making it on the top of the chimney. People put false chimneys on the roof to draw these birds there. The nest is made of sticks, weeds, and dried grasses. When the storks leave in the fall of the year they hold a council, and a great many storks get together—so many that it sometimes takes three hours for them to pass in their flight. The flock of storks is sometimes half a mile in width. Another characteristic of the stork is that it makes a noise only with its bill and wings, and the people call it the pious bird. The stork walks around the streets just like the people, and is not afraid of anything. Sometimes the house gets on fire, and the storks have in the nest some little storks that can not fly, and there is no way of carrying the little birds off. They stand over the nest and get burned with their little ones. The stork is a very kind bird to its father and mother. When they get old and can not get their food, their children get it for them, and feed them till they die. The stork lives a long and happy life. One reason why they are so well cared for is that they destroy snakes, rats, and mice, and keep the gardens clear of insects, and are easily tamed.

I am a little boy ten years old.

LAWRENCE R.

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

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OSCODA, MICHIGAN.

I will be eight years old this month. My brother is six. We can harness the horse, and drive anywhere we wish. We send you a puzzle that our papa knows. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I learned the story about "Turkey Great and Pumpkin Big," and am going to speak it in school. They are building a rink here, and there are seven large saw-mills in town. The Au Sable River runs close to our house. We have a little dog named Jack. NELEUS.

Thanks for the letter and puzzle. How I should like to hear you recite your piece!

---

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS.

About two months ago my father, grandfather, brother, and myself took a trip to Monterey and Saltillo, Mexico, and had a very delightful time. I wish I could tell you about everything we saw, and give you an idea of the grandeur of the scenery. Monterey is almost entirely surrounded by mountains, and has beautiful plazas, or squares, where the people congregate in great numbers, and listen to the music. We climbed one of the mountains to the Bishop's Palace, an old fort, which is now used by the government as a station for the soldiers. There we had an excellent view of the mountains, and of the valley in which the city is situated. We went to one large garden, and saw a curiosity in the shape of an immense pecan-tree, which had a little house built in the top. From Monterey to Saltillo the mountains are never out of sight, and in fact they are but a few hundred feet from the track in most places, and in some spots a person could almost touch the rocks with the hand.

I would tell you more about our trip, but I want to give the girls some ideas about little gifts, as you asked for some. The following articles are neither difficult to make nor expensive:

Take a piece of maroon ribbon a quarter of a yard in length and three inches wide, and paint or embroider a pretty spray of forget-me-nots, wild roses, or flowers on it; fringe both ends. Then take a piece of pale blue ribbon of the same width and length, also fringed, place a piece of thin pasteboard between the two, and you will have as dainty a book-mark as any one could wish for.

A pretty pen-wiper may be made of different-colored pieces of Canton flannel, or other woollen goods, cut in the shape of hearts, and button-hole-

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stitched on the edges with bright silk flosses in contrasting colors. Have the first heart as large as may be desired, the next a little smaller, and gradually come up to a tiny one.

Little girls can easily make nice warm wristlets of dark-colored Saxony yarn in Afghan stitch, with scalloped edges. HATTIE H.

These suggestions come too late for holiday gifts, but as birthdays are always happening along through the year, our little readers may be glad of the hints for those occasions.

DEER LODGE FARM (NEAR LAVENDER P.O.), TENNESSEE.

I live up in the mountains, on our new farm, six miles from Sunbright, on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad; it is ten miles south of Rugby, in the same county. We lived in Rugby until my father's hotel, the Tabard Inn, burned all up lately, and we moved to our farm. We call it Deer Lodge because we have three pet deer now, and papa says he intends to have a hundred. There are wild deer in our woods; they have spots on them when they are very young, and then they get very tame, and eat out of my hands. We raised some in Rugby, and papa sent them to Ohio; he gave two to the Orphans' Home at Lebanon, Ohio. I was born at Dayton, but we moved to Chicago. Then we went up on Lake Superior, where I saw numbers of Indians; the mothers carried the babies on their backs in a blanket. Then we moved to Rugby. I liked to live there, because we had a nice Sunday-school, and I had so many little girl friends come to play with me. I love our farm, but have no one to play with. I have my dolls and toys, and lots of picture cards, and a piano; but I can as yet play only some little tunes. But Cousin Lina plays, and we all sing Sunday-school songs after supper. Papa has a good many men cutting down trees, and clearing, and building fences, and ploughing; and we lived in a log-house at first, but we had it boarded up, and a veranda made, and it looks very fine now. We have cows and calves and horses and colts and pigs and sheep. We have plenty to eat, and never lack, and papa says there are hundreds of people now living in the cities who ought to come here and buy lands cheap, and raise all they want, and be happy, and never get ill. We can see Pilot Mountain from our porch, though it is five miles away. The cattle and sheep here run in the woods, and get plenty to eat most of the time, and don't have to be fed. We expect to have a school started here soon. I want to go after Christmas.

My uncle John, who lives in the city of Baltimore, sends me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week. I am always so glad when the mail-man comes, just to get my paper. GERTIE R.

WALL HILL, MISSISSIPPI.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I live in a pleasant village called Wall Hill. We have a good school here. Our school is out now, but will begin again the first Monday in January. I study Latin, familiar science, grammar, arithmetic, and dictionary. I will begin music next March. I have been taking your paper two years, and like it very much, especially the stories, pictures, and Post-office Box. We have four pigeons, six cats, and one dog. I have two brothers and one sister. I send much love to the Postmistress.

MINNIE C.

BIG RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

I have just begun to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and so far I like it very much. I go to school every day, and my studies are arithmetic, grammar, United States history, geography, writing, and spelling. I am also taking lessons on the clarionet, and so I do not have much time for fancy-work. I have been making some pretty crazy-work of silks, velvets, plushes, and satins. I have no pets except a baby niece two years old, and she takes up a good deal of my spare time. I was twelve years old last September.

EDITH W.

ADDISON, MICHIGAN.

I like your little paper very much. I like "Wakulla" the best. I wrote to you once before, but my letter was not published. I have but one pet, and that is a bird; he is so tame that we can let him out, and he will alight on your head; he will drink water out of a glass. I have no brothers nor sisters to play with. I take music lessons, and like them very much. I go to school and study arithmetic, reading, writing, geography, and spelling. I have been at school every day, and have not been late once this term. I shall be eleven years old on my next birthday.

BEULAH B.

HAMPTON, CONNECTICUT.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and have often thought I would write a letter and tell the other little boys and girls about my pets. First is my coach-dog Nick, a splendid old fellow; he is a year older than I am, and will follow any of us if we will let him. He followed mamma and me to a wedding once, and behaved like a well-bred dog. Next comes my kitten, Bob; he is nearly all black, with only a few yellow hairs. He is minus a tail, and jumps and runs like a rabbit. Then I have two hens, with twenty-three chickens about as big as quails; they are real cunning, and will follow either hen. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, and geography. I hope you will publish this.

Love to you and all the little readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. LOUIE W.

SHERMAN, ALABAMA.

I am a little girl twelve years old. This is the first letter I ever wrote to any paper. I have no pets except an old yellow cat. I had a little canary, but it died. Papa has a great many goats. I went up to Memphis this summer, and a little boy there had a pet one which he rode, and another which he was breaking. If we go to the Exposition this winter I am going to get me some nice books to read. I am attending school at home. I have never been away. My teacher's name is Miss Lizzie L. MARY V. C.

LEXINGTON, MISSISSIPPI.

I am just seven years old, and I am writing this letter myself. I have two sisters and two brothers. My brother, nine years old, takes this paper, and we all like it very much. I like the Post-office Box better than any other part, especially the puzzles. Please have some easy ones.

I want to make some candy when I finish this, and I will send the receipt for sugar-candy: two cups of sugar, vinegar enough to keep it from burning, and boil until it is crisp.

Your loving little friend, KATE F. M.

We will try to have some puzzles to suit our wee tots as well as our older girls and boys.

LAKE VIEW HOUSE, NEWBOROUGH, ONTARIO.

I have no pets except a dear little sister three months old. I have two sisters and one brother. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and think it is the nicest paper that ever was published for children. I am ten years old. Newborough is a very pretty little village on the Rideau Canal, and it is a very pretty place in summer, but very dull in winter, especially now, on account of diphtheria being so bad. Thirteen children have died of it in this little village, and they have closed the school three times because of it. A kind auntie who lives in Jamaica, West Indies, sent me YOUNG PEOPLE for a present. We have not named our baby yet. What do you think would be a pretty name to call her? I think you must know of some pretty names for a little girl. I go to school, and am in the Third Reader. I have a great many books. Mother, my little sister, and myself were visiting my grandma in Toronto last summer, and we had such a nice time.

LOTTIE R. C.

A name for the baby sister,
What shall it be?
Alice, or Bessie, or Ethel,
Amy, or sweet Marie,
Jessie, or Blanche, or Mabel,
Fanny, or Maud, or Sue,
Edith, or Grace, or Nellie—
Will any of these names do?

GREENFIELD, VIRGINIA.

I have a good many dolls, but do not play with them much, because I have a live one, a little sister Nannie, eleven months old. She can walk alone. My brother Harry has been taking the paper for four years, and we like it very much. We have two Aunt Marys and a Miss Mary in the house. We have to learn a verse in the Bible and a question in the Catechism for school every day. I have never seen any letters in print from this place. We live in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, six miles from Winchester. BESSIE B. S.

MILROY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy six years old. I have never written a letter to you before, but hope to see this one in Our Post-office Box. I have just got a new pet, a setter dog, sent to me from Philadelphia; he is very nice. I used to have two prairie-dogs grandpa brought me from Kansas, but we sent them to the Zoo in Philadelphia. I like "The Ice Queen" and "Wakulla" best of the stories, also the last page in HARPER'S BAZAR. My auntie takes that. One of my aunties helped me to write this letter, and I hope it is not too long.

ROBERT W. S.

**Louie M., Albert C. S.,** and **Sol T. P.** may write again. Sol must let me know how the club with the pretty motto, "Innocent Mirth," prospers.—**Blanche Van B.:** I am not fond of a parrot myself, but I agree with you that for a person who likes Madam Poll she is an entertaining pet. You need not apologize for your writing, dear; I consider it very good for a little girl of nine.—The very first Christmas card I received these holidays was sent in a dear little letter by my little friend **Myra A. T.** all the way from Texas. I wonder if Myra will find a kiss somewhere between these lines.—**Cora May S.:** If mamma does not forbid it, dear, please write with ink next time. The pencil marks are too indistinct for eyes which work so steadily as mine.—**Maud E. C.:** No doubt you will have many sleigh-rides this winter.—**May H. S.** and **Anna F.:** Always send your answers at the same time you send puzzles, please.—**Martha F.:** Please write a longer letter.—**Ned C.:** I am very sorry that your papa feels as he does, but I hope things will turn out better than he fears. Meanwhile I am glad that you enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and that your mamma is so pleased with it. For a lad only ten, you write a capital hand, and the composition of your letter clearly shows that you are a bright and intelligent lad, taking, as all boys ought, a strong interest in the politics of their country.—**Guy D. S.:** Will you not write in ink instead of in pencil next time? Business men always use ink. I am pleased to hear that you are studying hard.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

CHARADE.

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim a hunting morning."
Before the keen hounds my first shall fly;
Their bay shall give him warning.
My second a girl as soft as a dove,
With a voice attuned to cooing,
Once gave a knight she pretended to love,
When proudly he came a-wooing;
She threw it down to the lions, you know,
And after it bravely the knight did go,
And that made an end of his suing.
My whole is something quite fair to see,
But it holds a poison in dower;
Put my first and my second together, I think
You'll call me a beautiful flower. LUCY L.

### No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In rye my first you'll have, but not in wheat.
In sour my second soon you'll find;
In bitter, too, my third, but not in sweet;
And, strange, in doe my fourth, but not in hind.
In river is my fifth, and not in lake.
In hornet is my sixth, and not in honey-bee,
In whose bite, not in whose sting, my seventh you must take.
The urn contains my eighth, and not its tea.
In fire my ninth discover, not in coal.
The hunter holds my tenth, but not his game;
My eleventh in his alpenstock unroll.
My whole's a poet of undying fame;
Now guess away, and let me have his name.

NINA T.

### No. 3.

HIDDEN FISHES.

1. How do you feel, my dear? 2. The tiger was spotted. 3. Mary had a calico dress. 4. Can you guess my conundrum? 5. Poll was perched on my shoulder. 6. The rockets were very pretty. 7. He was a famous ambassador. 8. Lucy lost her ring in the garden. 9. Charles had a pony. 10. The passengers in the car patted the baby.

WILLIE T.

### No. 4.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Space of time. 3. Self-esteem. 4. Fuss. 5. A letter. F. W. H.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 266

No. 1.—

```
        H
      B O B                 R
    B A W L S             H E R
  H O W B E I T         R E B E L
    B L E A T             R E D
      S I T                 L
        T
            R
          C A T               H
        E A V E S           C U T
      R A V I N E S       H U R O N
        T E N E T           T O E
          S E T               N
            S
```

No. 2.—

```
T I E R        V A I N
I D L E        A C R E
E L L A        I R I S
R E A L        N E S T
```

No. 3.—1. Hannah. 2. A pair of spurs.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Fred W. Heill, A Constant Reader, Jennie Fay, Lewis Hanscom, Hattie S. Bigelow, Nina and Willie T., William Holzman, Helen W. Gardner, Sydney Killam, Elmer C. Davis, The Man in the Moon, Rob Sterling, Pussy Willow, Madge Pierce, Jack Hazard, R. B. Sheridan, Miriam Osborn, Charles W. Crook, Eva and Alice May, Nannie Thompson, Winifred Janes, Deacon Snow, Arthur Gillette, Polly Andrews, Jerome Livingston, Augustus Clark, Theodore Blauvelt, Tim McKee, Appleton Smith, Jennie Lester, Earl Lubeck, Busy Bee, W. K. T., and Emily Jenkins.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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WHAT FREDDIE DREAMED HE WAS CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

## PEARLS FROM CEYLON.

FOR the last hundred years Ceylon has been one of the main sources of pearls, the best coming from the western coast of the island, where the oyster producing them is of a different kind from that on the eastern coast. The pearl-oyster banks are under control of the government, which allows fishing only for a short season, and may stop it altogether if the banks seem to be in danger of exhaustion. A large number of boat-owners from Ceylon and India, from 150 to 200 in all, will enroll themselves, and assemble in March at the banks, where they are divided into two fleets, one sailing under a blue and the other under a red flag. These fleets fish on every other day. Each boat provides its own crew and divers, and has on board a government guard, whose duty it is to see that no oysters are sold without their knowledge.

The oysters are caught by divers. When one of these men is about to go down, he stands on a flat stone attached to the diving-rope, draws in a deep breath, and holding his nostrils closed with one hand, is lowered swiftly to the bottom. There he hastily collects as many oysters in his basket as he is able to scramble up, and when unable to endure it longer, gives a signal, and is hauled to the surface. A diver who can remain under water a whole minute is thought to be doing unusually well.

At a given signal the boats all sail for shore, and the oysters are placed in the government's receptacles. Each boat is then given its share for its services, and the rest are sold by the government at auction. Before the pearls can be washed out the oysters must rot, and are spread out upon cemented floors while they undergo this process. The smell of this decay is so great that no one can live near the place, and formerly diseases like the cholera nearly always broke out in the neighborhood before the end of the season.

The product varies greatly, but at present from fifteen to twenty millions of oysters are annually caught in Ceylon, during about forty days' fishing, and the pearls yielded are worth about $500,000.

## A NEW-YEAR JINGLE.

BY C. O. THOMAS.

"LITTLE maid, little maid, where are you going?
The snow gathers fast, and the bleak winds are blowing."
"Oh, the keen blast is blowing, but never care I;
I'm going there to coast, sir, and that is just why."

"Little maid, little maid, whom will you see there?"
"Oh, the girls and the boys; they will every one be there—
They will every one be there. Their shouts don't you hear?
Oh, we have lots of fun on the happy New-Year."

## THE TRIANGLE PUZZLE.

TAKE three matches and lay them on the table in the form of a triangle, as represented in Fig. 1. Then lay three other matches carelessly by the side of the triangle, as at Fig. 2. Challenge any of the company present to so arrange the six matches as to make four perfect triangles precisely like Fig. 1. Try as hard as you can. If you do not succeed, we will give you the solution in next week's YOUNG PEOPLE.

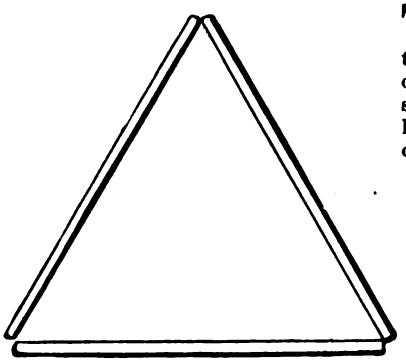
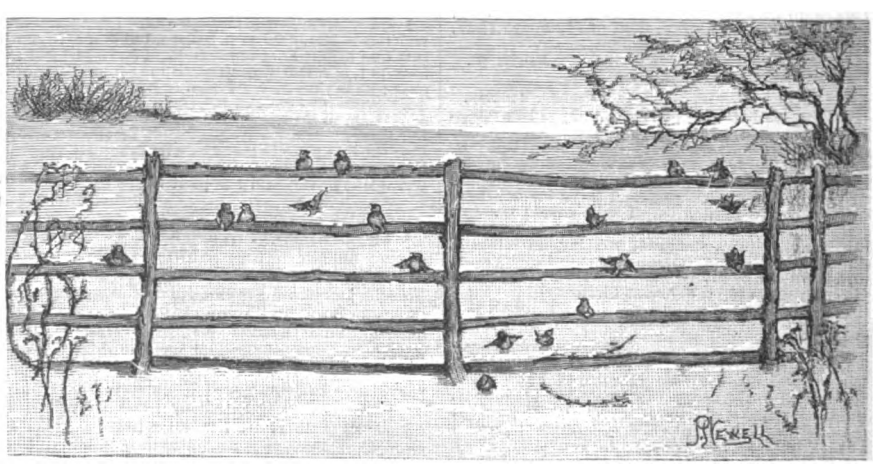


FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

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HARPER'S
# YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 271. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1885.
Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




"IT WAS FULL OF GREAT ROSY-CHEEKED APPLES."

## SANTA CLAUS'S MISTAKE.

### A Christmas Story.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

### I.—THE TWO NORRIES.

"NORRIE NOONAN" is such a queer name that it seems somewhat surprising that two of them should live in New York at the same time. But in reality their names were very different, and it was only their pet names

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that caused the trouble, confusion, and subsequent happiness that came to the two little girls just a year ago this very holiday season.

Miss Marie Antoinette Noo*nan* was a most stylish, aristocratic-looking, and exquisitely dressed young woman, twelve years of age. She had travelled abroad with her mother, usually went to Saratoga in the summer, and to a fashionable city school in the winter, and was already beginning to look forward with impatience to the time when she should be "finished" and ready to "come out."

Her father was the Hon. Fitzgibbons Noo*nan*, ex-State Senator, successful politician, and millionaire. He had retired from active business, and had built for himself a palace on the upper part of Fifth Avenue, near Central Park, which was where the Noo*nans* were living at the time of this story. They had become Noo*nans* since moving into it, and it seemed as though the "Noo" was gradually disappearing from the name, which was now generally pronounced "N'*nan*" by the members of this particular family.

The other Norrie Noonan was of about the same age as the young princess just described, and she also lived on Fifth Avenue, but here all resemblance between them ceased. The full name of this second Norrie was Norah Bridget Noonan, and in this case the surname was pronounced *Noo*nan with the "Noo" very broad, and not much attention paid to the "nan." Her father had never been an Honorable, but always plain Pat *Noo*nan, the hod-carrier, from the day he landed at Castle Garden until the sad one on which he fell from a tall ladder and was carried home with a broken neck. Since his death Mrs. *Noo*nan had supported herself and the four little children, of whom Norrie was the eldest, by taking in washing and doing odd jobs of scrubbing, or whatever else came to her strong hands to be done.

Sometimes Norrie went to the public school, but she generally had to stay at home and "mind the children," as she explained to her teacher, while her mother was out at work. Her one experience of travel, other than that gained by occasional trips in the horse-cars, or on the elevated railroads during five-cent hours, to carry home bundles of washing, was a Fresh-air Fund journey to a New Jersey village, where she had spent two weeks of bliss in a farm-house during the summer just past. It was the event of her life, and everything that happened before or afterward was spoken of by her as having taken place before or since "me trip to the counthry."

Right here it should be stated that although the *Noo*nans lived on Fifth Avenue, it was in a rickety old back tenement-house on South Fifth Avenue, several miles from the fine residence of the Noo*nans*. They occupied a single room up four flights of stairs.

Although this one room was very much crowded with Mrs. *Noo*nan and the four young *Noo*nans, a cat, a big bed, and a little bed that pushed under it, a stove, a table, two chairs, a chest, and a dresser, it was kept as neat as wax. The sun always seemed to smile when he looked in at the shining windows, the kettle always sang more merrily here than it did in ordinary rooms, and as for Tommy Moore, the tortoise-shell cat, he was the very happiest and jolliest cat in all New York.

On the same floor with the *Noo*nans, in the two front rooms, lived honest John Mack and Mrs. Mack, his wife, and they, having no children of their own, were much interested in the growth and welfare of the young *Noo*nans. Mr. Mack drove an express wagon, and was one of the most trusted employés of a big foreign express company.

### II.—CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

For a week before the 25th of December there was an unusual amount of Christmas preparation going on among both the Noo*nans* and the *Noo*nans at opposite ends of Fifth Avenue. At its upper end Miss Norrie Noo*nan* was in a flutter of excitement. Her papa had given her fifty dollars with which to purchase Christmas gifts, and she spent all except five dollars of it in various pretty, expensive, but useless little knickknacks for her father, mother, and two of her most fashionable school friends, who always expected her to give them something handsome. She secretly hoped they would give her presents of equal if not of greater value, and gave them to understand by carefully worded hints that she was prepared to do her part in the matter of present-giving, at any rate.

At the other end of the avenue Norrie *Noo*nan was equally excited over the near approach of the merry season, and every day she had some new and marvellous story to tell to Teddy and Tim, her brothers, and to little Tisler, her four-year-old sister, of "Sandy Claws."

She had opened the little pasteboard box that she called her bank, in which she had been saving her pennies for a year, and found that it contained forty-eight cents. All these had been given her, one or two cents at a time, at rare intervals, except ten cents that represented two car fares, saved by taking long, tiresome walks. To these her mother now added two pennies, and thus Norrie had a whole half-dollar—more money than she had ever owned before in all her life. With this magnificent sum she intended to buy four presents, one for her mother, and one for each of the children.

She had already made up her mind what she should give her mother. It was to be a lovely artificial rose to wear on her shabby old black bonnet, and make it look as fine as anybody's. In regard to the children, however, she had thought of so many things that she might give them that she was unable to decide which they would like best. To try and settle this most important question she took them on long walks past the wonderful shops on Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. At the many windows filled to overflowing with toys and costly objects they gazed and gazed, and decided a hundred times that they wanted this or that, and as often changed their minds on seeing some new and more attractive article.

At one time Teddy felt certain that nothing would so surely please him as a magnificent musical box that they saw in one of the windows. A card on the box showed its price to be only one hundred dollars. Tim's fancy was about evenly divided between a big rocking-horse, a pair of roller skates, and a drum. Little Tisler wanted a baby-house that occupied the whole of one of the largest windows in one of the largest stores on Fourteenth Street, and could probably have been bought for about five hundred dollars. Norrie herself cast longing eyes upon an exquisite French doll, almost as big as little Tisler, that seemed to smile at her every time they passed a certain window.

Finally, on the very day before Christmas, Norrie invested her fifty cents as follows: For her mother she bought an artificial rose on a stem with two green leaves. It was almost as big as a small peony, and quite as gorgeous. For Teddy she bought a kazoo, which not only cost much less money than the musical box he longed to possess, but was capable of producing a greater variety of tunes, and was in this respect the more satisfactory instrument of the two. The kazoo only cost ten cents.

Tim had finally made up his mind that a drum would please him about as much as anything, and so Norrie went to store after store until she found one that came within her means, and then bought it for him. For Tisler—dear little Tisler—she purchased five presents with the five cents she had left, and they were a tiny china doll, a little cradle, a tin whistle, a stick of candy, and a red apple, each of which cost one cent.

The next morning was as bright and beautiful a Christmas morning as ever was seen, and the jolly red sun, peeping in at the shining windows of the *Noo*nans' room, suggested nothing so much as it did a Merry Christmas. Each little golden speck of dust floating in the air danced a Mer-

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ry Christmas; Tommy Moore purred a Merry Christmas, and the whole bright frosty world outside was full of Merry Christmas. The little *Noo*nans shouted "Merry Christmas!" to each other and their mother almost before their eyes were opened; and when they fairly woke up, and saw the elegant presents Norrie had provided for them, they all sprang out of bed, and danced a Merry Christmas dance. Then Teddy played on his kazoo, and Tim beat the drum, and little Tisler tried to blow on the tin whistle and eat her stick of candy at the same time, and Norrie pulled on the warm mittens that her mother had knitted for her, and Mrs. *Noo*nan pinned the gorgeous red rose to the bosom of her dress until she should find time to place it in her bonnet, and until breakfast-time they were all so happy that it did not seem possible for them to be any happier.

### III.—"THE LEFTINANT OF SANDY CLAWS."

On the day before Christmas two large boxes, both directed to "Miss Norrie Noonan, Fifth Avenue, New York," and looking very much alike, had arrived in the city. One of them came by a French steamer from across the ocean, and the other came by rail from a little village in New Jersey. The one that came from across the ocean went directly to the office of the foreign express company that employed honest John Mack as a driver.

"Hello!" exclaimed John, "phat's this? 'Miss Norrie Noonan, Fifth Aven*oo*.' Sure there's niver another av that name in the city, an' livin' on the Aven*oo* at the same toime. It's for me own little Norrie, an' no other, an' belike it's from her father's own sisters, the *Noo*nans of Ballybaugh, as it's from over the say. I'll take it up me own silf, wid a Merry Christmas, an' won't their eyes shtick out whin they see the same!"

So John Mack put the box aside until he had selected all the packages that belonged on his route, and then he loaded them into his wagon and drove off.

As the *Noo*nans' door was opened in answer to his knock, and those within saw who it was, he was greeted with a chorus of "Merry Christmas, Mr. Mack! Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" mingled with the music of the kazoo, the tin whistle, and the drum.

"A Merry Christmas to yez, childer; an' be the same token I'm the Leftinant av Sandy Claws, an' have his respec's for yez here widin the box."

"Is it for me?" asked Norrie, in amazement, as she read the address.

"Yis, darlint, it's for yez, an' well do yez desarve all that's intill it, whatever it is," replied honest John.

As he had to hurry back to his work, he did not wait to see the box opened; but as he left he said he would look in during the evening to see what was in the box from the "ould counthry," and then he went clattering down the rickety stairs.

With the aid of a poker, and a hatchet that Teddy borrowed from a neighbor, the box was quickly opened, and then began a period of the most tremendous excitement for the *Noo*nan family. On top of the other contents of the box lay a dainty note addressed simply "Norrie"; but as the *Noo*nans were not much given to either letter-reading or letter-writing, this was laid aside for a while as a matter of small importance, and the family proceeded to explore further into the box.

After a quantity of straw, wrapping-paper, and tissue-paper had been removed, the wondering gaze of the children and their mother rested on what they thought for a moment must be a real live baby lying sound asleep amid the softest wrappings. But Norrie seized it in her arms, and hugged it to her bosom with a wild cry of delight, and as she did so its big blue eyes flew wide open, and it said, as plainly as could be, "Ma-ma." The other children were almost frightened; but Norrie knew that it was a perfectly lovely talking French doll, even bigger and more beautiful than the one she had gazed at so longingly in the window on Fourteenth Street. Then came two embroidered silk dresses, a morocco case containing a full set of pearl jewelry, boxes of delicious bonbons, and a doll's trunk filled with the daintiest of clothing. Poor Mrs. *Noo*nan began to look frightened and anxious at this unexpected and unexplained result of Christmas.

"Sure, darlints, it can't be for us at all at all!" she exclaimed. "There's a big mistake av some kind, an' I'm afeared the beautiful things 'll only bring throuble to us, after all. Wirra, wirra, but I'm thrimblin'!"

"Oh, mother!" cried Norrie, "nobody else could have wanted this dear, splendid doll as much as I did. Who in the whole world would love it so dearly?"

"Perhaps the letter will tell," said Mrs. *Noo*nan, brightening with the sudden thought. "Norrie, yez have the eddication; read it till us, loike a good gurrul."

So Norrie opened the dainty, sweet-scented note that until then had lain on the table unheeded, and attempted to decipher its contents. It began, "*Ma chère Norrie*," and from the first line to the last it was written in French, though the little girl only knew that it was some foreign language that she did not understand.

Taking the letter from Norrie's hand, Mrs. *Noo*nan looked at it gravely for several minutes, holding it right side up, upside down, and sideways; but of course she could make nothing of it, for she could not have read it even if it had been written in English. At length a bright idea struck her, and she exclaimed: "It 'll be from yer aunt Tilly *Noo*nan in Ballybaugh, who niver sent a letter in her life, for the raison that she can't write, more's the pity, an' she's got the praste, good luck till him, to write it for her. Be the same token it's writ in Latin, for he'd niver use a wurrud else, barrin' he was shpakin'. We'll jist lave it till yez can run up till Father Cromarty's, an' he'll rade it illegant for yez, an' thin we'll know the manin' av all this."

Then the good woman made them put everything back in the box, but the beautiful doll, which Norrie begged with tears in her eyes might be left with her, and one box of bonbons that was given to the boys and little Tisler to quiet their howls of disappointment as they saw the treasures of the box being returned to it.

After the box had been repacked and pushed under the table to await the result of the priest's reading of the mysterious letter, Norrie settled quietly down to the enjoyment of her doll, and the children began to divide their bonbons into three equal parts on the floor. While they were thus engaged a slight confusion was heard outside. In another moment the door was thrown open, and there before their astonished gaze stood an elderly gentleman wearing a fur-trimmed overcoat and a tall shiny silk hat, and holding by the hand a little girl so elegantly dressed that she might have been a princess. With them was honest John Mack, and behind them were crowded half the inmates of the tenement-house.

### IV.—HONEST JOHN MACK.

To understand who these new arrivals were we must go back to the evening before, when an express wagon had driven up to the residence of the Hon. Fitzgibbons Noo*nan* on upper Fifth Avenue, and the driver had gone to the area door with a big box on his shoulder addressed to "Miss Norrie Noonan, Fifth Avenue, New York City." A servant had signed the delivery-book, and then reported the arrival of the box to Mrs. Noo*nan*. It so happened that on that very afternoon Mrs. Noo*nan* had received a letter from her sister Julia, who lived in Paris, and who had written:

"By the same steamer that takes this letter I have sent a Christmas-box to my dear little niece Norrie. Hoping that she may enjoy its contents as thoroughly as I have enjoyed preparing them for her, and with wishes for a

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Miss Delia, on coming down-stairs New-Year's Morning, after a good look from the Window, exclaims, "Why, Mamma, the New Year is just like the Old one."

merry, happy Christmas to you all, I am your loving sister, JULIA."

"P.S.—I have written a note in French to Norrie, and placed it in the very top of the box. I hope that she has been so diligent at school that she may be able to read it all herself without any help."

Having read this letter, Mrs. Noonan was expecting the box, and when one came, she told the servant to put it somewhere for the night where Miss Norrie would not see it, and to bring it into the dining-room at breakfast-time the next morning.

After wishing her father and mother a Merry Christmas somewhat languidly the next morning, and receiving their thanks for the presents she had bought for them, Miss Norrie Noonan admired the dainty châtelaine watch that her father gave her, and the seal-skin jacket that was her mother's present, and then she went down to the dining-room quite full of curiosity as to the nature of the surprise that awaited her there.

Beside her plate lay two small packages, and on the floor near her chair stood the large box addressed to Miss Norrie Noonan. In the small packages were presents from the two fashionable girl friends for whom she had bought Christmas gifts. Although they were pretty trifles, Norrie regarded them with a dissatisfied air, and turned to the box, saying she knew her aunt Julia would have sent her something truly elegant.

A servant was sent for a hammer, and when he returned and began to knock the cover off the box, both Mr. and Mrs. Noonan stood near it with Norrie, in their curiosity to see its contents. When these were finally revealed the surprise and excitement of this Noonan family were fully equal to those of the other family of the same name, who lived on the same avenue, over the box that they had opened on that same morning.

The first thing they saw was a letter lying on top of several bags. One of these bags was opened; it was full of great rosy-cheeked apples. An angry flush sprang into Norrie's face. Another bag was found to contain quinces, a third cabbages and carrots, and a fourth potatoes. In the spaces between these bags were tucked five pairs of warm gray yarn stockings of different sizes.

As each of these successive bags was opened the wonder of the family knew no bounds, and when the potatoes were disclosed, poor Norrie burst into a flood of angry tears. The Hon. Fitzgibbons Noonan muttered something about the most extraordinary form of a practical joke he had ever heard of; and Mrs. Noonan said she would never have believed that her sister Julia could do such a cruel thing.

While Mrs. Noonan was trying to soothe and comfort her little daughter, she suddenly bethought herself of the note that came in the box, and picked it up.

Like another we have heard of, it was addressed simply "Norrie." Tearing it open, Mrs. Noonan read, with ever-increasing amazement, the following remarkable lines:

"MY DEAR LITTLE NORRIE,—We wish you a very Merry Christmas, and to help you remember the good times you had at Squanset last summer we send you a Christmas-box containing a few fruits and vegetables from the old farm. I have also knitted five pairs of stockings: one for your mother, one for each of the boys, one for little Tisler, of whom you talked so much, and one for yourself. Trusting that the Fresh-air Fund may bring you to us again next summer, I remain your loving friend,

"SARAH SUSAN SMITH."

Even Norrie's tears were dried as she listened to this most extraordinary epistle, and when it was finished she could not help laughing.

"What ever does it all mean?" exclaimed the Hon. Fitzgibbons.

"It means," answered Mrs. Noonan, "that we are the victims of some very stupid mistake on the part of the express company, and I think you should go directly down-town and see about it."

### V.—SANTA CLAUS'S MISTAKE IS SET RIGHT.

An hour later the Noonan carriage drew up in front of the foreign express office down-town; the footman sprang from the box, opened the door, and let down the step with a clatter, and the Hon. Fitzgibbons Noonan and Miss Norrie Noonan entered the office.

The manager of the office recognized Mr. Noonan at once, and came forward, bowing most politely, and inquired what he could do to serve him.

"I want to know if a box or package addressed to me has recently reached this office from Paris?" said Mr. Noonan.

"I will find out in a moment, sir," replied the manager, as he stepped over to the delivery clerk's desk.

One of the delivery clerks consulted a big book, and said that nothing had been received for the Hon. Fitzgibbons Noonan, but that a box had arrived from Paris the day before addressed to Miss Norrie Noonan, and that it had been delivered that very morning.

"No, sir, it has not been delivered," thundered Mr. Noonan; "it has been stolen."

"What driver took it?" inquired the manager of the delivery clerk.

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The clerk again consulted the big book, and answered, "Mack, honest John Mack, as we call him; and there he is now," he added, pointing to John, who was just entering the office by a rear door.

The manager called to him to step that way, and said, "Mack, did you receive a box this morning addressed to Miss Norrie Noo*nan* of Fifth Avenue?"

"Dade an' I did, sor."

"What did you do with it?"

"Delivered it, sor, wid me own hands to Miss Norrie hersilf."

"Oh!" exclaimed Norrie, who had listened to all this with the utmost surprise.

"Where does Miss Norrie live?" asked the manager.

"In the same house wid mesilf, sor, in South Fifth Aveno*o*."

"This is very curious," remarked Mr. Noo*nan*. "My man, can you go with us and show us this place?"

"Av coorse I can, sir, if the boss bids me," replied John.

A few minutes later the Hon. Fitzgibbons Noo*nan*, Miss Norrie Noo*nan*, and honest John Mack stood before the open door of Mrs. Patrick *Noo*nan's room.

In a few minutes more the mystery of the mixed Christmas-boxes had been fully explained, and two Norrie Noonans had made each other's acquaintance. During the day the boxes were exchanged, and each was sent to its rightful owner. When Norrie *Noo*nan understood that she must give up the beautiful French doll, her anguish was extreme, and it so touched the heart of Norrie Noo*nan* that she insisted that the doll and all its fine clothes should remain where they were. In witnessing the unbounded joy of her namesake when she was told that the doll was to be really and truly her own to keep and love always, the little girl from the upper end of Fifth Avenue experienced the most delightful sensation of her life. It was afterward increased when she spent her remaining five dollars for a warm stuff dress for Norrie *Noo*nan, which she sent down to South Fifth Avenue to take the place of the embroidered silk dresses that did not belong there.

She now declares that hereafter her Christmas money shall be devoted to buying Christmas presents for those of her friends who will appreciate without expecting them, rather than for those who expect but do not appreciate them.

## PERIL AND PRIVATION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

### THE BURNING OF "LE PRINCE."

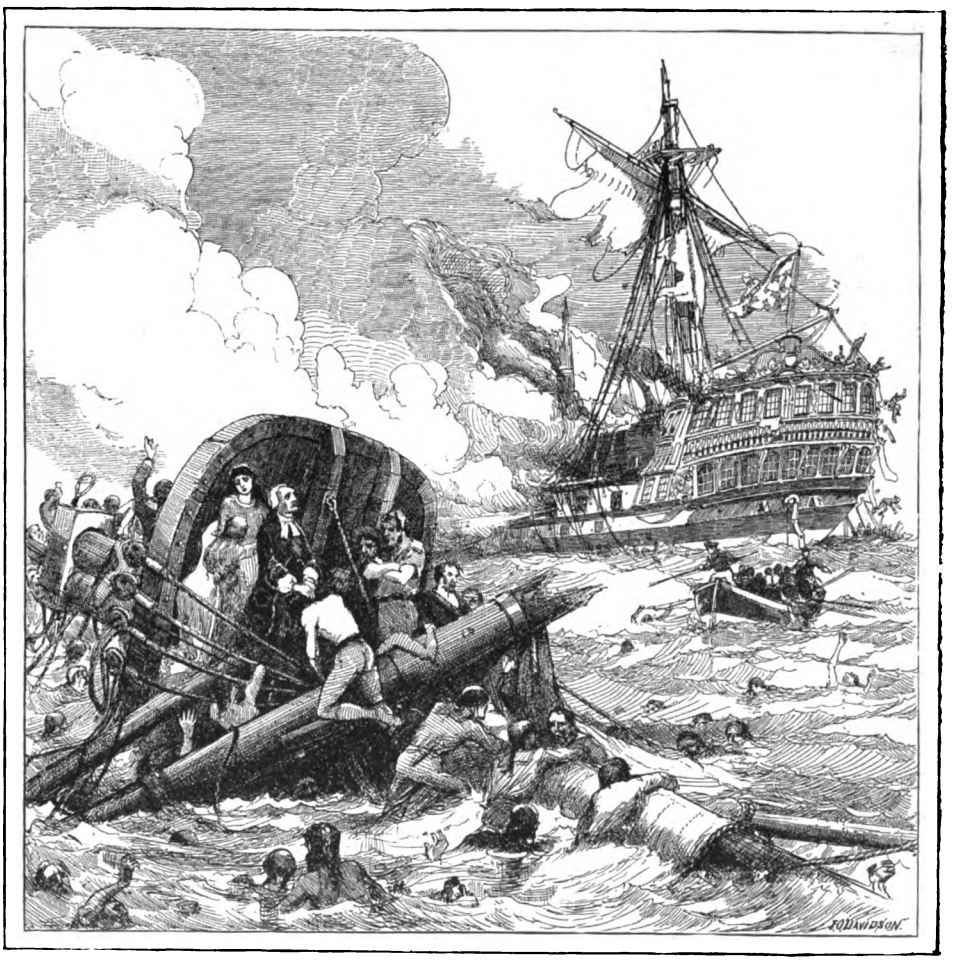
A FRENCH East Indiaman, *Le Prince*, sailed on February 19, 1752, from Port l'Orient. She had scarcely cleared the harbor when she was driven upon a sand bank, and was injured to such an extent that she was obliged to return to port to be refitted.

Starting for the second time, she reached the tropic seas only to take fire. Lieutenant De la Fond, the officer of the watch, caused some sails to be at once dipped in the sea and placed over the hatches, but such a cloud of smoke issued from between the crevices that none could endure it, and the flames gained ground notwithstanding all efforts to subdue them. In vain buckets were filled, pumps plied, and pipes introduced from them into the hold.

The yawl was hoisted out, and some men jumped into her, but the ship, which had her sails set, soon outstripped it. The other boats could not be got out. Discipline, as is too often the case among French sailors, was at an end, and every one did what was right (which generally means wrong) in his own eyes. "Terror pervaded everywhere; nothing but sighs and groans resounded through the vessel; the very animals on board, as if sensible of the impending danger, uttered the most dreadful cries.... Each was occupied in throwing overboard what promised even the slenderest chance of escape, yards, spars, and hencoops, and to them they clung." The sea, terrible as it was, seemed to be less terrible than the flames.

"The shrouds, yards, and ropes along the side of the vessel were crowded with the crew, as if hesitating which form of destruction to choose.... A father was seen to snatch his son from the flames, and then throwing him into the sea, himself followed, where they perished in each other's embrace." Think of this, dear children, safe on shore with your parents, and pity these unfortunates!

By order of the lieutenant the helm was shifted, which caused the ship to heel to larboard. This for a time confined the fire to the starboard only, where it raged from stem to stern. The captain, overwhelmed with grief for



"HE FOUND THE GOOD CHAPLAIN, WHO ADMINISTERED ABSOLUTION."

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his female relatives who were among the passengers, could do nothing for the general good. He was engaged in attaching the women to hen-coops, "while some of the seamen, swimming with one hand, endeavored to support them with the other."

In the midst of this turmoil a new and undreamed-of danger suddenly showed itself. The guns, heated by the fire, began to discharge their contents among the poor wretches floating on the masts and yards. The flames by this time had gained such a mastery as to burst through the cabin windows.

M. De la Fond was compelled to do what he could for himself. He endeavored to slip down a yard which dipped into the sea, but it was so crowded with human beings that he tumbled over them and fell into the water, where a drowning sailor seized hold of him and carried him twice under water. Though a very resolute man, this incident shook his nerves, "and in making a free passage through the dead bodies floating around him, he shoved them aside with one hand, impressed with the apprehension that each was alive and would seize him."

The spritsail-yard then appeared in view, but so covered with people that he hardly dared to ask for help. Some were quite naked, the rest only in their shirts, and all were expecting instant death; yet, remembering his late efforts for their preservation, they "cheerfully made room for him."

He presently changed this situation for a place on the mainmast, which had toppled overboard, crushing many in its fall. On this he found the good chaplain, who administered absolution (the last rite of the Catholic Church) to him—surely a striking picture of religious devotion!

Upon this mast were two young ladies (the only female survivors) and no less than eighty of the crew. The chaplain presently lost his hold, whereupon the lieutenant seized him.

"Let me go, De la Fond," said he; "I am already half drowned; it is only prolonging my sufferings."

"No, my friend," replied the lieutenant. "When my strength is exhausted I must drop you, but not before. We will perish together."

One of the young ladies fell off and was drowned.

Presently the yawl came in sight; it could hold but very few people, but those in it insisted on saving the lieutenant, "since he alone could guide them to land." As they would not come near the mast lest the numbers should swamp the boat, he swam out to them and was taken on board. The pilot and the master did likewise.

A few minutes later the fire reached the magazine. There was a tremendous explosion. "A thick cloud intercepted in an instant the sight of the sun, and amidst this terrific darkness nothing could be seen but flaming timbers high in air. Then they beheld the sea covered with pieces of wreck, mingled with bodies "half choked, mangled, half consumed, but still retaining life enough to be sensible of the horrors that surrounded them."

The lieutenant's courage did not even then desert him. He caused the yawl to approach this terrible scene, to see whether anything could be picked up to save them from a death even worse than that which had befallen their fellows. They found several barrels, but only full of powder, which had been thrown overboard during the conflagration. They did pick up, however, a cask of brandy, fifteen pounds of salt pork, some scarlet cloth and linen, a dozen pipe-staves, and some cordage. This was all. They had neither chart nor compass, and only knew that they were six hundred miles from land.

Every article they had was by the lieutenant's orders at once made use of. "The lining of the boat was torn up for the sake of the planks and nails; a seaman had luckily two needles, and the linen afforded whatever thread was necessary. The piece of scarlet cloth made a sail, an oar a mast, and a plank a rudder."

Eight days and nights they sailed on, guided by the rising and setting of the sun and moon, and the position of the stars; their naked bodies exposed to scorching heat by day and to intense cold by night; their food a small piece of pork once in twenty-four hours, until the fourth day, when they could eat it no longer on account of the inward heat and irritation it produced; their only drink was a glass of brandy from time to time, which inflamed them without satisfying their thirst.

They had no water, nor till the sixth day did any rain fall; this they caught in their mouths and hands, but dared not pray for more, for with the rain the wind, in which lay their only chance of safety, lulled. Abundance of flying-fish were seen, and if they could have devised any means of catching them they need not have suffered so much from hunger. But although nearly within arm's-length they were in reality as far off as if in another realm. So the sight only increased the agony of the suffering creatures, and drove them almost frantic. The eighth night was passed by the brave De la Fond at the helm, where he remained ten hours, and on the ninth morning they saw land—the coast of Brazil.

## SAFE COASTING.

### A BOB-SLEIGH, AND HOW TO MAKE ONE.

BY HORACE R. JOHNSON.

AMONG the various vehicles used for coasting, from the Canadian toboggan to the ordinary hand-sled, probably the best and safest for use on long, steep hills or on untravelled roads in the country is the bob-sleigh, or, as it is usually called, "bobs"—the plural being used for the reason that it consists of two board runner sleds connected by a long board, the forward sled working upon a central pivot in a similar manner to the forward wheels of a common wagon. The cord with which the whole thing is drawn is also used to steer with, and can be easily handled by a good strong boy.

When the writer was about twelve years of age he possessed the second "bobs" in his particular section of the country. The first one which graced (?) the one great hill of his boyish remembrance was an exceedingly tame and rustic affair, and was built to carry five persons. After severe study and criticism he concluded that the general idea of "bobs" was a great one, and immediately began the construction of an *ideal* coaster. The task was not an easy one, but after two weeks of hard study and harder work he completed a "bobs" that carried six or seven persons with ease, and attained a speed that was marvellous. The main point to be secured is strength, and with that there need be little fear of accident, as even the feet of the passengers are placed upon a rest, "high and dry," as the sailors say, from harm's way.

#### TOOLS AND MATERIALS.

You need a fine brace-backed hand-saw, a drawing-knife, a good brace or bit stock, a pair of compasses, a half-inch bit, some fine bits (or a gimlet will do), a medium-sized chisel, a square, a bevel, and a hammer. The bevel will not be found in the common amateur's tool chest, but it is a necessary tool, and a good one with brass tips can be purchased for half a dollar. Of course you will buy your lumber already dressed. First you need an ash board 9½ feet in length, 6 inches wide (plump measurement), and ⅞ of an inch thick, free from knots of any size. You need also a piece of ash, oak, or walnut 5 feet in length, 2½ inches in width, and 1 inch in thickness. For your reach-board you had better use seasoned pine absolutely free from knots. The length of this is rather optional with the builder. It may be anywhere from 6 to 9 feet in length. If 6 or 7 feet long, it should be at least 1⅛ inches in thickness, but if longer, it should be 1¼ to 1½ inches thick. For mine I had a board 7½ feet long, 1¼ inches thick, and 16 inches wide. These are the correct proportions for the bobs about to be described. For the remainder of your material you may add a few pieces of pine board, which can be found around almost any house, and then look to your hardware. As for the latter, you first need 11½ feet of half-round ⅝-inch rolled iron rod for shoeing the runners, a pair of

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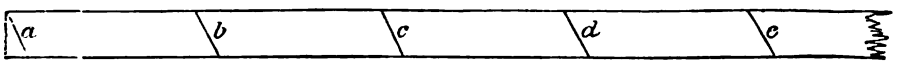



FIG. 1.

4×4 drilled door hinges or butts, full swing (that is, those that will swing around from face to face), a ½-inch bolt 5 inches long, about 2 feet of light chain, half a dozen screw eyes to fit the chain, four ½-inch iron or brass rings, two dozen 1×13 screws, and two dozen 2×13 screws. Also get a few wrought nails, and a $\frac{3}{16}$-inch twist drill, with reamer to match it, for drilling the screw-holes in the iron shoes. Although this list of hardware is rather long, all the articles mentioned may be purchased for a small amount of money. When you visit the store to buy, it would be well for you to take this list along with you just as it is printed; it will explain precisely what you need.

### DIRECTIONS FOR MANUFACTURE.

You will now turn your attention to the carpenter and joiner work, and unless you are an experienced workman, you should proceed slowly and carefully, for, as I have said, *strength* is the main object to be attained, and such a thing is impossible where there are loose, weak joints. Take your ash board, and, after squaring one end, point off from one corner 3 inches and connect this point with the other corner on that end, as *a* in Fig. 1. Now, from both of these corners mark off 24 inches along either edge of the board, and draw the diagonal lines *b*, *c*, *d*, and *e*, then saw carefully through them, which will leave you four pieces like A, Fig. 2, and an odd piece, which you will save.

Next with your pencil draw the line *a*, as in A, Fig. 2. There is no guide for this, but draw it as near as you can like the one in the cut, making the point *b* about 8 inches from the lower corner of the board.

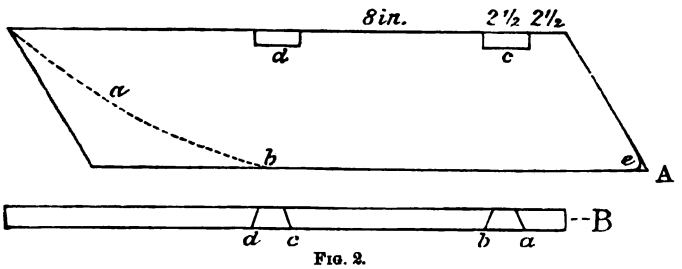



FIG. 2.

Now cut away that corner to the line *a*, which will leave you a fair-shaped runner, and repeat with the others.

Take your bevel (which is represented in Fig. 4), and set it to the angle there represented, which is the same as *e*, in A, Fig. 2.

Now on the upper edge of each runner point off from the rear 2½ inches, and from that point 2½ inches more. With your square, mark down on the runner from these points lines an inch long, and connect the other ends, as *c* in A, Fig. 2. After this mark off 8 inches more, and 2½ again from that point, and draw *d*.

Turn your work on the edge next, apply your bevel, and draw across the edge with your bevel *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d*, as B, Fig. 2. This will leave what are called dovetails, the wider edge of which will be 2½ inches. Now with your fine hand-saw saw carefully down through the lines *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d*, as B, Fig 2, 1 inch; then with your chisel cut out the pieces, leaving open mortices.

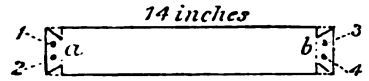



FIG. 3.

Before going further mark your runners 1, 2, 3, and 4, and remember that the one represented as A, Fig. 2, is a *left-hand* runner. When marking the right-hand runners 2 and 4 you should reverse their positions, and point off from the left instead of the right, as you did with A.

You would, perhaps, before cutting the mortices in runners 2, 3, and 4, better "get out" your cross-bars, of which Fig. 3 is a representation. These are to be made from your ash, oak, or walnut wood, which you will remember is 5 feet long, 2½ feet broad, and 1 inch in thickness. Square one end, and cut off four pieces each 14 inches long.

With your square, mark off from each end of all of them 1 inch, and apply your bevel, which is already set, marking out the dovetails to exactly fit the mortices in the runners. After these are completed you can set up your runners and place the cross-bars in place, so that you may make no mistake in cutting the other mortices.

Next slightly round off the rear corner of each runner, as *e* in A, Fig. 2, so that the shoes will round over the corner easily.

You may now proceed to put your bobs together, dovetailing in your cross-bars, and securing them with screws, two in each end, as 1, 2, 3, and 4 in Fig. 3. Use a small bit to bore the holes through the cross-bars, and a reamer to let down the heads of the screws. The latter should be No. 2×13.

The next and probably the most difficult job is to shoe your runners, and I should strongly advise you, if not at all accustomed to the work, to take your material to the nearest blacksmith, and have him do it, or at least allow him to cut and fit them, for the ends will have to be heated in order to bend them around the corners of the runners properly.

If you do undertake it, be sure and obtain a good fit, but previous to bending them, make them 34 inches long, and drill seven holes in each, as represented in Fig. 5. Two should be drilled near each end, about an inch apart from their centres, No. 3 should be drilled about 8 inches from the end, No. 4 about 18 inches, and No. 5 28 inches, or 6 inches from the other end. You should ream out each hole well, so that each screw head will be well buried, for if the edge projects, the speed of your bobs will be much lessened by means of it.

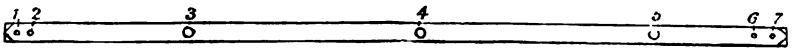



FIG. 5.

The screws used should be No. 2×13. Now take a nice piece of pine board 1 foot wide, 15 inches long, and 1 inch thick; connect each diagonal corner with a line, and bore a hole where the lines cross with your half-inch bit. This will be exactly in the centre. Place this lengthwise upon the cross-bars of your forward bob, and secure it to the bars with the long screws.

You will now turn your attention to your reach-board. If it be 14 inches wide, take your compasses, set the points 7 inches apart, place one point upon each end of the board in the centre 7 inches from either end, and describe semicircles around the ends. Now with your saw and drawing-knife round off the ends, shave the edges, and sandpaper them smooth.

Now choose which end you will have forward, and from the under side of the board, 8 inches from the extreme forward end, draw a line squarely across. Take the piece of ash board you had left over from your runner wood, and cut it lengthwise in two with a rip-saw. Then cut off the ends to make them precisely as long as your reach-board is wide.

One of these pieces you will screw on to the front end of your board, so the outer edge will just come up to the line just drawn. In securing this, screw *through* your reach-board *into* the cross piece. Now in the centre of the latter bore a hole through into the reach-board with your half-inch bit for the king-bolt. After doing this, take the other piece of ash, and close to each end place one of the hinges, letting the bolt sockets extend over the edge as in Fig. 6. After securing these with the No. 1×13 screws, draw a line with your square across the under side of the rear end of the reach-board 5 inches from the end.

Now take the cross piece with the hinges on it, and place it on to the rear cross-bar of the rear bob, and secure the other flaps of the hinges to that with short screws. After this is done the cross piece should close over, so that it is raised from the cross-bar but the thickness of the hinge flaps. This being done, lay on your reach-board so that the outer edge of the cross piece shall just come up to the line drawn on the former, and fasten *with screws* the reach-board to the cross piece. Now you are ready to put on your forward bob, which is done by simply passing the half-inch bolt down through the hole in the reach-board and through the hole in the top of the front bob, and after putting on a washer or two, you can screw on the nut, and your bobs are constructed, with the exception of putting on the chains as represented in Fig. 7.

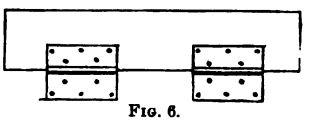


FIG. 6.

The writer's bobs had foot-rests made of iron rod bent up at the ends, and secured to each end of the reach-board. These were also strengthened by a brace in the centre of the board on each side.

At first, of course, you will not make very fast time in riding down a hill of moderate slope, but as soon as the shoes become bright and smooth you will fairly fly over the snow.

Your steering cord should be braided window-cording linen, and the steerer should be seated back of the bolt-head. He should hold the cord on the outer edges of the reach-board. If you have foot-rests put on, the steerer will thereby gain a good brace for his feet, and be able to hold the cord with a firmer hand.

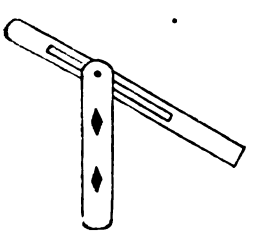


FIG. 4.

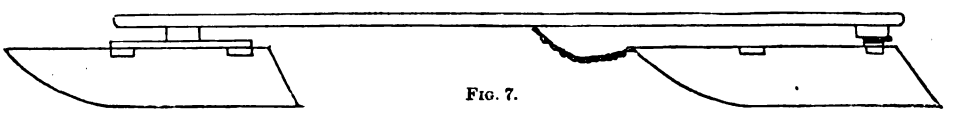


FIG. 7.

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"SEND FOR THE DOCTOR!"—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.

## THE LIONESS AND THE TERRIER.

THIS luxurious young Bow-wow, wrapped in an embroidered quilt, with medicine by his bedside, and seemingly enjoying all the delights of a slight illness, with plenty of attention, and all possible delicacies in the way of food, only shows what a skilled photographer can do when posing an intelligent Scotch terrier for his portrait.

But the picture recalls an instance where one of these dogs played the part of sick-nurse so well that the story will certainly interest all who have dog pets.

There died a few years ago in the Zoological Gardens at Dublin, Ireland, a large and remarkably handsome lioness. It was of South African stock, and had been in the Gardens for nearly twenty years. Though it was a high-spirited animal, it was one of the gentlest of these royal captives, and interested its keepers greatly.

These great beasts of prey do not object, when in good health, to the rats which are likely to come into their cages. It may be that the rats devour vermin which annoy them, or possibly they look upon the small visitors as a welcome amusement in their quiet life. Therefore it is not uncommon in menageries to see half a dozen rats gnawing at the bones from which lions have dined.

It seems strange that rats should be able to tell when a lion is ill. But, in fact, they find it out very quickly. If they were human beings familiar with the old proverb "A live dog is better than a dead lion," they could not display more intelligence in finding out the very moment when the huge beast is so overcome with pain and weakness as to be at their mercy. Recognizing the signs of suffering, the bold and ungrateful intruders will leave the bones, and begin to nibble at the toes of the dying monarchs of the forest, and give them much trouble, if not pain.

To save the fine lioness of which I have spoken from this annoyance during the closing days of her life, the keepers put into her cage a brisk young rat terrier. It was at first received with an ominous growl. The brave little dog did not show the least sign of fear, but quickly turned his attention to his task. The lioness saw him snatch the first rat that appeared, toss it into the air, and catch it skillfully with a deadly snap across the middle as it came down. She seemed at once to understand what the terrier was for.

The greatest friendship sprang up between the two animals. One snap from the jaws of the lioness would have ended the terrier's life at any moment, and when she became very old and feeble it would have been easy for the dog to seize her food and annoy her in a great many ways. But instead of this each seemed to study the other's wishes and habits. Ever on the alert, Doggie kept the rats at a distance; the two took their meals together; at night they were never apart. Coaxing the dog to her side, the lioness would fold her great paws around him, and seemed to thank him for his protection. Thus it came that the terrier slept at the breast of the lioness, infolded in her arms, and watching that no rats disturbed the rest of his noble mistress.

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CHOOSING A TURKEY FOR GRANDPAPA'S BIRTHDAY DINNER.

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## GRANDPA'S CHRISTMAS PARTNERSHIP.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

THEY were counting their presents in Grandma's room,
  Where the dear old lady sat knitting away,
Exchanging with Grandpa a nod and a smile
  Over the children at their play,
Counting their gifts, till Arthur asked,
  As he climbed at last to his Grandpa's knee,
"Say, Grandpa, say, when you were a boy
  Did *you* have a Santa Claus, same as we?"

"When I was a boy," said Grandpa then,
  "The jolliest Christmas that ever I knew
Was the time when I went into partnership—
  I, and some of my comrades too—
With kind old Santa himself, and helped
  To make that Christmas a merry day
For a lonely woman who, widowed and sad,
  Lived with her child not far away.

"A short half-mile from my own snug home
  Lived Widow Lane and her little Bess,
And griefs and losses and sickness too
  Had filled their hearts with a sore distress.
Nobody knew them. Strangers they
  In the village. Nor sought they word or aid.
But, boy-like (passing the house each day),
  *We* fell in love with the bonny maid,

"Whose hair was golden, whose eyes were blue,
  And who smiled at us as we loitered near,
And whose home, we knew, could catch no gleam
  From the light of the Christmas-time so dear.
So we made a plan with a boyish zeal
  That won from our elders a glad consent,
And on Christmas-eve, when the stars were bright,
  We started out with a brave intent

"To act as Santa Claus' partners. So
  We carried her wood and piled it high,
We filled a basket with goodies and toys,
  Then homeward stole 'neath the midnight sky,
Leaving the tokens of 'peace, good-will,'
  To gladden the two, who would wake next day
To a 'Merry Christmas' so unforeseen
  And a share in the season for us so gay."

"Oh, what became of the little girl?"
  The children cried, "and where is she now?
And what did she do when she grew big?"
  "She wore white blossoms above her brow,"
Grandpa answered, "as pure as snow,
  And went into *partnership with me*
For the sake of that Christmas long ago,
  And the best of partners she's proved to be."

"But *what* do you do together, say,
  And *how* are you partners, Grandpapa dear?"
Then Grandpa laughed and Grandmamma smiled,
  And drew the little questioners near.
"What do we do together? Ah! well,
  We *spoil you little folks every day*,
For grandmas and grandpas in partnership plan
  To spoil *all* children—so people say."

## WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

### CHAPTER XVII.—(*Continued.*)

### TWO LETTERS AND A JOURNEY.

IN the same mail with this letter came another from Maine, directed to "Miss Ruth Elmer." It was from her dearest friend Edna May; and as Ruth handed it to her mother, who read it aloud to the whole family, we will read it too:

"NORTON, MAINE, *May* 5, 188–.

"MY OWN DARLING RUTH,—What is the matter? I haven't heard from you in more than a week. Oh, I've got *such* a plan, or rather father made it up, that I am just wild thinking of it. It is this: father's ship, *Wildfire*, has sailed from New York for Savannah, and, before he left, father said for me to write and tell you that he couldn't think of letting me go to Florida next winter unless you came here and spent this summer with me.

"The *Wildfire* will leave Savannah for New York again about the 15th of May, and father wants you to meet him there and come home with him. His sister, Aunt Emily Coburn, has gone with him for the sake of the voyage, and she will take care of you.

"Oh, do come! Won't it be splendid? Father is coming home from New York, so he can bring you all the way. I am sure your mother will let you come when she knows how nicely everything is planned.

"I have got lots and lots to tell you, but can't think of anything else now but your coming.

"What an awful time poor Mark has had! I don't see how he ever lived through it. I think Frank March must be splendid. Write just as quick as you can, and tell me if you are coming.

"Good-by. With kisses and hugs, I am your dearest, lovingest friend, EDNA MAY."

These two letters from the far North created quite a ripple of excitement in that Southern household, and furnished ample subject for discussion when the family was gathered on the front porch in the evening of the day they were received.

Mr. Elmer said, "I think it would be a good thing for Mark to go, and I should like to have Ruth go too; but I don't see how you can spare her, wife."

"I shall miss her dreadfully, but I should feel much easier to think that she was with Mark on this long journey. Poor boy, he is far from strong yet. Yes, I think Ruth ought to go. It seems providential that these two letters have come together, and as if it were a sign that the children ought to go together," answered Mrs. Elmer.

Mark, who had listened quietly to the whole discussion, now spoke up and said: "I should like to go, father. As long as I stay here I shall keep thinking of that terrible under-ground river over there. I think of it and dream of it all the time, and sometimes it seems as if it were only waiting and watching for a chance to swallow me again. I should love dearly to have Ruth go with me, too, though I am quite sure I am strong enough to take care of myself;" and he turned toward his mother with a smile.

Ruth said, "Oh, mother! I should like to go, but I can't bear to leave you; so, whichever way you decide, I shall be perfectly satisfied and contented."

It was finally decided that they should both go. Mark was to accompany Ruth as far as Savannah, and see her safely on board the ship; then, unless he received a pressing invitation from Captain May to go with him to New York, he was to go by steamer to Boston, and there take another steamer for Bangor.

This was the 10th of May, and as the *Wildfire* was to sail on or about the 15th, they must be in Savannah on that day; therefore no time was to be lost in making preparations for the journey.

Such busy days as the next three were! such making of new clothes, and mending of old to be worn on the journey! so many things to be thought of and done! Even Aunt Chloe became excited, and prepared so many nice things for "Misto Mark an' Missy Rufe to eat when dey's a-trabellin'" that Mark actually laughed when he saw them.

"Why, Aunt Clo," he exclaimed, "you have got enough there to last us all the time we're gone. Do you think they don't have anything to eat up North?"

"Don' know, honey," answered the old woman, gazing with an air of great satisfaction at the array of goodies. "Allus hearn tell as it's a powerful pore, cole kentry up dar whar yo's a-gwine. 'Spec's dey hab somfin to eat, ob co'se; but reckon dar ain't none too much, sich as hit is."

* Begun in No. 252, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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The good soul was much distressed at the small quantity of what she had provided for which room was found in the lunch basket, and said she "'lowed dem ar chillun's gwine hungry heap o' times befo' dey sets eyes on ole Clo agin."

It had been arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Elmer and Frank March should go with the travellers as far as Tallahassee, and see them fairly off from there. Bright and early on the morning of the 13th the mule wagon, in which comfortable seats were fixed, was driven up to the front door, the trunks, bags, and lunch basket were put in, and everything was in readiness for the start.

Mr. March, Jan, Aunt Chloe, and several of the neighbors from across the river had assembled to see them off, and many and hearty were the good wishes offered for a pleasant journey and a safe return in the autumn.

"Good-by, Misto Mark an' Missy Rufe," said Aunt Chloe. "Trus' in de Lo'd while yo's young, an' He ain't gwine fo'git yo' in yo' ole age."

"Good-by, Aunt Clo! good-by, everybody!" shouted Mark, as the wagon rattled away; "don't forget us;" and in another minute "dear old Go Bang," as the children already called it, was hidden from view behind the trees around the sulphur spring.

They stopped for a minute at the mill to get a sack of corn for the mules; and as they drove from it its busy machinery seemed to say, "Good-by, Mr. President of the Elmer Mills."

They reached Tallahassee early in the afternoon, and went to a hotel for the night. From the many cows on the street Mark tried to point out to Ruth and Frank the one he had seen climb into a cart on his previous visit, but none of those they saw looked able to distinguish herself in that way. They concluded that she had become disgusted at being called "a ole good-fo'-noffin," and had carried her talents elsewhere.

The train left so early the next morning that the sadness of parting was almost forgotten in the hurry of eating breakfast and getting down to the station. In the train Mark charged Frank to take good care of his canoe and rifle, Ruth begged him to be very kind to poor Bruce, who would be *so* lonely, and they both promised to write from Savannah. Then the conductor shouted, "All aboard!" hurried kisses and good-byes were exchanged, and the train moved off.

Ruth cried a little at first, and Mark looked pretty sober; but they soon cheered up, and became interested in the scenery through which they were passing. For an hour or two they rode through a beautiful hill country, in which was here and there a lake covered with great pond-lilies. Then the hills and lakes disappeared, and they hurried through mile after mile of pine forests, where they saw men gathering turpentine from which to make resin. It was scraped into buckets from cuts made in the bark, and the whole operation "looked for all the world," as Mark said, "like a sugar bush in Maine."

At Ellaville, sixty-five miles from Tallahassee, they saw great saw-mills, and directly they crossed one of the most famous rivers in the country, the Suwannee, and Ruth hummed softly,

> "'Way down upon de Swanee Riber,
> Far, far away."

Soon afterward they reached Live Oak, where they were to change cars for Savannah. They made the change easily, for their trunks had been checked through, and they had little baggage to trouble them. A few miles farther took them across the State line and into Georgia, which Ruth said, with a somewhat disappointed air, looked to her very much the same as Florida.

Now that they were in Georgia they felt that they must be quite near Savannah, and began to talk of Captain May, and wonder if he would be at the depot to meet them. Letters had been sent to Uncle Christopher Bangs, to Edna, and to Captain May, as soon as it was decided that they should take this journey, and Mr. Elmer had telegraphed to the Captain from Tallahassee that morning; so they felt pretty sure he would know of their coming.

At a junction with the funny name of Waycross their car was attached to an express train from Jacksonville, on which were numbers of Northern tourists who had been spending the winter in Florida, and were now on their way home.

These people interested the children so much that they forgot to be tired, though it was now getting to be late in the afternoon. At last the train rolled into the depot at Savannah. Taking their bags, they stepped out on the platform, where for a few moments they stood undecided what to do.

Just as they were beginning to feel quite discouraged and a little bit homesick, a cheery voice called out:

"Hello! here we are. Why, Mark, my hearty, this is indeed a pleasure—and little Ruth, too! Won't my Edna be delighted!" And Captain May stooped down and kissed her, right there before all the people, as though he were her own father.

"Oh, Captain Bill," said Mark, greatly relieved at seeing the familiar face, "we are so glad to see you. We were just beginning to feel lost."

"Lost, eh?" laughed the Captain. "Well, that's a good one. The idea of a boy who's been through what you have feeling lost, right here among folks, too! But then, to one used to the water, this here dry land is a mighty bewildering place, that's a fact. Well, come, let's get under way. I've got a carriage moored alongside the station here, and we'll clap sail onto it, and lay a course for the *Wildfire*. Steward's got supper ready by this time, and sister Emily's impatient to see you. Checks? Oh yes. Here, driver, take these brasses and roust out that dunnage. Lively now!"

When they were in the carriage, and rolling quietly along through the sandy streets, Captain May said they were just in time, for he was ready to drop down the river that night.

"Then I'd better go to a hotel," said Mark.

"What for?" asked Captain May.

"Because I'm to go to Boston by steamer from here, and Ruth is to go with you."

"Steamer nothing!" shouted Captain Bill. "You are coming along with us on the *Wildfire*. Steamer, indeed!"

This seemed to settle it, and Mark wrote home that evening that, having received a "pressing invitation," he was going to sail to New York with Captain Bill May in the *Wildfire*.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE BURNING OF THE "WILDFIRE."

"AUNT EMILY," as the children called her at once, because she was Edna May's aunt, welcomed them as warmly as Captain May had done, and everything in the cabin of the *Wildfire* was so comfortable that they felt at home at once. Supper was ready as soon as they were, and as they sat down to it Mark said he wished "Aunt Clo" could see it, for he thought it would give her some new ideas of what Yankees had to eat.

After supper each of the children wrote a letter home, and Mark and Captain May walked up to the post-office to mail them.

About nine o'clock a tug came for the ship, and very soon they had bid good-by to Savannah, and were dropping down the muddy river toward the sea. As it was a fine moon-lit night, the children staid on deck with Mrs. Coburn to see what they could of the river which here forms the boundary line between the States of Georgia

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"'WHY, MARK, MY HEARTY!'"

and South Carolina. On both sides, as far as they could see, the marshes were covered with fields of growing rice, and every now and then they heard the sound of music coming from the funny little negro cabins which were scattered here and there among the rice.

They passed the old forts Jackson and Pulaski, both on the south side of the river, and both deserted and falling to ruin, and very soon had left behind Tybee Island, with its flashing light, at the mouth of the river. The tug left them when they reached the siren buoy that keeps up a constant moaning on the outer bar; one after another of the ship's sails were loosed and "sheeted home," and then Captain May said it was "high time for the watch below to turn in."

The sea was so calm and beautiful the next day that even Mark did not feel ill, nor was he during the voyage. As for Ruth, she knew from her experience on the last voyage they had taken that she should not be seasick, and so everybody was as happy and jolly as possible.

During the afternoon, after they all had been sitting on deck for some time talking of the dear ones left at home, and of the many friends whom they hoped soon to meet, Ruth said she was going down to open her trunk and get out the album containing the pictures of her girl friends in Norton, and see if they looked as she remembered them. It was so long since she had opened this album that she had almost forgotten whose pictures were in it. She soon returned with it in her hand, and with a very puzzled expression on her face.

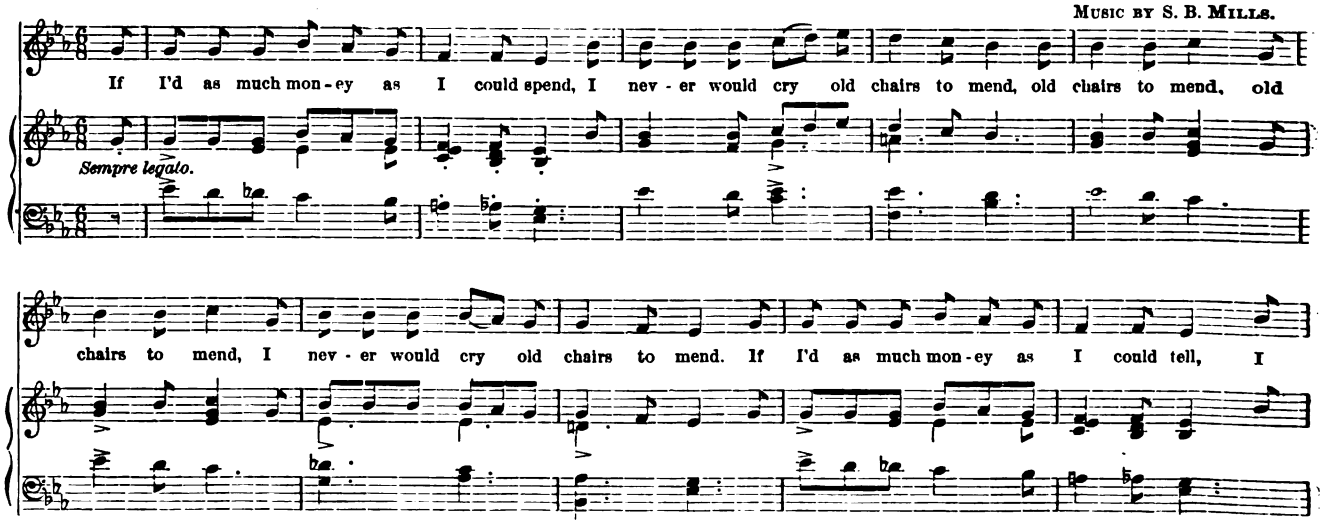
"Mark," she said, "did you ever think that Frank March looked like anybody else whom we know?"

"I don't know," answered Mark. "Yes, come to think of it, I have thought two or three times that his face had a familiar look, but I never could think who it was he resembled. Why?"

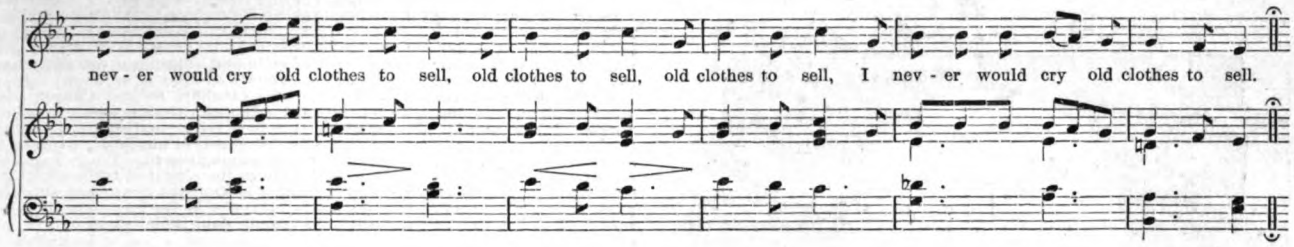
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## IF I'D AS MUCH MONEY.

MUSIC BY S. B. MILLS.




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## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

### THE WAY THEY FORMED THE CLUB.

"YES," said Irene, as she finished reading the Post-office Box, "I mean to do as the Postmistress wishes, and try to form a Little Housekeepers' club. Malvina Sophie, you needn't open your eyes so wide and look so scornful, if you did come from Paris."

The French doll, sitting on the sofa in a splendid costume of the latest style, stared at Irene so steadily that she was presently shut up in the closet in disgrace.

"I will have my children behave," remarked the little mother, as she installed Miss Becky, a doll from New England with a plain, sensible face and a checkered gingham dress, in the corner which Blanche had occupied. Then she set out Dinah, a charming black doll, with a jolly twinkle around her mouth and in her eyes, and a red silk turban over the wisps of her woolly hair, and with the two for her audience she began to count over her intimate friends.

"There are May and Ethel, and Frances and Maggie," she said. "We five would be enough to make a lovely little club. Mamma"—just then mamma came in and sat down by her desk to write a note—"would you have any boys in it?"

Mamma was mystified. But Irene explained, and was of course very much pleased when her mother said that she thought brothers and cousins might be allowed to share the fun and help in the work.

Presently Irene, in a warm fur-trimmed jacket and seal cap—for the day was very cold—tripped out to invite her friends to a consultation.

They all came. They all agreed to join.

When they organized, the members present were May H., Ethel D., Frances R., Maggie M., and Irene S., also Fred P., Harry H., Charlie D., and Lewis S. They chose Irene for President, Ethel for Secretary, and Fred for Treasurer.

The Secretary wrote a little Constitution, as follows:

"This society shall be called 'The Little Housekeepers' Club of Brier Junction, No. 1.'

"Its object shall be for us to learn how to keep house.

"Its motto shall be, 'Little children, love one another.'"

"When we break any of our by-laws," said the President, "we must pay a fine of two cents."

"We haven't any by-laws!" shouted Fred. "Ho! ho!"

"You are very rude, Cousin Fred," said Ethel, offended.

And Irene remarked, with dignity, "If the boys make fun, we will not have them in with us."

"Don't let us forget our motto," pleaded gentle May; and peace was restored.

"We must have by-laws," observed Maggie. "Grown people always do."

They finally decided on two:

"1. Never put off until to-morrow what must be done to-day.

"2. A stitch in time saves nine."

By the time they had adopted these it was almost dark, and older sisters and nurses were calling for the children to take them home; so I will have to tell you some of the doings of the club, and some of Irene's experience, next week.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS AND CHILDREN,—I am afraid you are wondering why you don't hear from me. I have been very sick for over six weeks, and as I am not able to answer your letters, I will send the specimen stamps, etc., to those that I owe as soon as I am able to pack them and get them ready. But I can not, I am very sorry to say, answer any more letters, as I am not able to write except for a very short time, and have quite a large correspondence. I thank you all one hundred thousand times for the lovely letters I have received. I would like to write to you all, and would if I were able. I have received about one hundred and twenty-five letters, and all have amused me ever so much; some have made me laugh very heartily. I should love to receive more letters from those that are fond of letter-writing, if the dear Postmistress will allow me to send in a report once in a great while, and thank you all. I have had quite a number of pretty things sent me for my HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE'S shelf; among them are some bugs, beetles, and butterflies from South America that I prize highly. Some one sent me some pretty gray moss from Pennsylvania, but sent no address. Accept my thanks. I think "Countess Nina" is the nicest short story that has ever been printed. I received my Christmas presents before Christmas; they are a lovely piano and your very nice paper. I have received quite a number of pretty cards and scrap pictures. As all the children are anxious to know my name, I will give it in full. I know how to make a number of pretty things suitable for Christmas, but I have not been able to write them down to send, and now it is too late. I will keep them for next year. I close with much love to all that have written me. NELLIE MASON,

708 North Park Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

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FORT SUPPLY, INDIAN TERRITORY.

I am an army boy. I was born in California, and have travelled from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. We are now in the Indian Territory. We have lots of Indians here. I have no pets except a cat. I am ten years old, and my birthday comes on the 10th of July. I have one little sister and one little brother. Mamma teaches us at home. I study history, geography, arithmetic, spelling, reading, and writing. I play base-ball nearly every day, and Saturday we play hide-and-go-seek. Don't you think that is a nice game? I do. We went over to Dripping Spring Cañon quite a while ago, and had a nice picnic.

RALPH P.

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OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little boy seven years old, and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since last March. I like it so well that I would like to see my little letter printed in it, if you can find room for it. I like to read about all the pets the other children tell you of, but we have none in our family except two little brothers that we call Timothy Tiggs and Timothy Toggs; they are such funny little fellows. JAMES HERVEY O.

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EAST SAGINAW, MICHIGAN.

I have written you before. My father has a farm sixty miles north of here; it has three lakes on it, and has two deer, but the old one is ugly, and my father won't let me go in the pen with them. We have a granary and a barn, a pig-house, a slaughter-house, hen-coop, and a blacksmith shop. One day a mink got in the hen-coop and killed seventeen hens, and one of the men that works for papa shot it. The men work and skid the logs, and draw them to the mill and saw them into lumber, and send them to Buffalo and Dunkirk and other places. I have fun up there, and slide down-hill in the winter-time. We have a dog named Gyp, and two doves that are tame and fly around the room. I have a brother named Sidney eight years old, and I am ten. I take music lessons, but have not taken a year yet, and Latin lessons, and learn German.

GEORGE D. H.

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WEST POINT, MISSISSIPPI.

I am eleven years old. I go to school to my mother. My mother and I visit in Springfield, Massachusetts, every summer. We go by New York. Next summer when I go, I intend to look for your publishing house. My mother has one hundred and seventy-five scholars. She has five assistants. My sister has a class who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am one of them. We have been taking it two years. I think it has no equal. I get it from the Post-office, so I read it first. My father took HARPER'S MAGAZINE many years. We have bound volumes in our library as old as 1850. I expect to bind mine, as my father did. I have two brothers named Chapin and Tom; they are both older than myself; they are in Springfield now. I live in the sixth to the largest city in the State. I am going to have a bicycle for a Christmas present. When I was in New York I rode in the elevated railroad train. I wrote one letter before, but it was not published. Please put this one in, for I want to surprise my sister. I remain your little friend,

LYNNE G.

Of course you will call on the Postmistress when you pass through New York next time.

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HATCHVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Wishing to write to you some time, I have just begun to do so, and it is my birthday to-day. I am fourteen. First I must tell you how much I enjoy reading your delightful paper. "Wakulla" and the Post-office Box are great favorites with me. My home is in the beautiful and fertile land of Cape Cod. Falmouth, which is the town, is noted for its nice sea-breeze that brings so many people from the cities to bathe in the salt sea of the Vineyard Sound, or to roam on its shores in search of shells or pebbles during the summer months. Hatchville is my post-office address, and the village in which I live with my grandparents. My mother died when I was but three years and a half old. I study history, reading, grammar, geography, spelling, arithmetic, singing, writing, besides music. I have thought of taking up physiology soon. I have some plants for winter blooming. We have a horse which I can drive. My grandfather owns a farm of one hundred acres. Now please, dear Postmistress, tell me if I may not join the Little Housekeepers? I have made a number of Christmas gifts, the directions taken from HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. L. M. A.

Certainly you may join our band.

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FLORENCEVILLE, GROVE ROAD, SUTTON, SURREY, ENGLAND.

Not long ago uncle sent me two pretty canaries, one dark green with a light green breast, the other a green with a yellow breast. I go to school at Croydon, and like it very much. There are only about one hundred scholars, not like the Whitgift, which has about five hundred, a number of whom I travel with. I am very fond of reading and learning, so father takes in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us; and as my brother can not read himself, I often read to him. Besides taking in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us, my father also takes in HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for himself and mother; we can read it too if we want to. I collect shells, fossils, rocks, woods, etc., butterflies, moths, stamps, skins of birds, animals, etc., skeletons, pressed leaves, seeds, coins, crests, names of trees, plants, butterflies, animals, and engines. My elder brother collects stamps only; the other two, Ronald and Douglas, are too young to do anything of this kind yet. Ronald is four and three-quarters, and Douglas two months and a fortnight; so Ronald keeps what we give him till he is older. My eldest brother is seven and three-quarters, and I was nine last November. It was very dirty in Croydon; I got covered with water and mud. I began this letter this morning, but it will not be posted till to-morrow, because I take such a long while to write a letter, and I have to go to school. Now I will say good-by. H. S. F.

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DORKING, SURREY, ENGLAND.

As I take this nice paper I will write you a little letter, as I go to work in the daytime and attend school in the evening, where some of us take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am always glad to get a new number. I have seven canaries, two rabbits, black and white, and two white cats. I am very fond of playing with them, but I do not get much time. Good-by. EDGAR F. C.

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KENT, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am taking in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think it is a very nice book. I like "The Lost City," "The Undiscovered Island," and "Boodle Jack" the best. I hope it will be a great success in England. I can swim and skate, but we do not have so much skating in England as they do in America. I hope we have some this year. We have a nice swimming bath, though we do not live by the sea-side. In England we hang up our stockings on Christmas-eve for Santa Claus, and it keeps us awake nearly all the night with excitement. Does he come to America? I play foot-ball at school in the winter, except when it snows, and play cricket in the summer. We have only had one little fall of snow this winter, but we would rather have skating, because the snow does not lie thick enough to have any fun. I have reared a few silk worms in the summer, but we don't have much silk, as it is hardly warm enough for them in England. I made a nice little book-marker of some of it. (I have inclosed some silk to send to

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the Postmistress; it is not dyed.) I am a boy. I wish you all a very merry Christmas and a happy New-Year. I hope this letter will be printed. I must leave off now. HERBERT S.

Thanks for the beautiful silk.

FORT CHADBOURNE, DURHAM RANCH, TEXAS.

We live in the western part of Texas, which is a great stock country. My father owns cattle and horses. We came from Iowa here. I like Texas best. We shipped a number of Durham cattle from Iowa. We named our ranch after our cattle. We have fun here going pecanning, riding, and hunting. There is plenty of game here—deer, antelopes, wild-turkeys, and opossums. My father, brother, and myself went turkey-hunting a few nights ago. We went to the roost. There were a great many turkeys there, but we only got one; the rest flew away. There is a mountain a mile from here that we call Grave Mountain because there is an Indian grave on top of it. There is a lady from Sweetwater (our nearest town) stopping here, and we are going over on the mountain this afternoon; it gives a good view of the country for miles around. We live in the country twenty-eight miles from the nearest town and six miles from the nearest post-office. We don't have any school out here, so it has been nearly two years since I have been at school. I hope this letter will be printed, for it will please me very much. I will be twelve years old in thirteen days. MINNIE H.

TIVERTON, RHODE ISLAND.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have two pets, a cat and a bird, and many dolls. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and like it very much. I go to school, and study arithmetic, writing, reading, spelling, geography, and history. This is my first letter. I remain your constant reader, ADA B. C.

LAUREL BANK, PARTICK, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl ten years of age, and have only taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a short time. I look eagerly for it every Saturday evening, and am very glad when it comes, as I thoroughly enjoy the nice stories it contains. When the bustle of the Christmas holidays is over I would be very glad if you would write a few facts about natural history and the habits of animals, etc. I am, dear Postmistress, your affectionate little reader, HELENA H. M.

You will find on a longer acquaintance, dear, that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE publishes a great many delightful articles on natural history, specially prepared by authors who have studied the habits of plants and animals, and know how to write about them.

ST. MARY'S TERRACE, WHITLEY BY THE SEA, NORTHUMBERLAND, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have never written to you before, so I thought I would write to you now, seeing that other little boys and girls do so. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in, and I like it very much, because I am not at school, and have plenty of time to read it. I have been very ill, and the doctor says I am not to go to school for a long time yet. I love nice books. I am reading *Robinson Crusoe*, and like the story very much. I have plenty of pets and playthings. I have a number of companions, and will show them HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I think that is all I have to say at present, hoping I may see it published soon. Your little friend, ARTHUR R.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA.

I have five pets—three cats, a horse, and a bird. My cats' names are Blacknose, Langtry, and Sankey. My bird and horse both have the same name, Fritz. I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school, and read in the Third Reader. My studies are reading, writing, drawing, language, spelling, music, and arithmetic. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE better than any paper that I have taken. There are some very interesting stories in it. My papa keeps a large book-store, and gets all kinds of papers and magazines, and among the number is HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like the Post-office Box better than all the other reading. I mean to join the Little Housekeepers' band when I am a little older. EDNA B. R.

WEST POINT, MISSISSIPPI.

I have written to you once before, but my letter was not published, so I will try again. We use HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as a reader in our class. I will tell you about my visit in the country this summer. Our town is a country one, but where I went it was the real country, with waving fields of cotton and acres of corn. I rode three miles in company with two friends on a pony alone, the first time in my life that I had ridden any distance before. My friend and myself would go and see the men rake hay with the machine, and also see them cutting millet with another one. We would get in the hay wagon when they were coming to reload, and had a jolly good ride. A gentleman showed us a wild plum-tree, and we gathered some plums for K.'s mother. We went to see the neighbors almost every morning. We intended going to the lake, but could not, because the team was needed. MIRIAM F.

The Postmistress has answered a question you asked, which is not printed here, in a private letter.

COX'S STATION, MARYLAND.

I live in the country, about seventy miles from Washington. I have three pets—a little dog named Pete, a black cat called Jet, and a canary-bird named Charley, which is very pretty, but does not sing a bit. I am ten years old, and have a brother who is twelve and a sister six. We have a governess, and I study arithmetic, reading, dictionary, writing, geography, grammar, and music, which I do not like a bit, but mamma says I do. We have a sulphur pump right in front of our kitchen. Brother Walter wrote to the Post-office Box once, but his letter was not printed, and he became discouraged, and has never written since. Our aunt takes the paper for us as a Christmas gift, but it comes in Walter C.'s name. We all like it very much, and I almost cried when "Nan" stopped. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so will say good-by. I am your faithful reader, EDITH C.

Tell brother Walter to try again.

TURNEY RANCH, TEXAS.

I hope you have room for me in the Post-office Box. I see a great many little girls telling about their pets. For mine I have eight cows, six calves, two horses, five cats, two dogs, and, best of all, a baby sister. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have joined the Little Housekeepers' Club. I am nine years old, and go to school eleven hundred and fifty miles from my home, and am now visiting papa and mamma. I have been absent from them two years. MYRA A. T.

CLAREMONT, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I write to ask if I can be one of the Little Housekeepers. I am going to form a club, and the motto shall be "Try, try again." It shall be a sewing and reading club. I live about three miles from the village, and do not have any playmates. My two brothers and myself go to school in the village. We are driven in the morning, and sent for at night. I think the stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are very interesting. We have some horses, and I like to drive. My aunt has an old horse which I sometimes ride. We live on a farm, and have a great many animals. Our house is on the top of a hill, and there is an avenue of maples leading down to the main road, and their leaves turn red and yellow in autumn. The scenery around here is very beautiful. This town is situated near the Connecticut River. MARIAN I. R.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little boy nine years old, and can play the piano very nicely. I have been taking lessons in a duet which my mother plays with me, and I think I will know it very soon. I went to see the American Institute Fair last night, and my brother was with me, and we both got a great many pretty pictures, and I am going to put them in my scrap-book, which is a very nice one. I have two little sisters; the oldest one is three years old, but the youngest one is only four months. Their names are Ada and Helen, and when they are older they will write a letter to you also. I am very much pleased with the story by the name of "Wakulla," and I hope that it will keep up for a long time. The place where I live in New York is on the Eastern Boulevard, and I can see the *Pilgrim* and all the other Sound boats go up every evening and come down every morning, and they are almost always full of flags. FRANKLIN CURTIS S.

**Clinton P. D.:** You, Josie, Bertie, and little dog Trot had quite an amusing adventure, to be sure, but I am glad I was not with you.—**Hattie S. B.:** I hope you will soon be very well and strong.—**George Lymen,** Charlottesville, Virginia, has received on approval a sheet of stamps without the sender's address. Will the latter communicate with George?—**Martha F.:** You write a beautiful clear hand. Do Baltimore girls ever have skating, I wonder? Will you tell me when you write again?—**Anna F.** says that the girls in Morrison, Illinois, are famous for their skill in sliding down-hill.—**May H. S.** and **Maud E. C.** are two dear girls who always have good times, because they are always good, I fancy.—**Mary S.:** I don't like pencilled letters, dear. Won't mamma let you write with ink to please the Postmistress?—**Anna G. B.:** I must say the same to you. The idea of a man's eating at a mouthful a whole pie made for him by a dainty little girl! It is a wonder he didn't gobble up the pie-maker too.—Thanks, ever so many, to **Louie M., Guy D. S., Ned C., Willie J. M., Laura M. A., A.** and **K. N., Bessie L. A., Horace P., Violet V. C., J. Lewis S., Irene B., Mabel F. E., Lewie K., Retta L., G. H. R.,** and **Aline S.**—**K. C. G.:** Sister Catharine, St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 307 and 309 West Thirty-fourth Street, will be happy to give you the information you desire.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A VERY EASY CHARADE FOR VERY LITTLE PUZZLERS.

My first is a name, my second is not small, my third is an insect, and my whole is a river.
L. BRANDIS.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In saucer, not in cup.
In kiss, not in blow.
In fall, not in rise.
In tar, not in pine.
In ice, not in snow.
In new, not in old.
In song, not in cry.
A pleasant kind of fun am I.
JIMMIE A.

No. 3.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A consonant. 2. A drink. 3. A girl's name. 4. A small insect. 5. A consonant.

2.—1. A consonant. 2. A body of water. 3. Something which incloses a field. 4. Deed. 5. A vowel. C. F. SWETT.

No. 4.

PIED CITIES.

1. Ogiacgh. 2. Sotnob. 3. Alhipleadiph. 4. Madene. 5. Mneacsarot. 6. Singhownat. 7. Rapsi. 8. Oonld. 9. Udnibl. 10. Royk. 11. Asggwol. 12. Vlirelopo. C. F. S.

No. 5.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A boy's name. 3. A remedy. 4. A Spanish dance. 5. A planet. 6. An interjection. 7. A letter. THE MAN IN THE MOON.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 267.

No. 1.—Labrador.

No. 2.—

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        S
      P A R
    P A L E R
  P A L E T O T
S A L E R A T U S
  R E T A K E N
    R O T E S
      T U N
        S
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      K
    C A P
  C A N O E
K A N A K A S
  P O K E R
    E A R
      S
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No. 3.—Table. Stove. Dishes. Glasses. Closet.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Heacock and Merithew, Willie Frazer, Nanna G., Emma Nevergold, Lillie Bostwick, Mollie Shana, Minnie Robson, H. Bate, Jun., Laura Beattie, Emily Pierce, Anna and Jennie Nixon, Daisy F., L. C. T., Irma H., Theodore Gardner, Maggie Havens, Parker Judson, H. H. H., Coquette, and Oliver Twist.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

## A NEW SERIAL.

OUR little readers who parted so reluctantly with their favorite heroine, Nan, in **Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie's** story by that title, will learn with pleasure that that young lady is about to re-appear in our columns. Our new serial,

**"ROLF HOUSE,"**

BY

LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF

"Aunt Ruth's Temptation," "Mildred's Bargain," "Nan," "Dick and D.," etc.,

though complete in itself and fulfilling all the requirements of a new story, is also a sequel to that popular tale, introducing many of the same characters and describing fresh experiences and incidents, with the same warm-hearted, noble, and lovable little girl as the centre of interest. Those who know Nan already will accord her a joyous welcome, while readers who have missed the earlier story will rejoice to make her acquaintance. Mrs. Lillie's charm as a story-teller is too familiar to the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to need a single word of praise. The first chapters of "Rolf House" will be given next week.

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A STRONG HAND.

"Aren't you frightened he'll run away with you, Maud?"
"Oh, not at all. He knows what to expect if he tries any of his fooling with ME."

## CUTTING AN ELEPHANT'S NAILS.

HOW many of the readers of the YOUNG PEOPLE have been told that an elephant's feet demand an amount of care and attention from his keeper which the latter counts among his hardest duties? Three times a year at least each one of these monsters must have his hoofs cut and trimmed into good shape—once in the spring, once when travelling with the circus in the summer, and once more after the huge beast has returned to winter-quarters.

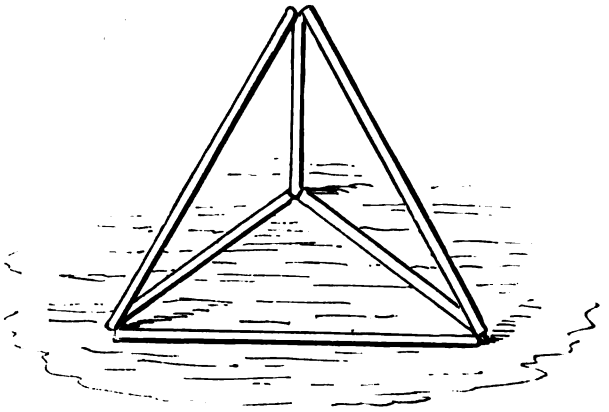
The sole of the elephant's foot becomes gradually covered during the year with a substance resembling horn, much like the three great toe-nails. This, if allowed to grow too dense, is apt to crack and make the beast lame. Accordingly one of the keepers stations the elephant in the ring and bids him balance himself on three legs while he stretches out the other behind him, resting it on a tub or box. With a large carpenter's "drawing-knife" the hoof is then attacked, and shaved quickly down. Sometimes pieces of the bony substance five or six inches long and nearly as thick are cut off without the elephant's feeling any pain whatever, or the knife taking too much from the sole.

Frequently pieces of glass, nails, splinters, and the like are found imbedded in the growth, and these it is very important to have extracted, lest they should work their way upward and fester in the foot. Recently a nail was discovered and pulled out from the foot of the elephant Pallas that only came to light after three inches of the hoof had been cut off. When the first rough going over is completed, the keeper with a smaller knife trims each nail into handsome shape (its cleanness and new color quite improving the animal's appearance), covers any small wounds with tar, and dismisses the patient.

It takes six hours to do this curious job in a proper manner, and the keeper is tired out when two beasts have received his attentions.

## THE TRIANGLE PUZZLE.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE IN No. 270.



YOU take the three loose matches and raise them in the form of a pyramid, as here represented, and you will have four perfect triangles.







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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 272. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




"THEY WERE WALKING ALONG THE OLD TURNPIKE."—SEE STORY, "ROLF HOUSE," ON PAGE 162.


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## LITTLE RUTH'S GUEST.

BY MARGARET SANGSTER.

A SOBER little maiden in a little cloak of gray,
A silken hood and tippet, and tresses tucked away,
Sweet Ruth, the Judge's daughter, came tripping down the street,
With merry smiles and glances for friends she chanced to meet.

It was a New-Year morning, the bells were chiming clear,
And trooping to the meeting were folk from far and near;
Grave men and lovely women and little children gay
To praise the Lord were wending unto His house that day.

Small Ruth, the Judge's daughter, within the high-backed pew,
Alone and very patient, sat all the service through;
And when, the worship over, the people left the place,
Still in the aisle she lingered, with eager, blushing face,

Until the white-haired pastor stepped forth and took her hand.
"How happens this, my darling? I do not understand
Why only Ruth is present, a little shy church mouse;
I looked to see a bevy of children from your house."

"There is illness in the family; my cousins could not come.
My parents both were sent for; I was to stay at home.
Nurse could not leave the baby. I knew not what to do,
And so I thought I'd go to church. 'Twas right, I think; don't you?"

He looked quite grand and stately, this Puritan divine;
But the Judge's little daughter of tremor gave no sign,
As, skipping lightly onward, she prattled at her will,
Her good companion smiling at her artless freedom still.

"I thought, dear Parson Lathrop, that 'twould be truly fun
To sit alone in church there, myself the only one.
But you preached a long, long sermon, though very, very good,
And now come home and dine with me. How much I wish you would!"

At the Judge's courtly table the pastor's chair was set
On feast-days always as of course; and Ruth, his little pet,
In her mother's absence hostess, would not have been at rest
To have a New-Year dinner without the honored guest.

With the flowers and the silver, the china fine and old,
The board was all in order; but this I have been told,
That at the nuts and raisins the maiden left her seat
And climbed upon the good man's knee her dessert there to eat.

And in the happy gloaming they played at checkers long,
And the pastor had a story, the little one a song,
Till the darkness gathered softly, and at early candle-light
He read a psalm, and knelt in prayer, and kissed her for good-night.

Then Ruth and nurse together packed a basket very full
For a certain little Mabel, too frail to go to school;
And a tired head was pillowed, "Our Father" having said,
And I know the angels guarded the darling's little bed.

## ROLF HOUSE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "NAN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

### THE FARQUHARS.

"THEY'RE just old *lumps;* that's what I call them."

Joan Rolf was the speaker. Nan laughed. "What are *lumps?*" she inquired, with an affectionate and admiring glance at Joan.

"Oh," said Joan, in a very careless way, "lumps are—well, sort of dead-and-alive people; only the Farquhars are alive enough to make themselves very disagreeable whenever they choose. Nan, I don't envy you your visit to New York."

The two girls were silent for a few moments. They were walking along the old turnpike which led from Ramstollora, a village down in the valley, to Beverley. But it was a clear October afternoon, warm and pleasant, and conversation was not apt to languish between two such devoted comrades as the cousins Nan and Joan Rolf.

The compact they had entered into nearly two years before, asking a blessing on it, never had been broken.

Few changes had taken place in the Beverley circle. Lance was still in Paris at school, but writing regular letters, which were received by the "tribe," as he called the Rolfs collectively, with great rejoicings; Laura's invalidism had developed into something far less trying to herself and others; the younger boys were going on as usual; and Phyllis had only changed, so far as Nan could see, for the better. She was certainly as lovely and gentle as ever, and Nan felt herself "growing up" to be more the older cousin's companion. As for Nan herself, walking along the country road by Joan's slim, small figure, the girl looked tall for her years, but the childish lines of her face were the same, the dimpling smile which beautified her expression was unchanged, and what old Miss Rolf called her "sweet little motherly look" remained, so that, in spite of her tall strong young figure and the dignity of her fifteen years, Nan remained to the Rolfs "little Nan" still.

She had decided a year ago that she never could be "remarkable" in any scholarly way, but none the less had she devoted herself to the useful studies Miss Rolf selected, and every one of the circle would have laughed to scorn the idea that Nan was not "clever," for could she not do all sorts of things that every one needed? Who took the best care of David Travers when he had the measles? who comforted Mrs. Heriot when her son died in Australia, knowing just what to say and how to say it? whom did the school-children want to "help" at their treats, if not Nan Rolf? How many people, morning, noon, and night, found out that they were absolutely in need of something that nobody but Nan possibly could do? and the light, quick step, the sweet, gay voice—the ready smile, the "loving"-sounding laughter, to whom could all these have belonged but to their darling Nan! So it sounded, Joan would have said, with a most characteristic grimace, "perfectly *ridiklous* to say Nan wasn't cleverer than all of them."

As for Joan, the last year she had begun to sigh very dismally over herself. She could not resist the temptation of any "fun"; she was readier for frolic than ever, and yet, whether it was Lance's example or some burning inspiration within herself, she had determined to become a great student. Many and terrible were the conflicts which resulted from such a contrary state of things. Sometimes for a week Joan would shut herself up with her books, turning a deaf ear to Alfred's or Dicksie's entreaties, and to their carefully devised baits to lure her from her seclusion. But they had learned to know that such "fits," as they called them, rarely lasted over ten days at a time, after which Joan would appear, rather sobered down, and given to telling them historical or classical romances. A striking evidence of what she had been absorbing was her insisting on their plays or "made-ups," as she called certain ingenious games which were acted-out stories, having a sprinkling of allusions to Greek mythological characters, or, as Dicksie said, the "people in Lance's Latin books." At present the young Rolfs were engaged upon a very elaborate theatrical enterprise, but the news that Nan was going away for a visit had fallen among them that morning like a thunder-bolt.

In a general sort of way Nan had known ever since she came to Beverley that there were family relations named Farquhar, of whom her grandfather had been very fond, but who had for some years visited Rolf House only at rare intervals. Miss Rolf was not given to discussing people or their ways even with her favorite Nan, and when an invitation came from Mrs. Farquhar to the old lady's niece, Nan had been told very little about the unknown relations further than that they lived in New York and

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were a large family. Joan's brief description of them as "lumps" was certainly not encouraging, and the pleasure Nan had tried to feel over the prospect of her first visiting experience was considerably dashed.

"Oh, Joan!" she said, after they had walked five minutes in silence, "what shall I do in New York for a whole month? And Aunt Letty particularly said I was to behave as well as ever I *could*, and be very nice to all the cousins there. *Do* tell me something about them."

Joan sniffed, as she did when a subject was particularly distasteful to her, and then catching sight of Nan's woebegone face, she burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"Oh, Nan!" she exclaimed, "I can just imagine you trying to be very nice to Betty and Bob Farquhar. Just wait until you see them. Really I *couldn't* describe them. They spent a few days with us once, and I thought we would die of them. Cousin Letty hasn't a ghost of an idea what they are like. I wouldn't tell her for worlds."

"Why not?" said Nan, in her direct way.

"Oh," said Joan, "it would be mean. But I presume she will question you on your return, and you can tell her all you like. You'll have enough to say: just wait and see."

Nan had to laugh, in spite of her misgivings, Joan was so much amused over the idea of her being "very nice" to the terrible Farquhars; and as the girls had reached the main street of Beverley by this time, other objects and questions interested them. Joan had promised to call at the library for a book for Laura, and Nan had some errands for Miss Rolf, so that it was nearly sunset when they left Main Street, and, crossing the bridge, separated, Joan to go to College Street, and Nan to Rolf House, where Phyllis and Joan would later spend the evening.

Nan never came home to the great brick house standing among its beautiful trees and gardens without a delightful sense of the welcome waiting for her, and the coziness and comfort she was sure to find. Miss Rolf was in the parlor window as her little niece came up the path, and the two exchanged a nod and a smile even before Nan was in the room and had her arms around the old lady's neck.

At tea, while the demure Roberts waited on them, Nan looked at her aunt, wondering whether she should broach the subject of the Farquhars. What would Miss Rolf have said had she heard Joan's definition of them? "Lumps!" Nan could not help a little giggle.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Miss Rolf, in her quiet tones.

"I was thinking of the Farquhars, Aunt Letty," said Nan. "I hope I will get along nicely with them; but—you know I don't like strangers."

"You need not be afraid, my dear," Miss Letty said, smiling. "The Farquhars will make you very welcome, and the young people, their mother writes, are very anxious to know you. Mrs. Farquhar was always a favorite of mine. She was here for a whole winter when she was just your age."

Miss Rolf seemed pleased by the recollection, and Nan hastened to ask:

"What was she like, Aunt Letty?"

"I will show you her picture," the old lady answered, as they rose from the table. "It was taken that very winter—twenty years ago."

Nan followed her aunt to the room upstairs which was called Miss Rolf's study, and which was one of Nan's favorite places to sit and read or sew or *think* in. The furniture was light in color and old-fashioned in design, satin-wood and chintz gave the room a bright cheery look, and even the large cumbersome secretary between the windows, and the three or four family portraits, did not interfere with this impression. Nan liked to hear Mrs. Heriot tell her how it had been fitted up for Miss Rolf on her return from school fifty years before, and the little corner cupboards held many souvenirs of that time, some of which on special occasions Nan and Joan had been allowed to see. The large fire-place with its tall old-fashioned wooden mantel was filled with boughs and blossoming vines in summer, for Miss Rolf and Nan liked during the warm weather to sit in the study every evening—the windows seemed made to admit the coolest breezes. Nan kept every vase and jar full of roses and Miss Rolf's favorite heliotrope, and since the little girl's return various evidences of her special occupancy were seen in the room. There was her own book-shelf, a work-table which she had rescued from oblivion in the garret, and Miss Rolf had ordered for Nan's fifteenth birthday a picture of her mother, painted on porcelain, which occupied a place of honor on one of the panels of the room, just where the sunset came and faded last on every summer evening.

Nan looked on with interest while Miss Rolf went to the little octagon-shaped cupboard at one side of the chimney-piece, and took down from it a box of old-fashioned ambrotypes and photographs. From these she selected one and handed it to Nan.

Joan's unflattering description certainly could not have applied to Mrs. Farquhar, thought Nan, as she looked at the fair, smiling young girl in the picture. How placid and sweet-tempered she seemed! "If that is the mother," thought Nan, "I don't see how Betty and Bob can be so *very* terrible."

"Aunt Letty," she said, looking up from the ambrotype in her hands, "tell me something about them?"

Miss Rolf sat down, and for a few moments was lost in thought.

"There is not very much to tell, my dear," she said, finally. "Mrs. Farquhar was Mary Rolf when she had that picture taken, my father's youngest niece, and she was undoubtedly his favorite—after your father, that is. When your father disappointed him in certain ways, he thought more of Mary than ever. She was here a great deal, and always was good-tempered and docile and easy in her ways. My father sent her to school, and she was always a favorite with her teachers. Then she married Mr. Farquhar, and they lived in Paris the first six or seven years, and since then have been most of the time in New York."

Nan was silent for a moment, and then she said, a little timidly, "Aunt Letty, why do you want me so much to go and visit them?"

Miss Rolf looked slightly annoyed.

"My dear little girl," she answered, gravely, "I want you to know more about your relations, about the people you are to be among when—I am not with you."

Nan uttered a quick exclamation, and came over to Miss Rolf's side. The old lady smiled softly and tenderly upon her little niece, and continued:

"I am not a great strong girl like yourself, my love, and some day—perhaps very soon—I will have to leave you, and before I go I want you to meet and be among the people who I am very sure will seek you, even if you do not them, when I am gone; and I know," added Miss Rolf—"I know I can trust my little Nan for a week or two even among strangers in New York."

Nan, for promise, laid her cheek lovingly against the beautiful old hand which was clasping hers, and when Miss Rolf said a cheery, "Well, dear," and she lifted her eyes, shining with tears, to the dearly loved face, a pang shot through her heart at the bare thought of a day when, looking up or listening, she could not see it nor hear that sweet, mild, gentle voice ever again.

It was well, perhaps, that Joan's step was heard, running ahead of Phyllis, and that the two cousins appeared in the doorway. Nan dashed away her little gust of tears and sprang up to welcome them.

Phyllis speedily had the box of ambrotypes in her lap, and was chatting over them with Miss Rolf, while Nan and

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"SHE SELECTED ONE AND HANDED IT TO NAN."

Joan occupied themselves in the former's room for an hour discussing the projected visit and planning the morrow's work. Joan was to stay all night at Rolf House in order to go out with Nan early the next day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TOM FAIRWEATHER VISITS THE REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U.S.N.

FROM St. Paul de Loanda the *Neptune* proceeded up the coast. A stay of two days only was made at Banana Creek, near the mouth of the famous river Congo, where are factories or stations for trading with the people of the interior.

Here the African fever lurks in its worst form, for which reason it is a place for white men to avoid. But even in those two days Tom had an opportunity of seeing those remarkable floating islands that sail out to sea. They are huge masses of earth that are at times washed from the banks by the swift current of the Congo River, and as they often have bushes and trees standing on them, a novel sight is presented as they sail down and out upon their ocean voyage.

A little farther along the coast Captain Fairweather communicated with the villages of Mayamba and Kabenda. It was at the latter place Stanley emerged from his trip across the Dark Continent, and Tom was given a photograph of the great explorer as he appeared at the end of that wonderful journey.

On again to the northward, with a look into the Gaboon River, and a day at Fernando Po, in the Bight of Benin. On this little island the native people are so small as to appear almost dwarf-like. It is a wretched place, full of fever and sickness, with a climate almost fatal to Europeans. A white trader came on board the *Neptune*—at least he was white once, but his thin yellow features told the story of the life he was leading. And yet he said in the most cheerful way that he was going to run over to the Gaboon River shortly for a change of air—from one bed of fever to another!

From this island across to Cape Palmas, and the *Neptune* was on the coast of Liberia, where she remained several months, cruising about from point to point. During this time Tom had more than enough of West Africa. Yet, always asking questions, he learned a great deal about the country and the coast tribes in that vicinity. His friend Jollytarre told him that as long ago as 1816 it was thought that the condition of the free blacks in the United States would be improved by establishing them as a colony on the coast of Africa, and that in 1820 a company of such emigrants landed at the island of Sherbro, between Sierra Leone and the present Liberia.

"But," said Mr. Jollytarre, "nearly all of these pioneers died. A few withstood the climate, and later on, when they were joined by others from the United States, a tract of land was purchased from the Dey tribe. In 1822 the colonists removed to Perseverance Island, in the Mesurado River.

"They cleared away part of the mainland they had purchased, and then hoisted the American flag on Cape Mesurado, where is now the town of Monrovia, Liberia's capital. The thick forest gave them a great deal of trouble, and frequent fights with the natives made their position a very trying one, but they persevered, and gained ground steadily.

"Other settlements were made at different points of the coast as new emigrants arrived, and mission stations were established in many places with a view of converting the native tribes to Christianity. In 1848 all the different colonies were united under the name of the Republic of Liberia. A President was elected, a Declaration of Inde-

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pendence was adopted, and from that day Liberia took her place among the nations of the world."

"How have they succeeded?" asked Tom.

"Oh, fairly well. They had a revolution in 1871, and the opposition chased the President into the water, and then shot him as he was trying to escape, but now they are doing rather better. You will see for yourself when we reach Monrovia. You can go on shore and talk with the people, and any number of them will visit your father on board ship."

A few days afterward the *Neptune* dropped anchor at Monrovia. Visits were exchanged between officials on ship and on land, and then trips on shore were permitted, with the restriction that every one was to be on board at sundown. This condition was imposed on account of the increased danger of catching the fever after night-fall.

Tom found the town a straggling place, but one of especial interest. He was glad to talk with any of the people who could give him information. To one of them he said one day: "Why, your government is just like ours at home. You have a President and cabinet, a Senate and House of Representatives. How many Senators and Representatives have you?"

"We have eight Senators and thirteen Representatives."

"That isn't very many," said Tom. "And are there Republicans and Democrats? or don't you have any parties here?"

"Oh yes, we generally have two parties opposed to each other, but we don't call them Republicans and Democrats. Usually an election depends upon the personal friendship the people have for a candidate. Sometimes there is a struggle between the mulattoes and the pure blacks, but that occurs very seldom. We elect our President every four years, just as you do, and we have very little trouble."

"Well, I am sorry your Congress is not in session. I would like to see it making laws."

One day Tom went with his father to visit the Vice-President. This man was very keen and observing, and had formerly been President of Liberia. He said they had no little trouble with the young men,

"They don't like to work, Captain, as their fathers do, but wish to be made officers and government clerks. These boys could all make fortunes if they would turn their attention to agriculture. You know what this country is able to produce. Take coffee, for example: you see it growing here even in the streets, and it is the best coffee in the world, for it brings the highest price. Then there are pepper, sugar, indigo, cotton, rice, and many other things, to say nothing of the profits from trading with the natives for ivory, palm oil, and rubber. Now look at those two young men walking along the streets. They are government clerks; they get very little pay, and that, too, in our paper money, which isn't worth much now. Those fellows are getting so aristocratic that they say to a native, 'Here, you nigger, come here.' They forget that their ancestors were natives of this country as well."

The old man took a very gloomy view of his country's future. Not all the Liberians felt as this one did, however, for Tom heard a very rosy coloring given to the nation's prospect on another occasion.

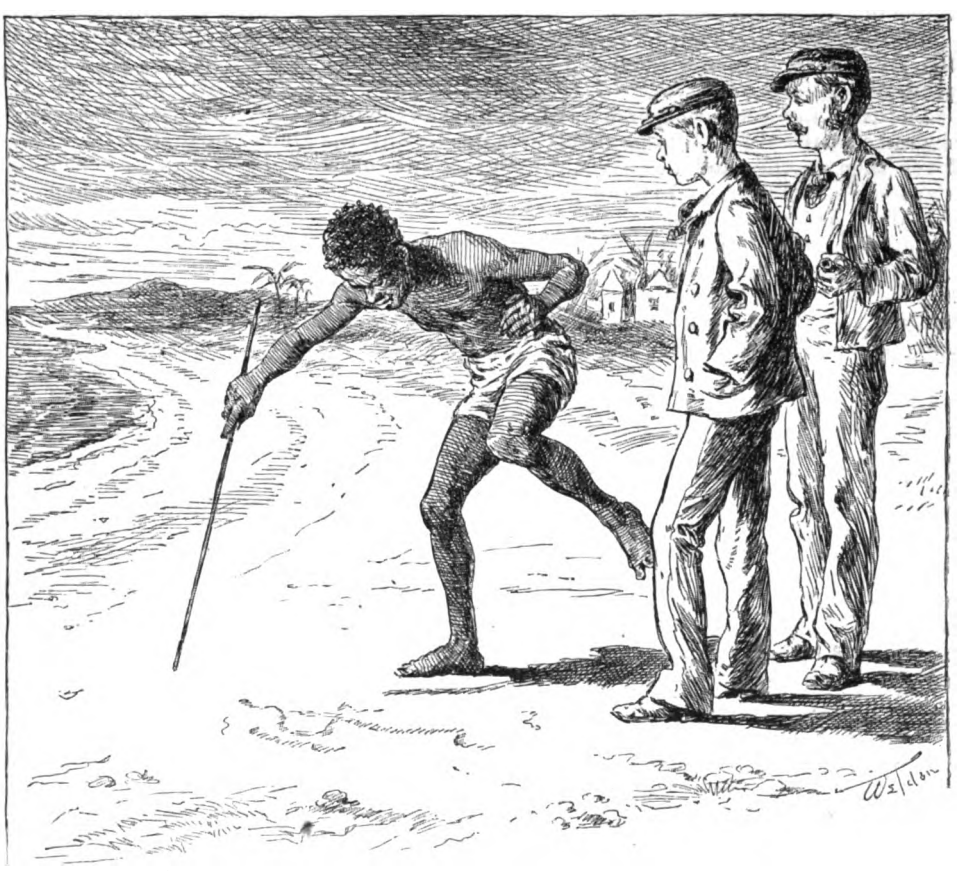
The officers had been asked to a ceremonious dinner on shore, and it was necessary to accept. Tom left the ship that day in a clean and spotless suit of white duck, which was anything but white when he reached the President's house. This is what happened.

Monrovia, like all places on the west coast of Africa near the mouth of a river, has a dangerous bar, and it is necessary to be careful in crossing it in a boat. They had gone back and forth safely many times, but on this occasion they were busily talking of the coming dinner, and wondering what it would be like.

Suddenly one of the men cried out, "Look out, sir! here comes a roller!" and before the boat could be headed to it the wave struck her broadside on, filling her with water, and drenching every one. It was a mere chance that the boat was not upset. If she had been, many of those in her would have been drowned or snapped up by sharks, and Tom might have ended his cruising then and there.

It was too late to return to the ship, so they landed in a very draggled state, and sat for half an hour on a veranda in the sun. Their clothes dried, to be sure, but were hardly as fresh and natty as when they started forth.

The dinner was very good, and the spread-eagle speeches still better. I can't say that Tom quite liked the patronizing way in which the Liberians patted his head, but a look from his father warned him that he must suffer in silence. It was noticeable, however, that after that day he preferred to wander about the native villages, and that he seemed to avoid Liberian "society."



"'TOM,' CRIED HIS FRIENDS, 'YOU ARE A LOST BOY.'"

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Going down to the boat one evening, a native rather roughly asked for a sixpence, and when Tom refused it the fellow began to caper about him in a circle, and draw curious figures in the sand.

"Tom," cried his friends, "you are a lost boy."

"What do you mean?" asked Tom.

"Why, that fellow has 'fetiched' you because you wouldn't give him sixpence."

"All right; I'll take the chances," Tom retorted. "If he had been more civil I would have given it when he first asked, but now I'll keep the sixpence."

Curiously enough, the very next day Tom was out on a bolsa with some of the Kroomen who were employed to man the boat. These men had adopted very curious names. Among them were Black Will, Prince of Wales, Tom Dollar, Two Pound Ten, Pea Soup, and others equally odd.

The bolsa was made of rubber cylinders, which, when inflated, make a very good life-boat.

Tom had gone merely for the fun of the thing, taking Black Will and Prince of Wales with them. They allowed the bolsa to drift into the surf, and Tom was rather enjoying it, for it did not seem possible to capsize such a craft. Finally an unusually heavy roller came along, and over they went.

The Kroomen, who swim like fishes, came up all right, but Tom was nowhere to be seen. Black Will and Prince of Wales dived under the bolsa, and there was Master Tom caught in a tangled rope. They brought him up more dead than alive, just as a boat from the ship started with Captain Fairweather, who had seen the accident from his cabin window. Tom was taken on board and put into his bunk. He had barely escaped with his life. When he appeared again in the ward-room they said to him: "Tom, that 'fetich' was almost too much for you. If you had been drowned, that fellow would have said you were punished for not giving him sixpence. Perhaps you had better not refuse him again."

Tom tried to laugh, but with little success, for it made him shudder to remember his feelings when he was struggling under the bolsa.

The *Neptune* went back and forth along the coast for several months. Finally one man came down with the fever, then another and another, until the sick-list grew alarmingly. Officers and men began to feel the effect of the West African climate.

Captain Fairweather had orders to go from Liberia to St. Helena for instructions as to his future movements, and he now hastened his departure. Tom and every one on board were glad to hear that in three days they would turn their backs upon West Africa.

## A BRAVE BOY.

BY ADA CARLETON STODDARD.

"THE hill's just right for it now."

"Smooth as glass from top to bottom."

"So 'tis. Say, Vet, the Reindeer is sure to win."

"Don't be *too* sure," laughed Vet, pulling his cap down over his right ear. "I won't warrant her to win. She's a good sled, though," he added, with an honest pride in his new possession, all glittering with gold and scarlet paint and bright steel runners.

"So's the Clipper, too."

"She'll earn her name when she beats the Reindeer," said Barney West, looking at the two sleds with the air of a judge. "I'll tell you as much."

Chip Morrow, the owner of the Clipper, laughed good-naturedly.

"Couldn't you tell us a little more, Barney?" he asked. "Tell us which 'll beat, and we won't need to try them."

"Oh yes, we will, for the fun of it. Barney don't know anything about the sleds, Chip. I'll tell you what—I don't think there's much difference between 'em."

"I don't either, come to think. They were both bought at the same place."

"Same man made them, probably, too. They look almost alike, only the paint's different."

"The runners are, too, a little."

"No, they're not!"

"Yes, they are!"

For the twentieth time those sleds were subjected to a most minute examination that morning. The runners were decided to be in the slightest degree unlike.

"Not enough, though, so you'd notice it without looking close," said Vet. "Anyhow, boys, we'll see what's what to-night after school."

"That's so," laughed Zed Pooler. "Mason's Hill will try their mettle. It's as much as half a mile, ain't it, clear down? More, if you go round the turn—a heap more."

"And of course we will," said Chip. "We won't much more than get started before we come to it."

Vet Fairleigh hesitated, and a tinge of red crept into his dark cheeks. He loosened his cap and pulled it on again.

"I don't believe—I can—go round the turn," he said. "I'll go to it."

Poor Vet! A perfect shower of questions was instantly rained upon him.

"Oh, see here now!"

"Don't you show the white feather, Vet!"

"'Rah for the Clipper!"

"Oh, now, Vet!"

"Why didn't you say so before we got the fun all spoken for?"

"Because," said Vet, standing red and wrathful now, with clinched hands and flashing eyes—"because I didn't think of it."

"Oh, you didn't," laughed Prince Jerome, sneeringly. "Boys, I believe there is a great deal of difference between those sleds, after all. I fancy that on a long run the Clipper's a good deal the best."

"'Rah! 'rah for the Clipper!"

"I'll tell you why I can't slide round that turn," Vet burst forth, presently, his voice high-pitched and trembling in spite of his efforts to steady it: "I promised mother before she went to Florida with Aunt Dunn that I wouldn't while she was gone. She said she couldn't take a mite of comfort if I didn't promise. She thinks it's dangerous since old Uncle Billy McCartney came so near being run into last winter."

Tears were close behind the boy's dark eyes now, and in his voice as well. There was a possibility that he might never see his mother again—a dreadful possibility, which darkened his pleasures. A little murmur of sympathy ran around the group. Prince Jerome shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, there's no danger now," said he: "that's all nonsense. Almost all the travel goes round the hill. Nobody'd come up anyway when they knew we're coasting."

"Unless they were strangers that didn't know," suggested Vet.

Prince answered with a smile and shrug that said more than words, and annoyed Vet to the last degree. He bit his lips; he had promised his mother he would not quarrel at school—or elsewhere, he remembered.

"If mother were here," he said so gently that it surprised himself, "I think she would let me slide—this once, anyway; but—"

"But she isn't here," said Prince, with a smile, whose quiet scorn was only too apparent. "Of course we understand that. Never mind, Chip, I'll race you with my old sled before I'll see the fun go by. His mother isn't here, you know."

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"No, she isn't," flashed Vet, angrily. "If she were, I'd —I—"

"Oh, come, Vet," said Barney West, with the utmost good-nature, yet unconsciously enough adding the last straw to the burden of grief and anger that was weighing upon Vet's heart; "of course you know we know you could slide if you'd a mind to. Your mother wouldn't care—she wouldn't know it anyway. But if you're scared, say so, and back out like a man, and we'll think the more of you. Mason's Hill isn't any joke, we all know. Or if you're afraid of your sled getting whipped, say that too, and it's all right. But don't—"

It was rather a long speech for Barney to make, who was usually chary of his words; but it echoed the sentiments of the little crowd around, and was well applauded. Barney stopped suddenly, however, and fell back as Vet sprang forward with clinched hands and a pale face, which instantly flamed scarlet again.

Poor Vet! he was so high-tempered. His mother had known this when she said, standing with her blue-veined hand on his shoulder, and her kind eyes looking into his, "I wish you would promise me, Vet dear, not to get into any angry disputes while I'm gone. Because I couldn't bear to think of my boy having trouble, and mother not here to share it."

Vet had promised he would try, and so now his clinched hand fell at his side, and the angry pallor departed from his face.

"I won't fight," he said.

"No," said Prince Jerome, raising a shout of laughter by the prudish pucker on his lips; "I promised my mother I wouldn't."

Vet set his teeth and drew a long hard breath. In that moment he felt glad his mother could not know how hard a task she had given him. Then he turned and walked rapidly away toward the school-house. He went straight to his own desk, and studied his algebra lesson hard enough through the rest of the noon recess to give him a dreadful headache.

The boys looked after him.

"Bosh!" exclaimed Jerome; "he's a regular milk-sop."

"But we needn't go round the turn, Prince," Chip Morrow said. "We can stop there, you know, on a pinch."

"Yes, but we don't want to," said Prince. "I wish—See here, Barney, don't you s'pose you could get the Reindeer for me?"

Barney thought he could—good-natured Barney, who was scarcely ever unfriendly with any one—and he did. When Vet's headache gained him permission to go home, he left his sled in Barney's care.

"Won't you come over and see the fun?" asked Barney.

"No. I won't," Vet answered, sharply. And then he added in a gentler voice: "You're welcome to the sled, Barney, but I sha'n't care to come. My head aches."

So it did. But when he reached home, kind Aunt Sophia, his father's sister, wisely felt that she must blame something besides his headache for Vet's flushed cheeks and heavy eyes.

"I wish, dear," said she, after a while, "you'd run across to poor old Mrs. Coolbroth's with a little basket of one thing and another I've put up. She has the rheumatism so in cold weather that she can't do much for herself. 'Tisn't far if you go across lots. Will you, Vet?"

"Yes, ma'am," Vet said, glancing at the clock. It wanted a quarter of four, and school would soon be out. He obeyed his aunt all the more quickly doubtless—although he would hardly have confessed this to himself—because he knew that old Mrs. Coolbroth's cottage was close by the road on Mason's Hill.

The old lady received him with a cordiality which told how great a favorite he was with her, and showed him into her tiny living-room, with its open fire and shining andirons and puffy bed, to sit down and wait while she emptied his basket. But restless Vet did not care to sit down. He walked to the window and looked out and down the long smooth descent which glistened under the rays of the sun, low in the west now.

As he stood there the old clock in the academy belfry struck four. Vet brought his palms together sharply.

"School's out," he said, aloud, with a quiver of excitement in his voice. "They'll cut across and be on the hill inside of five minutes now. Oh, I wish—"

He turned, and thrusting his hands deep in his pockets, paced forward and back across the little room a dozen times, maybe, before he stopped at the window again. There was no sign of the boys yet, but—

Vet's face turned very white, and his heart almost stopped beating. For just at that moment a loaded team, instead of taking the road around the hill, kept straight along in the one that led over it—a heavy sled drawn by three horses and loaded with lumber.

"It's that old Mr. Potter that bought the Lyons farm," groaned Vet, dashing out-of-doors, "and he's deaf as the deafest kind of a post. I *can't* make him hear."

And old Mr. Potter was muffled to his eyes in his long home-made scarf besides, and could see nothing at all, unless it were his horses creeping on so slowly. Vet swung his cap, and danced, and shouted lustily for one brief moment, in the vain hope of attracting his attention.

A sound of cheering arose on the hill above. Vet's heart was in his throat. He looked up the shining slope until the sharp turn cut off his view. Well he knew that before he could reach it those swift sleds would have flown over the level above it and passed him. He groaned aloud. For an instant the awful fear of what might be held him like one turned to stone.

"Oh, what can I do?" he shrieked. "What *can* I do?" And then he wheeled and darted back into the cottage.

It was all in a moment, but it seemed ages to Vet. Down the hill came the two sleds in arrowy flight, followed by a little excited crowd of partisans on foot, cheering one and the other—their riders lying flat, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, but the singing of the steel runners over the hard frozen track. The Reindeer was a very little ahead, perhaps because it carried a trifle more in weight, and the Reindeer's friends were cheering most wildly. Whizz-z-z down the upper hill between the rows of evergreens that lined it; whir-r-r across the level space between it and the turn; whizz-z-z around the sharp bend and down the hill, growing steeper now, down—

Neither of the boys, Chip and Prince, could ever realize just how it was. The first thing either of them knew Chip was lying on his back in some soft mass, with his sled turned over him, and Prince was standing almost on his head in a huge snow-drift. They were both unhurt, though greatly bewildered for an instant. Then Prince scrambled out of the snow, his face scarlet with anger.

"You sneak!" he screamed, striding across to where Vet, almost beside himself with excitement, was trying to put Chip straight again—"you sneak, you."

"Oh no, no!" cried Vet. "I couldn't do anything else, Prince. I couldn't, you know. Look!"

Prince looked, and Chip. Not thirty yards below now, where the road was narrowest and the bank highest, was the team, whose master seemed to have just begun to realize that something was not right, and so had stopped his horses. Prince's fist dropped, the red in his face began to fade.

"Vet," he said, half choking and struggling with a desire to cry—"Vet, oh, Vet, I—I wish you'd kick me."

"Oh no, you don't," cried Vet, wavering himself between tears and laughter. "It would hurt you, and I wouldn't want to do it, either. But you have about spoiled Aunt Betsey's best feather-bed, boys. It was all I could

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A YOUNG FAMILY.—Drawn by Jessie Shepherd.

think of to do, though. We'll have to buy her another one. Didn't the feathers fly!"

They were flying yet, for that matter, whirling about over the snow like live things. Old Mr. Potter lumbered up at that instant to hear what the trouble was. "Well, well!" said he, "who'd 'a thought it! who'd 'a thought it! Now that was pretty well done. I rather think I'll settle them damages myself; it saved me a good deal more'n the vally of a feather-bed. I wouldn't run such a resk again for a hundred dollars. Yes, yes; I'll settle 'em."

And so he did, then and there, though poor Aunt Betsey Coolbroth, standing frightened nearly out of her senses in the cottage door, stoutly refused to accept any compensation, declaring over and over that "'twas nothing at all, the bed wasn't, long's the boys were safe."

And Vet was a hero—so the boys insisted with prolonged cheers.

I am not in the least inclined to dispute them. But it seems to me that it was before this that Vet Fairleigh proved himself "a brave boy."

## THE NEW ORLEANS CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

IF Dickens's Mr. Scrooge had been in New Orleans a fortnight ago, and seen the spectacle of a great commercial exhibition made for the time a children's Christmas festival, with a live Santa Claus and a real Christmas tree, he would no doubt have been very much surprised. Indeed, a great many people, more warm-hearted and sentimental than Mr. Scrooge, have been surprised, and have read the reports of the entertainment — as Scrooge, perhaps, would not have read them—with wonder and delight. Business men, as a rule, if they do not think as Scrooge did, that Christmas is a "humbug," are so occupied that they can not give it much attention; and one would hardly dream that the managers of the great Exposition, busy as they must be with the machinery and the exhibits, could turn aside from these important interests to provide a day's pleasure and entertainment for the New Orleans children. And yet this is just what they did on Christmas.

During the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, as every one who is old enough remembers, each State had its own particular day. There was a New York day and an Ohio day and a Pennsylvania day, when people from each of these States flocked to the great show and made it for the occasion their own. The New Orleans managers have done better than that by providing a "Children's Day," and forever linking the Exposition in the little folks' minds with the most delightful recollections.

Really, however, the idea seems to have come, in the first place, from a New Orleans lady, Mrs. Sue E. Burke, and it is due to her generosity that the managers were able to carry it out. Without knowing all the facts, we suspect, however, that a Northerner and a Yankee had something to do with getting the tree, for Christmas trees are not native to Louisiana, and this one, in fact, came from Connecticut. What made it a particularly beautiful tree was not so much its symmetry and height, though it was a perfectly shaped hemlock forty-five feet high, as that it came from the home of the graceful and kindly hearted writer who calls himself Ik Marvel.

One can imagine with what delight he had watched it grow, what "reveries" he had woven around its shapely branches, and with what warmer pleasure he allowed it to be cut down, and sent eight hundred miles away for the enjoyment of children he had never seen.

It was the State of Connecticut, too, which furnished the Santa Claus. The Honorable T. R. Pickering, who took the part of the benevolent old saint, is Commissioner

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THE CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.—Drawn by John Durkin.

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to the Exposition from that State, and represented not only the kindly feeling of the Exposition toward the children, but of his native New England toward the South. His dress had a deep historic interest. The Siberian seal and reindeer-skin garment with Siberian sable boa, hood, gauntlets, and boots to match, which completely enveloped his form, belonged to Lieutenant Buckingham, U.S.N., and was a relic both of the *Jeannette* and Greely expeditions. It had been bought in Russia by an officer of the De Long search party, and afterward loaned to Lieutenant Emory of the Greely expedition, and had done good service in each campaign. Arrayed in this the Commissioner made a most realistic Santa Claus; and when he came out on the elevated platform of the Music Hall, heralded by the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums, no doubt many of the children looked for the reindeer team to follow.

One can gain from our picture some idea of the beautiful sight. Among the rafters down the entire length of the long building hung a dazzling line of Edison electric lights. "If the roof had been rolled back," says one who was there, "and the mid-day sun admitted, it could not have been brighter or more magnificent in its effects." Up into the roof towered the lofty tree, as high as any house. Every twig flashed with electric lights, and was laden with a rich and varied store of gifts.

What lovely gifts they were! Nothing that a child could want was missing—dolls, chairs, wardrobes, watches, clocks, tables, jumping-jacks, woolly dogs, sheep, birds, cages, sugar-plums, fiddles, drums, work-boxes, trinkets—everything to delight the thousands of happy children that waited expectantly around the tree, and to make the Exposition always in their hearts a charming dream. There was so much, indeed, that it could not all be given out at one time, so a second and a third distribution were held on the days following Christmas before the supply was exhausted and every child was supplied.

Was it not a beautiful thing to do? Whatever good the New Orleans Exposition accomplishes—whether it helps business, or encourages manufactures, or binds the North and South more closely together—it can do nothing more useful or admirable than this. Every boy and girl has heard it said that the Americans are a material, pushing, money-getting people, and that where trade is in question they do not stop to indulge in sentiment or romance.

But here is a case where one of the greatest business enterprises which the world has ever seen stopped short, as it were, in its work, and became a children's pleasure-ground. I said at the beginning it was surprising. But yet, why was it not above all things suitable and appropriate? This Christmas celebration in the great hall at New Orleans not only made the children happy; it both recognized and celebrated the coming of Him whose perfect example and teaching opened the way for the civilization under which so many of the wonders of this great Exposition have developed. Amid the labors and the griefs of His mission on earth, He always found time for the little ones, His favored friends, the type of those who shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. And so, was it not most right and fitting that one day of the great show should be given up to the children and to Christmas thoughts?

## CAUGHT IN THE RAIN.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

WE were living in the country last summer. One bright sunshiny day quite a party of us went out for a picnic in the woods. We enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, and were just about finishing our lunch when we espied a round black cloud like a darky's head peeping over the western horizon. Gradually it mounted and mounted, until the big round shoulders appeared; then came more woolly heads, then more round shoulders, until a whole family of Sambos were piled together higgledy-piggledy high above the distant hills.

"We are going to have a storm," cried somebody.

"No doubt about it," responded somebody else.

Everybody flew to work. A New York fire-engine could scarcely have been gotten out more quickly than we filled those baskets and were under way. Now a big drop of rain, now another and another. We were running as hard as we could over the dried grass, and dragging the jingling baskets with us, toward a farm-house not far off. We reached the place of shelter in time to escape any serious wetting, but scarcely had we accepted the kindly invitation to "come right in" before down came the storm, thunder and lightning included.

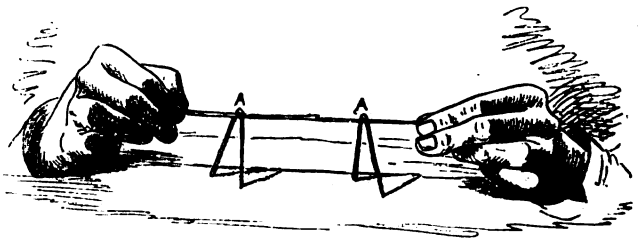
Well, here we were, with the prospect of an hour's detention at least; and although we were a large party, to which had been added one or two young folks belonging to the house, still an hour's confinement in a strange abode, under any circumstances, is always irksome. But Bashan Boracks came to our rescue.

"Did you notice," he said, "how the leaves of the trees rustled before the storm, when there was not a particle of wind blowing? Well, do you know what made them do that?"

"Fright," said some one.

"No, it wasn't," answered young Boracks. "It was electricity. That's my theory, and all out of my own head. It was electricity passing out of the earth into the clouds by way of the trees. Now just look here: I will give you an illustration of electrical or magnetic attraction."

Saying this, Bashan reached over to a broom hanging on the wall, and broke from it two splints. From one of these he cut two small pieces about an inch and a half long, which he doubled into the form of the letter V. These he suspended at each end of the longer broom splint, as represented by A A in the accompanying sketch.



Then he took hold of the extreme tips of the long broom splint between the finger and thumb of either hand, and held it in such a position that each leg of the V's would just touch the top of the table in front of him. After holding them so for a few seconds they began to approach each other slowly, until they finally met in the middle. This, he said, was caused by magnetic attraction, and it certainly looked very much like it. He then gently withdrew the long splint, and left the two V's standing together like this:



"Now I'll show you another," cried Boracks. "Will some one be kind enough to lend me a watch and chain?"

One was soon forth-coming. Boracks took the watch, sat down on a chair, and holding the chain between his finger and thumb, suspended the watch like a pendulum, resting his arms on his knees. Presently the watch began to sway backward and forward with a regular motion, and continued to do so until he handed it to another of the party, who tried the same experiment with a like result.

"That is all caused by the electrical current passing

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from one part of the human body to the other," explained B. B. "If you don't believe it, just hold the watch in that position, and if you can keep it still for five minutes I will give you a red apple with a nickel-plated stem to it."

This amused us for a little while, and then B. B. had another proposition:

"Let each one in the room get a small slip of paper, and write on it any short sentence he or she pleases; then roll it up as tight as you choose, and throw them all together in the middle of the table. I will pick them out, one by one, and tell you what is written on each without opening it. Yes; I will go out of the room while you are writing and rolling up your papers."

Boracks left the room, Charley Flinders escorting him to the furthermost part of the entry, so that he could not possibly hear anything that was going on in the room. Then Flinders returned, and they each wrote something on a scrap of thin brown paper, and rolled it up tight in the form of a bullet. These were then all collected and put into a hat. At a given signal Bashan entered the room. The hat was placed on the table before him. He put his hand into the hat, and taking one of the pellets daintily between his finger and thumb, held it up before the audience. Then he placed it against his forehead, rolled up his eyes, and thought for a few seconds.

"This," he said, "contains the words 'Thunder, lightning, rain.' Is that correct?"—looking round at those present.

"Yes," cried Flinders; "that's mine."

Boracks unfolded the paper and read the words "Thunder, lightning, rain." Then he dipped his hand into the hat again and took out a second pellet, which he held to his head as before.

"On this is written," he said, "the words 'Yankee Doodle came to town.'"

"That's so," gasped a bashful young man in the corner.

The next sentence he read was, "Different folks have different opinions"; the next, "Gingerbread and pickles"; the next, "The rose is the queen of the garden." The next twelve I will not record. Suffice it to say that he read every one of them correctly, to the unbounded astonishment of all present, including the farmer, who hurriedly left the room, feeling in his pocket to ascertain whether his watch was safe.

The rain by this time had ceased, the clouds had cleared away, and the sun shone bright in the western sky; so we thanked the farmer, picked up our baskets, and started for home, not a little surprised to find that we had actually spent an hour and three-quarters in confinement under the farmer's roof.

On the way home B. B. told us how his trick of mind-reading was played. It is very simple, like most tricks, when you know how.

In the first place you must have a confederate. Boracks had a confederate in Charley Flinders, who promised to say that the words "Thunder, lightning, rain" were his when Boracks pretended to read them from the first pellet held to his forehead. The real words, however, on that pellet were, "Yankee Doodle came to town." This Boracks read when he opened it, and pretended to read, "Thunder, lightning, rain." When he took up the second pellet, which really contained the words "Different folks have different opinions," he repeated the words from the previous pellet, "Yankee Doodle came to town." So when he took up the pellet which contained the words "Gingerbread and pickles," he pretended to read from it "Different folks have different opinions," and so on, till he came to the last, when he had a blank pellet concealed in the hat, from which he pretended to read the inscription he had just seen on the previous pellet. The confederate, you must bear in mind, puts no pellet in the hat, but he can slip his into the hand of the performer before or during the exhibition.

## WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—(*Continued.*)

#### THE BURNING OF THE "WILDFIRE."

PLACING the album in his hands, and opening it to the first page, on which was the photograph of Edna May, Ruth said, "Do you think he looks anything like that?"

"Why, yes, of course he does!" exclaimed Mark, startled at the resemblance he saw. "He looks enough like the picture to be Edna's brother."

"Aunt Emily," said Ruth, turning to Mrs. Coburn, who sat near them, "do you know in what Southern city Captain May found Edna?"

"Yes; it was in the one we have just left—Savannah."

"And Frank came from Savannah, and he lost his mother and little sister there, and Edna's own mother was drowned there. Oh, Mark, if it should be!" cried Ruth, much excited.

"Wouldn't it be just too jolly?" said Mark.

Mrs. Coburn became almost as interested as the children when the matter was explained to her; but Captain May was quite provoked when he heard of it. He said it was only a chance resemblance, and there couldn't be anything in it. He had made inquiries in Savannah at the time, and never heard anything of any father or brother either, and at any rate he was not going to lose his Edna now for all the brothers and fathers in the world. He finally said that unless they gave him a solemn promise not to mention a word of all this to Edna he should not let her visit them next winter. So the children promised, and the captain was satisfied; but they talked the matter over between themselves, and became more and more convinced that Frank March and Edna May were brother and sister.

After this the voyage proceeded without incident until the evening of the third day, when they were sitting at supper in the cabin. The skylights and port-holes were all wide open, for, in spite of the fresh breeze that was blowing, the cabin was uncomfortably close and hot. Mark said the further North they went the hotter it seemed to get, and the others agreed with him. Captain May said that if the breeze held, and they were lucky in meeting a pilot, they would be at anchor in New York Harbor before another supper-time, and he hoped the hot spell would be over before they were obliged to go ashore. While he was speaking the mate put his head down the companion-way, and said,

"Captain May, will you be good enough to step on deck a moment, sir?"

As the captain went on deck he noticed that all the crew were gathered about the forecastle, and were talking earnestly.

"What's in the wind now, Mr. Gibbs?" he asked of the mate, who at that moment stepped up to him.

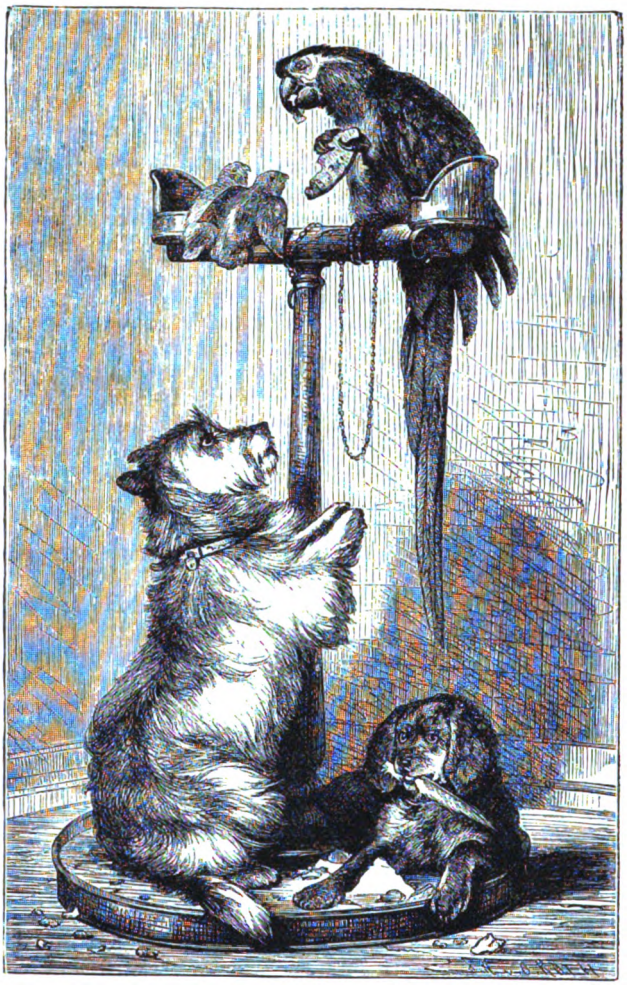
"Why, sir, only this, that I believe the ship's on fire. A few minutes ago the whole watch below came on deck, vowing there was no sleeping in the fok'sle; that it was a reg'lar furnace. I went to see what they was growling at, and 'twas so hot down there it made my head swim. There wasn't any flame nor any smoke, but there was a powerful smell of burning, and I'm afraid there's fire in the cargo."

Without a word Captain May went forward and down into the forecastle, the men respectfully making way for him to pass. In less than a minute he came up bathed in perspiration, and turning to the crew said:

"My men, there's no doubt but that this ship is on fire. It's in among the cotton; but if we can keep it smothered awhile longer, I think, with this breeze, we can make our

* Begun in No. 252, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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"PLEASE GIVE ME A PIECE."

port before it breaks out. I want you to keep cool and steady, and remember there's no danger, for we can make land any time in the boats if we're obliged to. Mr. Gibbs, have the men get their dunnage up out of the forecastle, and then close the hatch and batten it."

Going aft, the captain found his passengers on deck waiting anxiously to learn the cause of the commotion they had already noticed. He told them the worst at once, and advised them to go below and pack up their things ready for instant removal in case it became necessary.

"Oh, William," exclaimed his sister, "can't we take to the boats now while there is time? It seems like tempting Providence to stay on the ship and wait for the fire to break out. What if she should blow up?"

"Now don't be foolish, Emily," answered the Captain. "There's nothing on board that can blow up, and it would be worse than cowardly to leave the ship while there's a chance of saving her. The boats are all ready to be lowered instantly, and at present there is no more danger here than there would be in them."

Not a soul on board the *Wildfire* went to bed or undressed that night, and Mark and Ruth were the only ones who closed their eyes. They staid on deck until midnight; but then, in spite of the excitement, they became too sleepy to hold their eyes open any longer, and Mrs. Coburn persuaded them to take a nap on the cabin sofa.

All night the ship flew like a frightened bird toward her port, under such a press of canvas as Captain May would not have dared carry had not the necessity for speed been so great. As the night wore on, the decks grew hotter and hotter, until the pitch fairly bubbled from the seams, and a strong smell of burning pervaded the whole ship. At daylight the American flag was run half-way up to the mizzen peak, union down, as a signal of distress. By sunrise the Highlands of Neversink, at the entrance to New York Bay, were in sight, and they also saw a pilot-boat bearing rapidly down upon them from the northward.

As soon as he saw this boat Captain May told his passengers that he was going to send them on board of it, as he feared the fire might now break out at any minute, and he was going to ask its captain to run in to Sandy Hook, and send dispatches to the revenue-cutter and to the New York fire-boat *Havemeyer*, begging them to come to his assistance.

Mrs. Coburn and Ruth readily agreed to this plan; but Mark begged so hard to be allowed to stay, and said he should feel so much like a coward to leave the ship before any of the other men, that the captain finally consented to allow him to remain.

The ship's headway was checked as the pilot-boat drew near, in order that her yawl, bringing the pilot, might run alongside.

"Hello, Cap'n Bill," sang out the pilot, who happened to be an old acquaintance of Captain May's, "what's the meaning of all that?" and he pointed to the signal of distress. "Got Yellow Jack aboard, or a mutiny?"

"Neither," answered Captain May, "but I've got a volcano stowed under the hatches, and I'm expecting an eruption every minute."

"You don't tell me?" said the pilot, as he clambered up over the side. "Ship's afire, is she?"

The state of affairs was quickly explained to him, and he readily consented that his swift little schooner should run in to the Hook, and send dispatches for help. He also said they should be only too proud to have the ladies come aboard.

Without further delay Mrs. Coburn and Ruth, with their baggage, were placed in the ship's long-boat, lowered over the side, and in a few minutes were safe on the deck of the pilot-boat, which seemed to Ruth almost as small as Mark's canoe in comparison with the big ship they had just left.

As soon as they were on board, the schooner spread her white wings and stood in for Sandy Hook, while the ship was headed toward the Swash Channel.

As she passed the Romer Beacon Captain May saw the pilot-boat coming out from behind the Hook, and knew the dispatches had been sent. When his ship was off the Hospital Islands he saw the revenue-cutter steaming down through the Narrows toward them, trailing a black cloud behind her, and evidently making all possible speed.

By this time little eddies of smoke were curling up from around the closely battened hatches, and Captain May saw that the ship could not live to reach the upper bay, and feared she would be a mass of flames before the fire-boat could come to her relief. In this emergency he told the pilot that he thought they had better leave the channel, and run over on the flats toward Bath, so as to be prepared to scuttle her.

"Ay, ay, sir; I can put her just wherever you want her. Only give the word," answered the pilot.

"I do give it," said Captain May, as a cloud of smoke puffed out from the edge of one of the hatches. "Put her there, for she'll be ablaze before many minutes."

As the ship's head was turned toward the flats the revenue-cutter ran alongside. Her captain, followed by a dozen blue-jackets, boarded the ship, and the former, taking in her desperate situation at a glance, said to Captain May, "You must scuttle her at once, sir; it's your only chance to save her."

"Very well, sir," answered Captain May. "I think

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so myself, but am glad to have your authority for doing so."

As the ship's anchors were let go, her carpenter and a squad of men from the cutter, armed with axes and augers, tumbled down into her cabin, and began what seemed like a most furious work of destruction. The axes crashed through the carved wood-work, furniture was hurled to one side, great holes were cut in the cabin floor, and the ship's planking was laid bare in a dozen places below the water-line. Then the augers were set to work, and in a few minutes a dozen streams of water, spurting up like fountains, were rushing into the ship.

While this was going on in the cabin, the ship's crew, assisted by others of the revenue men, were removing everything of value on which they could lay their hands to the deck of the cutter.

Suddenly those in the cabin heard a great cry and a roaring noise on deck, and as they rushed up the companionway they saw a column of flame shooting up from the fore-hatch half-mast high.

Half the people had sprung on board the revenue-cutter as she sheered off, which she did at the first burst of flame, and now the others filled the boats, which were quickly lowered, and shoved off. As the boats were being lowered, a second burst of flame came from the main-hatch, and already tongues of fire were lapping the sails and lofty spars.

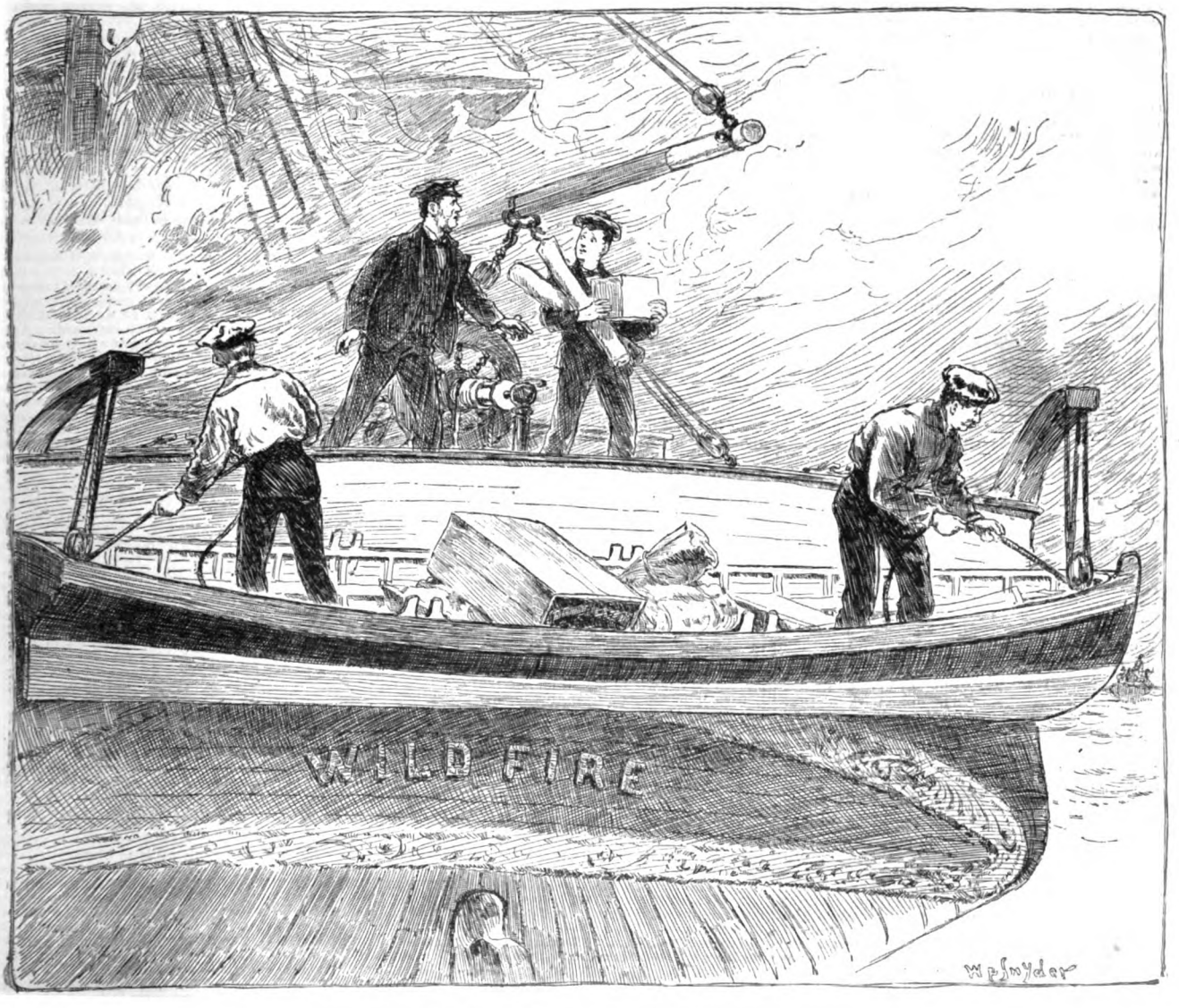
Mark had worked with the rest in saving whatever he could lift, and did not think of leaving the ship until Captain May said: "Come, Mark, it's time to go. Jump into this boat."

Mark did as he was told, and as Captain May sprang in after him and shouted, "Lower away!" not a living soul was left on board the unfortunate vessel.

As the men in the boats rested on their oars, and lay at a safe distance from the ship, watching the grand spectacle of her destruction, they saw that she was settling rapidly by the stern. Lower and lower she sank, and higher and higher mounted the fierce flames, until, all at once, her bows lifted high out of the water, her stern seemed to shoot under it; then the great hull plunged out of sight, and a mighty cloud of smoke and steam rose to the sky. Through this cloud the flames along the upper masts and yards shone with a lurid red. At this point the fire-boat arrived; a couple of well-directed streams of water from her powerful engines soon extinguished these flames, and the three blackened masts, pointing vaguely upward, were all that remained to show where, so short a time before, the great ship had floated.

The pilot-boat had already transferred Mrs. Coburn and Ruth and their baggage to the cutter, and she now steamed up the bay, carrying the passengers, crew, and all that had been saved from the good ship *Wildfire*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]




"'COME, MARK, IT'S TIME TO GO. JUMP INTO THIS BOAT.'"

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A Little Comforter.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

It is about a year since I wrote to you last. Then I went to the little church school; now I am in the first preparatory class at the college. School closes at one for the day, but I study an hour—the least important one of the afternoon—to be sure of my to-morrow's lessons, and we write compositions, which is great fun. First we wrote on "Corals," which was not a good subject, coral reefs and islands are so far off from us; so "Our Home" was our next subject. That was very nice, especially for the children who had little cunning babies to describe. I could almost see them trotting about and creeping on the floor of the class-room as they were read. But I am still the only child at our house. Our third composition was on "Autumn," which I thought a very new subject, but I heard a big girl say it "was as old as the hills." Our next and last one was a story. I took my subject from my collection of bisque dogs, as I often play stories about them. After I had handed it in I saw, while I was reading a fable, that my story ought to have a moral, and I wrote one at the end of it after it was handed back to me. Our teacher said, "Very good; but you should make it plainer." Perhaps the moral will make it plainer. Papa says he thinks the moral embellishes it wonderfully. I see that means "to make beautiful by ornaments." I will send it to you. What do you think—does the moral embellish it or make it plainer?

### THE STORY OF FOUR DOGS.

Rover, Jip, Pero, and Boo were four dogs which lived together back of Mr. Brown's house. Rover, the oldest, and perhaps wisest, though not the biggest of the four, was something of a doctor in his way, and to him the dogs went when in trouble. Jip, the swift-running rat terrier, was the hunter of the family, and kept the table supplied with game. Pero, the beauty, liked his ease, and would lie for hours at a time on the door-step with his head on his paws, asleep or apparently so. Boo was the cook, and made famous stews and broths from the game that Jip brought home. They would have been very happy had it not been for a fox who lived near them, and who in his daily or nightly prowlings annoyed them almost beyond endurance. Sometimes the choicest rabbit or squirrel would be missing from the peg beside the door, where it was hung ready for their next meal, or a chicken would be gone from the coop. Jip complained, too, that the game was scarce in their vicinity on account of the fox, and he was obliged to hunt a long distance from home. Accordingly the dogs held a council to see what should be done with the fox, and resolved either to capture or kill him. Off they started. Jip went to the place where the squirrels and rabbits were thickest, thinking to find the fox there. Rover went to look for him in his den. Boo searched the hen-house and its neighborhood. Pero, as usual, lay half asleep before the house, when suddenly he heard a slight noise, and half opening an eye, he saw the fox hiding behind a bush. The door of the house was open, and the fox, thinking Pero asleep, gave a spring, leaped over him into the house, and began to eat a fat goose which Boo had left on the table. Pero, in luck for once, jumped up, and shut and locked the door. The fox was fast; there was no way for him to get out of the house; so Pero, satisfied that he had accomplished enough for one morning, lay down again and went to sleep. Imagine the surprise of Rover, Jip, and Boo when on their return they found Pero had the fox safely shut up in the house! and as a reward they gave Pero the skin of the fox for his rug.

*Moral.*—The laziest people often have the best time. NELLIE B.

I don't agree with your moral, dear, but your story is well written.

WEST RUTHERFORD, NEW JERSEY.

I have six sisters and one brother. Their names are Mary Adelaide, Laura Valero, Bertha Anna, Charles German, Lillie Amanda, Julia Ethel, and Harriet Cleveland. The oldest is only sixteen years old; I am the second oldest. We all like your paper very much, and especially the holiday numbers. I have made some of the articles of which the instructions were given in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am now busy making a stocking-bag. INA LUCRETIA S.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE.

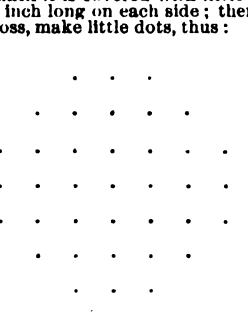
I live at Martin College with my mamma, sister, and brother, and my age is thirteen. We all go to school except my sister; she has been quite ill with typhoid fever, and has not recovered yet. My little cousin and I save all our papers, and we have a large pile. I think the children's letters are just too sweet. WILLA S.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Will you allow one of your older readers to answer a question recently asked by one of your boy readers, Percy C. M.?

There are many things a boy can make if he has the use of even a few tools. A twine-box is a very useful thing. This is simply a wooden box divided into equal compartments—say four or six—somewhat larger than an ordinary ball of twine. In the cover of the box bore a small gimlet hole directly over the middle of each compartment for the ends of twine to go through. Around each hole paint a circle, about the size of a quarter of a dollar, the color of the twine to be placed within. If paints are not handy, circles cut out of colored paper and neatly pasted on make a very good substitute. The box may be made of some handsome hard wood and simply oiled, or if made of white pine it would look very pretty painted all over in bright red. In this case the circles could be omitted.

If any of Percy's friends are fond of solitaire or of cribbage, he can very easily make these games for them. For solitaire, make a paper pattern first. Take a piece of paper and fold it again and again until it is covered with little squares, perhaps an inch long on each side; then, where the lines cross, make little dots, thus:



Now lay this paper down on a piece of board about an inch thick, and stick pins or tacks through the dots to mark the board underneath; in these marks make gimlet holes. Then saw the board off square at a little distance from the holes. Thirty-six pegs are needed to play the game. They may be whittled out of wood as simply or elaborately as the maker pleases, but one should be of a different shape or color from the rest, for the skilled player will play the game leaving this one in the centre hole. A cribbage board may be made in a similar way.

I have a small ivory paper-cutter made many years ago for me by a little boy. I think his only tool was a file. The ivory was a thin oblong piece such as is used to cover piano-forte keys. Of course, one could be whittled from wood just as well. To get the exact shape an outline of it should be drawn in pencil on the ivory or wood before it is filed or cut. I suppose every boy knows what an excellent tool a bit of broken glass is for scraping down surfaces just before the sandpapering. A very pretty addition when all else is done is a motto or name on the blade in some ornamental text.

A very acceptable present may be made by a boy much younger than twelve with no tool but his mother's scissors. This is a horn of gas-lighters. To make the horn take a piece of thin card-board ten inches square. Paste two adjoining sides together, and the horn is made. This may now be decorated. Paste over it some bright-colored paper, and bind it with gilt around the top; or, instead, put here and there on the surface any of the pretty scrap-book pictures of flowers, butterflies, or birds. The lighters should be made of some soft paper that will burn easily; nothing is better than the margin of a newspaper, but they are also very pretty made of bright colors, and the cuttings left from other work will often answer. They should be rolled into a long, compact spiral, and the horn filled with them. The whole may then be hung up with a piece of bright cord, braid, or ribbon. A. C. S.

Many thanks to this kind lady. Mothers whose boys are always pleading for something to do will find her letter very helpful.

TOWNVILLE, CRAWFORD COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have seen letters from Eddie Smith's mamma and Nellie, and as I have been a sufferer for over two years, and not able to walk, I thought I would write and tell them how I pass some of my time. When I do not ache I sit in my invalid's-chair and make pictures on my slate, and cut out pictures and make selections from papers, and paste them into scrap-books. Then I draw pictures and paint them; and I have a box of soldiers, and I make them parade and fight battles. Sometimes my brother and sister and I get mamma to hear us spell, or guess the names of cities, towns, or rivers by giving us the first letter; but best of all I like to read. I am nine years old, and have read all the books we own, and that is quite a good many, and every one is so kind to me and sends me books to read. My uncle sends me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and one of my friends sends me *Youth's Companion*. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE so very much! I have an aunt living in Chicago; she visited us this fall, and made it very pleasant for me. Would some of the children write to me?

HARRY FAY.

BURNSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and live near the great Mount Mitchell, or Black Dome. Mamma says she remembers a long time ago that a man who signed himself Porte Crayon wrote a description of his visit to Mount Mitchell in midwinter for HARPER'S MONTHLY. It was funny the way he wrote about good old Big Tom Wilson, who is still the pilot, and tells as many yarns as ever. Not far from here is the same Bald Mountain Porte Crayon was so pleased with. I wish you could come here some summer, and we could visit all the noted mountains in the Land of the Skies; I know you would be delighted. My papa is a mica dealer and miner. I sometimes go with him to the mines, but am afraid to go down where they find mica, it is so deep and dark. I am going to school to Miss Mamie F., and have one school-mate, Indiana R. I sometimes think it is hard for a little girl to have to sit and study so much when she feels so very much like running and jumping around through the lovely hills and mountains.

PANSY C.

But it would never do for the little girls to grow up in ignorance, would it, dear? The study hours will make you much happier by-and-by.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

In No. 267 Percy C. M. asked what a boy could make. Here is something easily made, and very useful as well as pretty. Get some soft white pine-wood about one-eighth of an inch thick. Measure with a rule two pieces two and a half inches by four, two pieces one and a half by four, and two pieces one and a half by two and a quarter. Saw these out carefully, and file the edges and rough places smooth and even with sand-paper. Now take one of the pieces two and a half by four inches, and nail your two pieces one and a half by four on each side; this makes the bottom and sides of a box. Now put in the end pieces and fasten them securely. Your box is now finished, and the lid must be fastened on. Make four little wire staples about three-eighths of an inch long, and drive two of them in the lid edgewise until little less than an eighth of an inch shows; drive them about half an inch from each end of the lid. Now bend each of the other staples up at the ends so that they will meet the other two. Now drive the bent ones into the back of the box a little way from the edge, after you have put them through the ones on the lid. Clinch them on the inside of the box. Be sure to give the lid an easy swing open and shut. Put a scrap picture on the lid, and then varnish the whole. Let it dry, and then give another coat to make a glossy appearance, and you have a very pretty and useful thing to give for a present. Use brad nails, as they are not so apt to split the wood as others. If your edges do not meet evenly, shave them so with a sharp knife. CHARLIE D.

LULU ISLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Reading over the letters in the Post-office Box, I felt inspired to write to you and tell you the interesting paper finds its way here away up in British Columbia on a beautiful little island twelve miles long and four wide. Our home is on this island, situated at the mouth of the Frazer, one mile from the Gulf of Georgia. The paper is a great source of amusement to me and my little sisters and brothers. Reading and boating form our chief amusements; we have a little boat called the *Virginia*, and we all enjoy rowing about in the sloughs of the Frazer. One of my little sisters is not quite three years old. The other evening, looking at the beautiful crescent moon, she screamed, "Oh, Minnie, dook at the moon—it's boke!" It seemed true; it really did look as if it had a big piece

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broken off. I like the paper very much, and I have so many things to tell you that I will have to write again. MINNIE E.

Write again, and tell us more about your home.

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I thought I would write you a letter, as I see so many do. I have just recovered from a long attack of diphtheria, and so have my brothers and sisters. I have three brothers and two sisters, all younger than myself. I take delight in reading all the stories, especially "Wakulla" and "The Cruise of the Canoe Club," and I always read the letters in the Post-office Box. I should think that you would be tired in reading all the letters in the paper, and I can't think how such girls and boys can have such good ideas for holiday presents. I have no pets to speak of except some rabbits. As it is getting late I will close. GEORGE B. R.

I find the little letters very entertaining, and, with you, I think our boys and girls are uncommonly clever.

---

MAGNOLIA, NEW YORK.

I thought I would write to the Post-office Box. I am twelve years old, and live on a farm of ninety-six acres, about three miles south of the beautiful assembly grounds of Chautauqua. I have five pets—a dog, two cats, and two lambs; and I expect, if Lake Chautauqua freezes over, to have a fine time skating this winter. WILLARD W.

---

LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE better than any paper we have. I spent Thanksgiving at Portland, Maine. It was my first journey alone. I went to visit the lady who originated the first Christmas club for poor children in the United States. My aunt lives with her, and has a Kindergarten. I went over to the western promenade to get a view of the White Mountains, but I could not see them very plainly, as the day was not clear enough. I visited the Natural History Rooms and the City Hall, where the Christmas club are already making preparations. They are to give a nice dinner and a present to all the poor children who come. I have about twenty hens, which are just beginning to lay. I take all the care of them, and expect to have some eggs to sell before long. I am in the Third Grade of the Grammar School, and like my teacher very much. I am ten years of age.

FRED S. C.

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PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

We have a little dog. His name is Rough. He is out at Chestnut Hill. I like him very much. He comes up to my bedroom every morning. I hope you will not think my letter too long to print, as it is my first. HARRY C. B.

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GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl five years old. I have no pets, but last summer I had a dear little bird, and one night we forgot to bring him in, and in the morning he was quite blind, and papa thinks the mice got in his cage to get the seed, but got at Dickie's eyes in mistake for the seed. I did feel so sorry, for I did think so much of him. My papa has seventy-two colonies of bees in his apiary, and last summer he got a ton of honey from the busy little bees. I have three little sisters, Trottie, Mamie, and baby Florrie. I do not go to school yet, but expect to go next fall. ELSIE G. G.

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BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

I am ten years old and in the Sixth Grade, and I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, language, geography, and poetry, and I like geography the best. I was born among the mountains, three hundred miles from any settlement. My father sometimes had to go after the Indians, and then we would have to stay in the camps five or six months without him, and sometimes we saw many Indians at our house, nearly all of them savage. I have seen mail delivered on snow-shoes, and have been sleigh-riding. I travelled across the mountains from Camp Harney to WaHa Walla in a carriage, and the troops went ahead of us. The climate there was a great deal colder than it is here, as the snow fell almost all the time there. I have only one pet; that is a kitten; but I expect to get a Newfoundland dog. My mother has thirty-one large and twenty-nine small chickens, of which she raised fifty-nine from the eggs. WILLIAM G. F.

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HUNTINGTON, NEW YORK.

I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE only a few weeks, and like it very much. I am eleven years old, but do not go to school, as I have a great deal of trouble with my lungs. I am just getting over a severe attack of bronchitis. I have some pets, among which are my pure white pussy named Snowball and my chickens. I also have a doll, and carriage for her.

SARAH R. B.

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DANSVILLE, NEW YORK.

I am a boy eight years old. I attend school, and am in the Third Grade. I take lessons on an E-flat cornet: my father takes lessons on a B-flat cornet. We have not had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very long, but I like it very much. I have no pets but a little brother two years of age, and he is pet enough for me. As I have never written before, I will close. ALBERT C. S.

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PORTLAND, MAINE.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE almost a year. I watch for the postman every Tuesday, as that is the day it comes. I have two sisters, Florence, six years old, and Helen Mildred, four. I am eight, go to school, and am in the Fifth Grade. My papa has been away since September, but is coming home at Christmas. I hope you will print this, as I would like to surprise him. I shall send in this a little story that I wrote for my teacher. Mamma is writing this, as I get so tired. I should like to belong to the Little Housekeepers. I like to read the Post-office Box. Hope this is not too long.

ROWENA A. L.

This is the story:

THE PICNIC.

One day Jennie, Lucy, Annie, Grace, Alice, Edith, and Marion went into the woods to spend the day. They took their dinner in a basket with them. They had been sitting on the grass quite a long time talking, when suddenly Lucy sprang up and said, "Oh, girls, let's make a crown of wild roses, and put it on the head of the best girl here." All the girls cried out, "Alice must have the crown!" Then they made the crown, and Grace put it on Alice's head. By-and-by Marion's father came to take them home in his wagon, and they all said they had had a lovely time.

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PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I write to tell you how much we like this delightful paper, especially the letters, which we all read. This is the first letter I have written to you, and I hope it will be printed. I think "Wakulla" is just splendid, and I also think the short stories are very nice. I have written to Eddie Smith, but have not received an answer; I suppose he has not had time, as he has so many others to answer. LILLIE M. M.

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LEITERSBURG, MARYLAND.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has been sent to me as a present from Hon. Louis McC. for four years. I have three volumes bound, and one ready to bind. I think it is the best paper I ever read. I love to read the Post-office Box; one can know what boys and girls are doing in different parts of the world. I go to school, and study Latin and English grammar, geography, arithmetic, history, reading, and spelling; my teacher's name is Professor S., my brother. I have a brother at the Naval Academy, and one teaching school in Hagerstown. I have no pets except a dog named Watch. I like "Wakulla" best of all.

LOUIS McS.

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**C. Percy S.:** If you had taken time to think about the matter, you would hardly have written in the impulsive manner you did. The Postmistress has written to you, and also to you, dear **Clara Belle K.** —**Daisy D.:** You were very kind to send the score of your "Cradle Song" to the editor for examination. Although we can not make room for it, we think it very good indeed for a little composer.—**Dollie Varden S.:** You have your hands and heart full, have you not, in being mother and sister both to your little brothers?—**Walter De N.:** Your letter arrived on one of the coldest days of the season, and it almost made me long for wings when I read of your roses in bloom and your orange-laden trees.—**Willie A. H.:** "Wakulla" pleased a great many boys as much as it delighted you.—**George A. B.:** All the boys will envy you when they hear that you have a fast horse. Do you take care of him yourself?—**Richard E.:** A boy who at twelve years of age can ride, shoot, row, sail, swim, drive, use tools, shoe a horse, milk a cow, and take a high rank in school as well, is on the road to useful and accomplished manhood. Richard is a Western boy. —**Cora S.:** Please write with ink next time, dear. —**Lou M. W.:** I am glad you were successful in following the directions for needle-work given in the Post-office Box.—**F. L. E.:** We like to number you among our little friends.—**Alvin J. R.** and **Ethel S.:** Write again.—**I. B.:** Toys and picture-books are always acceptable gifts to little sufferers in hospitals, and to children in orphan asylums. Sister Catharine, St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 407 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York, will be pleased to hear from you.—A thousand thanks to you, **Kate H.**, for your graceful gift of holly and mistletoe.

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The Little Housekeepers must wait until next week to hear more about May and her Club, as the letters are so numerous that space can not be spared for the report the Postmistress has ready.

Attention, please! We have something very important to say to the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE on the subject of postage.

When you are sending to Messrs. Harper & Brothers or to any correspondent a package, bundle, box, or parcel of any description, through the mail, do not place any writing in the inclosure. Write and send a separate letter. The briefest written note, even a single line giving an address, either in pencil or in ink, subjects the package, by the postal laws, which are very strict and explicit, to full letter postage. It sometimes happens that a bulky parcel worth in money value only a very few cents costs its receiver a large sum before he can take it from the Post-office. None of us wish to burden our friends in this way, yet we sometimes impose a needless expense upon them through want of information.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers request you always to send your packages by themselves, without writing inclosed, and your letters of explanation in another envelope, also by themselves. Please remember, too, that a letter, whether it is sealed or unsealed, always requires a two-cent stamp. If it is a long letter covering several sheets, it may require extra postage, and your better course, if you fancy it is over weight, is to have it weighed by the postmaster and fully stamped before mailing it.

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

HIDDEN GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Find seventy-five geographical names, scattered all over the world, including cities, towns, rivers, countries, mountains, lakes, provinces, states, oceans, islands, and capes.

Can Tony miss our Indian arrows or forget my long red bow, Sissy? Or, kill I no issues to-day of the great bear, nor polar bear, nor deer? I like a bonny, milk white pigeon too. Sacred as an angel to fallen miser. You may ask a gentleman savant of Oxford, if you hesitate. Jo Daviess is the best. Louis Poto, Mac West. Anthony O'Brien, zeal and zest mark no single one. I dare say no one doubts if you'll rig a nice new dollar, you'll open the heart o' many a man. I'll always aver diligently of that.

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No. 2.

A SQUARE WORD.

1. A garden flower. 2. A fine stone. 3. A water nymph. 4. A small table. 5. A foreign city.

E. BLAINE.

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No. 3.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. French word for step. 3. Stations. 4. To shadow by omen. 5. A medicine. 6. The breast bone. 7. The nose of the wild boar. 8. To obscure. 9. A letter. NAVAJO.

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No. 4.

ENIGMA.

In cat, not in dog.
In ape, not in bird.
In sap, not in tree.
In chick, not in owl.
In ask, not in beg.
In bid, not in call.
In egg, not in fish.
Whole is never still.

AMY PRYOR.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 269

No. 1.—Tennyson.

No. 2.—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| C A L F | H O A R | R E A P |
| A R E A | O G L E | E A S E |
| L E A D | A L A S | A S P S |
| F A D E | R E S T | P E S T |

No. 3.—

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | E | | | | | | T | | | |
| | | C | A | T | | | | | R | A | G | |
| | C | U | R | E | D | | | R | A | T | E | R |
| E | A | R | T | H | E | N | | T | A | T | T | L | E | R |
| | T | E | H | E | E | | | | G | E | L | I | D | |
| | | D | E | E | | | | | | R | E | D | | |
| | | | N | | | | | | | | R | | | |

No. 4.—1. G-one. 2. A-men. 3. R-ode. 4. F-ace. 5. I-bis. 6. E-gad. 7. L-aid. 8. D-one.

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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Stella Mason, Irving Hugh Simmons, Laura Payn, Ignacio Vado, A. G. Slade, Robert McClure, Deenie Owen, W. L. Holzman, Aline Caumont, Charlie Davis, Leslie Killam, James Connor, Mary Rice, Lulu Peck, Jean Dawson, Fannie S. Janeway, Charles Benson, George Abbott, Dick Dix, Lennie Foster, Marion Archer, Fox and Goose, Featherhead, Amy Vassar, and Arlie P. James.

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[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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ANOTHER FALL OF SNOW.

"Hang on tight, dar, Abbey; it's gittin' lots smoother since we passed dat air tree back yonder. Dat las' fall ob snow was jes' de t'ing fur sleighin'."

## WHO WAS HE?

BY L. A. FRANCE.

HE was born in Landport, a suburb of Portsmouth, England, on the 12th of February, 1812. He was a delicate, sickly boy, and could not join his companions in their rough games. He had a passion for reading, and devoured every book in his reach. He often amused himself by personating the heroes he admired. When he was six years old he wrote a tragedy called *Misnar, the Sultan of India.*

Until he was nine years old he attended school or studied at home, as circumstances made most convenient. About that time his father was imprisoned for debt, and he was sent to work in a blacking warehouse, receiving about six shillings a week. The work was distasteful to him, and he was very unhappy. When he had been there about a year his father and employer quarrelled, and he was taken away.

He was then sent to Wellington House Academy for two years. While here he wrote a good many short stories, which were highly appreciated by his school-fellows. He was also very fond of private theatricals. He was fourteen when he left the school.

He obtained employment as clerk in a lawyer's office, where he remained a little over a year. He then became a short-hand reporter.

In 1834 he sent his first story to the *Old Monthly Magazine.* It was accepted, and was followed by a number of others. In 1836 these sketches were collected and published in book form. They were so well received that he made up his mind to devote himself to literary work.

He was married on the 2d of April, 1836. In 1842 he made a trip to America. In April, 1858, he made his first appearance as a public reader. After that he often gave readings from his own books. Some of these readings were for his own benefit, and some to aid various charity organizations.

In 1867 he again visited America. He remained six months, and gave a number of readings.

After his return home he spent his time as before, giving readings and writing new books. His health had been failing gradually for several years. He died June 8, 1870, leaving unfinished the book he was at work on until a few hours before his death.

## A RAT WITH BRAINS.

WHILE standing in a large wood-shed, one end of which he had partitioned off with narrow slats as a fowl-house, Mr. X. heard a gnawing noise, and looking about him saw a large brown rat darting away from a dog-biscuit lying on the floor of the shed. He decided to remain quiet and notice if this thief of his dog-biscuits would return.

Presently he did; and slyly glancing at Mr. X. as if to say, "Now you let me alone and I'll let you alone," his ratship began dragging the biscuit over toward the slat partition, behind which were the fowls clucking and scratching. He reached the laths and tried to drag the biscuit through them after him. It would not pass, being flat and broad. After some vain struggles with it, the rat vanished —to return with another of his acquaintance. The newcomer he stationed inside the fowl-house; he himself came out and seized the biscuit by one corner. He then began *tilting it up* on its side, and the adroit friend poked his head through the slats and steadied it with him.

In a few seconds the biscuit was held between them "up and down," and by rat number one's pushing without and rat number two's pulling from within the barrier, the prize was forced triumphantly through the slats.

## ENIGMA.

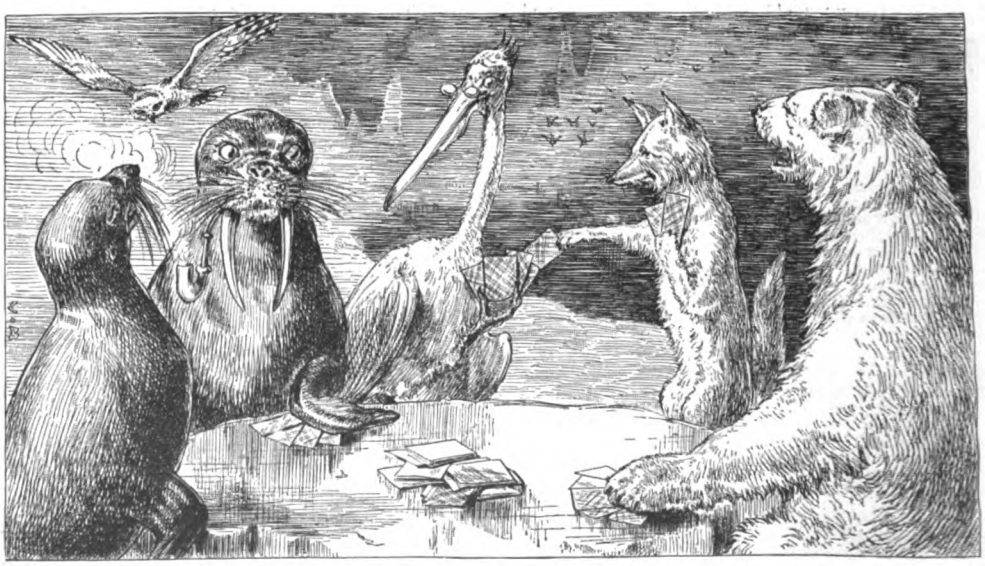
From the German.

UPON a spacious meadow vast
Are sheep in thousands, white as snow.
As we behold them there to-day,
Our fathers saw them long ago.

They ne'er grow old; fresh life they draw
From streams that never cease to flow.
A lovely shepherdess is theirs,
Who bears for crook a silver bow.

She leads them out to pastures fair
Through golden gates. She counts each one:
No lamb of hers was ever lost,
How oft soe'er the way they've gone.

A ram she has to go before,
A bear for dog to guard them well.
Now can you guess the shepherdess,
And what the sheep are, can you tell?



WINTER AMUSEMENTS AT THE NORTH POLE.—"OLD MAID."

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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 273. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1885.
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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



## FERNS—FASCINATION.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

OVER the hill and past the mill
My laddie leads; I follow.
Across the rill, my merry Will,
To seek the ferny hollow,
Where the summer long is the robin's song,
Where swift wings flash and glitter,
Where the sunbeams peep and the shadows creep,
And callow birdlings twitter.

Oh, baby feet, with your patter sweet,
You find the dearest places,
Where coy ferns greet from their still retreat
Our hushed and smiling faces.
Through the fronded leaves the south wind weaves
A strain so softly tender
That the elves draw near in troops to hear,
And shy responses render.

My laddie knows where the bluebell grows,
The laurel's shining hour,
When lilies close, when unfolds the rose,
And where the daisies flower.
He loves the sedge at the river's edge,
Where grasses sigh and shiver,
Nor fears the gloom where the moss-cups bloom,
And the tall ferns rock and quiver.

In silvery speech the blossoms preach
To the ear attuned to listen,
And small hands reach, when the dew-drops teach,
For sprays that shake and glisten.
'Tis a happy heart that takes its part
In the rhythm of creation,
That with Nature dwells in the jewelled cells
That are sweet with her fascination.

Ah, well, my dear, by mead and mere
Go, laddie bright; I'll follow
Till we pass the burn, and seek the fern
In the dusk of the fragrant hollow,
Where the summer long the fairies throng,
Where swift wings glance and glitter,
Where the robin's throat swells the flute-like note,
And callow birdlings twitter.

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## GREAT OAK DAM.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"JUSTIN HARDY, I am obliged to arrest you."

"Arrest *me*, Mr. Grant! What for?" cried Justin, springing from his bicycle, and staring at the man who spoke in astonishment.

"You have broken one of the laws of this town of Great Oak."

"I am sure I have done nothing, Mr. Grant," replied Justin, in a voice of surprise and alarm. "I am on my way to school, and shall be late if you stop me."

"I am afraid you won't see the inside of your schoolhouse to-day, my boy."

"Now I say that's too bad," cried Justin, appealing to the small crowd of boys that had been attracted to the spot.

"Why don't you tell Justin what terrible crime he has committed?" said Tom Lovett, one of Justin's school friends. "Has he set fire to a house or stolen a horse? It is not fair to take him away to prison without giving any reason."

"Look here, Tom, you keep quiet," said Mr. Grant, "or perhaps you'll be the next. Now listen to me."

The boys drew closer to Mr. Grant, and stood silently waiting for him to speak.

"It is not my fault," began Mr. Grant, looking kindly at Justin; "but, you see, I am constable of Great Oak, and obliged to do my duty. Judge Floyd told me last Saturday that I was positively to arrest any man or boy I caught riding through the village streets on one of those things."

"What a shame!" shouted the boys, excitedly.

"Where are we to go, then?" demanded Tom Lovett. "What harm do our bicycles do, I should like to know?"

"I didn't make the law, my boys," said Mr. Grant; "but, you see, the folks in Main Street say that they frighten the teams, and are dangerous to foot-passengers. They have been making an awful fuss for the last two months, and now they have got their way. No more bicycles in the streets."

"But, Mr. Grant," said Justin, "I did not know that. I will not do it again."

"Ignorance of a law is no excuse for breaking it," replied Mr. Grant. "I am afraid you will have to come to court with me."

"Shall you have to arrest my bicycle too?" asked Justin, ruefully.

"I don't know about that," replied Mr. Grant, looking puzzled; "nothing was said to that effect."

"Then I will settle that matter," cried Tom Lovett. "I will take it home for you, Justin."

"Thank you," said Justin.

"Don't ride that thing through the streets," said the constable to Tom, as he and Justin turned toward the court-house.

Justin did not reach school before ten o'clock that day, and he felt decidedly ill-used, as, in addition to the disgrace of being arrested, he had been obliged to pay a fine of five dollars, all his month's pocket-money. It seemed to him bad enough to be forbidden to ride his bicycle through the streets, for Justin was a very fine rider, and rather proud of his skill.

He walked home alone that day, and as he passed the houses in Main Street he scowled darkly at their inoffending doors. At home he was condoled with by all, and his mother reminded him that there was a nice smooth road near Great Oak dam. "It was some distance off," she said, "but would pay him for his trouble when he reached it."

The week passed, and Justin's bicycle reposed quietly under the shed where Tom had placed it. Saturday was a lovely day, sunny but cool. Justin thought with regret of his idle bicycle, and cast many a longing glance down the smooth roadway leading to the village. Presently he thought of what his mother had said about the road near the dam, and went to look for his friend Tom.

"Whew!" whistled Tom; "that's as much as two miles away. But I will go if mother says I may."

He obtained leave to go, and the two boys started from Justin's house early that afternoon.

Justin's home stood high on a hill just one side of the village of Great Oak. The village itself, or a large part of it, was built between two hills. Long ago the very spot where the pretty dwellings in Main Street now stood had been the bed of a rapid river. Its source was among the hills some miles away. A dam had been constructed between the hills about two miles from Great Oak, which shut in the river and made it very useful. It supplied the whole village with water, and also turned two or three mills in the place. It was the pride of all the inhabitants.

The road leading to the dam was very steep and narrow, and but seldom used; but just before the wall of the dam was a level space as much as twenty feet broad. It was even and smooth as the floor of a house.

When Justin and Tom started off that day they carried their bicycles across the fields, and so made a short-cut to reach the dam. It was rather bleak and windy and decidedly lonesome, but still the boys enjoyed themselves very much. About five o'clock they started for home, and Justin thought it would be delightful to return by the hill road.

"I am sure *I* can do it," said he, looking at Tom.

"Then so can I," cried Tom. "Suppose we have a race. Now start fair."

As he spoke he turned swiftly to join Justin, but in turning he struck a stone, and fell heavily to the ground. Justin hastened to help him rise. But Tom had received so many bad bruises that he was unable to mount again, so the boys were obliged to return the way they came, Justin rolling both bicycles along, and Tom limping painfully by his side.

This accident put a stop to Tom's fun, for his mother forbade him to go again to that dangerous place. She looked reproachfully at Justin as she spoke.

"Now," thought Justin, as he walked slowly home, "if I want to ride my bicycle, I suppose I shall have to go to Great Oak dam all by myself."

Every afternoon when the weather was at all fine Justin rolled his bicycle over the fields. Then after spending an hour or so riding backward and forward before the wall, he would return home by the narrow steep path on the hill. After a while he became so skillful in the management of his bicycle that he could skim along the ground like a swallow, avoiding every small stone and inequality on the road. It was not long before he began to enjoy this wild race down the hill much more than he ever had his quiet rides in the village.

One cold windy day, as Justin was about to return home, he noticed a small stream of water trickling out of the ground close to the wall.

"I wonder what that means?" thought he, as he placed a large stone over the spot. The water did not cease flowing, but divided into two jets, and crept out on each side of the stone. After looking at it some moments longer Justin went home.

That evening he told his father what he had seen.

"The dam must need repairing," said his father; "it should be seen to at once."

"Who looks after those things?" asked Justin.

"Judge Floyd is inspector of the dam, I think," replied his father.

"Shall I tell him about the leak?" asked Justin.

"It can do no harm. I wish I had time to go to the

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dam with you, Justin; but I shall be very busy for a day or two. After that, if nothing has been done, I will take a look at it."

"If the whole wall came down, father, what would happen?"

"I should think you could see for yourself that the great quantity of water banked up against it would rush down the hill, sweeping everything before it."

"All the houses, too?" asked Justin, both surprised and a little frightened.

"The stone houses might withstand the fury of the water, but all who remained in them would certainly be drowned."

"How about our house, father?" asked Justin.

"This place is safe enough," replied Mr. Hardy, "for it is above the level of the dam. That part of the village in the valley would suffer most."

When Justin awoke the next morning the first thing he thought about was his conversation with his father. So he determined to stop at the court-house, where he knew Judge Floyd would be, and speak to him.

As it was very early Justin met no one, and entered the court-room alone. Judge Floyd stood talking with some gentlemen at the far end of the room.

"Well, what now?" inquired one of the men, turning impatiently toward Justin.

"I have something to tell Judge Floyd," replied Justin, "when he has time to listen to me."

"Speak," said the Judge; "I can spare you about five minutes."

"Great Oak dam is leaking, and ought to be mended," said Justin, hurriedly, for he saw that he had interrupted some important conversation.

Judge Floyd looked at Justin for a moment in silence, then he began to laugh.

"I understand you, my boy," said he; "'tit for tat,' etc. I see you have not forgotten that bicycle affair, and want to frighten me a little. But that won't do. Try something else. I was up at the dam only the other day; it is all right, I assure you."

He whispered something to the gentlemen near him, and they all glanced at Justin and laughed.

The boy was so surprised and mortified that he did not know what to do. He said "Good-morning" hastily, and walked out.

He spoke to no one about the affair, for he began to think that perhaps he had been foolish and meddlesome, but after school he went to the dam as usual.

When he came in sight of the wall he was astonished to see a large crack as much as two feet long, out of which the water was spouting with great force. There had been a heavy frost the night before, and particles of ice were still clinging to the stones.

Justin collected all the stones he could find and heaped them against the wall, but the water hurled them away with great violence.

For several moments he stood looking at the wall; then he noticed there were many more such openings. As he paused, wondering whether there was any danger or not, he heard a noise like the report of a cannon. Looking up quickly, he saw another great rent in the wall, and several new streams of water gushing out.

All that he had ever heard of floods or broken dams rushed through his mind. He knew that when this wall was all destroyed the great lake of water pent up behind it would rush down upon the village and perhaps sweep it away.

He felt that there was no time to be lost, so springing upon his bicycle, he turned toward the steep narrow path. At that moment a large portion of the wall fell down with a great crash, and a vast volume of water roared down into the bed of the stream, while the rest of the wall seemed crumbling away.

With a cry of horror he sped down the hill without once looking behind. How terribly far away seemed the village now as he scudded along past stone walls, trees, and meadows! Justin had never before ridden so fast; it seemed as if the bicycle had wings, and yet he felt as though he should never reach the first house.

At the rapid pace he was going a fall would probably be his death. Then who would warn the people at Great Oak of their danger?

But Justin did not fall. He rushed into the streets, panting and white with fatigue.

The first person he saw was Judge Floyd, who stood talking to Mr. Grant, his hand on his horse's bridle. When the bicycle drew near the horse became restive.

"How dare you bring that bicycle here?" shouted Judge Floyd before Justin could find breath to speak.

"Why, Justin Hardy," exclaimed Mr. Grant, "I would not have believed this of you."

A crowd began to collect, attracted by the Judge's loud words and the boy's wild looks.

"The dam is down," panted Justin, pointing up the hill. "The water is coming; don't you hear it?"

Every one turned to listen, and all distinctly heard a low booming sound.

"It is true," cried Mr. Grant, turning hurriedly away; "we have no time to waste."

"My house is directly in the track of the water," groaned Judge Floyd. "My poor wife and children! can I save them?" He flung himself on his horse, and galloped madly down the street.

The crowd did not wait for a second warning, but scattered in every direction, spreading the dreadful news as they went. Soon every man, woman, and child in Great Oak might be seen hurrying up the hills on either side to escape the coming deluge.

They were scarcely out of danger before the water rushed into the village, sweeping trees, fences, barns, and even small houses before it. But thanks to Justin's timely warning, not a life was lost.

The hills on either side of the village presented a strange appearance that night, for a number of homeless families were gathered there, and they had built large bonfires to keep off the cold and cook their supper by.

Judge Floyd, Mr. Grant, and several gentlemen stood with Justin and his father on a place commanding a view of the scene of the recent disaster. They were speaking of Justin's wonderful ride.

"I shall never say a word against bicycles again," said one of the gentlemen.

"Nor I," exclaimed Judge Floyd. "And I have made up my mind to one thing—Justin shall be rewarded. What shall we give you, Justin?"

"Well," replied Justin, after thinking a moment, "I don't deserve any reward that I know of. But I do wish you would let us boys ride our bicycles through the village again."

"You shall, if I can manage it," said Judge Floyd.

"They ought to have a road on one side of the village on purpose for bicycles, and it should be named the 'Justin Road,'" said Mr. Grant, patting the boy's shoulder.

"A good idea," cried the others.

Justin thanked them, and then ran home.

Next morning the water that had covered the houses the night before had dwindled to a narrow river, which rippled and danced through the street. There was a great deal of damage done, but no lives lost.

Before the new dam was finished Justin Hardy was presented with a splendid new bicycle mounted in gold. His name was engraved on a plate, and under his name were these words: "Presented by the grateful citizens of Great Oak."

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## ANOTHER TALK ABOUT COINS.

BY W. C. PRIME.

DO not think that a coin or any other object is very valuable merely because it is very old. It must have some other quality than age to make it worth keeping. If you want old things, pick up a stone in the field, and be pretty sure that is many times older than the oldest coin.

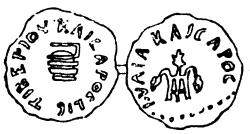


FIG. 1.

Many persons, old as well as young, seem to think that objects made by men are worth a great deal of money if they are more than a hundred years old. You will learn as you grow older the general truth that things are high-priced just in proportion to the number of people that want them, and the number of them that are in the market or can be furnished for sale. Most prices are determined by the law of demand and supply. For example, the gold coin called a stater, of Alexander the Great, which, as you know, is more than two thousand years old, is what we call a




FIG. 2.

very common coin. Many hundreds, perhaps many thousands, of them have been found. Some specimens which have peculiar mint marks on them are rarer, and are higher priced than others, but the regular price of these gold coins is about ten dollars for one, and poor specimens are cheaper. You will find specimens of this gold coin of ancient Macedon far more plenty than 1795 half-eagles of the United States.

So it is with many ancient Roman coins; they are much more abundant than some American cents and silver pieces. Small copper coins of some Roman Emperors in the fourth century are found in large quantities, and sold by dealers in Europe at prices equivalent to a few cents each. But do not think a coin is very desirable because you hear that it brings a high price. So many people buy things for the mere pride of owning what others esteem rare that the highest prices are often paid for objects which are of very little importance. And, on the other hand, objects which are not uncommon, and may be bought at cheap prices, are often of the very highest interest.




FIG. 3.

For example, there are small copper coins of Herod which are found in great abundance. I think that perhaps the most interesting in the whole list of coins of the world, ancient and modern, are some of the little copper coins struck in Jerusalem by the Roman Governors. I have found a great many of these in the earth on the side of Mount Moriah and in the Kedron Valley, at Jerusalem. Here is a picture of one of these, which has on one side the name of the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar, and on the other that of his mother Julia (Fig. 1). The date is the year 16 of that Emperor, which was in the year A.D. 29.

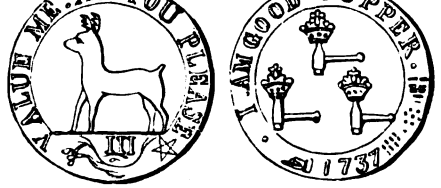



FIG. 4.

Pontius Pilate was then Procurator in Jerusalem, and this coin was struck by him. You can see what a very interesting coin this is when you remember that the first visit of Jesus to Jerusalem which is recorded after his boyhood was in this year; and I have no doubt that just such a coin was the "two mites," or one kodrantes, which the widow cast into the treasury. Although coins like this, dating near the time of the Crucifixion, are somewhat rare, others, of earlier and later date, are quite common.




FIG. 5.

Just so among American coins the most rare are far from being always the most interesting, and you may be well content to make a collection at small expense which will be of great value to you if you connect in your mind each coin with the history of the time it represents. Thus there are several coppers which bear the head and name of Washington, and are very rare and high-priced, but which have little historical value, because they were never issued as coins by authority, and we do not know much about them. Here is, for example, a large piece (Fig. 2), found in copper, and more rarely in silver, sometimes called the Washington half-dollar, and sometimes the large Washington cent of 1792. As an American curiosity this piece is very high-priced and valuable. But it was never a coin in circulation, and perhaps ought to rank as a medal or medalet rather than as a coin in an American series. I think a more interesting coin in your collection would be a Massachusetts pine-tree shilling (Fig. 3), which is not nearly so rare and difficult to procure, and with which, as a regular coin in circulation among our ancestors, you will connect a great many historic associations.




FIG. 6.

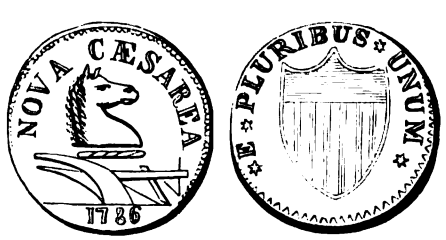



FIG. 7.

The first copper coin struck in the United States was what is called the Higley or the Granby copper. This was struck by a private person, a doctor or a blacksmith (accounts differ) named Higley, at Granby, in Connecticut, in 1737 (Fig. 4). As the beginning of copper coinage in our country, this piece (of which there are several varieties) is a very valuable curiosity. But I do not think it is as interesting or valuable in a collection as any one of the numerous copper coins which were issued

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later by the State of Connecticut, and were in wide use during the latter part of the eighteenth century (Fig. 5).

You can easily procure the Connecticut coins, and also those of Massachusetts (Fig. 6) and New Jersey (Fig. 7).

Be very patient in collecting, and do not be in a hurry to get coins. If you keep at it all your life, you will always have plenty to look for which you have not yet secured. Try to get good, unworn specimens, but do not throw away a poor specimen till you find a better. Don't bother over worn, smooth, illegible coins. They are worthless, unless enough is clearly visible to show the legend and date.

No one can tell you where to look for old coins in this country, but if you live in the East, where there are old houses, it is well to keep an eye on them when torn down. A great many coins are found on the ground under old wooden piazzas and stoops. I have seen a very curious lot of coins and other articles found behind an ancient wooden mantel-piece. Many a copper which had been laid on the shelf has slipped into a space between it and the bricks, and fallen out of sight and out of mind.

In ancient times men had no safes, and there were no banks. Most of the houses of poor persons had no floors. It was the custom to dig a little hole in the ground, perhaps under the bed-place, and bury money there. It was a pretty safe place. A thief might dig in fifty places before he found it. But unless the owner told some one else where it was, it was liable to be lost; for if he died, or went away and did not come home again, and no one knew of it, it might never be found.

Vast quantities of ancient coins which were thus buried in small lots, sometimes in earthen jars, have been found in our time. Men plough the ground where once were villages, and turn up coins. I once found in the mud hut of an Egyptian peasant several quarts of ancient Roman coins which he had discovered in that way. And at another time I bought nearly a quart of silver coins of the later Roman Empire from some men who found them in an earthen pot when they were digging for the foundations of a house in one of the large cities of France.

On the side of Mount Moriah, at Jerusalem, outside the city walls, I have many times broken up the ground with a stick and searched for coins, and never without finding more or less, especially in the sides of the cuts made in the steep hill-side by the flow of water after a rain-storm. It is because coins are thus preserved in vast numbers that they form one of the most important sources of historical information.

You are very much interested in handling a coin which was handled by boys and girls, which was used to buy things, hundreds of years ago. But perhaps you never thought that it is quite likely the cent or the dime with which you to-day buy a newspaper or candy may one or two thousand years hence be in the coin collection of another boy or girl who will try to find out what it can tell about you and the country and times in which you live.

## THE TWO BABIES.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

THE night before Christmas we had great fun at our house telling ghost stories. Mr. Travers told about an awful ghost that used to live in an old house where one of Mr. Travers's friends lived. It was a tall, thin woman-ghost, with her hair all down, and dressed in a white nigown. She used to come into a room in the middle of the night with a rope in her hand, and she would look all around until she found a good place to hang herself, and then she would put the rope round her neck and hang just as if she was dead, and the man that saw her would faint away, and when he woke up in the morning she would be gone.

One night a young man, who was a book agent, and



"IT WASN'T HURT A BIT."

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wasn't afraid of anything, slept in the haunted house. Well, in the middle of the night the ghost comes in, and looks around for a nail to hang herself to. The young man said: "Good-evening, ma'am. Going to hang yourself, I see. Let me help you." So he helps the ghost put the rope around her neck; but instead of hanging her, he ties the rope to the bed-post so she can't get away, and then he lights a lamp and reads to her out of a book that he tells her every respectable ghost ought to buy.

The ghost stood it awhile, and then she begged and implored him to stop. So he kindly and affectionately pointed out to her that she had no right to go and hang herself in other people's houses, and that if she'd promise never to do it again he'd let her go, but if she didn't, he'd read the whole book to her, and it had mornamillion pages. Well, the ghost promised, and the young man let her go, only he kept the rope, and nobody ever saw her again. Mr. Travers says he saw the rope himself, which proves that the story is true.

I went to bed pretty late that night, and woke up about twelve o'clock dreaming of ghosts. I wasn't a bit frightened, though I was a little nervous, just as Sue is when she thinks she hears burglars; but I was afraid mother might be frightened, so I thought I would go into her room and tell her it was all right, and nobody would hurt her.

My littlest sister and the baby sleep in the same room with mother, and the first thing I saw was the baby hanging from the head of my sister's bed. This almost frightened me, for I thought the baby had got up in the night and committed suicide. So I called mother as loud as I could, and she sat right up, holding another baby in her arms. This made me sure that the baby hanging to the bed-post was a ghost, and then I admit I was frightened. After a while I found out that it was made of rubber, with a loud squeak in it, and was meant for a Christmas present.

The rubber baby was just about the size of a real one, and I could hardly tell it from our real baby, only it made less noise. Christmas morning we all had our presents, and had a good time over them. My littlest sister would take her baby to church with her, only mother found it out, and hid it under her coat, where it squeaked every time mother kneeled down or stood up.

Mr. Martin came to dinner Christmas-day, and spent the evening with us. He was very good-humored, and brought me a knife, and I forgave him everything. He was very pleasant to mother, and said he did so want to see the baby. After dinner we all went into the parlor, where it was rather dark, for one of the lamps didn't burn very well till it was turned up. Mr. Martin dropped into a big chair, and sat very quiet, thinking, as he said, only I believe he was more than half asleep.

Mother had gone upstairs to see the baby, but presently she came down, and said to Sue, "Where on earth is the baby it isn't in the nursery Susan do you know anything about it?" Mr. Martin said, very politely: "What's that? Baby missing? I'll find him for you." And with that Mr. Martin gets up and turns around, and gives a most dreadful yell. There was a baby lying on the chair just as still as if it was dead. Mr. Martin was sure that somebody had left our baby in the chair, and that he had sat on it and smashed it, and of course he supposed he would have to be hung, and that father and mother would be offended with him. Then mother and Sue they shrieked as if a mouse was after them, and rushed to pick the baby up, and found that it was the rubber baby, and that it wasn't hurt a bit, except that the squeak was spoiled. Just then the nurse brought the real baby in out of the kitchen, and everybody was happy again.

That is, everybody but Mr. Martin. He got angry, and said he knew it was one of that boy's infamous tricks, and he took his hat and went home; but I never put the rubber baby in the chair, and I don't care what he says.

# ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "NAN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER II.

### NAN SAYS GOOD-BY.

NAN had a great many things to attend to before starting for New York. She and Miss Rolf spent the morning over the account-books in which were Nan's charitable and other expenditures. They were carefully balanced, and Nan "drew" a certain sum to leave her *protégées*, for Miss Rolf still insisted upon her niece managing and planning, so far as she was able, for herself.

"I have David Travers's school bill to pay," Nan said, sitting opposite her aunt, and thoughtfully considering her little check-book. "And then there is Mrs. Travers's allowance, and I owe her ten dollars for the sewing she did, and I must take the things to Love Blake before I go. She made the shirts for old Joel Marsh, and the calico wrappers for his wife, and I have to give Dr. Rogers the books for Sadie Martin."

"You had better take the phaeton, Nan," said Miss Rolf. "You and Joan can drive around and attend to everything in a couple of hours."

Joan hailed this suggestion with delight, and in a short time the two girls were sitting in the basket-carriage which, with a pair of pretty ponies, had been Nan's last birthday present from Miss Rolf. The girls had gone on many a pleasant drive together, but the fascination had always a spice of novelty for small Joan, who, as she took her seat beside Nan, gave vent to a little groan of satisfaction and content.

"Here, Joan," said Nan, "don't you want to drive?" and she handed her cousin the pretty white ribbons which it was Joan's great delight to have intrusted to her. "We'll go first to Mrs. Travers's," Nan added, giving a little timely assistance with her left hand as Joan turned the ponies with a dash around the corner in the road.

"I'll tell you," Joan said, when this was accomplished. "While you are away I'll practice turning corners. I can harness up the goat to a wheel-barrow or something."

Nan fairly screamed with laughter.

"Oh, Joan," she exclaimed, "I verily believe you'll be the death of me! No; wait until I come home, and we'll practice all you like with the ponies."

"They're such dears, aren't they?" said Joan, fondly regarding the glossy pair, Dandy and Jim. "I think I never saw anything to equal Dandy's tail."

Nan was ready enough to subscribe to praise of her pets, and, indeed, the little carriage with its crimson cushions, the white reins and silver harness, and the sleek and well-cared-for ponies made a picture which all Beverley admired. As Joan drew rein before the bank, not a few small boys loitered around, commenting among themselves on the carriage and ponies, and in subdued whispers upon Nan herself.

For a year past Nan had had her own bank account, subject of course to Miss Rolf's supervision and direction, but there had been no failure in the keeping of the little books, and the expenditure, if sometimes injudicious, had always been sufficiently under Miss Rolf's control to be

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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checked in time. Nan's failures and mistakes had been rather amusing than otherwise. Some people had contrived to impose upon her. She had given twenty dollars to a poor man to send to Scotland, and discovered that he knew no one in that country; a pretended missionary had collected ten dollars from her, on which he subsequently feasted himself and family, and a few street beggars had thoroughly imposed upon her; but the losses were not great, and Miss Rolf feared to make Nan oversuspicious by lamenting them. Fifteen hundred dollars were still placed to her credit in the bank, and this morning Miss Rolf had told her to draw four hundred, a part of which she was to take with her to New York.

Nan went in behind the desks to Mr. Field's private room, and there drew her money, answering his various good-humored remarks in a polite pretty fashion. Mr. Field, the banker, was a particular friend of old Miss Rolf's, and took the greatest interest in her niece, believing the old lady was acting very wisely in educating her for the use of the large fortune one day to be intrusted to her care.

"Going to New York, are you, my dear?" Mr. Field said, looking with great kindliness at Nan as she sat beside him in front of his secretary. "Well, I hope you'll enjoy yourself. I wonder how the Farquhars are getting on? Give my kindest regards to them, and don't let them keep you too long," he added, smiling. Nan answered with her gay little laugh, and went out, thinking how nice it must be for Annette and Will Field to have such a delightful father.

Mrs. Travers was expecting Nan. The widow and her little son David still lived in the cottage Nan had first seen with Dr. Rogers nearly two years before, and although there was no hope of the poor woman's ever entirely regaining her health, she was strong enough for various employments, sewing a little for the Rolfs and other Beverley families, and attending easily to the housework necessary in her cozy quarters. David was doing very well at school this summer. He had begun to learn his trade of gardener in odd hours, and Nan felt proud of her *protégé* every time he came up to Rolf House, clean and trim, with his honest face beaming with content and admiration of "Miss Annice," as mother and son called their young friend.

"Going away, miss?" cried Mrs. Travers when Nan had explained her errand. "Oh, I wish you back again soon and safe."

"In a month's time," Nan said, cheerfully. "And, Mrs. Travers, Aunt Letty wants you to come up every few days with David to see her while I am gone. The walk and the change will do you good this fine weather."

But Mrs. Travers could only continue to shake her head dolefully, while Nan paid for the sewing and said her final words, departing with a very sorrowful picture of the widow standing sadly in the doorway as the cousins drove off in the direction of the old boat-house, where Joel Blake and his daughter were to be found.

A year had made but little change in the boatman's tidy cottage. David Travers had been very useful during the summer setting out plants for Love Blake, and training vines over the little porch and around Mrs. Blake's bedroom window, so that although it was late in October the cottage and strip of garden either side of the little gravel-path looked very blooming and cheerful, with salvias flourishing gayly, and Virginia creeper coloring the white walls and framing the windows.

Love's head appeared in her mother's window, and before the girls came in she had exclaimed:

"Oh, Miss Annice, I hear you are going away;" and as she admitted them, Love's usually cheery face was lengthened to a look of great solemnity.

"It's time I began to go," laughed Nan, "or I should find it impossible to make up my mind to any more goodbys. Here, Love, are the shirts you wanted, and the wrappers for Mr. and Mrs. Marsh. Are they getting along any better?"

"*Oh, some,*" said Love, rather contemptuously.

The old Marshes were great trials to both Love and Nan, for do what they might the unfortunate couple were neither pleased nor satisfied. Still, Nan tried to be hopeful with each new attempt, and when Love helped her in any of her schemes, she had always a certain sense of success.

The morning's work, on the whole, was satisfactory. The girls returned to the College Street house for dinner, where the whole conversation was on the subject of the Farquhars and Nan's departure.

Could she and her cousins have at that moment looked in upon the New York household to which she was going, I wonder what their sensations and opinions would have been, or what Nan's anticipations for the future?

## CHAPTER III.

### BOB AND BETTY.

"'HENRY, enraged by the contumely of his subjects'—I say, Miss Balch, make Bob leave me alone; he's running a long pin in my back."

"Story-teller. I wasn't, either."

"Story-teller! Oh, Miss Balch, I'm going to tell pa what he called me—there!"

"Betty, go on with your history."

"Miss Balch, he's mocking me."

"Oh, *is* he? Poor little girl! she couldn't be teased, could she? I'll pay you off, miss, if you are a tattle-tale. I won't tell you my secret."

Silence for a brief space of time ensued in the school-room at the Farquhars. Miss Balch, the daily governess, a small, sweet-looking young girl, who seemed to have given up any attempt at governing her pupils, pointed with a knitting-needle to the well-thumbed page of history, while Bob gave his attention to the caricatures on his slate, and Betty sulkily tried to find her lost paragraph.

It was a sunshiny afternoon, and the room was large, airy, and furnished with all that a school-room needs; yet there was an air of discomfort, carelessness, and the sort of disorder which comes from total lack of interest in its occupancy—in everything, from the curtains, crookedly drawn back, to the globes placed at awkward angles; from the desks, marked and ink-stained, to the well-filled book-shelves, in which no two volumes apparently were on good terms with each other. The carpet was dark red, and half covered by a well-worn Turkey rug; the curtains were green reps faded to quite a pretty tint; and the furniture, in various stages of dilapidation, had at one time been costly; but, as Miss Balch often remarked, it would take cast-iron furniture as well as a cast-iron constitution not to be broken down by two such young people as Bob and Betty.

Sitting at the large table in the centre of the room, Bob, with his slate, and Betty, with her book, although perfectly quiet, looked the impersonations of mischief. Bob had twisted his stiff yellow hair all sorts of ways; his round face was anything but clean, and his hands, from repeatedly smearing his slate with them, were certainly not attractive to behold. It was easily seen that his silence was only the repose before a fresh attack, and Betty evidently understood as much, for while she hunted out her place in the book, she glanced now and then in her brother's direction, wondering whether his next onslaught was to be painful or only amusing.

She was a tall girl for her thirteen years, with the same flaxen-colored hair and the pale blue eyes of her brother. A healthy digestion, fresh air, and a country life might have made a bright-looking girl of her; but at present her sallow complexion and thin cheeks, a something sharp

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"'GOING TO NEW YORK, ARE YOU, MY DEAR?'"

and shrewd in her expression, produced just the opposite effect, while, in spite of the expensive style of her dress, her stooping shoulders and jerky manner of walking prevented her ever fulfilling her mother's idea of what a "Farquhar" ought to be.

Betty at last found her place, and began again, "Henry"—but a piteous howl and a grab at one of her feet dangling under the table brought the English reading to a sudden and final close. Bob had been engaged in fastening a pin to a thread, and had contrived secretly to fling it under the table, so that it landed, arrow-fashion, in Betty's leg.

Tears, half of pain, half of anger, burst from poor Betty's eyes as she sprang up and flew at her brother. A short but smart battle followed, Betty, as was not usual, coming off victorious, and Miss Balch vainly endeavoring to separate the combatants.

Flushed, defiant, and rebellious, Betty at length released her hold upon her brother, who showed, in his dull face, flaming with anger, that he intended she should "pay" for this.

"*Really*, children, I *can not* stand this," said the poor governess, looking from one heated young face to the other; "if you will not behave, I am going to your father about it; I—"

The door opened suddenly; it was a diversion, and certainly a surprise to see their mother come into the room, for only on rare occasions did she appear there.

"Miss Balch," said Mrs. Farquhar, scarcely observing the children, "Miss Rolf's niece, Nan, will be here in about an hour—the children need have no more lessons this afternoon. Will you tell Louise to see that they are dressed nicely." Mrs. Farquhar glanced around the room with an air of annoyance. "Really," she said, in her very mild, languid voice, "I do not see how it is this room is never in order."

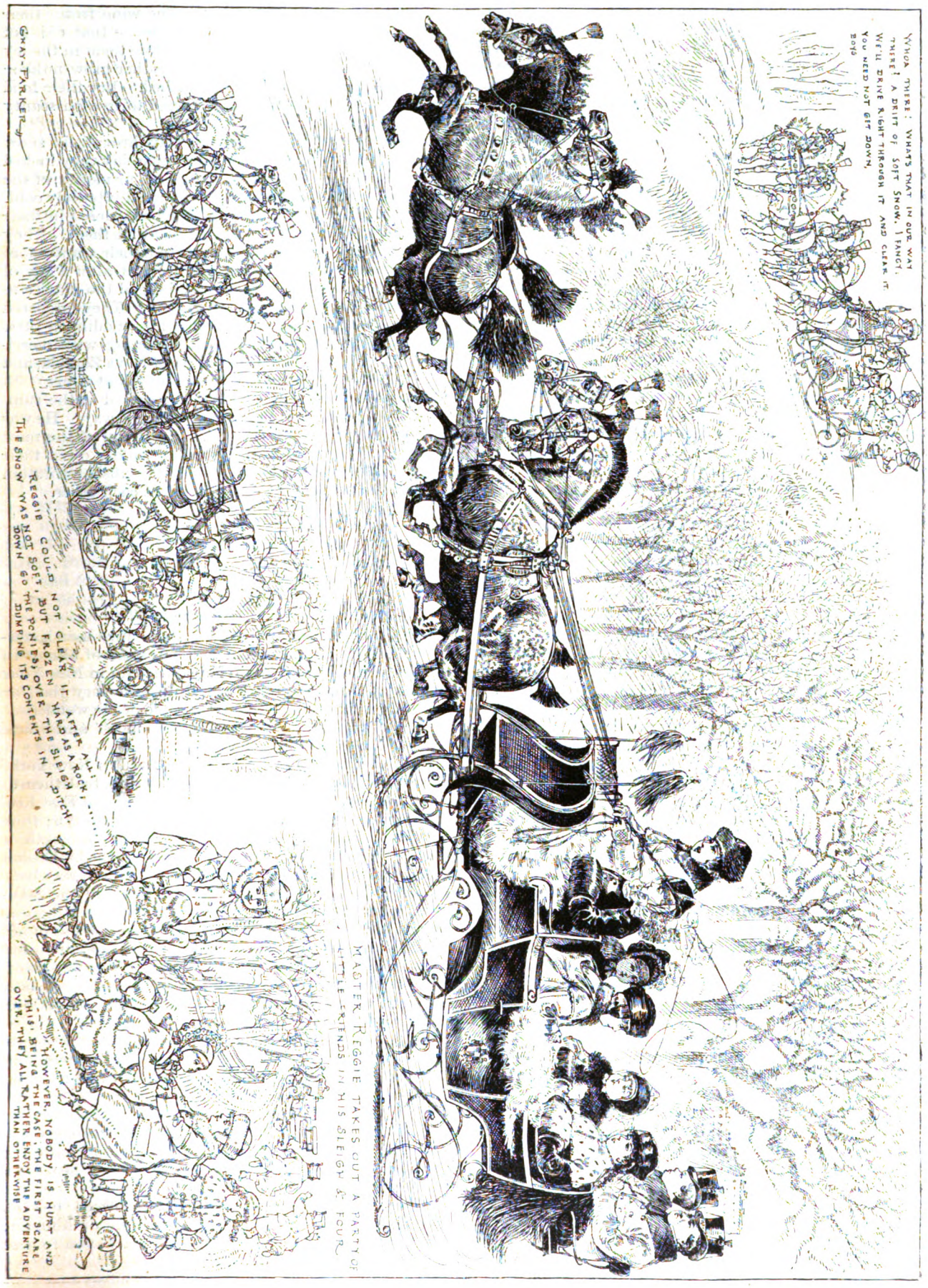
"Miss Balch upset that ink," said Bob, maliciously, as his mother's eye fell upon a large stain under the table.

"But it was you jogged her arm and made her," cried Betty, still half breathless from the recent encounter.

"Children! children!" cried Mrs. Farquhar; "I hope more care will be taken," she added, with a touch of severity in her manner and a parting glance at the governess, who knew that answer or argument or explanation were useless with the children or their mother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"REGGIE AND HIS FOUR-IN-HAND SLEIGH."

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## HOLIDAYS IN NOVA ZEMBLA.

BARENDZ, the famous sailor, and his small company of Dutch, were the first to pass the holiday season in the icy wastes of Nova Zembla. In May, 1596, they had sailed in a ship from Holland to search for a passage to China and the East along the northern coast of Asia. Another small ship went with them, commanded by Cornelius Ryp, but parted from them at Nova Zembla. Barendz sailed straight to the north, and in the midst of the month of June—the month of flowers—saw before him the whole sea covered with what seemed to be flocks of white swans. All the crew climbed the deck and the masts to see the wonderful sight. But the swans proved to be countless hillocks of ice. The vessel was soon coasting along the sides of the ice-field, destined to an untimely fate.

The voyagers passed on through the wintry seas, discovered the frozen peaks of Spitzbergen, and sailed along the coasts of Nova Zembla. Here Barendz was alone; his companion ship left him. The summer was passing away. Already in August the cold grew severe. The Dutch sailors turned to go home, but they were caught in the ice on the eastern coast of the island, and inclosed in frozen mountains. The ship was lifted up on the floes, and a horrible noise and crashing of its sides and masts led them to think their end was near. Alone in the dismal arctic seas, they saw no hope.

But they were still cheerful: there was one chance of escape. They might live through the long arctic winter on the desolate island, and find an opening in the ice next summer. They landed, and found, to their great joy, that there was enough floating wood and trees on its shores to build them a house or hut and give them fuel. They began at once. They drew the tall pine-trees over the ice, and carved them into planks and rafters. The cold was often extreme; the snow fell in thick gusts; they were sometimes driven from their work. But the cheerful Barendz never lost his trust in God, and the brave Dutchmen never ceased their labors. They cut up the cabins of the ship to make them a roof, and, like Robinson Crusoe, brought on shore its stores and provisions. They did all that men could do, and cheered and sustained each other.

They had no savages to fear, like Robinson; the island had no inhabitants. Even the birds and the deer fled from it in winter. But one enemy they had met that never left them in their labors. Huge white bears held possession of Nova Zembla, and very nearly drove the white men into the sea. The bears seemed to have no fear of man.

Once on a previous voyage two sailors who had landed on a desolate island lay down to sleep together. A white bear, lean and hungry, approached and caught one of them by the neck. He awoke, and cried out, "Who has seized me from behind?"

His companion, rising, exclaimed, "Dear friend, it is a bear," and fled.

The bear tore the man to pieces and half devoured him. Twenty sailors rushed upon the monster with guns and pikes. He drove them before him, devoured another sailor, and was only killed after a long and desperate contest.

The Dutch were never willing to encounter these furious monsters. But the bears gave them little rest. They chased them away from their painful toil, they followed them to the ship, they tried to break into the hut, and even climbed into the chimney. The Dutch killed two or three. When the sun sank below the horizon for the long night of winter the bears disappeared, but only to come back in the spring.

On the 1st of December the hut they had built was covered with snow. The cold was so great that they could not bear it any longer. They looked at each other with hopeless eyes, full of pity, thinking that their end drew near. The fire seemed to give no heat; they were covered with ice in the midst of the hut. The wine froze; their woollen clothes were burned at the flame that did not warm them. They saw only death before them in the icy realm. Then the snow fell. The weather grew milder; the fearful cold was a little diminished. But their food now grew scarce, and they were forced to live on scanty rations.

On Christmas-eve they opened a way through the snow from the door of their hut; on Christmas-day they looked out on the dreary scene, full of the sad memories of the festivities and joys of home. It was again intensely cold. The fire had lost its warmth, and they shuddered in their loneliness at the fate that seemed to await them. They could afford no Christmas banquet from their scanty store of wine and bacon. But on Twelfth-night, after a day of painful labor in cutting wood, they begged the master to allow them some hours of recreation. They prepared their feast; a few ounces of meat, a hot pudding, a little wine, completed it. But the cold hut rang with merriment. They chose the gunner King of Nova Zembla, and revived the holiday games they had played at home.

These unfortunate men nearly all escaped in the summer in their boats; but Barendz died on the way. He was cheerful and hopeful to the end. He is one of the most famous of discoverers, and his brave sailors owed their lives to his happy spirit, and to the unselfish resolution with which they strove to help and save each other.

## WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—(*Continued.*)

THIS disaster to his ship, which would have been so terrible had it happened out at sea, instead of almost in port as it did, obliged Captain May to remain in New York several days. Of this Mark and Ruth were very glad, for it gave them an opportunity to see some of the wonders of the great city of which they had read so much, and which they had longed so often to visit.

Mrs. Coburn, who had at one time lived in New York, and so knew just what was best worth seeing, took them to some new place every day. They saw the great East River Bridge that connects New York and Brooklyn; they took the elevated railroad, and went the whole length of Manhattan Island, to High Bridge, on which the Croton Aqueduct crosses the Harlem River, and on the way back stopped and walked through Central Park to the Menagerie, where they were more interested in the alligators than anything else, because they reminded them so of old friends, or rather enemies. They visited museums and noted buildings and stores, and Ruth declared she wanted to get away where it was quiet, and she didn't see how people who lived in New York found time to do anything but go round and see the sights.

They were all glad when Captain May was ready to leave, and after the noise and bustle of the great city they thoroughly enjoyed the quiet night's sail up Long Island Sound on the steamer *Bristol*.

At Fall River they took cars for Boston, where they staid one day. From there they took the steamer *Cambridge* for Bangor, where they arrived in the morning, and where "Uncle Christmas," as jolly and hearty as ever, met them at the wharf.

"Sakes alive, children, how you have growed!" he said, holding them off at arm's-length in front of him, and looking at them admiringly. "Why, Mark, you're pretty nigh as tall as a Floridy pine."

* Begun in No. 252, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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He insisted on taking the whole party to dine with him at the hotel, and at dinner told Mark that that little business of theirs had got to wait awhile, and meantime he wanted him to run over to Norton, and stay at Dr. Wing's until he came for him.

This was just what Mark had been wishing above all things that he could do, and he almost hugged "Uncle Christmas" for his thoughtful kindness.

After dinner the happy party bade the old gentleman good-by, and took the train for Skowhegan, where they found the same old rattlety-bang stage waiting to carry them to Norton.

As with a flourish of the driver's horn and a cracking of his whip they rolled into the well-known Norton street, a crowd of boys and girls, who seemed to have been watching for them, gave three rousing cheers for Mark Elmer and three more for Ruth Elmer, and three times three for both of them.

The stage stopped, and in another instant Ruth was hugging and kissing and being hugged and kissed by her "very dearest, darlingest friend" Edna May, and Mark was being slapped on the back and hauled this way and that, and was shaking hands with all the boys in Norton.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### UNCLE CHRISTOPHER'S "GREAT SCHEME."

How pleasant it was to be in dear old Norton again! and how glad everybody was to see them! Good old Mrs. Wing said it made her feel young again to have boys in the house. She certainly had enough of them now; for the Norton boys could not keep away from Mark. From early morning until evening boys walked back and forth in front of the house waiting for him to appear, or sat on the fence posts and whistled for him. Some walked boldly up to the front door, rang the bell, and asked if he were in, while others, more shy, but braver than those who whistled so alluringly from the fence posts, stole around through the garden at the side of the house, and tried to catch a glimpse of him through the window.

All this was not because Mark kept himself shut up in the house. Oh no! he was not that kind of a boy. He only staid in long enough to sleep, to eat three meals a day, and to write letters to his father, mother, and Frank March, telling them of everything that was taking place. The rest of the time he devoted to the boys—and the girls; for he was over at Captain May's house almost as much as he was at the Wings'. He was enjoying himself immensely, though it didn't seem as though he was doing much except to talk.

If he went fishing with the boys, they would make him tell how he and Frank caught the alligator, or how the alligator caught Frank, and how he killed it; and, when he finished, it was time to go home, and none of them had ever thought of fishing since Mark began to talk.

There was nothing the boys enjoyed more than going out into the woods, making believe that some of the great spreading oaks were palm-trees, and lying down under them and listening, while Mark, at their earnest request, told over and over again the stories of the wreck on the Florida reef, and the picnic his father and mother and Ruth and he had under the palm-trees, or of hunting deer at night through the solemn moss-hung Southern forests, or of the burning of the *Wildfire*.

"I say, Mark," exclaimed Tom Ellis, after listening with breathless interest to one of these stories, "you're a regular book, you are, and I'd rather hear you tell stories than to read Captain Marryatt or Paul du Chaillu."

But there was one story Mark never would tell. It was that of his terrible experience in the buried river. Of this he tried to think as little as possible, and when the boys saw that it really distressed him to talk of it, they forbore to urge him to do so.

Of course Ruth did not feel as Mark did about it, and she told the story many times, and everybody who heard it declared it was a most wonderful experience. They also seemed to think that in some way the mere fact that the hero of such an adventure was a Norton boy reflected great credit on the village.

Both Mark and Ruth saw a greater resemblance in the real Edna May to Frank March than had been shown by her photograph; but they remembered their promise to Captain Bill, and did not speak of it except to each other. It was very hard for Ruth to keep this promise, for Edna had become much interested in Frank through her letters, and now asked many questions about him. Ruth told her all she knew, except the one great secret that was on the end of her tongue a dozen times, but was never allowed to get any further.

Two weeks had been spent very happily by the children in Norton, when one beautiful evening in June the old stage rattled up to the Wings' front gate, and from it alighted Uncle Christopher Bangs.

"Hello, Mark!" sung out the old gentleman, catching sight of his grand-nephew almost the first thing. "How are you, my boy? Sakes alive, but you're looking well! Seems as if Maine air was the correct thing for Floridy boys, eh?"

"Yes, indeed, Uncle Christmas," replied Mark, as he ran out to meet the dear old man. "Maine air is the very thing for this Florida boy, at any rate."

"So it is, so it is," chuckled Uncle Christopher. "Wa'al, I suppose you're all ready to go to work now, eh?"

"To be sure I am, uncle; ready to begin right off."

"That's right, that's right; but s'posing we just look in on Mrs. Wing first, and see what she's got for supper; and then after sleeping a bit and eating again, and sort o' shaking ourselves together, we'll begin to consider. There ain't nothing to be gained by hurrying and worrying through the only lifetime we've got in this world, eh?"

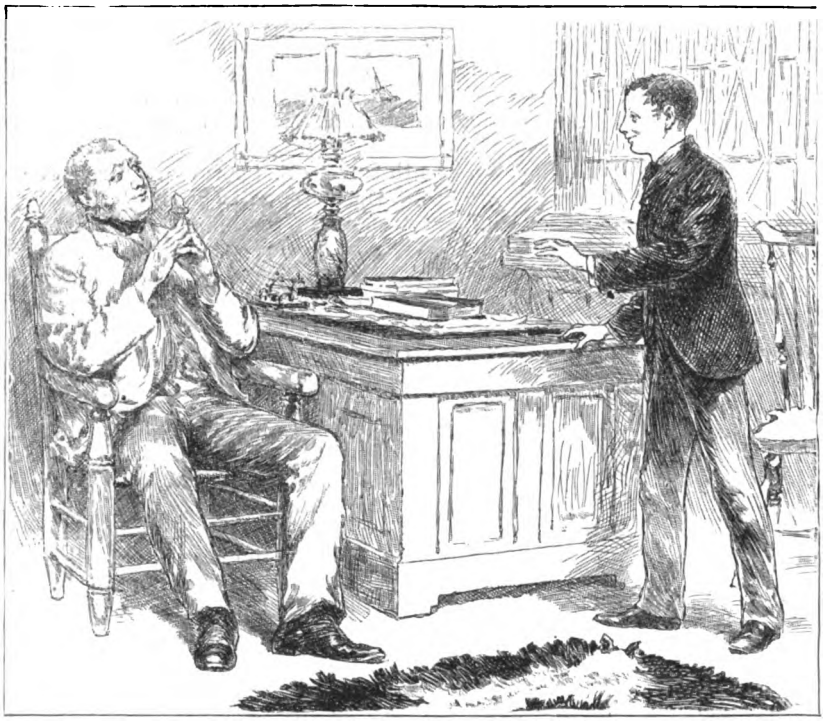
The Doctor and Mrs. Wing welcomed Uncle Christopher most warmly, for he was a very dear friend of theirs, and they never allowed him to stay anywhere in Norton but at their house, now that the Elmers had moved away. After supper Ruth and the Mays came over to see him, and he entertained them the whole evening with his funny stories and quaint sayings.

In the morning after breakfast they began to "consider," as Uncle Christopher called it. First he made Mark stand in front of him, looked him all over from head to foot with a quizzical expression, and finally said: "Yes, you look strong and hearty, and I guess you'll do.

"Fact is, Mark, I've got to take a trip down into Aroostook, and as I'm getting pretty old and feeble—oh, you needn't smile, youngster, I am old, and I've made so many bad jokes lately that I must be getting feeble. As I was saying, having reached an advanced state of infirmity, it has occurred to me that I need a travelling companion, a young able-bodied fellow like you, for instance, to protect me against the dangers of the journey. Who knows but what we may meet with an alligator, eh? and so I want you to go along with me."

Of course Mark agreed readily to this proposition, though he had expected one far different; and the next morning he and Uncle Christopher took leave of their Norton friends, and started for Bangor. From there another train carried them for miles along the upper Penobscot River, past the Indian settlement at Old Town, past the great saw-mills and millions of logs at Mattawaumkeag, and finally to McAdam Junction in "Europe," as Uncle Christopher called New Brunswick. Here they took another road, and were carried back into Maine to Houlton, the county seat of Aroostook County. After staying overnight here they took a stage, and for a whole day rode over pleasant roads, through sweet-scented forests of spruce and balsam, broken here by clearings and

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"'I SAY IT'S THE MOST SPLENDID SCHEME I EVER HEARD OF.'"

thrifty farms, until at last the journey ended in the pretty little backwoods settlement of Presque Isle.

Here Uncle Christopher's lumber business detained him for a week, and here he introduced Mark to all his friends as "my grandnephew, Mr. Mark Elmer, Jun., President of the Elmer Mills down in Floridy," covering Mark with much confusion. Now the real object of bringing the boy on this trip was disclosed. Mr. Bangs not only wanted Mark to meet with these practical men, and become familiar with their ways of conducting a business which was very similar to that which the Elmers had undertaken in Florida, but he knew that pine lumber was becoming scarce in that Northern country, and thought, perhaps, some of these men could be persuaded to emigrate to another land of pines if the idea was presented to them properly. So he encouraged Mark to talk of Florida, and to give them all the information he possessed regarding its forests of pines and its other resources. As a result, before they again turned their faces homeward half a dozen of these clear-headed Maine men had promised them to visit Florida in the fall, take a look at the Wakulla country, and see for themselves what it offered in their line of business.

When Uncle Christopher and Mark returned to Bangor, the latter began to attend school regularly; not a grammar school, nor a high school, nor a school of any kind where books are studied, but a mill school, where machinery took the place of books, where the teachers were rough workmen, and where each lecture was illustrated by practical examples. Nor did Mark merely go and listen to these lectures: he took an active part in illustrating them himself; for Uncle Christopher had explained so clearly to him that in order to be a truly successful mill president he must thoroughly understand the uses of every bit of mill machinery.

About the end of September his uncle Christopher called Mark into his study one evening, and telling him to sit down, said: "Well, Mark, my boy, I suppose you're beginning to think of going home again to Floridy, eh?"

"Yes, uncle; father writes that both Ruth and I ought to come home very soon now."

"So you ought, so you ought. When boys and girls can help their fathers and mothers, and be helping themselves at the same time, they ought to be doing it. Well, Mark, I've got a great scheme in my head, and I want you to tell me what you think of it. In the first place I want you and the other directors to increase the capital stock of the Elmer Mill and Ferry Company, and let me take the extra shares."

"Oh, Uncle Christopher!"

"Wait, my boy; I haven't begun yet. You see, as I've told you before, I'm getting old—not a word, sir!—and my old bones begin to complain a good deal at these Maine winters. Besides, all the folks that I think most of in this world have gone to Floridy to live, and it isn't according to nater that a man's body should be in one place while his heart's in another. Consequently it looks as if I had a special call to have a business that 'll take my body where my heart is once in a while. Now my business is the lumber business, and always will be; and from what I know and what you tell me, it looks as if there was enough of that sort of business to be done in Floridy to amuse my declining years."

"Yes, indeed there is, uncle."

"Well, that p'int being settled, and you, as President of the Elmer Mills, being willing to use your influence to have me made a partner in that concern—"

"Why, of course, uncle."

"No 'of course' about it, young man; remember there's a Board of Directors to be consulted. Friendship is friendship, and business is business, and sometimes when one says 'Gee,' t'other says 'Haw.' Having secured the influence of the President of the company, however, I'm willing to risk the rest. And now for my scheme.

"Supposing, for the sake of argument, that I am made one of the proprietors of the Elmer Mills. In that case I want them to be big mills. I'm too old a man to be fooling my limited time away on little mills. Consequently, I propose to buy a first-class outfit of machinery for a big saw-mill, ship it to Wakulla, Floridy, and let it represent my shares of Elmer Mill Company stock. Moreover, as the schooner *Nancy Bell*, owned by the subscriber, is just now waiting for a charter, I propose to load her with the said mill machinery, and whatever articles you may think the Wakulla colony to be most in need of, and dispatch her to the St. Mark's River, Floridy. Moreover, yet again, as she is now without a captain, Eli Drew having gone into deep-water navigation, I propose to offer the command of the *Nancy Bell* to Captain Bill May, as his ship won't be ready for some months yet. And, moreover, for the third time, I further propose to invite Mr. Mark Elmer, Jun., Miss Ruth Elmer, Miss Edna May, and the several gentlemen whom we met down in Aroostook last June, to take this Floridy trip on board the schooner *Nancy Bell* with me."

"With *you*, Uncle Christopher! Are you going?"

"Why, to be sure I am," answered Uncle Christopher. "Didn't I tell you it was my intention to reunite the scattered members of my being under more sunny skies than these? Now what do you say to my scheme, eh?"

"I say it's the most splendid scheme I ever heard of," cried Mark, jumping from his chair in his excitement, "and I wish we could start this very minute."

"Well, we can't; but we can start toward bed, and in the morning we'll look after that mill machinery."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# Y STORY OF A BLVE CHINA PLATE



There was a Cochin Chinaman,
Whose name it was Ah-Lee,
And the same was just as fine a man
As you could wish to see,
For he was rich and strong,
And his queue was extra long,
And he lived on rice and fish and chiccory.

Which he had a lovely daughter,
And her name was Mai-Ri-An,
And the youthful Wang who sought her
Hand was but a poor young man;
So her haughty father said,
"You shall never, never wed
Such a pauper as this penniless young man!"

So the daughter and her lover,
They eloped one summer day,
Which Ah-Lee he did discover,
And pursued without delay;
But the Goddess Loo, I've heard,
Changed each lover to a bird,
And from the bad Ah-Lee they flew away.

Ah me! Ah-Lee; the chance is,
That we all of us may know
Of unpleasant circumstances
We would like to stay, but oh!
The inevitable things
Will take unto them wings,
And will fly where we may never hope to go.
I would further like to state,
That the tale which I relate,
You can see on any plate
That was made in Cochin China years ago.

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OUR YOUNGEST CORRESPONDENT.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

### COUSIN SOPHIE.

JUST after the formation of the Brier Junction Little Housekeepers' Club a very fortunate thing happened. Irene had a Cousin Sophie, a lovely young lady, who lived in New York, and who was the idol of all children, because she was so sweet and merry, and entered so charmingly into all their plans.

This darling cousin took a sudden fancy to visit her aunt Lois, who was Irene's mother, and spend a month with her in the middle of the winter, so that she might see how people enjoyed themselves when the snow was heaped up over the fences and the world was all dressed in white.

The first thing she did was to set all the children at work making paper caps for the boys to wear when they were playing at being French cooks, and setting the girls' clever fingers flying over seams as they made white kitchen aprons or dainty cooking caps.

"The club must have its uniform," she said; and very pretty indeed it was when the boys were dressed in a blue blouse and a white paper cap with a smart cockade, and the girls in their dark dresses, full aprons, and frilled caps, filed into the kitchen.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Cousin Sophie, "I have a rule for you. Always know what you are going to do before you begin. Have a plan for the day's work in your mind and follow it. Another thing, be neat about your work. Has everybody been extremely particular to have clean hands? Please let me see."

The little girls showed dainty hands and fingernails, for each had remembered to wash her hands with great care just before coming to the meeting. But the boys were not so thoughtful, and their grimy hands made Cousin Sophie shiver. She pursed up her mouth in a funny little grimace, and exclaimed,

"Paws, my boys; actually paws!: I wouldn't have expected it of you."

"Well," said Fred, "you'll all have to pause while we make a rush for the soap and water. We'll do better next time, Cousin Sophie."

"You may know a novice or beginner in any kind of work," said Cousin Sophie, "by the awkwardness he or she shows. When people are skilled they do their work with ease and grace. A lady never gets herself floured from head to foot when she is making biscuits, and she tosses off a cake or a pudding as lightly as though she were playing a tune.

"Now, dears, shall we make puff biscuits for tea?—real ones, light as a feather."

They all clapped hands in token of applause.

"Get everything ready before you begin."

INGREDIENTS FOR BISCUITS. — Flour, baking-powder, salt, butter, and milk.

A quart measure for the flour, a sieve, a deep bowl for mixing, a tea-spoon and a table-spoon, a pastry-board, and a shallow, flat tin pan were the "properties" needed.

"Take the dry things by themselves, dears, please," said Cousin Sophie. "First sift your flour. Sift it twice, please; first by itself, a second time with the baking-powder and salt. May shall sift it the first and Irene the second time. To one quart of flour add three level tea-spoonfuls of baking-powder and one of salt.

"Now, May," said Sophie, when the sifting was finished, "let Ethel help next. Give me first a table-spoonful of butter, please, Ethel. Now for two cups of milk, poured in very gently. Who is to mix the dough?"

The club preferred to let Cousin Sophie do it herself this time. With a very few touches, handling the mass as little as possible, the lady stirred her biscuits together and shaped them with her hands into small round cakes.

The oven was very hot and they were done in a few minutes, and pronounced excellent by the club.

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RANELAGH HOUSE, DEAL, ENGLAND, *December* 23, 1884.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—My little sister and I feel we should like to write to you and wish you a very bright and happy New Year. Mamma has taken in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us for the last six weeks, and it is a great favorite with us. I have only one sister, called Pearl. She is eight and a half, and I am twelve. We both think you must be very kind to give up so much of your time to children.

Two years ago I was fortunate enough to gain two silver medals from one of our English magazines called *Little Folks*. One silver medal was accompanied by a check for £5, and was awarded as first prize for some original tales. The other medal was given to the competitor who gained the most mention during one year. Don't you think it was very nice?

Have you ever heard of the Humane Society started by the editor of *Little Folks* to cultivate amongst children greater kindness and consideration toward dumb animals? It is such a nice society, and though it is only three years old, it numbers nearly forty thousand members. Every child who joins is required to write out, sign, and send to the editor a certain promise. When the society was first started, in order to induce the children to try and spread it an offer of a small book was made to every child who should induce fifty more to join, also the distinction of being an officer of the society. Pearl and I set to work and got fifty each, and I wrote a letter to our dear Princess of Wales, and asked her to allow her three daughters, the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, to join, and before I had waited very long the reply came that they could, and their promises were sent to me to forward on to the editor; for I must tell you each officer has to send the fifty names he has obtained together.

Good-by, dear Postmistress. We send much love to you and all our little American cousins.

Your affectionate friend,

UNA MURIEL MAUD H.

Thanks for the pretty New-Year's card. I hope you will write again.

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CENTREVILLE, ALAMEDA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have long read your letters with great pleasure. Papa has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number, and all of the other publications for a long time.

I write now because I think you are just the one to help me. I am twelve years old, and therefore can not do much church work. Our church is very poor, but we have succeeded in buying and paying for a rectory, all but $600. During Lent the older members of the Sunday-school meet at one of the teacher's houses and make up pretty things to sell. We call ourselves the Busy Bees. After Easter we have a bazar. This year we want to make a handsome quilt of silk and velvet, but need pieces, as our mothers used most of theirs on one they made. If any of your readers will send me scraps for it, and their address, I will write them two ways of selling a quilt for the church; our minister says one is the best way for raising money he ever heard of. Our mothers made $412 on one, and we live in only a little country place.

LIZZIE OVERACKER.

I am sure that many readers will be glad to accede to this modest request, and assist in so good a work.

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CHESTNUT HILL, PENNSYLVANIA.

I thought I would write to you and tell you about my pets and other things. I am thirteen years old and am the youngest one in the family. I copied some of Milly Cone's Christmas presents, and am painting on a little palette the head of a girl. There is a little creek at the bottom of our place, which is usually pretty deep, but last summer it was so shallow that I waded right across it and the water came up only to my knees. We had great fun that day—a girl I know and myself—and she had a little French poodle, and we brought him to the water and threw him in. We have a great many pets; most of them belong to my brothers, but I have a canary and a goldfinch, although I never play with them any more. I have a great many dolls. My brother has two tame crows, a hawk, and a blackbird. The blackbird is so tame that he eats seed out of my hand, and sometimes he gets angry and pecks me, and once he got so angry that he ran off and spoiled our fun for that day. We hunted and hunted, but we could not find him, and at last my friend went home and there he was.

LILY N.

I wouldn't tease my pets, Lily dear. I'm afraid the poodle thought you a little rough, and the poor blackbird will lose his good disposition if you are not gentle with him.

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SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE three years, and I hardly think I could do without it now. I was interested in "Wakulla" at first because I am acquainted with the author's brother, but I like it very, very much for itself. I only wish stories wouldn't always leave off in the most interesting places, and make us wait a whole week before we know what is coming next. At school I study "the three R's," geography, spelling, drawing, grammar, and history. We had natural philosophy for a while, but have given it up for the present. I like it better than any other of my studies. I take music lessons at home, and I think I like to practice better than most girls twelve years old do.

LUCY L. T.

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LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

I have often thought of writing to you, but never have done so until now. Perhaps you would like to hear about my pets. We have a parrot named Lorita; she says, "Come," "Good-by," "How do you do?" "Puss, Puss," and calls our little dog. I had a little kitten, but the cow stepped on it and crushed it. We have a little dog named Doxie, and he is very cute; when he sees a rough-looking man coming out of the house, he runs and bites him. I hope, if you have not too many letters, you will put this in the Post-office Box.

HELEN B. G.

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HARVARD, FLORIDA.

I attend a private school. My teacher's name is Miss Katie T.; I like her very much indeed. I have three sisters and one brother. One of my sisters is married, and has a little boy named Charlie. We gathered our first crop of oranges last week. We had two trees bearing, and one tree did very nicely; it had over six hundred oranges on it. We have a beautiful black cat which came to our house and made it his home. When he wants anything to eat, he goes by the safe, and looks up in mother's face, and says, Mew! mew!

MINNIE A. W.

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FREEHOLD, NEW JERSEY.

My sister takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I greatly love to read it; I think the letters are just splendid. My papa takes me to New York quite often. I was there twice just before Christmas, and saw more pretty things than I can remember, but I did not see the place where they print HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I would like to see how books and papers are made. If I come to your office, would you show me? This is only a small town, but we have two skating rinks. One is level with the ground, the other is on the third floor. I often go to the first one. Miss Bertie M., the champion skater of New York, comes there sometimes, and we have fun. They had a greased pig race at the third-floor rink, and Gus S. fell and broke his ankle. I don't go to that rink. Sister and I have three cats, named Fannie, Whity, and Nig. Nig is the funniest cat I ever saw; he is as black as coal, and never had the least bit of a tail. There are several cats about here that have no tails. I am eight years old, and I think this tale is long enough, so I will quit.

WILLIAM RYALL B.

When you come to Franklin Square, Willie, you will have an opportunity of going over this great printing and publishing house, if you desire it. I do not think a greased pig race in the least refined, and I hope you will never go to one. There are plenty of amusements which are not coarse.

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FINDLAY, OHIO.

As many of the readers name their favorite authors, I will name mine; they are Harry Castlemon, James Otis, W. L. Alden, Mark Twain, and Harleigh Severne. I was given a tool-chest, four books, a hat-mark, a Christmas card, candy, and nuts for Christmas. It has snowed very hard here, but yesterday, for a change, it rained, thawed, and became slushy, but I do hope it will freeze. I am eleven years old, and study arithmetic (practical and mental), geography, spelling, reading, grammar, and singing. I have a little sister almost sixteen months old. I have no pets except a cat and two kittens. I don't know whether to call my bicycle a pet or not. In our school examination I ranked first. I'm one of your early subscribers; I began with No. 8, but papa sent and got all the back numbers except

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No. 1; he couldn't get that. I have four volumes bound, and intend to have the rest of them bound. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the best child's paper in the world.

REGINALD C. S.

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WEEDSPORT, NEW YORK.

I thought I would write you a little story. Is it too long for the Post-office BOX? I have never written to you before, but I always read the letters and stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like them very much. We had a Christmas tree in the Methodist Church here, and I spoke. My papa is the minister here. I go to school and Sunday-school. I have a kitty and a bird. I am twelve years old. JENNIE M. W.

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AMENIA, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have just been reading in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE about some children at Port Richmond who held a fair to get money for Young People's Cot, but I can not do that, so I have begun to make a bed-quilt for the little cot. I had not heard or seen anything in so long a time from Jimmy Brown that I began to think he was dead, till I saw in the paper another of his funny stories. I want very much to have a pair of skates for Christmas, and a few nights ago I dreamed that I heard little bells tinkle and Santa Claus came into my room when it was all dark and measured my feet, so I think I shall have them. I wrote to you once before, and told you about my dog Jack; this last snow I harnessed him to my sled and have had a good many rides. AMY B. P.

This was written before Christmas. Did the dream come true?

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This pretty fairy story, written by a little girl, has been waiting to find its place a long time. I hope you will all like it:

## SILVERHAIR'S JOURNEY.

A FAIRY STORY.

Once upon a time there lived in a great castle in the woods a King, Queen, and Princess. The Queen lay at the point of death, and nobody could help her in any way. A little dwarf, one of the King's attendants, told them how another Queen had been cured by a tea made from a weed of the Black Forest. Having no one who could be trusted to send, the Princess Silverhair volunteered to go, being very anxious for her mother's recovery. At the day appointed she started on her journey, promising to return as soon as she should find the treasure.

She travelled all day, and as night approached she was frightened to find herself completely lost. The wood was very dense. Silverhair climbed into a tree-top to see if any light could be observed in the distance. She perceived a faint glimmer a great way off, and at once proceeded to search for it, when she came to the bank of a stream, and the question arose, how was she to get across.

A tiny little fairy sat on a stone at her feet, and seeing her perplexity, asked the cause.

"I wish to cross the water," replied Silverhair.

"Touch it," said the fairy.

Silverhair obeyed, and the water ceased running, so she was able to cross on the rocks. "Thank you," she cried to the fairy, who vanished under a stone.

She now resumed her journey, and after walking four miles came to a weather-beaten hut almost hidden by a clump of trees. It being such a gloomy place, she was almost afraid to venture near, so she crept softly, thinking of taking a peep in at the window before asking admittance. She had almost reached it, when, to her sudden fright, the door was pushed open, and a ragged old woman appeared.

"What do you want?" she asked, crossly.

"I should like shelter for the night," replied Silverhair, timidly.

"Come in, then;" and taking the Princess by the hand her hostess drew her in, and closed the door.

The inside of the house was as plain as the outside. Seated by the fire was a very ugly lad, whose head was several times too large for his body.

"Now," exclaimed the old woman, "you shall stay here, and marry my son!" clapping her hands and dancing over the floor.

Silverhair said naught, and as soon as the woman and son had dined they fell into a deep sleep. In the middle of the night Silverhair arose from her mattress in the corner, and quietly raised the bolt, and ran away.

Unfortunately the lad heard her, and jumped from his bed, and pursued her in hot haste. He soon overtook her, and insisted that she should return with him, but she refused to obey. He therefore tied her securely to a tree near by to wait until dawn, to punish her. Nothing could be heard save the distant howling of wolves and the wind sighing in the tree-tops. Poor Silverhair stood helplessly bound to the tree.

On the tree above her sat an owl, which had witnessed the whole scene, and sympathizing with her, came to her aid. "I will release you," said he, politely, and with his bill he pecked the rope until the maiden was at last free.

"Oh, thank you!" she gasped. "Will you go with me on my journey?" she asked.

"Yes," was the answer.

They then started down the road, the owl perched upon Silverhair's shoulder. They travelled about a mile, when they encountered a very tall and slender man. He carried in one hand a spear, in the other a huge basket. Neither Silverhair nor the owl showed any inclination to speak to him, but passed as quickly as possible.

About a mile farther they met an exceedingly fleshy man—so enormous that he completely filled the road, and the maiden and owl were obliged to creep under his arm to pass. They said nothing to him, and sped on their way.

Making their way through the wood, they searched through the day for their treasure. Night coming before success, they sat down to rest beneath the shade of the trees.

Silverhair felt a trifle hungry, having gone nearly two days without food. The owl at once flew out in search of something to eat. In a few seconds he returned with a basket in his bill, which contained a delightful supper.

After this they went on for some distance, and at last reached a giant's castle. By great exertion they managed to raise the knocker, the sound of which resembled muffled thunder. The door was opened by a man with a nose as large as a gourd. He invited them to enter, and bade them rest. The owl left Silverhair, giving her a golden bell, telling her when she wanted his assistance to ring it. Silverhair, falling asleep upon a sofa, was awakened by a loud noise. Peeping through a key-hole she saw the giant who occupied the castle. He happening to wake at this moment, opened the door, and passed out. Catching Silverhair by her beautiful locks, he asked what she wanted. She answered "Nothing." He then advised her to retire at once; he should call her before a great while. She obeyed, and after a good night's rest he summoned her to him. Silverhair, pale with fright, answered his call promptly, never forgetting to carry the bell, ready to ring at any moment. The giant then questioned her in regard to her visit there. She replied, bravely, that she was in search of a certain weed to cure her invalid mother.

He informed her that she must answer three questions. If she failed, she should die; if not, she should have what she desired. They were, first, "Why a certain river which once contained gold-fish now contained silver ones instead?" second, "Why a fruit tree which used to bear golden apples now produced nothing but leaves?" third, "Why a fountain from which wine used to flow is now dried up, so that even water can not be obtained from it?" "I shall demand these answers to-morrow," he concluded. "You may now go."

As soon as Silverhair reached her room she rang her bell, which brought the owl immediately. Said she:

"I have three questions to ask you."

"Don't you know," answered he, "there is a silver urn lying in the river; that taken away, the fish would resume their natural color. And," continued he, "there is a serpent coiled about the roots of the tree, and if that were killed the fruit would again be the same. In the fountain a toad sits under a stone, and neither wine nor water can flow." The questions answered, the owl flew away, leaving Silverhair delighted.

The following day the giant called her. She answered the questions proudly. Calling the owl, who was one of his attendants, he said to Silverhair, "Take this water and throw it upon this owl." She did so, and much to her surprise he was transformed into a handsome prince. "My boy," said the giant, "take this maiden into the garden and gather for her the weed she wishes."

And so the Prince and Silverhair departed into the garden, where they found what they had searched for in vain.

Next morning they departed, and before another day dawned they stood before the King with their treasure. The Princess related her story, and begged him to consent to her marriage with the Prince.

The Queen was restored to health at once, and danced at the wedding of her beloved daughter, and, to make a long story short, they lived in happiness ever after. ALICE B. CHABRARD.

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It is charming to have a walk to school through a pasture which in spring is fairly carpeted with flowers and in winter shines with snow. That is what **Mary Mell.** and her friends in Monticello, Illinois, do the year round.—**S. Maude C.** lives in Monticello, Maine, and has good times there. She goes to school and has a great many studies.—**Florence De Pere B.,** who is thirteen, wrote some pretty verses about Santa Claus. I have room only for one stanza:

"He's as plump as a dumpling and short as can be,
And he comes every Christmas to you and to me;
He comes to your room with a smile and a bow,
And though you don't see him (you're all fast asleep).
He has everything ready for morning's first peep.
Just think, all the stockings to fill in the city;
Should one be forgotten 'twould be such a pity!"

—**Gordon B.:** Many boys will wish they had your advantages, living fifty yards from the magnificent St. Lawrence river, with a boat-house at the end of the garden and liberty to go out in a boat whenever you please.—**Ethel W. H.:** Ask your papa to send $2 to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, so that you may receive this beautiful paper every week for a year. Then you will have the pleasure of watching for the postman at a certain happy hour every week.—**Mattie E. G., Alice, C. Y. J., Minnie D.,** and **Jennie C.** will please accept thanks.

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

PUZZLER'S CROSS.

(To Eureka.)

*Upper Diamond.*—1. A letter. 2. A step. 3. Jerks. 4. Not general or universal. 5. Ladies' cloaks of silk or velvet. 6. Appeased. 7. A nutritious substance. 8. A young man. 9. A letter.

*Lower Diamond.*—1. A letter. 2. A prefix. 3. A mark which shows that something omitted in the line is interlined above it. 4. More successful. 5. A harpooner. 6. Controlling. 7. A certain period in one's life. 8. An abbreviation for regular. 9. A letter.

*Right Diamond.*—1. A letter. 2. A sort of East Indian vetch. 3. Bribes. 4. Exercises authority over. 5. A plant. 6. A choir desk in churches. 7. Bespangles. 8. To trespass. 9. A letter.

*Left Diamond.*—1. A letter. 2. A prefix. 3. Adjourns. 4. To relate wrongly. 5. Records. 6. A prophetess. 7. To cut. 8. A French article. 9. A letter.

*Central Square.*—1. To furnish with a new adornment. 2. A pupil. 3. A Scriptural word. 4. To escape. 5. A giggle. NAVAJO.

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### No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In rill, not in stream.
In chill, not in beam.
In trill, not in fret.
In catch, not in get.
In latch, not in door.
In threshold, not in floor.
Whole is often in winter seen
Flashing with rainbow colors keen.

MAGGIE E.

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### No. 3.

HIDDEN BIRDS.

1. At sea, gleeful voices were heard. 2. "How lame you are," said he. 3. In the Sahara venison is scarce. 4. The ship is going to cross billowy waves. 5. The flaming observatory was a great loss. 6. Beth rushed into the house. 7. I nearly swallowed a fish-bone. 8. Her only pencil was a good one. 9. The bitter nut was not good.

* * *

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### No. 4.

FIVE EASY LITTLE SQUARES.

1.—1. A rodent. 2. A funny fellow. 3. A number.

2.—1. A great pet. 2. A verb. 3. A kind of rope.

3.—1. A bit of cloth. 2. A droll animal. 3. To obtain.

4.—1. A human being. 2. A droll animal. 3. A boy's name.

5.—1. A utensil. 2. A name. 3. A short sleep.

WALLACE A. KEEP.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 270.

No. 1.—Foxglove.

No. 2.—Robert Burns.

No. 3.—1. Eel. 2. Spot. 3. Cod. 4. Drum. 5. Perch. 6. Rock. 7. Bass. 8. Herring. 9. Shad. 10. Carp.

No. 4.—

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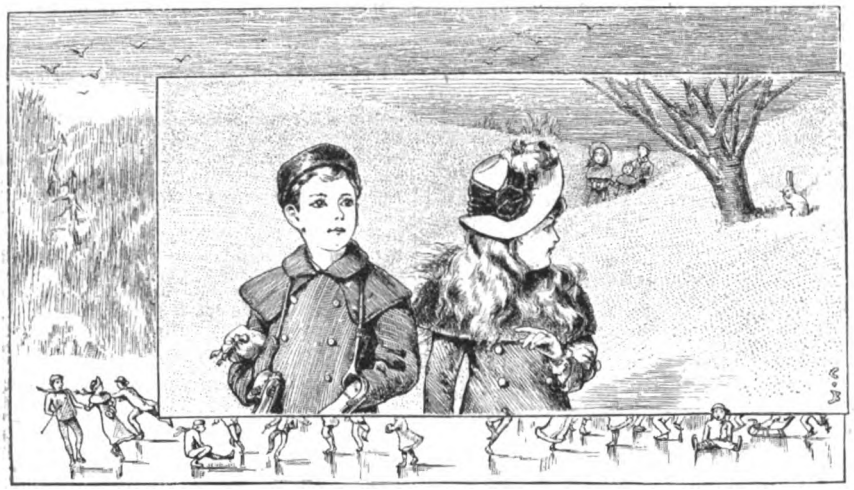
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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Lawrence Miller, Emma Bourn, Claudie Brown, Little Aunt Jennie, W. Holzman, Wallace A. Keep, Florence De P. Boese, Lucy V. S., Elmer Post, Jessie Johnson, Rollo, William Conover, Elliot Washburn, Rex and Max, Alger, Jun., A. C. D., Maggie B., Beth Curtis, and Fannie Sexton.

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[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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ACROSS LOTS TO THE LAKE.

## WHO IS THE OWNER?

BY ALICE M. KELLOGG.

A PLEASANT way for a party of young people to entertain themselves at an informal gathering is for them to try and distinguish each other by seeing the eyes alone.

Pin a shawl across the doorway about five feet from the floor. Cut two holes in a large sheet of wrapping-paper, or a newspaper will answer the same purpose, which will show the eyes distinctly, but will not expose any other part of the face.

If any one present possesses a talent for drawing, the paper, which is to serve as a mask, could be further decorated with a mouth and nose put on with a brush dipped in India ink. This will add to the grotesque appearance which the shawl, surmounted by the mask, will present. Eyebrows might also be painted.

When the paper is pinned above the shawl, the company should be divided into two parties, one to remain in the room as spectators and guessers, the other to go "behind the scenes" (otherwise the shawl) as performers. If there are over a half-dozen of the latter, a line should be formed; the one at the head stands behind the mask so that his eyes are distinctly seen by those in the room, and another of the performers asks, "Who is the owner?"

If a correct response is given, the performers clap their hands. The one who has taken his turn goes to the foot of the line, and number two takes his place behind the screen. After a time the parties change places, and the fun is renewed.

## THE FOX IN OLD AGE.

BY PALMER COX.

"NOW, father, you are growing old,"
The little foxes said;
"Your hair is turning dull and gray,
That once was bright and red.

"The teeth are dropping from the jaws
That used to break the bones,
And what were once your burning paws
Now feel as cold as stones.

"Your step is not so sure, we know,
As once in days of yore;
You often stumble as you go,
When nothing lies before.

"You'll not be eating turkey long:
So tell us, father, please,
What you went through when young and strong,
Ere we were round your knees."

The fox to answer them was slow,
And from his almond eye
He wiped a tear-drop with his toe
Before he made reply.

"I dare not tell you, children dear,
The struggles and the strife;
'Twould make you shrink away and fear
To venture forth in life.

"By various paths we all must go,
Though rough or smooth they be;
Some find the turkeys roosting low,
Some find them in the tree.

"We move in danger day and night,
Beset by cares and ills;
What often seems a harmless bite
May hold some poison pills.

"I once could stand a lengthy chase,
When active, young, and bold,
And gave the hounds full many a race
Across the country cold.

"The yawning trap the silence broke—
When least I thought of foes,
And with a vicious snap awoke
Beneath my very nose.

"I've ventured, when the sun was bright,
And bagged the ducks and drakes,
When unsuspecting farmers might
Have reached me with their rakes.




"But cunning now must take the place
Of boldness, dash, and speed;
When eyes grow dim and legs grow slim
We must with care proceed.

"But see! the moon her beauty flaunts
Above the mountain's head,
And I must find the rabbits' haunts,
And you must find your bed."

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 274. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




"'HOW DO YOU DO, DEAR? I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU.'"

## ROLF HOUSE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,
AUTHOR OF "NAN," "DICK AND D," ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

WHEN poor Miss Balch's unruly pupils got entirely beyond her control, she had but one resource, and that only to be used on extreme occasions.

The children delighted in visiting the house of a Mrs. Vandort, who was a distant relative of their father's; this lady was the one human being whose displeasure they feared, and when the condition of things became quite unendurable the governess contrived to whisper a word of it to her; but to speak too often would have lessened the effect she desired, so that such scenes as she had endured this afternoon were apt to be repeated many times before Miss Balch ventured to call upon Mrs. Vandort for any aid.

"Nan Rolf, indeed!" said Betty, with a toss of her long flaxen locks. "I'd like to know what mamma invited *her* for! I hate all those Rolfs!"

"She's to stay a month," said Bob. "I say, Betty, let's see if we can't make her wish herself home in a week."


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Miss Balch had disappeared to give Louise Mrs. Farquhar's message, and presently the French girl came in, calling to the children, promising Betty that she should put on her newest dress for this occasion.

Betty's toilet for company or going out to walk or visit was a subject of intense gratification to the child. Not only did Louise foster her vanity in every way by telling her how charming and lovely she was when dressed finely, but she at such times—during the dressing of her hair and the buttoning of her boots—entertained her with stories of her own life, or the possible future, which filled Betty's silly little head with the most unreal fancies, and made her imagine that she was a heroine, such, perhaps, as her particular friend Fanny Moreton aimed at becoming.

While Betty was being dressed in her blue silk for Nan's arrival, Bob dashed into his room, making as speedy a toilet as he dared, and then darted down-stairs, sliding on the lower balusters with great ease, and landing in the lower hall, delighted to find himself alone.

It had been no sudden determination, this one of making Nan's visit uncomfortable, but he wanted time to think out his plans for beginning the campaign against her. His reasons were many. To begin with, on the occasion of his memorable visit to College Street, he had decided that the Rolfs were a set of prigs and goody-goodies—an opinion with which, I am afraid, Phyllis and Mrs. Heriot, in view of some of their capers, would not have agreed. Lance had thrashed him for whipping a little dog that had broken its leg through his fault, and this had to be avenged; Joan and Dicksie had snubbed him, and had acted "too good" for him, and his thefts of pies and cakes had been discovered so often that Joan had denounced him as a "sneak." Bob was accustomed to terrifying Betty by telling her, with an awful look, that he *never forgot*, and Betty had such a varied and unpleasant experience of what it meant for him to *remember*, that she was ready to do anything he demanded of her when her fears were sufficiently excited. She could on occasion avenge herself, as she had this afternoon; yet even after such a victory she was apt to dread what she knew would follow, and usually prepared to conciliate Bob with something he had wanted—one of her games or books, or her last investment in candy.

This afternoon, Bob, as he stood in the parlor window, decided only to demand her assistance in teasing Nan in some fashion during the evening; and when Betty joined him, looking very important in her flounced blue silk, and with her hair freshly combed and frizzed, he entered into the subject at once, laughing with glee over his well-laid plans.

"Perhaps she'll be nice," said Betty, a little timidly.

"Nice?" echoed Bob, in scorn. "She's just such another as that Joan, and I know they're great chums, and I mean to get square with those College Street Rolfs some way."

## Chapter IV.

### NAN'S WELCOME.

Meanwhile Nan, with Mr. Farquhar, who had met her half-way on the journey, was driving through the twilight streets to the large corner house on Madison Avenue. She was already feeling a little lonely, and yet there was a great fascination in the idea of visiting New York, meeting new cousins, entering upon purely novel experiences, and she answered Mr. Farquhar's few remarks in a half-bewildered although animated way, scarcely feeling herself or the occasion *real*.

But the carriage stopped at last. Mr. Farquhar, who was a tall, thin, stern-looking man, helped her to descend, and as she stood a moment on the pavement she saw in the parlor windows the faces of her young cousins, and smiled pleasantly at them. They looked soberly down at the little figure in gray, at the pleasant face, childish for its years, under the gray felt hat; and while Nan wondered a little that her smile was not returned, Betty was saying to Louise, who had come in for a momentary glance at the new-comer:

"Isn't she a dowdy? What old-fashioned-looking things! Oh *my!*"—an opinion Mademoiselle Louise indorsed with a derisive laugh and shrug of her shoulders as she ran out of the room, hearing Mr. Farquhar's step on the lower stairs.

It was a basement house, with a wide hall below, which confused Nan a little as they entered it, for the pictures on the walls, the plaster busts, the staircase winding away to the left, were all in shadow, and a certain air of gloom seemed over them. In broader daylight much shabbiness was revealed, but coming in at dusk the impression upon Nan was of something very fine, if dim and melancholy, and as she followed Mr. Farquhar up the stairs she heard a rush and scramble, and in the doorway of a long, rather gaudily furnished parlor she saw her two cousins, Betty's flounces in fine order, and Bob's most defiant stare attracting her attention first.

"Children," said Mr. Farquhar, "this is your cousin Nan—Annice Rolf."

Nan smiled and held out her hand with sweet cordiality, and for a moment even Bob's "plans" were forgotten. He returned her greeting with some politeness, and Betty's "How do you do, Nan?" had a touch of welcome in it.

They all stood still a moment in the parlor until Betty said: "Mamma is lying down, and she said I was to bring Nan up to see her. She has a headache."

Mr. Farquhar seemed to be glad to be relieved of any further duty in regard to the little visitor, and desired Betty to do as her mother had said at once; so Nan, with a sense of embarrassment or disappointment, followed her cousin up the next flight of stairs, and to a door at the end of the hall.

Nan had in her mind the old-fashioned portrait her aunt had shown her of the Mary Rolf who, twenty years before, had been her grandfather's favorite niece, and she smiled, as a mild voice said, "Come in," thinking how lovely the Cousin Mary of to-day would surely be.

The room was a luxurious one, the pale blue silk and white lace hangings, dainty flowered cretonne furniture, the lace-hung dressing-table covered with ornaments and rich articles for use, looking like a picture to Nan's eyes, accustomed as they were to the more sombre though home-like and comfortable luxuries of Rolf House; and the lady on the sofa, who turned a faded pretty face toward her, who smiled so languidly, *could* that be the bright young girl in the picture?

Betty only stared in silence, while her mother said, "How do you do, dear? I am glad to see you," holding out a thin hand glittering with rings, and Nan said, in a subdued voice,

"Thank you, I am very well," and then stood still, apparently not knowing what to do or what was expected of her.

"Come along," said Betty, suddenly. "Mamma, sha'n't I take her to her room? Louise said it was ready."

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Farquhar; "and after dinner I will expect you to tell me all about my cousin Letty—and every one."

Nan smiled, or tried to smile, but already a curious loneliness had begun to oppress her, and there was actually a choking in her throat as she followed Betty up the next flight of stairs to a front room, in which were two little beds, one of which, Betty informed her, shortly, was for her, the other being her own.

"Tina's going to sleep in the other room," Betty explained, sitting on the edge of her own bed, while Nan laid aside her things, and began with rather trembling fingers to unfasten her travelling-bag.

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"What have you got in there?" Betty said, springing up. "Oh, only your comb and brush and such things. We'll look all through your trunk to-morrow, though," she added. "Louise cleaned out this bureau for you. I mean to watch you put all your things away. I guess you're one of the dreadfully neat kind, aren't you? I just advise you not to let Bob find that out, or he won't give you any peace," continued Betty, with an air half triumph, half good-humored warning.

Nan laughed, took out her dressing things, and disposed of them in one of the bureau drawers.

"I only sleep here," Betty continued, affably, and sitting down on the bed again; "all my things are in the nursery. That's just the next room, so I can be in and out of here all the time if I like. Come—your hair's brushed enough—come down-stairs to the parlor."

Nan had left Beverley with so fixed a determination to like everything and everybody, that she tried to enjoy the rattling conversation of her two cousins while they waited for the sound of the dinner bell; but Bob had been seized with a desire to "show off," and amused himself by telling Nan various of his deeds of valor among the boys in "their street," which, as they usually consisted of playing cruel tricks or of stealing or hiding their marbles or tops, were not as loudly applauded as he expected by Nan, who, indeed, sat listening with an expression of surprise upon her face which he could not mistake for approval.

"Oh, and I've lots of other schemes," he continued, in an off-hand way, evidently thinking he had not been impressive enough. "I've got a jolly good thing on one of the boys now. P'r'aps I'll tell you some day, or *show* it to you. He can't find me out if he tries *ever* so hard," and Bob gave his little malicious chuckle, while Betty said, pleadingly:

"Oh, tell us *now*, Bob, *please!*" But Master Bob evidently considered this tale too important for communication at once.

"I'll wait and see," he said, very significantly; and as he went to the other side of the room Betty whispered to Nan:

"I am crazy to find out. It's something about a dog, I know that much, and if I make up my mind to *like* you I'll let you know privately as soon as I can find out any sort of way."

To Nan's relief, dinner interrupted these confidences. The children fairly rushed her down the stairs and into the dining-room, quarrelling with the servant as to where her place was to be at table, the dispute being only ended by the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar.

The elders said very little except to inquire in a general way for things and people at Beverley. Mr. Farquhar made several comments on the fatigues and discomforts of the hour's journey he had taken with Nan, which made her feel that she must have given him a great deal of trouble, for which she longed to offer some thanks or apology; but when she looked up to speak his expression made her fear to do so, and as Mrs. Farquhar suddenly changed the subject to a criticism on a new pair of horses, Nan's opportunity went by.

Bob and Betty kept up a lively skirmish of words and actions, only now and then interrupted by some stern remonstrance from Mr. Farquhar or a "Now, now, children!" from their mother, which as soon as it was uttered seemed forgotten, as the same performances were renewed, and passed for some time unheeded. At last a crisis came in Betty's overturning her salad into Nan's lap, and both the little Farquhars were thereupon suddenly and summarily sent upstairs, Mrs. Farquhar declaring to her husband that those children were becoming *unbearable*.

"Then why don't you send them to school?" said Mr. Farquhar, angrily; "I shall take it into my own hands very soon, I assure you, if you don't."

Mrs. Farquhar admitted that something must be done, and her husband left the table repeating his orders that neither Bob nor Betty were to be allowed down-stairs that evening.

Nan followed her cousin Mary up to the parlor, feeling decidedly out of spirits, although her natural sense of the ludicrous or love of fun had made it almost impossible for her to keep from laughing during some of the antics at dinner, but as Mrs. Farquhar took up a book and began to read as soon as they were alone in the parlor, Nan wished that the two exiles might return, especially as every five or ten minutes pleading messages from them were sent down. Mrs. Farquhar received these with a stern refusal, but as after the last demand a long silence ensued, she looked up from her novel, saying to Nan:

"I am sure I hear those children in my room. Nan, my dear, will you please go up and tell them they may come down if they will *promise* to behave themselves?"

Nan departed, not liking her task; but on reaching Mrs. Farquhar's bedroom door she had to stand still and laugh.

In spite of their loud demands to be "let down," the pair were evidently enjoying their imprisonment. Betty had attired herself in her mother's best bonnet, and with a camel's-hair shawl fastened about her waist for a train, and a pair of new kid gloves on her hands, was marching up and down the room with all the fine graces imaginable. Bob, less airy in his designs, had been ransacking the drawers of his mother's writing-table, and turned one of them upside down in search of pencils and a rubber.

Nan's entrance caused both the children to stand still, not knowing just what she might say; but her ready laughter sent Betty off into a new flourish and parade of her finery, and Bob gave a sort of war-whoop as he returned to the search for a new drawer.

"To come down, are we!" exclaimed Betty, hastily pulling off her mother's things. She ran to the next room, calling out: "Louise, come right in here. Put up these things, and *don't tell*"—a command or injunction Nan was destined to hear many times from the children to the French maid, or from Louise to them.

Louise must be very good-natured, Nan thought, as she watched her quick re-arrangement of the room, saw her sweep the papers into the drawers again, and put away the beautiful shawl and bonnet and the long gloves. But she soon discovered that Louise had her own object in concealing the children's mischief. It was an open game of "give and take" with her and her charges, and poor little Betty had to return all obligations with an interest the weight of which she could not appreciate.

Mr. Farquhar seemed annoyed when he returned to find the children all assembled in the back parlor playing a rather noisy game; but Nan was surprised that after his first exclamation he said nothing, nor did the children make any allusion to their having been "excused."

It was not so pleasant an evening that Nan regretted going to bed at nine o'clock. After the hurried good-night's and the dashing upstairs there was a skirmish between Bob and Betty on the upper landing as they tried to get the "last tag," Betty giving Bob a final touch as he retreated into his room, banging the door, but opening it a second later to call out, "Hello, smarty! only niggers want the last tag"—a remark which Nan often heard on similar occasions, and which, for some reason she could never discover, had the effect of exasperating Betty in the wildest way.

Once in the darkness of her room, and lying in the strange bed, poor Nan's heart ached for home, and a sort of dismay took possession of her. Already she was confused and perplexed by many strange things around her,

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"BETTY HAD ATTIRED HERSELF IN HER MOTHER'S BEST BONNET."

and she began to dread the month she was to pass among these strange cousins. In her short life she had, as we know, come in contact with many kinds of people, gone through varied experiences; but looking back even to the days when she had lived among the Ruperts at Bromfield, she had not felt herself quite so depressed by her surroundings as she did now in this grand house and with these frolicking, mischievous pair of companions.

She thought of her cousin Phyllis's boyish roughness, of Marian's fine-lady airs, then of the gay good-humor, fun, and frolic which went on always among the College Street party, but in it all there had never been the element of boldness, of rude manners, of deliberate defiance of authority, which she felt in everything the little Farquhars did or said, and Nan sighed heavily, some tears of sheer homesickness forcing themselves from under her closed eyelids, rolling sorrowfully down her cheeks; and then—crash! thump! bang!—what was that? Nan gave a scream as her bed gave way beneath her, and fell to the floor.

Muffled laughter from outside the door, hysterical giggles from Betty's bed, made Nan realize at once it was a trick, and in spite of her momentary alarm she joined in the laugh. But Louise was out, and the two younger children in the next room began to howl piteously. In the midst of the racket Mrs. Farquhar's voice was heard from below, and Katie, the house-maid, came running up, angrily declaring it was "thim children at their tricks agin."

But nothing could have been more innocent than Betty's face when the gas was lighted, or Bob's voice as he called through the door to ask if anything had happened.

"*Anything*, is it!" exclaimed Katie, as with Nan's help she tried to set the bed to rights again; "sure I'm coming in there in a minute to show you if it's anything. Your head ought to be well wigged, sir;" and Katie muttered on about the way "thim two" were allowed "to go on."

"It's your cousin. Mrs. Vandort, ought to hear of you, and it's myself 'll tell her," she continued, in a loud key, for Bob's benefit.

"You'll feel sorry if you do," warned Bob, from his room.

"D'ye know *how* sorry I'll feel?" retorted Katie; "as sorry as iver the dog was at his grandfather's wake, an' that was not at all. D'ye mind that?" and Katie, saying something apologetic to the little visitor, went away, still muttering vengeance on "thim two."

Nan composed herself to sleep, scarcely encouraged to face the next day; but after all, at barely fifteen, it is hard not to enjoy novelty and a first visit, even if such must be weighted by some disagreeable element.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WASPS AND MOSQUITOES.

BY SARAH COOPER.

WASPS have a general resemblance to bees. They may be distinguished by their wings, which, when at rest, are laid over the body; also by the deep stalk-like division between the thorax and abdomen.

Wasps differ greatly in their habits. Like the bees, some live alone, others live in colonies. Our common mud wasp is among the solitary ones. This wasp makes its nest of mud, fastened to the side of a wall or under the ceiling. The nest consists of long cells arranged horizontally. In each cell is deposited one egg and a supply of little spiders for the young larva to feed upon after it is hatched. The spiders are not always killed, but only stunned, and imprisoned alive when the end of the cell is fastened up.

In Fig. 3 you see a cell which has not yet been closed. The remaining cells were full of little green spiders, still kicking, when this nest was taken from under the roof.

Social wasps live in large families, which contain females, workers, and males. When winter approaches, all the wasps die except the females; these creep into some safe place, and sleep through the cold weather with their wings and legs tightly folded. In the spring they revive, and each female starts a new nest for herself.

The nests of social wasps are always built of paper.

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Indeed, wasps were the first paper-makers. Long before man had learned the various processes required, wasps had mastered the secret. Their paper is beautifully variegated, and being made of the fibres of wood, it is so durable as to bear exposure to rain and storms. Gnawing these fibres from some old fence or tree trunk, the wasps moisten them with saliva until by the action of their jaws they are formed into a paste ready to spread out in a thin sheet. In looking at a piece of this paper the wavy stripes will show just how far each bundle of fibre went toward forming the nest.

As we have stated, there is but one wasp to do all the work in starting the home, so the building goes on slowly at first. By the time three or four cells are finished, however, the young workers which occupied them are ready to help their mother, who has had a busy time building the nest, depositing eggs, and feeding the hungry larvæ. Other cells are at once made and more eggs deposited, and now the work goes on rapidly. The first wasps that are hatched are the workers; the perfect males and females do not appear until nearly the end of the season.

Some kinds of wasps make their nests in holes in the ground, others fasten them to walls or to the branches of trees. The flat nests in Fig. 1 are built without any covering to the cells.

A much more elaborate nest is made by the hornets. The one represented in Fig. 4 is cut open at one side to show the interior. It is formed of tiers of cells, one above another, with their mouths opening downward; the tiers are attached to little stalks which hang from the top of the nest. The whole is covered with several envelopes of paper, and the entrance is through a circular opening in the bottom. When it becomes necessary to enlarge the nest, new envelopes are added on the outside, and the inner covers are removed to make room for more cells. These nests are found in the woods, attached to the branches of the trees.



Fig. 1.
NESTS OF SOCIAL WASPS.

The yellow-jacket is a small black wasp marked with bands and spots of yellow. Its nest is much like that of a hornet, but smaller and more pointed, and the entrance is on one side, near the bottom. The yellow-jacket sometimes attacks persons without provocation, and its sting is very severe. As a general thing, wasps do not sting unless they are irritated, but they are zealous in guarding their nests, and become agitated upon any approach to it; if it is molested in any way, they rush upon the intruder without mercy.



Fig. 2.—DIGGER WASP—COCOON AND LARVA.

Now let us glance at the mosquito. Its sting is on the head. It consists of several sharp lances and sucking tubes inclosed in a flexible sheath. After lancing the flesh, mosquitoes let fall a drop of poison, which makes the blood so thin as to flow readily through their sucking tubes.

Mosquitoes lay their eggs in water. Their larvæ pass by the name of "wigglers," and they may be seen in any stagnant pool. Here they remain during winter, when the ponds are covered with ice, and the mosquitoes of last season have been killed off with the cold. So while we are enjoying a rest from the attentions of these little pests, another generation is coming on for next season.

The larvæ move through the water by sudden jerks. Their breathing organs are toward the tail (E, Fig. 5), so they swim with the head down, but after throwing off the first skin, and entering the pupa state, they breathe through the thorax, and keep the head at the surface of the water. Once more the skin splits, and they fly away full-grown mosquitoes. The dry case of the pupa forms a sort of boat, upon which the insect may rest and spread its wings before taking flight.

You may see this interesting metamorphosis going on in any pond in summer-time. A bright sunny morning brings thousands of these little boats to the surface, and you may

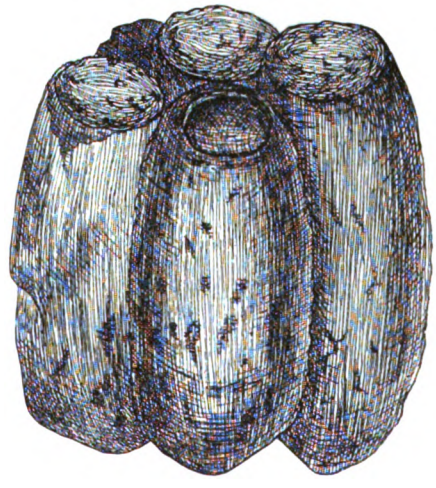


Fig. 3.—NEST OF MUD WASP.

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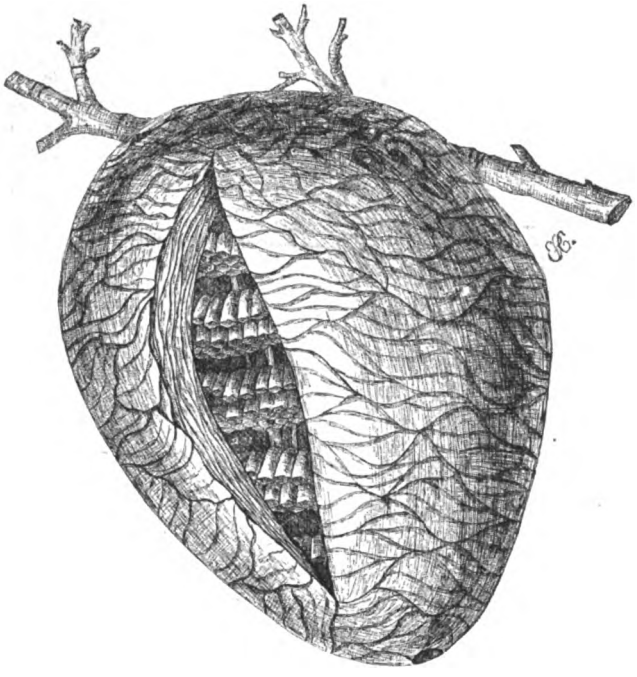


Fig. 4.—Hornet's Nest.

be so fortunate as to see the occupant burst its shell and fly off into the sunlight.

The eggs of the mosquito may be found on the water, often one dozen or more cemented together side by side, with pointed ends, looking like miniature life-boats, which they truly are. These eggs float gracefully on the water; covered all over with some water-proof garment, they are secure in hardest showers. Each egg, moreover, contains a tiny air-bubble, and if the little life-boat be thrust beneath the surface, quickly it rises again, and always "right side up." These rafts of eggs are shown nicely in Fig. 5. At *B* you will see the eggs magnified, with a curious lid at *d*, for the escape of the larva.

Our common house-flies live with us on intimate terms, and take great liberties in our homes; still, the early part of their lives is concealed from us, and we scarcely think about how they come or where they go.

Most flies perish when cold weather comes, but a few of the strong, healthy females creep into crevices or corners. Here they lie in a torpid state until the next summer, when the eggs are deposited from which a new generation springs. In hot climates, and in rooms which are kept constantly warm, flies remain active all the year.

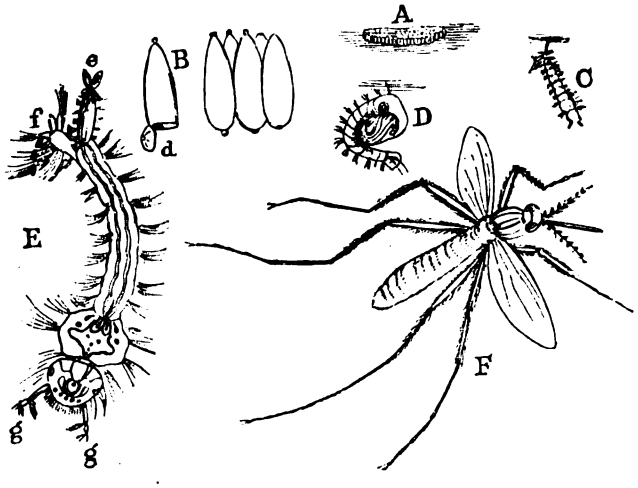



Fig. 5.—Different Stages in the Growth of a Mosquito.

*A*, Boat of Eggs; *B*, Eggs highly magnified; *d*, With Lid open for the escape of the Larva; *C*, *D*, Pupæ; *E*, Larva magnified, showing respiratory Tubes (*e*); Anal Fins (*f*); Antennæ, *g*; *F*, Imago.

A fly's foot ends in a pair of pads. Formerly these were thought to act as suckers, but it is now known that the pads are covered with little hairs, which are kept moist by a certain fluid supplied to them; this enables the fly to adhere to smooth surfaces.

## SNOWED-IN.

BY ADA CARLETON STODDARD.

ONE cloudy winter morning, not less than twenty years ago, there was an unusual commotion about a certain little old house standing far up on the St. John River.

Within, Mrs. Grace sat before the great fire-place in the fore-room, so bundled up in shawls and blankets and hoods that she could scarcely stir. In a warm corner of the hearth lay three or four hot bricks, well wrapped in newspapers, and two home-made robes were hanging across a chair to warm—everything indicating preparations for a long, cold journey. Without, Mr. Grace was hitching the old red mare into the thills of the still older red pung, that looked as if it might have come over in the *Mayflower*. His round, good-natured face wore a troubled expression, and he jerked at old Dolly's bit once or twice in an ungentle way which wasn't like himself.

The small part of Mrs. Grace's face that was visible among the folds of her home-knit hood showed the same look of anxiety; and her voice trembled a good deal when she spoke to the children, and gave Charly her last directions. There were four of the children, Dean and Emmy, and Joe and Charly—though Charly was not one of the Grace children. Mrs. Grace had taken her, a wee lame mite, when there was no one else to take her, and she often declared she couldn't and didn't love one of her own little ones better than she could and did love Charly. Emmy and Dean and Joe were round, rosy little bodies, of three and five and seven years, blue-eyed and yellow-haired. Charly was eleven, and she was neither round nor rosy. Her face was thin and her eyes were big and shadowy. And Charly was lame; there was a pair of tiny crutches always by her chair.

"I couldn't think of going," said Mrs. Grace, "if Charly wasn't the wise, patient little mother I know she is. I never was so worried in my life. But what can I do?"

It was a hard question to answer, indeed. For the night before had come a letter to Mrs. Grace from her sister in a distant town saying that her mother—the children's dear old grandmamma—was very, very ill. "Come at once," the letter read; and it was a week old when Mr. Ringgold, who lived two miles above them, but was yet their nearest neighbor in the sparsely settled region, brought it from the post-office, five miles below. It was little to be wondered at that the tears filled poor Mrs. Grace's eyes, that her lips quivered, and her voice shook.

"I *couldn't* do it if it was not for trusting in Charly so," she repeated time and again, in tones that brought a pretty glow to Charly's thin little face. "I know you'll take good care of them, dear. There's bread enough baked, and I've left the jar of doughnuts in the closet."

"Oh, good again!" cried Joe. "Can we have all we want? Won't it be fun, Charly?"

"You must have what Charly gives you," said Mrs. Grace, "and attend to what Charly says. I've locked the pantry door so you can't bother her by running in and out. Now—" She looked at Charly as the outer door opened.

"I'll do just the best I can," said Charly, bravely.

"I know you will, dear. Be good children, all of you."

"There's wood enough piled up in the entry to last you," said Mr. Grace, a little huskily. "We shall be back day after to-morrow night, sure. All ready, wife." And a

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few moments later old Dolly was jogging at her best pace down the snowy level of the river. It was thirty long miles to Dunbar Corner.

"I wish they were home again," said Joe.

"They will be before you know it," laughed Charly. "Now I'll tell you a story."

So the three little ones cuddled around Charly's chair before the open fire while she told them the wonderful tale of the "Three Tiny Pigs"; and from first to last they listened breathlessly, though they had heard the same story many times before, no doubt. Charly had a wonderful gift for telling stories, Mrs. Grace often declared.

And Charly had a gift for something besides story-telling. When the stories came to an end she smiled.

"Bring me my box, will you, Joey, please?" Charly asked. Her poor little limbs were so weak and misshapen that it was with difficulty she could move about, even with the aid of her crutches.

Joe obeyed, climbing up on the wide four-posted bed in the corner, and taking from a shelf above it a square wooden box with a sliding cover. Dean and Emmy knew what was coming then.

"Dive me the kitty," pleaded Emmy.

"And me the mooses," said Dean.

"They're deers, goosey," said Joe, with a little scornful sniff. "Let *me* see all of 'em, won't you, Charly?"

Charly smiled in the brightest way, and pulled off the cover. Shall I tell you what were there? The daintiest little images under the sun, carved all in wood, and the largest one scarcely four inches high. It is true, they were the work of a single awkward tool in untaught fingers, but if you had seen them, I am sure you could not have helped exclaiming with Joe and Dean and Emmy, "Oh, Charly, how pretty they are!"

They were exceedingly true to life, too. There was the old house cat, which Emmy instantly appropriated—why, you could almost hear her drowsy purr—and there were Dean's "mooses" with their delicate branching horns, and a pair of rabbits eating clover, and a cunning creeping baby, and there was old Dolly herself standing with drooping head and lopped ears—lazy Dolly.

"I'd know her anywheres," laughed Joe.

Charly laughed too, and fingered her treasures lovingly. Her cheeks glowed, and her eyes were starry.

"Do you think they're nice?" she asked—"as nice as some they have at the stores at Christmas-time, Joey?"

"Nicer," returned Joe, in a tone expressive of great wisdom and experience—"a whole heap nicer."

"Well," pursued Charly, "I'm going to make all I can, and when I get enough, I'll send them to sell. Mrs. Ringgold said they ought to be half a dollar apiece."

"O-oh!" cried Joe, quite taken aback by this prospect of unbounded wealth. "What 'll you do with so much?"

"*I* know," put in Dean. "You'll get cured, won't you, Charly?"

The quick tears sprang to Charly's dark eyes. "I will, if I can," said she, and she pulled Emmy to her, and hid her face in the baby's yellow curls. "Maybe I can't."

"Mr. Perks said you could if you could go to see Dr. Lester. He can cure everything."

"But it 'll cost a great lot of money—maybe a hundred dollars," said Charly. "I'd have to make two hundred of these, Joey."

"Well, you ain't going to wait that long," declared Joe, stoutly. "Father says just as soon's this old farm pays anything, he's going to take you to Fredericton to see Dr. Lester. Maybe 'twill pay next summer; we're going to have a cow then. And we haven't been here long enough yet, you know."

"That 'll be real nice," said she. "Now, after dinner, I'll cut out something more."

"I think it's real fun," said Joe. But Charly only shook her head and smiled again.

Well, that day passed, and the next, and all the time the sun did not once show his face. The clouds hung heavy and black, and dark came early, and weather-wise Joe, with his nose against a window-pane, prophesied a storm.

"I hope 'twon't come, though, till father and mother are home," said he.

It did, however. When the children awoke next morning the snow was falling fast and steadily in large flakes. It had grown very much colder, too, in the night. Poor little Joe's teeth chattered spitefully even after he had raked open the bed of coals in the fire-place, and built a roaring fire. The wind came up with the sun; it whistled and raved along the bleak river-shore in a way that set the timbers of the old house to creaking dolefully.

"I don't believe they'll come to-night," said Joe, when dark began to fall.

"Won't they, Charly?"

"Oh, Charly, won't 'em?"

"Do you s'pose a wolf chased father an' mother?" asked Joe, with a dismal quaver, breaking in upon the narrative of the "Tiny Pig."

"A wolf couldn't catch our old Dolly," said Dean, quickly; "she's too smart—and big."

Charly laughed. For the world she would not have acknowledged that such a possibility had occurred to her own mind.

"It's the storm that keeps them," she said, cheerily. "It's a dreadful storm, you know. They'll be here to-morrow—I know they will."

But to-morrow came and went—a long, dreary, freezing day, and the fifth morning dawned. How bitterly cold it was, and how the wind whistled through and through the house! The storm had ceased, but of this the children could not be sure, since the windows were banked high with snow, and when Joe tried to open the outer door, a white wall repelled him. Their store of provisions, too, was nearly exhausted, and that seemed worse than all the rest, until Joe came in from the entry with his arms full of wood and his eyes full of tears.

"That's every bit there is," he quavered. "Oh, Charly, why don't father come?"

"He will," said Charly, with a brave, bright smile, though her heart was like lead. "Now we'll be real saving of this wood, and only put on one stick at a time."

Oh, how cold the room grew!—colder and colder while time dragged on, and those last sticks were burning slowly away. They ate their last bits of bread then, and because Charly said she could not eat, there was a very little more for Emmy and Dean and Joe.

But Joe, though he looked wistfully at the frozen morsels, was struck with a sudden recollection.

"You didn't eat any breakfast, Charly, nor any last night, because your head ached. Ain't you hungry?"

"Never mind," said Charly, cheerily. "I'll eat enough when they come home."

The bread disappeared then to the last crumb.

"I'm awful hungry yet," said Joe.

"So'm I," echoed Dean, with a pitiful pucker, "and I'm awful cold."

Charly hugged Emmy tighter and looked around.

There were the chairs—stout oaken ones.

"Can't you break up a chair, Joey?" she asked.

But he couldn't, though he tried manfully—poor little Joe—with tears standing on his cheeks.

"Never mind," said Charly again. And then the forlorn little group huddled together over the dying fire. How cold it was! and how the wind rocked the old house and blew its freezing breath in through every chink!

"I'm s'eepy," murmured Emmy, drowsily. Charly looked at her in sudden terror. She had been sobbing with cold and hunger, and now her baby face looked pinched and her hands blue with cold. But the golden head drooped heavily against Charly's arm—and Emmy

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"'THAT'S EVERY BIT OF WOOD THERE IS,' HE QUAVERED."

never went to sleep at this time in the day. A dull red coal winked among the ashes. Charly saw it, and straightened Emmy up with a little shake.

"We'll have a funny fire," said she, with a catch in her voice. "Bring the—the box, Joey."

"Oh, Charly, no!"

"Yes," said Charly. "I can make plenty more. Wake up, Emmy."

And in a minute Emmy was wide awake enough to see a tiny bright blaze upon the hearth. They burned the box first, and then the pretty carvings one by one. All too soon they were gone, and there only remained a few ashes.

"I'm just as cold," whimpered Dean. "I'm sleepy, too, Charly."

"Well, you shall go to sleep," said Charly; "and when you wake up I know they'll be here. But we'll have some nice fun first. Who wants a doughnut?"

"Oh, Charly Grace, you haven't got one!"

"Yes, I have," returned Charly, with a triumphant little laugh. "I saved these out of mine." She stood Emmy on the hearth, and hobbled as briskly as could be across the floor, placing two chairs, one at each end of the room. "Now you run a race around those till I say it's enough, and I'll give you one apiece. Run just as fast as you can."

At first the children demurred, they were so cramped and tired and drowsy; but the sight of three brown, delicious-looking cakes which Charly produced from her pocket nerved them to action. Around and around the chairs they ran, Joe ahead, Emmy in the rear, breathing out little clouds of steam. And Charly laughed and clapped her hands and cheered them on, until at last they stopped from sheer fatigue, puffing like three small locomotives, and with their pulses beating in a lively way.

Charly hobbled over to the bed. "Get in, all of you," she said; "then I'll give you your cakes. I know they'll be here when you wake up."

She tucked them in warmly, and then she went back to her chair. She put the ends of her crutches upon two or three live coals and blew them into a tiny blaze. Pretty soon, when she had warmed herself a little, she would creep in beside Emmy. She listened to the deep regular breathing from the bed.

"They are going to sleep," she murmured. "I've done the best I could—the best I could."

The words echoed from the walls of the cold little room, and rang themselves over and over in her brain. How warm the place was growing, and how dark! She thought she would crawl over to the bed and get in with Emmy and Dean and Joe. But she did not stir.

She sat there still, a white little figure, with a pair of half-burned crutches at her feet, when less than an hour later a man with frosty beard and hair forced himself through the snow-bank at the door. It was Mr. Grace, alone, for the storm had rendered the roads impassable, and he had tramped the whole distance from Dunbar Corner upon snow-shoes. It was a long, wearying walk, no doubt, and he had been about it two days. But when he opened the door of his home he forgot it all. In less than a minute he had made kindling-wood of one of the chairs, and in another one or two a brisk fire was roaring on the hearth, and Mr. Grace, in terrible fear, was rubbing Charly's hands and forcing some brandy from the little flask he carried down her throat. She opened her eyes presently, and looked up into the kind face above her in a bewildered way.

"Emmy—Dean—Joe—are—"

"All right—all right!" yelled Mr. Grace, nearly beside himself with delight; and then he went down upon his knees before Charly and cried, "We're all all right, my dear."

And so, indeed, they were. I haven't space to tell you all that happened—what Mrs. Grace said and did when she came, a few days later, with the welcome news that grandmamma was better, and heard what Mr. Grace had already heard from Joe and Emmy and Dean; how the story was told throughout the settlement over and over, and how Charly was praised on all sides; nor of how the people of Grand Fork, the little village five miles below, got up a fair for Charly's benefit, which gave her enough to take her to Dr. Lester that very next spring. And though Dr. Lester could not entirely cure her, the weak little limbs grew so much stronger and better that she was able to walk without crutches, by limping a very little. When Dr. Lester, too, came to know who Charly was—for the story of that winter's day had already reached his ears—he refused to take his fee, but, instead, added to the little roll of bills, and put the whole in a bank—for Charly.

"She will want to go to school in a little while," said he. "I think she must study art."

"Why, what makes every one so good to me?" asked Charly, with happy tears; "I didn't do anything."

"Didn't you?" asked Mrs. Grace, in return, kissing the glad little face—"didn't you?"

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"MATERNAL COUNSEL."—DRAWN BY W. HAMILTON GIBSON.

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## A ROYAL PHYSICIAN.

IN the summer of 1768 a poor woman lay moaning on her bed in the attic of a dingy house in one of the poor quarters of Vienna. The house and its surroundings gave evidence of the poverty of the inhabitants of that part of the gay capital. A glance at the interior showed the tenants to be busily engaged in their various occupations. Kind-hearted though these people were, yet their daily struggle in the battle of life left them but little time to give aid and comfort to their suffering neighbor. Too poor to pay for doctor or nurse, Frau Waldorf was dependent on her only child, a lad of twelve years, who dearly loved his mother. His heart would almost break when he thought how little he could do for her, and saw that she grew worse from day to day.

One day she said: "Franz, I can bear this pain no longer. See if you can not induce some doctor to call here and prescribe for me." With a sad heart, and with but slight hopes of success, Franz obeyed. He called on several physicians and begged them to visit his mother, but in vain. They all declined because he was unable to pay their fee, which in those days was a florin for each visit. In despair, and not knowing what to do next, he stood at a corner dreading to go home. Just then a private carriage came slowly by, in which sat a distinguished-looking man.

This was no other than the Emperor Joseph II., a most kind-hearted ruler, who was always accessible to the most humble of his subjects, and was dearly beloved by them. He frequently mingled with the people, delighting to walk and ride about among them. On such occasions he was always plainly dressed, so that no one suspected that he was the Emperor.

Franz stepped to the carriage door, and taking off his cap, said, humbly: "Kind sir, will you have the goodness to give me a florin?"

"Would not a smaller sum do, my little man?"

"No, sir," replied Franz; and emboldened by the gentleman's kind tone, he narrated to him for what purpose he required a florin.

The Emperor listened attentively, and then handed him the money. He also inquired of him where his mother lived, and questioned him about her circumstances. Pleased with Franz's replies, he then dismissed him, and bade his coachman drive to the given address. On his arrival he wrapped himself well up in his cloak to avoid any possible chance of recognition. Then he ascended the stairs and entered the sick woman's room. She, supposing him to be a physician whom her son had sent, told him of her illness and of her poverty and struggles.

"My good woman," said the Emperor, when she had finished, "I understand your case perfectly. I will now write you a prescription, which I am sure will do you good."

He sat down at the table, and, after writing a few moments, folded up the paper. "When your son comes home he can attend to this."

He had hardly left the house when the door was again opened, and a doctor, followed by Franz, entered the room.

Frau Waldorf was surprised at this second call, and explained to the new-comer that a physician had just visited her and had left a prescription on yonder table. The doctor took up the paper to see who had been there and what had been prescribed. He had, however, hardly glanced at it when he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and said: "Madam, do you know into whose hands you have fallen? This paper is an order on the treasury for fifty florins, and is signed, 'Joseph.'"

"The Emperor!" shouted Franz, with delight, while his mother invoked blessings on him who had befriended her in her greatest need.

But the Emperor did not stop here. He caused inquiries to be made about Frau Waldorf and her family, and was informed that her husband had been an officer in his father's army, and had served with distinction through the Seven Years' War. In one of the last engagements he had fallen on the field of battle while gallantly charging a battery. On learning this the Emperor at once gave directions that her wants should be thereafter provided for, and that Franz's further education should be at his expense.

## WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

### CHAPTER XIX.—(*Continued.*)

THE next two were indeed busy weeks for our friends. In Bangor Uncle Christopher and Mark were fully occupied in selecting mill machinery of the most approved patterns, and in purchasing a great variety of farm utensils, groceries, and other things that Mark knew would prove very welcome in Wakulla. Captain May, who had gladly accepted the command of the *Nancy Bell* for this voyage, was equally busy getting her ready for sea, and superintending the stowage of her precious but awkward cargo of machinery.

A letter had been sent to Wakulla, saying that Mark and Ruth would take advantage of the first opportunity that offered to go home, and that Edna May would come with them; but nothing was said of Uncle Christopher and the rest of the party, nor of the schooner and her cargo. All this was reserved as a grand surprise.

The first of October was a charming season of the year for a Southern voyage; and with favoring winds the *Nancy Bell* made a quick run down the coast. In one week after leaving Bangor she had rounded the western end of the Florida Reef, and was headed northward across the green waters of the Gulf. Here she moved but slowly before the light winds that prevailed; but at last the distant light-house at the mouth of the St. Mark's River was sighted. Almost at the same time a slender column of smoke was seen rising to the east of the light, and apparently at some distance inland. As the lamp in the light-house shed forth its cheerful gleam at sunset, the column of smoke changed to a deep red, as though it were a pillar of fire.

While they were wondering what it could be a pilot came on board, and, in answer to their questions, told them that it was the light from the Wakulla volcano. He said that no living soul had ever been nearer than five miles to it on account of the horrible and impenetrable swamps surrounding it.

As the breeze and tide were both in their favor, it was decided to run up to St. Mark's that night. When, about nine o'clock, this point was reached, it was suggested that all hands should take to the boats, and tow the schooner the rest of the way up to Wakulla that same night, so as to surprise the folks in the morning.

The children were wild to have this plan carried out, and finally Captain May and Uncle Christopher consented that it should be tried.

All night long the schooner moved slowly up the solemn river, through the dense shadows of the overhanging forests. The boat's crew were relieved every hour, and shortly before sunrise the children, who had been forced by sleepiness to take naps in their state-rooms, were wakened by Uncle Christopher, who said:

"Come, children, hurry up on deck. The schooner has just been made fast to the 'Go-Bang' pier, and we're going to fire a gun to wake up the folks. A sort of a 'Go-Bang' good-morning, you know."

* Begun in No. 252, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### EDNA MAY MARCH.

MARK, Ruth, and Edna hurried on deck, and reached it in time to see Captain May load to its muzzle the small brass cannon that was carried on the schooner for firing signals.

How beautiful and peaceful everything looked! The tide, with which they had come up, filled the river to the brim, and it sparkled merrily in the light of the rising sun. The ferry-boat lay moored to the bank just in front of the schooner, and they could see the tin horn hanging to its post, and the very card on which were the ferry rates that Ruth had printed so many months before. The house was hidden from their view by a clump of trees; but over their tops rose a light column of smoke, and they knew Aunt Chloe was up and busy at any rate.

Suddenly flash! bang! the small cannon went off with a roar worthy of a larger piece, and one that woke the echoes for miles up and down the river, disturbed numerous wild water-fowl from their quiet feeding and sent them screaming away through the air, and set all the dogs in Wakulla to barking furiously. In the midst of all the clamor the children heard the loud bark of their own dog, Bruce, and in another moment he came bounding down to the landing, and was the first to welcome them home.

A landing plank was run ashore, and as Mark stepped on to the wharf, and was holding out his hand to Ruth, who followed, there was a loud hurrah behind him, and before he could turn around Frank March had thrown his arms round his neck, and was fairly hugging him in his joy.

"I knew you'd come when we weren't expecting you. I knew you'd surprise us, and I told 'em so last night when they were worrying about you," shouted the boy, dancing about them, and almost inclined to hug Ruth as he had hugged Mark. But he didn't; he only grasped both her hands and shook them until she begged for mercy.

"And here's Edna, Frank," she said. "Miss Edna May, Mr. Frank March."

"I'm awfully glad to see you, Miss Edna," said Frank; and "How do you do, Mr. March?" said Edna, as they shook hands and looked at each other curiously.

Then Frank was introduced to Uncle Christopher, who said, "My boy, I'm proud to make your acquaintance."

As the party came in sight of the house two well-known figures were leaving the front gate, and the next minute Mark and Ruth had rushed into the arms of their father and mother, and the latter was actually crying for joy.

"It is all your doing, Uncle Christopher," she said to Mr. Bangs as soon as she could speak. "I know it is, for you never in your life have neglected opportunities for giving people joyful surprises."

"Well, Niece Ellen, I won't say as I didn't have a hand in it," answered the old gentleman, his face beaming with delight. "But, sakes alive! Mark Elmer, is this the place that I let you have rent free for ten years?"

"Yes, Uncle Christopher, this is the place. This is 'Go Bang,' as the children have named it, and we welcome you very heartily to it."

"Well, well," said Uncle Christopher, sadly, "what chances I have thrown away in this life! eh, Niece Ellen?"

"You never threw away a chance to do good or make others happy, uncle, I am sure of that. But now come into the house and get ready for breakfast."

Mr. March and Jan had gone to Tallahassee the day before, but were to be back that night.

Mrs. Elmer sent Mark down to the schooner to invite Captain May and the Aroostook gentlemen to come to the house for breakfast, but, rather to her relief—for she was not prepared to entertain so many guests—they declined her invitation, saying they would breakfast on board, and come to the house to pay their respects later.

How jolly and happy they all were at breakfast! How shy Frank was before Edna, and how many funny things Uncle Christopher did say to make them laugh! Little by little the "great scheme" was unfolded to the three members of the mill company present who had not heard of it, though Uncle Christopher and Mark had intended to keep it a secret until they could lay it before a regular meeting of the directors. But, beginning with hints, the whole story was finally told, and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer and Frank were only too glad to sustain President Mark in his promises. They said they should not only be proud and happy to have the "best uncle in the world" become a member of their company, but that new saw-mill machinery was just what they needed, for they found the present mill already unable to supply the demands upon it for lumber.

While the others were talking business, Ruth and Edna had gone out on the front porch to look at the garden, and now Ruth came back to ask whose house the pretty little new one was that stood just on the edge of the woods to the right.

"Why, that's ours," said Frank, jumping from the table. "Don't you want to go and look at it?"

They said of course they did, and Mark said he would go too. They were perfectly delighted with the new house and everything in it, and praised it for being so tiny and cozy and comfortable, until Frank thought he had never felt so happy and proud before.

As Uncle Christopher and the Aroostook gentlemen were anxious to visit the mill, Mr. Elmer invited them to walk up there through the woods. On their way they passed the sulphur spring, which had been cleaned out and walled in, and over which a neat bath-house had been built. Uncle Christopher was delighted with it, and declared that to an old "rheumatizy" man like him that spring was worth all the lumber in "Floridy."

Mr. Elmer had invited all the gentlemen to dine with him that evening, and at half past six a very merry company had gathered around the long table, which, for want of space elsewhere, had been set in the wide hall that ran through the house from front to rear. The evening was so warm that the front door stood wide open; and when dinner was nearly over, the whole party were laughing so heartily at one of Uncle Christopher's funny stories that no one heard the sound of wheels at the gate nor noticed the figure that, with white face and wild eyes, stared at them from the open doorway.

No, not at them; only at one of them—the fair-haired girl, almost a woman, who sat at the head of the table, on Mr. Elmer's right hand, and on whose face the light shone full and strong.

Then a cry rang through the hall, a cry almost of agony, and it was, "Margaret! Margaret! my wife Margaret! am I dreaming, or can the dead come to life?"

As the startled guests looked toward the door, Mr. March entered the room, and without noticing any one else, walked straight to where Edna May was sitting. She, frightened at his appearance and fixed gaze, clung to Mr. Elmer's arm, and Captain May half rose from his chair, with a confused idea that the girl whom he loved as his own daughter was in danger.

"Who is she, Elmer? where did she come from?" exclaimed Mr. March. "She is the living image of my dead wife; only younger, much younger, and more beautiful than she whom I drove from her home," he added, with a groan.

Mr. Elmer had noticed the strange resemblance between Frank March and Edna May, and had determined to speak to his wife about it that night. Now it all flashed across him as clear as sunlight; but before he could speak, Ruth sprang to his side, and taking her friend's hand in hers, cried: "Don't you see, father, she is his own daughter, the baby he thought was drowned in the Savannah River so many years ago? Captain May saved her, and now he has brought her back to her father and brother. Frank, Edna is your own sister."

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Mr. March tried to take Edna into his arms, but she slipped away from him and ran to Captain May, saying: "This is my father, the only one I have ever known. As he has loved and cared for me, so do I love him. I will never, never leave him;" and she burst into tears.

After soothing and quieting her, Captain May said: "Mr. March, I suspected this long ago. Mark and Ruth told me of the resemblance between Edna and your son on our way North together last spring, and I made them promise not to mention it to her. I hoped it would prove to be only a fancied resemblance; but, as a Christian man, I could not keep father and daughter separated, if indeed they were father and daughter. So I brought her here to meet you face to face; and from what I have just seen I am inclined to think you are her own father, but you must prove it to me. Prove the fact beyond a doubt, and I will yield to you an undivided half interest in this dear child. Only a half, though. I can't give up the love that has twined round my heart for nearly fifteen years."

Then Mr. March sat down, and in faltering tones told to the listening company the sad story of his married life.



"'THIS IS MY FATHER, THE ONLY ONE I HAVE EVER KNOWN.'"

He gave the date of the disappearance of his wife and her baby from home, and he described as well as he could the clothes that each wore at the time.

As he finished, Captain May went to him and gave him a warm, hearty hand grasp. "That's enough," he said. "Gentlemen, I call you to witness that from this time forth I renounce all claims, except those of love, to her who has been known for the last fifteen years as my daughter Edna May. I am satisfied that this man is her father, and that whatever he has been in the past, he is now worthy to occupy that position toward her. Edna, my girl, you have only got two fathers instead of one, and a brother of whom I think you will live to be very proud, besides. Your heart holds enough love for all of us, doesn't it, dear?"

Edna's answer was to throw her arms around his neck, and kiss his weather-beaten cheeks again and again. Then, with a smile showing through the tears that still filled her eyes, she went over to Mr. March, whom she no longer doubted was her own father, but of whom she could not help feeling very shy, and half timidly held up her face for him to kiss. The happy father opened his arms and clasped her to his heart, exclaiming, in a broken voice, "God bless you, my daughter! That He has restored you to me is the surest sign of His forgiveness."

Then Frank came to them, saying: "Sister Edna, won't you kiss me too? The thing I have envied Mark most was his having a sister, and now that I have got one of my own, I do believe I am the very happiest boy in the world."

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed good old Uncle Christopher, who had all this time been blowing his nose very loudly with a great red silk handkerchief, and occasionally wiping his eyes; "with all this kissing going on, where am I? Grandniece Ruth, come here and kiss your Uncle Christmas directly."

Long before this, honest Jan Jansen, who had returned from Tallahassee with Mr. March, but waited to put up the mules, had come into the room, and he was now brought forward and introduced to everybody. Among the Aroostook gentlemen he found an old acquaintance, who had met him in New Sweden, and who now told him that, owing to the death of a relative in the old country, a snug little property awaited him, and that a lawyer in Bangor was advertising and searching for him.

Having now spent almost a year with our Wakulla friends, perhaps they are getting tired of us, and we had better leave them for a while, only waiting to draw together the threads of the story, and finish it off neatly.

Edna May March has been installed mistress of the pretty little house that Mr. March and Frank built while the young Elmers were in the North, and she and Ruth receive daily lessons in cooking, sewing, and all sorts of housekeeping from Mrs. Elmer and Aunt Chloe, and the latter says "she's proud to 'still Soufern precep's into deir sweet Norfern heads, bress 'em!"

The *Nancy Bell* lay in the St. Mark's River long enough to secure a load of lumber from the Elmer Mill, and then sailed for the North. But she will return, for Captain May has bought a half interest in her from Uncle Christopher, and will hereafter run her regularly between New York and Wakulla.

The new Elmer Mill is nearly finished, and four of the six gentlemen from Aroostook have gone home to get their families, and to buy more machinery with which to erect another saw-mill further up the river, and they are expected back on the next trip of the *Nancy Bell*.

Jan has gone to Sweden, but they have had a letter from him saying that he should return soon, and invest his property in Wakulla.

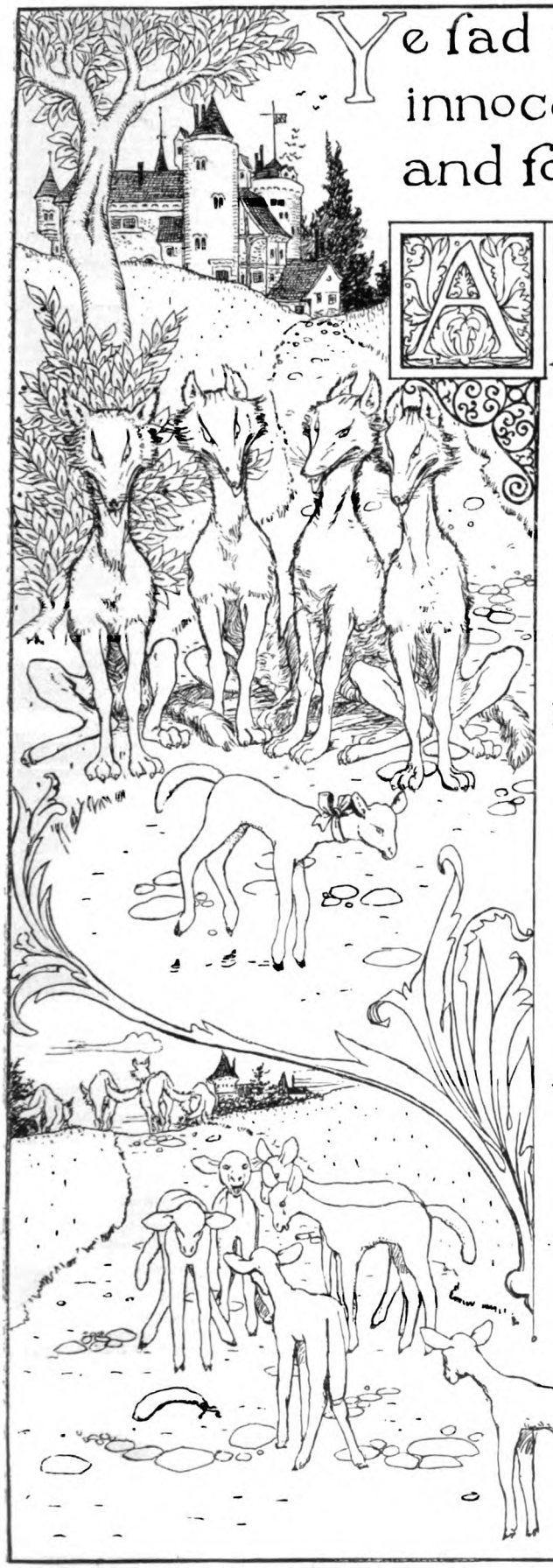
Dear old "Uncle Christmas!" he revels in the warmth of the climate, and in bathing in the sulphur spring.

Edna has been taken on several picnics to Wakulla Spring, over the "humpety road," and "de trabblin' road," past "Brer Steve's," down to the light-house, and to other places of interest. The contrast between what is and what the people of Wakulla hope will be when they get the great ship-canal across Florida built, and other schemes carried out, amuses her greatly. She smiles when they come to her and in strict confidence unfold their plans for future greatness, but is such a patient listener and so ready a sympathizer that she is rapidly winning their admiration and love.

THE END.

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# Ye ſad ſtory concerning one innocent little *Lamb* and four wicked *Wolves*:



A little lamb was gamboling,
Upon a pleaſant day,
And four grey wolves came ſhambling,
And ſtopped to ſee it play
In the ſun.
Said the lamb, "Perhaps I may
Charm theſe creatures with my play,
And they 'll let me go away,
When I 've done."

The wolves, they sat aſmiling at
The playful thing, to ſee
How exceedingly beguiling that
Its pretty play could be.
See it hop!
But its ſtrength began to wane,
Though it gamboled on in pain,
Till it finally was fain,
For to ſtop.

Oh! then there was a munching,
Of that tender little thing,
And a crunching and a ſcrunching,
As you 'ld munch a chicken wing.
No avail
Was its cunning, merry play
For the only thing, they ſay,
That was left of it that day,
Was its tail.
So with me; when I am done,
And the critics have begun,
All they 'll leave me of my ſun
'Ll be the tale.

H Pyle



## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

OUR readers on both sides of the Atlantic will enjoy this graphic letter from the pen of a young American girl.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

I am back again in my own beloved country, and unspeakably dear it is to me since my wanderings in foreign lands. Delightful as was my tour in the Old World, and keenly as I enjoyed it, it taught me to love and appreciate my native land as I never did before. The tears came to my eyes as I entered Westminster Abbey for the first time. A cherished dream was realized as I wandered through its time-worn aisles. While in London, I accompanied a noble Christian woman, living in Finsbury Square, to a "Mother's Meeting," and heard her read from *Stepping Heavenward* to the poor women assembled there. I think English rural scenery is charming, but I did not like the English villages quite so well. While I am writing of England I must tell you of a dear little English girl whom I met on the *Austral*. She had been travelling in America with her father, and in telling me of her great desire to see our country, she said, "I thought I'd like to see the world a bit, and surely I'd like to see the Falls of Niagara."

I was thoroughly and altogether charmed with Switzerland, and the Swiss people are just the kind of men and women I admire. They are so entirely free from anything like servility; instead, they have an air of sturdy independence and freedom about them that is delightful to behold. They impressed me as having borrowed something of the majesty of their mountains. The Swiss children, as a rule, have a wholesome, comfortable, well-cared-for appearance.

The cities of northern Italy seem as clean, as orderly, and attractive as those of southern Italy are the reverse. I always think of Milan and Turin with delight. I know a dear little girl named Adelaide, whose home is in the Corso Venezia, a handsome street of Milan. While in Naples, I could lie on my pillow at the Hotel Vesuvius and look across the Bay of Naples to Mount Vesuvius, and see it sending out its smoke by day and its fire by night. The volcano is unusually active this year. Our ascent of Vesuvius was an event never to be forgotten. We drove for hours and hours up the winding paths to the inclined railway—the glorious Vesuvian bay at our feet, the burning mountain ahead of us sending out its fire and smoke at intervals, and beckoning us onward. We drove under bending orchard trees, and had a number of strolling Italians to sing and play for us as we journeyed on. We were on the mountain-top at midnight. Arrived at the end of our railway journey, most of the ladies of our company were too timid to go further, but a young lady from Newburgh, New York, and myself, with some assistance, went to the very summit and looked down into the gurgling, bubbling, seething mass of fire and flame below. I wore rubbers to protect my shoes, and found after my return to Naples that the hot lava over which I walked had partly burned the sole from one of them. Think of breakfasting in Naples, lunching in Pompeii, and dining on Mount Vesuvius on the same day! I think the Blue Grotto in the Bay of Naples the most beautiful thing I saw in all Europe.

Of the different European cities I visited while abroad, I was most charmed with Edinburgh. Beautiful Edinburgh! Who can wonder that it is called the most picturesque city in Europe? I spent nearly an hour in the top of the noble Walter Scott Monument, and while there saw the moon rise over Arthur's Seat. I saw Melrose Abbey by moonlight, and by daylight as well. I felt a pang of keen regret at leaving it. The longer one stays the more one is impressed with its beauty and grandeur.

I saw Queen Victoria, Princess Beatrice, the Prince and Princess of Wales and their three daughters while in England, but I would rather have seen Mr. Gladstone, "the old man eloquent," the grand old statesman, good as he is great, than any member of the royal family or any other personage in all Europe.

Of the European rivers I saw while abroad, not one, with the exception of the Rhine, can compare with our Niagara in beauty.

Those words of the good book, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches," have a deeper meaning for me now than ever before. I am both glad and grateful that I live in a world of beauty so exceedingly great and of lands so varied in interest. JULIA B. H.

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KIRTON BANK, KIRRIEMUIR, SCOTLAND.

I am a little Scotch girl, ten years old. I have read one copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. Mamma is to get it for me every week. I have no pets to write about, but I have four little brothers and one sister. They are all younger than I. We have all fair hair except Willie. He is a bright little fellow four years old. One day he looked into the glass, and said, "Oh, look at my bonnie black hair!" Nearly all our friends live in the country, and are farmers. We children like that very much. We had a merry time of it with our cousins last summer, gathering raspberries and fishing for trout. I go to school, and study English lessons, arithmetic, French, and music. I have very kind teachers. They do not scold much, though I am careless. I like the letters in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and I hope there will be room for mine. I am Your little friend, AGGIE B. J.

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DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a girl eleven years old. I have read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for six weeks now, and I like it very much. I have four sisters and three brothers; two of my sisters are in India, and one of my brothers and one of my sisters are in Paris at school. I was born in Virginia, but I was too young to remember it. My sister has a canary, and one of my brothers has two rats, one pure white and the other black and white. My youngest brother has a tame squirrel. I have begun to take violin lessons. I must end now. If you publish this, I may write again. GRACE VIRGINIA S.

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SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.

I have begun to take your paper, and I like it much better than my papa's paper, the *Daily Post*. They have just put up one of the American Hoe machines, and I like to go along and see it printing. I am only ten years old, but when I grow up I think I would like to be a printer. When I am big I would like to visit America and see some of the wonderful sights that I have heard of. I hope you will publish this letter, and I will be glad to write you again. JOHN G. N.

---

SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.

I have often thought I would like to write a letter, for I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. We are going to get it bound in a nice volume. We have got a nice Christmas tree, and are going to have a party on New-Year's Day, and my cousins are coming from Newcastle, and I am going to try to play my first polka. I think America must be a nice place, but I have not seen London yet. J. E. N.

I hope all the pleasant holiday hopes were realized.

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SPENCER, INDIANA.

Perhaps you would like to hear about a dear little Maltese kitten which was sent to me last fall. His name was Jim, and he was all that a cat could be—pretty, good, and smart. If he was reproved once for doing anything wrong, the offense was not repeated. He caught all the rats and mice, and once in a while he would catch a bird. I did not like him to do that, but as it did not happen often, I did not punish him. One morning I found him lying dead under the porch. Will you think it babyish of a thirteen-year-old girl when I tell you that I cried? I could not help it, for though we had had him but a short time he had charmed us all with his winning ways.

To-day is the beginning of the new year, and I am going to try to follow the instructions given by our kind Postmistress in last week's number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I don't know how well I shall succeed, but there is nothing like trying. I am in the High School, and study Latin, algebra, arithmetic, and grammar.

We have a regular literary society every Friday afternoon at school. Our officers are: president, vice-president, secretary, and two critics. First on the programme is a debate, for which three judges are appointed. The debates are very interesting sometimes, when the question is a good lively one. Next come recitations and essays. We have no lessons at all during the whole afternoon, so we have a good, jolly time. Our society is governed by Parliamentary rules, so you see if we ever go to Parliament (which is quite likely, you know, for the *girls* especially) we will know just how to behave. With love to all. MAUD L.

That admirable plan for Friday afternoon will make you good speakers and exact writers.

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NEW YORK CITY.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, and like it very much. I am just thirteen years old now. Last winter I took a severe cold, and had to go South. It seemed so strange to me. When mamma and I left New York it was very cold indeed, but when we arrived in Charleston it was just like summer; the trees were all green, and the flowers in blossom. The flowers were beautiful, especially the magnolias. Have you ever seen them? They are pure white, and as large as a tea plate when open, with a delightful fragrance. It seemed almost impossible that a three days' journey (we went by the sea) could have produced such a change in everything. From Charleston we went to a small place 125 miles from there, called Graniteville, sometimes Green Graniteville. It derives its name from the large amount of granite found there. The principal street in Graniteville has five rows of magnificent elm-trees through the centre, and if a person at one end of the street looks down, these trees form a perfect arch which is very lovely. The people are very proud of their trees, which have taken centuries to reach their growth. I would very much like to describe the cotton factory and its garden. MARIE W.

You may write about the cotton factory in your next letter, Marie.

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STUTTGART, GERMANY.

I am an American boy seven years old. My home is in Staten Island, New York, and I am now in Stuttgart to learn German. I like my school very much. I think German is harder than English. My uncle in New York sends me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I am always happy to see it and read the letters you get every week. I am going to Vienna next summer with my auntie and uncle to see grandma there, and shall then go back to New York. I hope to speak German then. I show your paper to my friends here, and the children like it very much. They don't have any like it. Good-by. CARL M.

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MEDO, MINNESOTA.

A little Minnesota girl wishes to tell of her trials. When I was eight years old I was badly scalded. When mamma was putting away a kettle of hot brine I went to see what she was doing, and my heel caught, and I fell and pulled it over me. I lay in bed five months. When I first walked I had to use crutches, and later I walked with a cane. It was a year before it entirely healed, but my troubles did not end. If I see this in print, I will write the rest some other time. LOTTIE F. S.

You poor, poor child! I hope you will have no more such accidents.

---

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I hope you have had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New-Year, and have received many nice presents. I have received more presents than I ever did before. I received nineteen presents, counting cards. Do you not think I ought to be happy. I received a handsome Russian leather autograph album, a pair of kid gloves, a velvet hat, a white silk muffler, a real alligator-skin hand-bag, a *Wide-Awake Pleasure Book*, a box of candy, ten dollars in money, a silk and velvet dress, a handsome Bible, *Grimm's Popular Tales* (a very, very interesting book), *Tales from Shakespeare*, a lovely case (containing pencil, pen, knife, and paper-cutter), a perfectly lovely card, a box of paper and envelopes (pink and blue), a handsome card, another box of candy, another handsome card, and a rose-color hood. Mamma says she don't think any other little girl received any more presents than I did. I wrote once before, but my letter was not printed. With love,

MAUDIE B. (aged 12 years).

Evidently Maudie is a fortunate little girl, with a great many to love her. I am sure she must have given presents as well as received them, and I hope she helped to make some other child as happy as she was herself. Christmas already seems a long way off, as we look back on it, and the next one is far in the future. Still, it is just as well now to resolve that when the happy time comes round again we will all do what we can to lift the burden from heavy hearts, and make the rough roads of the poor smoother. Perhaps some of us will begin dropping pennies into a little box, through the spring, summer, and autumn, so that we shall have funds to do good with when Christmas returns.

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BEAVER FALLS, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since April, 1884, and like it very much. I am an English girl ten years old. I came from England

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two years ago. I saw in the Post-office Box some letters from England, but none from the place I came from, which was Bradford, Yorkshire. I have no pets except a dear little sister one year old, named Ethel. I have three sisters and one brother, and I am the oldest. I have never written to any paper before, so I would be very glad to see this in print. AMY C. R.

WATSESSING, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl nine years old, and my name is Nellie, and I have a sister named Mattie, and a brother named Frank. A friend of mine takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and she told me about it, and I asked my papa to get it for me. I have a dear little baby brother just one month old, and he is just too sweet for anything.
NELLIE E. Q.

SPRINGFIELD, WISCONSIN.

I am going to write a little letter. I have no pets, but I have a large doll; I have had it five years. I have one brother, nine years old, and I am ten. I go to school, and I am in the grammar-room. I study grammar, reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and writing. I live in town, and go to the public school. I have studied German for a while. I hung up my stocking at Christmas, and received a number of things. I have a grandma ninety-five years old, and she gave me an apron. I got a hair-receiver, a pink mug, a nice needle-book, two fringed Christmas cards and four other ones, and some candy and nuts and other things. CORA A.

DANBURY, CONNECTICUT.

I thought I would write, telling you what a fine time I had on Christmas. There are five of us—two girls and three boys. After papa had distributed our Christmas gifts we all sang that lovely Christmas carol in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE—a surprise to papa—and they all thought it beautiful. For my Christmas, I received a bisque doll, a writing-desk, and a great many other things. Christmas-eve we went to our church, of which papa is superintendent. Our service consisted of the giving service—that is, each class had a bag, and it was filled with all sorts of things, which the next day were distributed among the poor of our church. It was great fun to see them carry up their bags. After we had taken up our bags and had speaking and singing, we went down-stairs to the basement and had refreshments. We all like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *very* much, and thought "Wakulla" a lovely story. I must close now. LILIAN O.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have been thinking I would write to you as others do for quite a long time. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number. I can not read very well, so my mamma reads them to me. I am eight years old. I have a pet kitty, and he is so black we have named him Jet. I have a doll; her name is Pansy. I like to play with dolls very much. Mamma is helping me make some needle-cases, which are easy for wee little girls to make. We take two pieces of silver cardboard about three inches wide and about three and a half long, and then we work a little pattern in the middle of each; then line each piece with silk or satin, and bind the edges all around with narrow ribbon to match, and sew two long edges together with fine stitches; then two or three pieces of flannel inside, and tie the two loose edges with a pretty bow. I am afraid my letter is too long, but I do hope you will print it.
JULIA A. T. A.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

We have been reading and enjoying more than I can tell you every number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since its publication. Why, we could hardly exist without it. I have a little cousin six years old, named Bayard. He says he was named for the Chevalier, and is going to be, like him, pure and lofty. We read all the stories in YOUNG PEOPLE to him, and he has become a great story-teller. I send you some just as he told them.
MAY.

## A FAIRY STORY.

I went up to the moon, and called a voice. There would nobody answer. I called a voice again. Then a moon fairy came, and asked me to stop. I couldn't get my breath, so I couldn't stop.

Then I went to the stars. They were just covered with star fairies, whose golden hair makes them shine so, and whose bright eyes make them twinkle when they shut them. When I wanted to come home, a star fairy let me down on one of her golden hairs. Everybody said, Have you seen the comet? The idea of calling me and a hair a comet!
BAYARD.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have been ill and in bed ever since July, and I am now able to sit up with my wrapper on. I grow stronger every day. I have no pets. I had a cat named Topsy, but she ran away, or else some one stole her. I have two brothers and two sisters younger than I; I am twelve years old. I can read, speak, and write German; I studied it about four years. I hope you can find room to print this letter. I am your constant reader and friend, MAY DE F. I.

You have had a long trial in patience, dear. I hope you will soon be quite strong again.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—May another elder sister tell you how well this dear little paper is loved and appreciated in her home? Every number is a new source of pleasure, while the bound volumes are always interesting to the older as well as the younger members of the family. In looking over Volume V. to-day I saw a letter from a dear little cousin of mine—Ward R., of Buffalo, who sent his cunning little verses to the Postmistress. I wish I could see him just now. The suggestions for Christmas presents were a great help to me, as well as to several of my friends, and the funny little play given in the beautiful Christmas number is now under practice for an entertainment to be given by our club. The name is very appropriate, we think, for we certainly are "*Sans-souci*." I fear I've been taking up too much of your space, but we all know and love the Postmistress so well that we write to her as though she were an old friend, as indeed she is. Wishing our dear paper great success, and thanking all the little folks who help to make the Post-office Box so attractive, I am your sincere friend,
SUSIE M. B.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I help my father by driving his horse and wagon, and in my leisure hours I go to the Park and skate or to the roller-skating rink. I am twelve years old, and wish you a happy New Year. GEORGE F.

NEW SMYRNA, FLORIDA.

I am a little boy ten years old, and as all the other boys and girls write to you, I thought I would write and tell you about my home. It is situated on the Hillsborough River and among the orange-trees. We have all the oranges we can eat, sweet and sour. I have four sisters and two brothers, and we have grand times together. We lived in Jacksonville until a year ago, and then we moved down here. I like it better here, because it is in the country, and we go sailing, rowing, fishing, and hunting. T. C. V.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl eleven years old, and I have a brother and a sister. My brother is five, and his name is Kenneth, and my sister is two, and her name is Clare. She is so sweet and cunning, and she has two dimples in her cheeks. One day, when my brother was a baby, we found him taking sugar out of the closet, and he said, "Tableau!" He thought that would keep us from scolding him. I thought I would send you a little story:

## FAY'S DREAM.

It was Christmas-eve, and Fay lay tossing in her little bed, for she had been a naughty girl, and now she was afraid that Santa Claus would give her nothing. While she lay there it seemed as if she could hear "the prancing and pawing of each little hoof" on the roof, and she sat up and listened. There was a scrambling in the chimney, and down sprang Santa Claus. He filled Bell's and Bertie's stockings, and then turned to Fay. "Follow me," was all he said. Fay obeyed. She told her mother afterward she did not know how she got up the chimney, but up she was, and in Santa's tiny sleigh. They flew through the air, and at last stopped at a dirty house. In a minute they were down the chimney—and such a dingy room! The children were crying for bread, and the worn mother was cutting some thin slices off a hard loaf. Santa Claus motioned to Fay to come, and soon they were seated in the sleigh. "Now," said Santa, "would you rather give your presents to these children, instead of keeping them yourself?" "Yes," said Fay. By that time they had reached home, and Fay soon found herself in her bed. When she woke up, her stocking was full, and on it was written, "For a generous little girl."
MIRIAM O.

NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and I like it very much. I like "The Ice Queen" and "Left Behind, or Ten Days a Newsboy." I would like Jimmy Brown to write some more of his stories. Now I suppose you would like to know how many pets I have. I have but one pet; that is a cat named Jimmy. I am in the seventh grade, and my teacher's name is Miss K. I learn reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, history, etc. My teacher is very good to me. A. B. N.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, WISCONSIN.

Though I am a boy of but eleven, I joined the Housekeepers' Band a long time ago. I live in the historical old city of Prairie du Chien, the second oldest city in the West. In it is old Fort Crawford, which is the second oldest fort in the West, the other being that at Green Bay. The fort (all but the hospital) was burned several years ago. In summer Prairie du Chien is a lovely place; the bluffs and the Mississippi River make the scenery, while the Artesian water and its baths make it a fine watering-place. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and think it is a splendid paper. Dear Postmistress, can't you find something for us boy Housekeepers to do? it is so hard to let the girls do everything. J. RALEIGH N.

I will find something very interesting for my boy friends to do in the housekeeping line before long.

NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK.

I will be twelve years old next April. This is my first letter to any paper, and so I hope I shall see it in print. I go to school every day. Our teacher is very kind, and teaches us everything that is useful. I am in the C grammar class; there are about forty pupils in our class. This is a very rainy day, and so I did not go to school. When I have finished writing this letter I will read or sew. With a kiss, good-by, MARY S.

How very happy would we be if only there were room for *all* the little letters every week!

**Alice B. Charrard** will please send us her address.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

FOUR WORD SQUARES.

1.—1. To exist. 2. The same. 3. Something bad. 4. A garden.

2.—My first a pretty maiden's name.
My second you may call the same.
My third of figures is the first.
My fourth of fruits is not the worst.
WALLACE A. KEEP.

3.—1. A girl's name. 2. A heavenly body. 3. First part of the day. 4. A girl's name.

4.—1. A musical instrument. 2. A continent. 3. An ornament. 4. Part of a book.
JAMIE L. KAPP.

### No. 2.

RHOMBOID.

*Across.*—1. A ribbon. 2. A name. 3. To be fruitful. 4. A heavy metal.

*Down.*—1. A letter. 2. An article. 3. A word signifying negation. 4. A fight. 5. Need curtailed. 6. A pet name often heard. 7. A letter.
CHARLIE DAVIS.

### No. 3.

DIAMOND.

(To the Man in the Moon.)

1. A letter. 2. An instrument for cutting. 3. A band. 4. Rank. 5. To divide into shares. 6. A kind of strong ale. 7. A letter. NAVAJO.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 271.

No. 1.—Tombigbee.

No. 2.—Skating.

No. 3.—
```
      J          F
    T E A      S E A
  J E N N Y  F E N C E
    A N T      A C T
      Y          E
```

No. 4.—1. Chicago. 2. Boston. 3. Philadelphia. 4. Camden. 5. Sacramento. 6. Washington. 7. Paris. 8. London. 9. Dublin. 10. York. 11. Glasgow. 12. Liverpool.

No. 5.—
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        B
      J O E
    J A L A P
  B O L E R O S
    E A R T H
      P O H
        S
```

The answer to the enigma in No. 272, page 176, is "The Moon and Stars."

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from C. Best, Leda G. Prindle, Johnnie H. Barker, Anna, Maud M. M. Garland, George Baldwin, J. A. F., Aida G., H. L. Henderson, Rosa D. Chew, Charles Wood, Helen W. Gardner, Lena Cardwell, Jennie Wis, Nellie L. Van Winkle, Jessie S. Godine, G. T. Slade, Martin Hektoen, Francis Barnard, S. H. Lund, The Man in the Moon, F. Roy Rutter, Flossie, Augustus Langdon, Harry D. Fish, John A. Foran, James Connor, Charlie Davis, Wallace A. Keep, W. W. Simons, Jun., H. A. Sampson, Chrysanthemum, Ray Greenleaf, Stella Westcott, Fred Smith, Clarence H. Martin, Sarah R. Berrian, Lucy D., Elizabeth Branham, Lottie Peale, and J. Raleigh Nelson.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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BY
A. D. BEARD.

ALICE had been playing on the floor for some time with her brothers, but they had gone off now to their more boyish sports, and she remained seated where they left her, trying to amuse herself as best she might.

"Auntie," she presently said, as she tossed up and deftly caught on the back of her plump little hand the cast-iron toys which the children call jacks—"auntie, did you play jack-stones when you were a little girl?"

"Yes," I answered, hesitatingly, rather afraid of being called upon to show my proficiency by taking part in a game. But Alice seemed content to play alone, and seeing this, I cheerfully answered the questions which she now showered fast upon me.

"And did your mother?"

"I suppose so."

"And her mother?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

Beginning to be interested, Alice arose, and bringing her little chair close to my side, she seated herself in it, and examining the toys she still held in her hand, as though seen for the first time, she continued:

"Now, auntie, perhaps your great-grandmother played jack-stones too, and her mother, and— I wonder," she said, quickly, as if a new thought had occurred to her—"I wonder who invented the game. Some one must have played it for the first time, and I wonder who it was. Do you know, auntie?"

"I have never heard of its originator," I returned, "but that the game was in existence centuries ago is very certain." The bright inquiring look in the eyes of my little niece urged me to proceed, and I went on: "An English writer says that from the earliest times the huckle-bones of sheep and goats were used by women and children to play a game which consisted of throwing these bones into the air and catching them on the back of the hand, just as the children nowadays play with their jack-stones. When these bones were without any artificial marks the game was entirely one of skill, but sometimes the sides of the bones were marked like dice; then it became a game of chance."

To give Alice a better idea of the antiquity of this play, I showed her an engraving copied from a Greek painting discovered at Reuna, which represents two women in the Greek costume playing this game, which they called "Astralagus," the Greek for huckle-bone. One has evidently just caught on her hand the bones which she had previously tossed up, while the other, watching her companion, is waiting to try her skill.

By this time Alice's interest was thoroughly aroused. She was highly gratified to hear that the game she took such delight in was of enough importance to have been for centuries handed down from one generation to another until the present day, and she was very much in earnest about searching for further particulars concerning it.

Not content, however, to know only of the origin of jack-stones, Alice has determined to seize every opportunity for discovering the origin of other well-known and familiar plays; for, as she wisely remarked, the games will be so much more enjoyable when she knows what people first played them and how they came into existence.





"ALL RIGHT, JIMMY. LET HER ZIP."



SHE "ZIPS."



A STIFF BREEZE ABAFT.

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 275. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




"COLD COMFORT."—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.


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## A RUSSIAN FESTIVAL.

BY DAVID KER.

THE 18th of January is a great festival in Russia, called the "Christening of the Rivers." On that day a priest goes down to every great river, dips a cross in it through a hole cut in the ice, and pronounces a blessing which is supposed to make the water holy. Then the poor ignorant peasants, who think that this water will cure all their pains and sicknesses better than any medicine, rush in to fill their jugs and pots, and very often the water gets spilled in the scuffle and the jugs get broken, and so (like many other people) they lose what they want through overeagerness to get it.

Some say that this festival is in memory of one of the first Russian Czars, a very savage and wild-looking fellow, very much like an Indian or a Zulu, who, instead of wearing fine clothes and having a grand palace to live in, dressed in bear-skins, and lived in a log hut floored with mud. When this man became a Christian, he and his warriors were baptized in the river Dnieper by an old Christian priest, who held a cross over them and blessed them and their river; and so, it is said, the custom began.

I was at St. Petersburg once on the morning of this festival, and a strange sight it was. The wide frozen river, the snowy streets, the houses of all colors—red, yellow, green, blue, or white—the great golden domes and spires standing out against the cold, clear blue sky (all Russian church towers are plated with gold), made it look quite like a fairy city in a picture. And the crowds that came to look at the show, what a sight they were!—smart young officers all silver lace and shining buttons, with long swords clanking at their heels; stout merchants, whose great red faces, half buried in huge fur caps and collars, looked like a sunset in a pine forest; round-faced children waddling along in blue coats reaching down to their heels, and so thickly wadded as to make them seem like cushions set up on end; long-haired priests in dark robes and high black tumbler-shaped caps; blue-frocked hackmen; nurses with pasteboard crowns; and peasants in greasy sheep-skins, with knee-high boots stuffed with hay, and "shined" with tar instead of blacking.

The Winter Palace itself was not very pretty, for, with its yellowish-brown color and the ornamental turrets and pinnacles stuck all over its roof, it looked just like a huge cake of gingerbread. But half-way across the great square behind it stood one of the finest monuments in Russia, a pillar of polished granite eighty-four feet high, in honor of the Czar Alexander I. The very night it was set up, a tremendous thunder-storm came on, and the lightning struck it down; but it was soon restored.

Just as twelve o'clock struck, bang went a gun. Then the palace gate swung open, and out came a tall man in a dark green uniform trimmed with gold lace. Up into the frosty air went a tremendous shout—for this man was the Czar himself—and then all was still again.

At the edge of the granite quay in front of the palace a little blue pavilion had been built, with a plank stair leading down to the frozen river, and here the Russian priests were awaiting the Czar. Between this building and the palace gate a carpet had been spread for him to walk on, and the passage was kept clear by two ranks of soldiers, who, standing motionless in their long overcoats of gray frieze, looked just like granite walls set with spikes of steel.

As the Czar entered the pavilion, the chief priest—a tall, fine-looking man in a richly embroidered robe, with long hair flowing over his shoulders—took the cross in his hand, and going slowly down the stair to the spot where the ice had been cut, dipped the cross into the dark waters, and spoke the words of blessing. Then the Czar went back to the palace as he had come, the soldiers marched off, the crowd broke up and melted away, and the great show was over.

# ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

#### BOB TELLS HIS SECRET.



"HERE, stop reading, Nan; she's gone."

"Who?" inquired Nan, lifting her eyes rather absently from her book.

"Why, Balchie, to be sure," said Bob, with a wide grin. "I suppose Miss Good-girl thinks she must go on just as if the teacher were here."

The color mounted to Nan's cheeks, but she made no answer, and Betty, who was vigorously rubbing out her last attempt in fractions, exclaimed:

"I'm so glad mamma sent her out for that precious worsted. I *knew* if we said we couldn't match it yesterday, she'd make Miss Balch go this morning. What shall we do? We've at least an hour." And Betty with a yawn flung her slate across the table, and tilting her chair backward, very nearly landed on the floor.

It had been part of Miss Rolf's agreement with Mrs. Farquhar that if Nan were allowed to spend a month in New York, she could share the school-room studies. The old lady had been assured that competent teachers were engaged, and indeed it had been partly for the sake of adding a new impetus to her studies that she had given her consent to so long a visit; and now, after three days, Nan felt dismayed, troubled, and down-hearted, for it was impossible to study *with* the children, and if she attempted to go off by herself they gave her no peace.

One of Miss Rolf's strongest injunctions was that she was in all respects to conform to the ideas or regulations of the household she was in, and Nan had during the short time of her stay in New York already been called upon to decide for herself what seemed her duty to her aunt and her education, and to her hostess and young companions.

The children evidently had not the smallest intention of concealing from her their method of shirking lessons or punishments, of disobeying orders or playing pranks. She understood from Bob's threatening looks and Betty's cool speech that she might "tell if she dared," and poor Nan, to whom an underhand way of doing anything was abhorrent and a falsehood impossible, had found herself daily in the most perplexing situations. As the children were left wholly to their own devices when not actually under Miss Balch's eye, she felt that it was not her place to say anything to any one of what they did. She was a visitor, not a monitor, and yet by her very silence did she not countenance the innumerable fibs they told, over the success of which they exulted so gleefully?

But, fortunately or unfortunately, no one thought of asking Nan's advice or opinion, and all that she could do was to try private remonstrance with the two incorrigible ones, who, however, laughed her attempts to scorn, secretly planning new ways of shocking "Miss Good-girl," as Nan was called.

But Nan, slow as she might be thought in books, had a quick and active little brain, and on this very morning

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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she had resolved to try and interest the pair in something which would distract their restless minds from any new form of mischief. Miss Balch had been desired by Mrs. Farquhar to match some worsted which the day before on a walk Betty had purposely failed to find, and, as we have seen, the governess's departure was the signal for them to throw any idea of study to the winds.

Nan sighed as she thought of the honest fun and merry-making going on in College Street, which, if it grew very wild and boisterous at times, was always good-humored. She had a letter from Joan in her pocket, which had made her very homesick that morning, and she had felt hurt and indignant when she tried to read it aloud to the Farquhars and they had burst into derisive laughter over it.

"What shall we do?" queried Bob, with a very shrewd look first at Nan sitting in the window, then at Betty across the table. "I'll tell you, girls: I'll be real good to you, I guess—you know about my secret. Well, if you'll —lem'me see"—Bob shut his eyes for a moment's reflection as to what bribe he wanted—"if you'll do four favors I'll show it to you."

"Oh, Bob!" cried Betty, joyously, and dancing up and down in her delight, "I'll do fifty favors. Come, Nan—come. Oh, Bob, I'll love you now."

And Betty, who, as Nan had discovered, had really something affectionate in her nature, proceeded to give Bob a hug with one of her long, thin arms. But Master Robert never permitted any such familiarity. His rough push sent poor little Betty spinning backward so violently that she struck her head against one of the globes, while Bob muttered, "Just keep off a fellow, will you; and," he added, very solemnly, "any girl that wants to know my secret will have to do just as I say."

Betty, trying to keep back the tears which the sharp blow had almost forced into her eyes, nodded her head, and Bob continued:

"Now say. King Brother—" He looked as majestic as possible, while Betty, in a voice which she tried to command, repeated:

"King Brother—"

"Will you deign to forgive me for all the mean things I've done?"

Betty, with the utmost gravity, repeated his words.

"Will you, O King Brother, be so gracious and so good and so forgiving as to let me know your secret, and I promise to keep it sacred, and to give you my best box of paints and the long brush."

Betty proceeded bravely and solemnly enough to follow his words until it came to the box of paints, but here she hesitated with a quiver of her lips, and Bob said, quickly,

"Oh, very well, then, you sha'n't know it," which speedily reduced her to submission, curiosity and a pride in sharing Bob's secrets being poor Betty's ruling influences.

"Now, then," said Bob, turning his pale little eyes upon Nan, who during this scene had been trying to keep her face straight, "let's hear you say it: King Cousin—"

But Nan burst into one of her merry peals of laughter. "Indeed, I'll say nothing of the kind," she said, when she could control her voice sufficiently to speak. "I'd like to know your secret, and if it's really and truly yours, I'll promise to keep it. There, now, Mr. Bob," she concluded, nodding her head at him.

Bob for a moment wondered whether it would be better to accept so much submission from Nan or to let it all go, to openly defy her and shut her out from their fun. But on the whole he decided in favor of the former course. As he expressed it to himself, she'd be "sticking around anyway," and he enjoyed an audience for his jokes and tricks, and sooner or later he could contrive to "pay her off" for anything she did to annoy him.

"You promise to keep it?" he said, solemnly.

"I told you I would if it was really and truly your secret," Nan answered.

"Well, come along, then. Where are the paints, Betty? I must have those first."

For Bob knew that after her curiosity was satisfied, it was by no means unlikely that Betty would try and escape from her part of the contract; so he obtained the box, locked it away in his desk, and then telling the girls to put on their hats, led them down into the yard.

For a town house, there was quite a little garden at the back of Mr. Farquhar's home, and to the right were fine stables. Toward these Bob, whistling proudly, conducted the two girls.

Bob went into the carriage-house by a side door, and stopped to ask Nan if she could climb a ladder.

"You wait and see," said Nan, merrily. "I wish Joan could have heard you ask me that."

Bob, feeling a certain new degree of respect for his cousin, ran up a ladder leading into the loft, and the girls followed him.

This loft was used for old bits of harness, hay at one side, and the coachman's tools and small belongings at the other; but at the furthest end was a sort of stall, which Bob had boxed in for his own use.

A rough padlocked door had been put on by the stable-boy Jim, who was a great friend of Bob's.

A movement was heard inside the door as Bob turned the key in the lock.

"Shut up, will you!" he said, roughly, and opening the door, pulled a small whip from his pocket.

The closet was dimly lighted, and as the rickety door swung back, the girls saw that half of the floor was covered with straw, on which crouched rather than lay a little dog.

Nothing could have been more pathetic, more pleading, than the look the dumb animal fastened upon them—upon his tormentor, whose face he knew only too well.

Nan uttered an exclamation, half delight, half compassion, and bent down at once to make friends with the poor little creature; but this was by no means part of Master Bob's intention.

"Come away from there, Nan; that's my dog," he exclaimed, and so saying administered a quick lash across the dog's back, and pulled him out into the large part of the little closet.

"Bob, you cruel boy!" Nan cried out, "how can you ill-treat a dumb animal like that? And see, the poor little thing is so weak and thin!"

"Now you just keep still, Nan Rolf," returned Bob, who was busy over some pieces of twine and rope he had taken down from the closet shelf. "I'm training this dog, and I can do it without your help. Now, then"—he fastened the rope across the closet on two nails low down in the walls—"whoop-la! jump, Rover," and another stroke of the little whip sent poor Rover across the rope, while the same inducement put him through a variety of poorly devised tricks; but after each one the unhappy little creature would look with such an appealing gaze upon his tyrant that Nan felt it more than she could endure to remain a passive spectator, and yet she realized her only hope of rescuing poor Rover was by conciliating his master.

"There, now!" exclaimed Bob, flushed with triumph, as Rover "begged," remaining on his weak little hind-legs fully a minute. "You've got to beat a dog and kick it"—suiting the action to the word—"to make it know you're master."

"It's no such thing," cried Nan, with tears in her eyes, "and I think you're a cruel, wicked boy."

"You do, do you?" said Bob, maliciously. "That shows all you know. Now perhaps you would like to see me give him a regular flogging;" and he proceeded to snap the whip, at the sight of which poor Rover shrank back in abject terror.

But Nan, unable to bear more, had fled, and with a feeling that something within her heart was bursting, she made her way up the stairs and, without pausing, to her own room.

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"'YOU'VE GOT TO BEAT A DOG AND KICK IT TO MAKE IT KNOW YOU'RE MASTER.'"

There she sat down, pressing her hands together, and with all her heart repenting of the promise she had made. How could she pass one happy hour while she thought of that poor little dog out in the loft, starved, beaten, ill-used, tormented as only such a boy as Bob Farquhar could torment a helpless dumb animal.

Ten minutes of wretchedness of mind for Nan passed by, and then came a little sound outside her door. It was pushed open softly, and Nan saw the small dark face of little Tina, Betty's seven-year-old sister, with whom Nan had tried for two days to make friends. But whether from timidity, sulkiness, or fear, Tina shrank from every attempt Nan had made, so that now her coming voluntarily was most encouraging.

"Can I come in?" said this small person, looking carefully around. "Louise has gone out, and she forbade me to leave the nursery, so I mustn't stay long."

"Let me go into the nursery with you," said Nan, springing up and taking one of Tina's cold little hands.

"But it is nicer here," said the child.

"Never mind," rejoined Nan; "you were told to stay in there, you know, and if you'll let me go with you I'll tell you a nice story."

Tina looked wonderingly up at Nan. To disobey Louise, or indeed any one, never had occurred to her as wrong unless it were found out, and for all the rule which Louise kept over her, Tina was shrewd enough to escape detection very often. However, the promise of the story was worth going back to the place of bondage, and she allowed Nan to conduct her to the nursery, not guessing the relief her cousin felt in anything which should distract her attention from the scene she had just witnessed and the unlucky promise she had made.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## THE WONDERFUL PIGMY TROUPE.

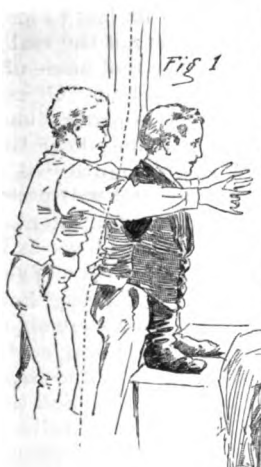
BY G. B. BARTLETT.

THIS amusing entertainment can be prepared by children very effectively on an ancient plan, at short notice, and can also be performed by their elders.

In either case, if a curtain is available or the parlor is divided by doors, the performance will be finer and more easily arranged than in a room without such convenience. When the curtain is drawn aside or the folding-doors are opened, the audience behold a stage thirty inches in height, which crosses the back of the room. This little stage or platform is about three feet wide, and is draped to the floor with a handsome piano cover or blanket. On this stage stand six or more pigmies, averaging from two and a half to three feet in height, with large heads and hands, who stand so still at first that they seem to be painted on the dark background. The spectators look on with wonder, which increases when these wooden-looking figures bow low, and then begin to sing some familiar air together, after which they dance and perform many seemingly impossible feats.

Before giving a full account of all their funny actions and comic costumes, it may be well to describe the very simplest one first, as children can thus begin, and gain confidence by success, until they can easily construct for themselves the Chinaman, old lady, baboon, and other eccentricities which follow.

A careful study of Fig. 1 will show the position of the two persons who combine to form Mr. John Doe, whose full portrait will be seen in Fig. 2. The boy who furnishes the head and body first puts on his father's longest waistcoat, and then places each hand and arm into a pair of long-legged boots. He then takes his position behind a covered table placed against a window which is provided with a thick pair of curtains. Another boy then takes his stand behind these curtains in the exact manner indicated in picture Fig. 1, the dotted line in which illustrates the edges of the curtains where they meet in the centre. This cut will also show the position of the arms and hands, which are the only members which this concealed confederate is expected to furnish. The cape of a small water-proof cloak will complete the costume of Mr. Doe, and serve also to hide such parts of the confederate's arms as it is best to conceal. A hat, cane, handkerchief, and snuff-box lie on a cricket which stands on the table within easy reach of the hands of the figure. Mr. Doe's legs being represented by the arms of the boy who is dressed in the boots which stand on the table, it will be well to pull up the sleeves which cover the arms, and puff them out as much as possible over the boot-tops, in case the waistcoat should not be long enough to cover them.




In all exhibitions of the Pigmy Troupe it will be found very convenient to have a manager, who stands at the right of the room, introduces the characters, and hands them such articles as they may require from time to time, as if to save them the trouble of stepping down from the stage. Any bright boy can act this part and make up his own speeches, a few specimens of which will be given as the different pigmies are described.

When Mr. Doe is shown he may say, "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce Mr. John Doe, the famous pigmy of Great Britain, who feels much bigger than he looks."

The dwarf bows low, takes up his handkerchief, wipes his forehead, and puts it in his pocket.

"I am sorry to say he is a little conceited."

The dwarf puts on his hat and seizes his cane as if to go.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Doe. Pray do not leave us."

MR. DOE. "I will not stay here to be insulted."

MANAGER. "Indeed, I beg your pardon. I should have said you are hardly able to appreciate your own greatness."

MR. DOE. "I accept the apology. Pray take a pinch of snuff." (Opens and offers box.)

MANAGER. "Please tell the ladies some facts as to your life and history."

MR. DOE. "I was born on the shortest day of the year, in the smallest city in Europe, was fed on short-cake, and studied short-hand only. When half grown I happened to be standing under a chair, in which a very fat woman sat down without noticing me, and I was pressed into a shape from which I have never quite rallied, my head and brains far surpassing the rest of my body, as you see."

Here the pigmy makes motions with his hands, and waves his handkerchief, which he drops on the floor. As the manager stoops to pick it up, at the same time placing his own hat on his head, the dwarf kicks it off, and makes a triumphant gesture; but as the manager rises, the pigmy makes him a very humble apology, as if it was done only by accident. The manager seems very angry, but is finally appeased, and they shake hands. The manager says to the audience: "You will see that Mr. Doe's anger is very short, like himself, and his stay this evening will also be very short, as some other pigmies will in their turn be exhibited, who have been gathered at great expense from various nations and climes. Mr. Doe will now bid you good-night." The pigmy then bows very low, and waves his hands and throws kisses as the curtain slowly falls.



FIG. 2.—THE PERFORMANCE.

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## LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD'S HOME.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

"I KNOW where she lived," says little Alice. "She lived in the country near a beautiful wood, and she had to go through the wood to get to her grandmother's house. And then the wicked wolf saw her, and he ran on ahead and got there first, and then—and then—"

It is too harrowing, and tender-hearted little Alice, as she thinks of the poor old grandmother, breaks down and cries.

This is the little maiden's favorite story, and she will coax the larger children to play "wolf," and then scream and hide her face in her mother's dress when the savage animals run after her on all fours, with brown or golden curls hanging down their backs, and growl fiercely for their supper.

The shrieking and laughing and growling go on until Alice is carried off to her little white bed, and the older children gather round for a story.

Charlie says: "Where did Red Riding-hood live, auntie? Do you believe it was a place just like this, with a mill-pond and woods and fields like ours?"

"No, indeed, my little man, not in the least like this; and I am very doubtful about the wood, for trees are scarce there. Little Red Riding-hood lived in Brittany."

"Why, that is *England*," exclaims Laura.

"Wrong, my little geographer. *Britain* is England, but Brittany is the northwest corner of France. Here it is on the map for you; and although not very far from England—just across the Channel—it is different in every way, and the people seem to be a race by themselves. It is a poor, barren country, washed by the sea, and very dreary, and it is chiefly famous for its Druidical stones. The Druids were priests, and had a strange religion, that has passed out of the world. They held their services in groves, and made altars and monuments of immense stones, some of which are standing now, but many of them have fallen to the ground.

"There are large sand hills, or 'dunes,' all along the coast of Brittany, and the quicksands—that is, places where the sand is largely mixed with water, and not solid enough to support a person's weight—are very dangerous, especially for travellers who pass them after dark, and often sink into their treacherous depths.

"The men and women of Brittany are queer-looking objects, and seem as if they were dressed for a masquerade. The men wear their hair very long, even reaching to their shoulders, and their hats are very broad brimmed. Their dress seems to be all waistcoat, and this absurdly long garment is often of the brightest colors, gayly embroidered. Their trousers end just below the knee, and display to great advantage the thick woollen stockings and ugly shoes which give their feet the appearance of being in boxes.

"The women wear a snowy cap with wings which entirely conceals the hair; their skirts are short and scant, and the whole dress clumsy. The style of dress varies in different provinces, but it is handed down from generation to generation, and fashions never change.

"The people of Brittany delight in stories and songs, and on a cold winter evening the villagers will meet at some particular cottage where there is a good large room, while the great blazing fire gives all the light that is needed. The women form a spinning circle, and are as busy as bees, while the young men range themselves outside of the line. All the old stories that have been told over and over again for hundreds of years are repeated at these meetings, and enjoyed a great deal more than if they were brand-new. Every one must tell a story or sing a song to amuse the company, and the stories and songs are always about things that happened in Brittany.

"It was probably in one of these spinning circles by the winter fire-side that the quaint legend of Red Riding-hood was first told; for wolves abound in Brittany, and the recent loss of some child in this dreadful way may have been the foundation of the story which is so very sad and yet so very delightful.

"Wolf-hunts are very common in Brittany, and sometimes in the deepest recesses of a wood the hunters will come upon the 'wolves' kitchen.' This is the spot where the savage animals enjoy their repasts, which they do not take the trouble to cook, and fragments of bones and fur which are left around show the kind of provisions that they indulge in.

"These creatures are also said to have a dancing saloon—an open place in the forest with a beaten path around it—and here they come to frolic by the light of the moon. Farmers living near the woods have declared that they heard the wolves howling like dogs at the sound of the Angelus, or morning bell, from the church tower, for their revels must now be ended. The farmers do not like them, for, thanks to the prowling wolves,

> 'There is no flock, however watched and tended,
> But one dead lamb is there.'

"The story of Little Red Riding-hood is found in Germany too, and other northern countries; but there the ravening wolf is Night, or Darkness, and Little Red Cap, or Red Riding-hood, who is swallowed up by the cruel beast, is Evening with her scarlet or crimson robe of sunset.

"This is much the prettier story of the two."

## ARCHIE'S ADVENTURE.

A STORY OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

Part I.

ARCHIE GRAHAM is now a young man at college, who has become a member of a secret society, made at least one speech in the debating club, and pulled stroke oar in the Freshman crew. On the whole, he is regarded as a "rising man."

Five years ago this young collegian was a pupil at the Rev. Dr. Pont's school, near Belhaven, a small sea-port city of New England. It is useless to look for the name on the map, for Belhaven is not the real name of the place, nor is Archie Graham the real name of the hero of the adventure I am about to relate. Of course he would not like to have his real name printed here; but some of his old school-fellows, when they hear this story from their younger brothers, will recognize the real boy under the name I have given him, and will perhaps fill in some little details that I may have forgotten.

There were about seventy boys at Dr. Pont's, ranging in age from twelve to eighteen. The older fellows generally went to college on leaving Belhaven, and during their last year at school they were objects of great admiration to the younger boys. Being such mighty masters of the arts of base-ball, foot-ball, and rowing, to say nothing of the vast stores of learning which their heads were supposed to contain, they had naturally no time or inclination for anything so purely boyish as what the teachers called mischief, and the boys larks. Not so, however, the younger boys. Dr. Pont's school, though it had the reputation of turning out boys who were both scholars and gentlemen, had plenty of lively spirits ripe for a lark. Indeed, I don't think I would give much for a school that did not; for what is a lark but a way of having fun? and though a school-boy's judgment does not always restrain him within proper bounds, he would really have a very bad time if he were never allowed, or never allowed himself, to indulge in a lark.

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During the dark months of the year an afternoon session was held, beginning at half past four, and from the time they had finished dinner until that hour the boys were free. When the weather was open they played foot-ball, and when snow was on the ground they coasted; but there came days before the snow fell when the ground was frozen hard, and the only resources of the boys were playground games, the gymnasium, and country walks. Not that they walked out in regimental order, two by two. No such check was put upon their liberty. They went out in little bands of from two to half a dozen, and they only stuck to the turnpike-road so long as nothing attractive called them over the fences, to jump a drain, cut a crotch stick for a shooter, try a likely-looking piece of ice, or what not.

This, at least, is what most of them did, but there is no fun in making shooters unless one uses them, and as every boy is at heart a sportsman, it came about that the principal object of these country rambles was the pursuit of game. Small birds were very hard to shoot, and so the boys turned their attention to the domestic fowls of the neighboring farmers. They were not old enough sportsmen to know that shooting a hen or a tame pigeon is not sport, but wanton cruelty. There is a great deal of difference between the two.

But though the boys did not easily recognize this important difference, the farmers saw it as clearly as noonday. To their minds there was all the difference in the world between killing a sparrow and killing a tame hen or a guinea-fowl or a pigeon. Sparrows, blackbirds, and such small-fry were "game"; pigeons and the whole catalogue of barn-yard poultry were "property."

Some of the farmers had complained to the Doctor about their maimed chickens and more than one dead pigeon, and a decree had gone forth that shooting must be given up, and the weapons burned. Then many shooters were regretfully thrown into the big hall fire—but not all. A few of the boys who had "tasted blood," so to speak, argued to themselves and to each other that if they confined their sport to wild birds they would be transgressing no moral law, and so it would be unnecessary to sacrifice their skillfully made shooters. It was a very bad argument, and it was not long before they came to admit it themselves.

One dull and stormy afternoon Dick Wells and Henry Vesey, two of the boys who had kept the forbidden weapons, growing tired of doing nothing, started out rather late in the afternoon with their shooters. They might have known, had they been sportsmen, that they would have little chance of finding any game, for birds like to stay under shelter in stormy weather as much as human beings do. And so these two hunters were disappointed, and when the clouds opened and the rain came down, they sought shelter in Farmer Perkin's wagon shed. It was a large shed, open all along one side, and as they watched the pouring rain, a pigeon that had perched upon one of the beams under the roof began to "coo" softly.

"Say, Dick, look there," said Vesey, taking aim with his empty shooter at the innocent bird.

"Wonder if it's a wild one?" said the other. "It looks like it."

"So it does," agreed the first speaker.

"I think it must be."

It was, indeed, a dove-colored pigeon, and very like a wild one in that respect; but both the boys knew in their hearts that it was a tame one, and they were false enough to themselves and to each other to pretend to think that it was wild.

"I wish I knew," said Vesey; "it's a splendid shot."

"I guess it *is* a wild one. Will you try it?"

A look and a nod was the answer; and all the time the pigeon kept up its gentle cooing, the soft, mournful tone of which should have reminded them that they were cowards and untrue. But with trembling hands they loaded their shooters with shot, and Henry Vesey drew back the strong rubber, taking careful aim the while. His hand shook with excitement, and he lowered it to try and steady his nerves; but an impatient word from his companion braced him up. He quickly took aim and loosed the shot, which rattled against the shingles of the roof, while the stricken bird fluttered to the ground outside the shed.

As they both sprang for it, they saw the farmer approaching. He saw the wounded pigeon and the eager boys, and it needed but little thought on his part to convince him that it was some of "old Pont's cubs," as he called them, that were up to their old tricks.

With one impulse the two boys forsook their wounded game and hastened to make good their escape. They were young and active, and their pursuer—for Mr. Perkin was eager for their capture, especially as they were so near—was fifty years of age, and though a powerful man, was not limber-jointed. Fear lent wings to the feet of the young marauders; but fate and the farmer were soon to overtake them.

They reached the fence bounding the home pasture, and crept hastily between the rails; but as they did so, Henry Vesey's cap was brushed from his head, and he slided down the muddy bank of the drain on the other side, so that to attempt to recover it was to risk almost certain capture. And so they abandoned the cap; and when, after running some distance, they looked round and saw the farmer standing by the fence at the place through which they had crept, they knew that he had secured it, and their spirits fell, for they had left tell-tale evidence behind them.

The meaning of this was that Dr. Pont disliked the various kinds of head-covering adopted by boys, and obliged all his pupils to wear a particular kind of cap which he had chosen; and as they were all alike in shape and color, each boy's name was written in his cap. So it was not strange that when Mr. Perkin picked up the cap and looked it over, he shook his fist at the retreating boys, and called out, "All right, lads; ye've outrun me this spell, but I calc'late I've got yer right here by the hair of yer heads;" and Mr. Perkin shook the cap at them as if a boy's head were already in it, and the "hair of his head" between his own brawny fingers.

The five-minutes bell had rung before Dick Wells and Henry Vesey reached the school gates, and they had but just time to change their soaked shoes and get into their recitation-room before the teacher began to call the roll. Just as they had taken their seats, Archie Graham came in, muddy and breathless.

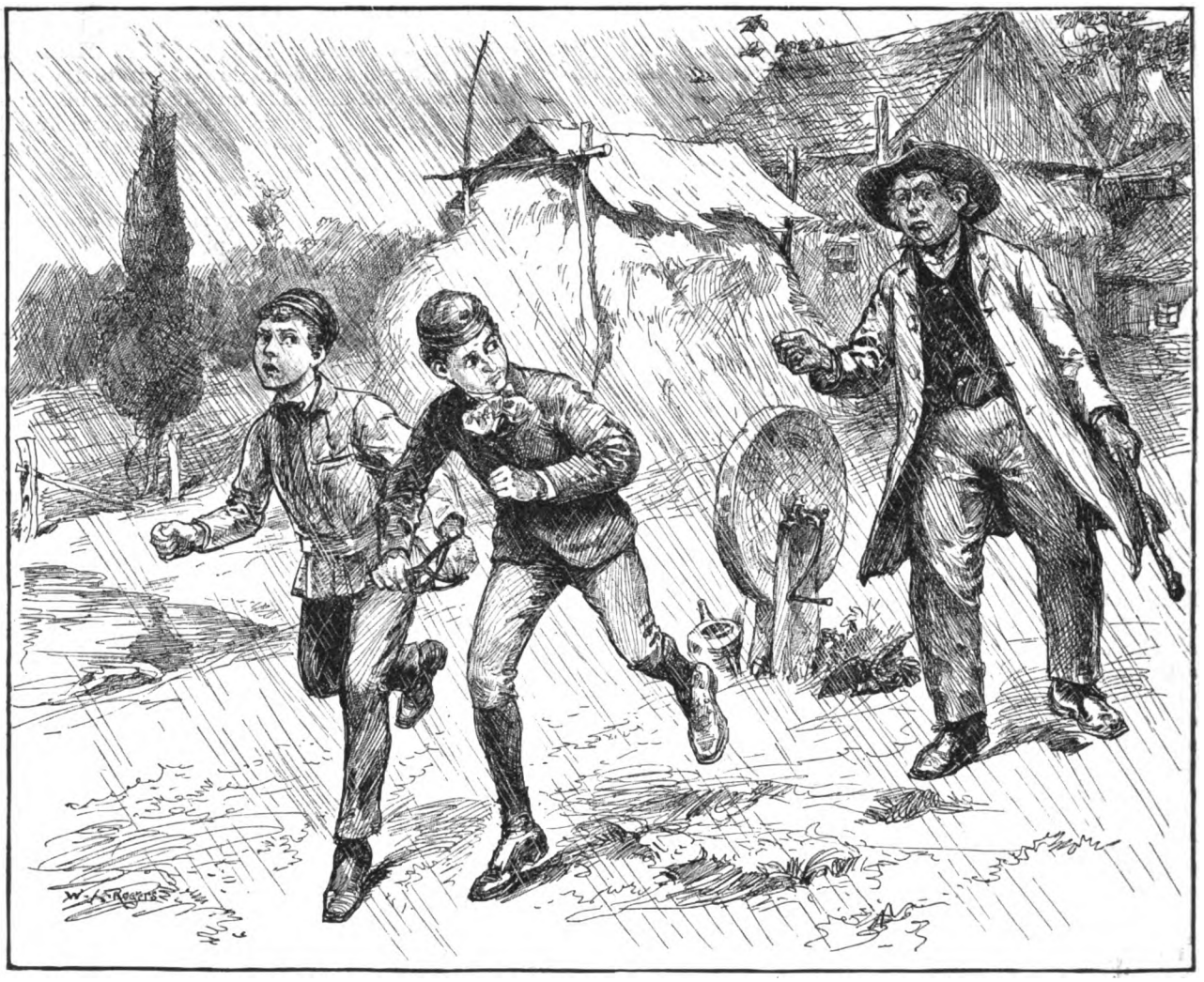
"You are late, Graham," said the teacher, "and you haven't changed your shoes. Go and do so at once. When you come back you will please explain your absence from roll-call."

A few minutes later Archie returned to the recitation-room with clean shoes and brushed hair, prepared to be questioned as to his late appearance. But this he was spared. Mr. Maxwell, the teacher, was already deeply interested in some point that had occurred to him early in the lesson, and even if he remembered that he had demanded an explanation from the late comer, he did not stop to ask for it. Thus Archie was forgotten, and he was hopeful that nothing more would be said to him on the subject.

In the same class were two boys who, if they had been watched, would have appeared strangely ill at ease. A knock came at the door, and a servant brought in a note for Mr. Maxwell. Why did Dick Wells and Henry Vesey glance anxiously at the door, and then at Mr. Maxwell's face as he read the note?

Another knock, and again the servant entered, this time to replenish the big wood fire.

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"FEAR LENT WINGS TO THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MARAUDERS."

But after some time the door was opened without a knock, and Dr. Pont entered the room. This was so unusual an occurrence that the whole class at once gave earnest attention. Only two of the boys there assembled saw a figure standing just beyond the threshold of the room in the dim light of the lobby. The Doctor held in his hand a boy's cap, and the figure in the semi-darkness was Farmer Perkin.

After politely asking pardon of Mr. Maxwell for the interruption, Dr. Pont, assuming his sternest manner, said,

"Graham, stand forward!"

The boy obeyed. It was very plain that he was much embarrassed.

"Where were you at four o'clock, Graham?"

Alas for poor Archie! The question that he would have replied to frankly, though perhaps tremblingly, half an hour ago, he could now find no words to answer. He stood there with downcast eyes before the Doctor and his companions, but could say nothing.

"Answer me, sir," continued the Doctor. "Were you in the school yard?"

A long pause, and then he said, "No, sir."

"Have you been on Mr. Perkin's farm this afternoon?"

Again that fatal embarrassment, and then the same trembling words, "No, sir."

"Do you know that this is your cap?"

He looked at it without interest. He had already felt that the cap was concerned in his trouble.

"And that this cap was found by Mr. Perkin in his home pasture," the Doctor continued, severely, "and that the boy who wore it was one of two boys who were robbing—yes, *robbing*—his hen-roost?"

How easy was the answer to this charge the cap was making against him! Yet he could not give it.

"Mr. Perkin," said the Doctor, "please to step in. Is this the boy that killed your pigeon?"

"That's one of them, Doctor, without doubt," replied the farmer, to whose mind the evidence of the cap was conclusive, "and maybe I can spot the other one;" and he ran his eyes over the double row of boys, but was afraid to venture on a guess.

"Graham," said the Doctor, "I ask you, for the last time, were you on Mr. Perkin's farm this afternoon?"

The boy looked up. It was his intention to answer boldly that he was not there; but his eye caught that of the school-master, and he quailed. Dr. Pont was a kind man and a just one, but when he was convinced that wrong had been done he was very stern. And so the open-hearted Archie Graham cowered before him as a rabbit before the serpent whose prey it is soon to become. Still he stammered out, "No, sir."

"Enough," said the Doctor. "You will go to your room, and will hold no communication, absolutely, with any of your school-mates until you have seen me after breakfast to-morrow morning. Go, sir!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## TO THE PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN.

ROSY cheeks and lips of cherry,
Earnest eyes that seem to say,
"Can I trust you?" and then swiftly
Smile their answer—"Yes, I may."

Do those cheeks e'er flush with anger?
Pout those lips in sad disdain?
Swell those eyes with sullen tear-drops,
As the bursting clouds with rain?

Youth should not be sad, but merry;
Buoyant hope should wrath beguile.
Sulks become not lips of cherry;
Such bright eyes were made to smile.

But I don't believe that o'er thee
Brooding storm-clouds ever lower;
Or at least thy fiercest anger
Never lasted half an hour.

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## FISHING WITH CORMORANTS.

NOT only has man trained birds to hunt birds for him, but he has even taught them to fish for him. In many respects fishing with cormorants is like hawking. In both cases the natural instinct of the birds is allowed to have its own way, but by preventing the birds from satisfying their appetites at once—which is their only motive for hunting their prey—they will kill much more game than would suffice for their own needs.

The cormorant is a large web-footed bird, with short wings, rather a large tail (which serves it for a rudder in the water), and a curved upper bill. Its throat and neck are capable of stretching to such an extent that it swallows easily fish that seem too large to go into its beak. It feeds almost entirely on fish, and is to be found both on salt-water bays and inland lakes.

Cormorant fishing is by no means a new kind of sport. In fact, it is as old as, or older than, falconry, and one of the most interesting treatises on the subject is the account given by a Spanish writer, three hundred years ago, of how the Chinese amused themselves with their trained cormorants. In England and France the sport was patronized by the Kings of both countries in the seventeenth century; soon after which time it went out of fashion, and was revived in England only about thirty years ago.

When the cormorant is considered sufficiently well trained, it is taken to a stream in which trout are known to be, and a strap being fastened around its throat to prevent its swallowing the fish, it enters into the water, and into the sport also, with great eagerness. Though a large bird, the cormorant is an exceedingly rapid swimmer, both on and under the surface of the water, and it displays an activity in its more natural element that seems astonishing to one who has only seen its ungainly movements on dry land. It will pursue and capture a swiftly darting trout, and having caught it, will "pouch" it—that is, swallow it so far as the strap around its throat will allow—returning to its master to be relieved of the fish, which its instinct will not let it throw away, and the strap will not let it swallow.

Time and again the bird will return to the water, and every capture is rewarded with a piece of fish, although not of the fish that has just been caught. Sometimes the cormorant seizes a fish that is several sizes too long for the amount of throat at his disposal, and as he comes ashore to his master with half a fish projecting from his open bill, he presents a very funny appearance. The size of the fish, indeed, a good cormorant does not regard as an objection to his trying for it, and occasionally he is obliged to give up the fight. An English writer relates that three cormorants once "tackled" an eel, which their united efforts were not sufficient to hold. The three birds fell upon the slippery fish and worried it like a pack of hounds with a fox. Twice it broke away from them, the first time being brought to the surface again almost immediately by one of the birds; but the second time it managed to escape entirely, having probably buried itself in the mud, after the manner of its kind.

After a good day's sport, as many fish having been caught as are desired, the cormorants are sometimes allowed to fish on their own account, when the straps are removed from their necks, and they take so kindly to a fish diet that one readily understands why a fast and hearty eater should be likened to a cormorant.

The training of cormorants is a much easier task than that of hawks. The latter is a high-couraged bird, of restless habits, and his confidence is not quickly won. The cormorant, on the other hand, is clumsy in his nature, as in his form, and readily learns to obey, as being the easiest thing to do. After being confined for a day or two he will submit to be handled (though a falconer's glove is desirable, for his bite is severe), and to have the "jesses," or leg straps, fastened on. As soon as he seems to be tame enough he may be tried in shallow water, and when he gets a fish in his throat, which the strap prevents him from swallowing, he will allow his master to relieve him of it. As he is always rewarded with a piece of fish after a successful catch, he soon begins to associate the receiving of food with the act of bringing a fish to his master, and then his education is complete.

## ANOTHER DISSOLVING COIN TRICK.

BY HENRY HATTON.

FOR this trick we require a small tumbler made of thin glass, and a dime or other small coin which has been previously marked, so as to be readily identified. The coin is dropped, in full view of the audience, into the glass, over which a handkerchief is thrown, and all are placed on a table. The performer then gives out a good-sized table-knife and a plate of oranges. The knife is examined and an orange selected. Returning to the tumbler, he bids the coin to leave it and pass into the orange. He removes the handkerchief, and it is seen that the coin has disappeared from the glass, and on cutting open the orange it is found in the centre.

For this trick the young conjurer requires first, a prepared tumbler; secondly, a tiny ball of wax. Just even with the bottom of the tumbler is a small slit, which any glass grinder will cut for a few cents. When about to pour water into the tumbler, it is held with the hand encircling it so that one finger presses into and covers the slit. After the water is emptied and the tumbler wiped dry, the coin is thrown in, and then by slightly tilting the glass, just as it is being covered with the handkerchief, the coin will drop into the hand. Before beginning the trick the performer lightly presses the tiny ball of wax upon the lowest button of his vest, so that he can get at it just the minute he needs it. After the knife has been examined, and whilst going for the oranges, he picks the wax off its resting-place, pressing it firmly upon the centre of the knife blade, and then, in turn, presses the marked coin upon it, and lays the knife on a table with the coin side down. In cutting the orange, the *point* of the knife is used until a cut is made about half-way down, and then, to finish, the blade is drawn through, thus detaching the coin, which will remain inside. As some of the wax is likely to adhere to the coin, the magician easily removes it under pretense of wiping off the orange juice.

## EARLY SINGERS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

THE other day I found myself one of a small audience assembled to hear some school-children sing in chorus. It was a pretty sight, and the harmonies were very delightful, for the children sang well, and from their hearts. The chorus was one known to all who love music—the "Hallelujah," from Handel's great oratorio *The Messiah*.

But as music always inspires thought, we began to talk of the days of old when singing was a very crude or uncultivated art; yet even then, thousands of years ago, there was the *instinct* for music, the *instinct* for song; for God has made the human voice, the human throat, capable of expressing delicious sounds, of expressing *feelings* too, which somehow never seem to find vent half so satisfactorily as in singing.

Singular as it may seem, with so strong an impulse toward song, the art of singing was unknown for centuries. In these days we often hear people with really good voices sing badly from *ignorance*, and in ancient days the singing was very limited, from ignorance also, though of a different kind. Music both vocal and instrumental was

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only employed for the purpose of festivity or lamentation, for the conqueror or the sacrifice, and therefore it was of a special kind, that is, there was no idea of *composing* any music but the kind required for special occasions, and there was absolutely no knowledge of the proper use of the voice, the vocal chords, on which all sound depends.

The earliest records of singers which we have are many centuries before Christ. The early Egyptians used a kind of chant, as did the Hebrews, and accompanied themselves on some wind and some stringed instruments. We see on old ruins, on the vases and other objects discovered of that time, illustrations of the singers of their day. It is supposed that they learned their chants or melodies, and applied different words to the same tune, if tune the few notes up and down can be called. The Greeks and the Romans encouraged singing, and all the early writers speak rapturously of the art, while in the first centuries of Christianity we know that solemn church music—chanting, as it was called—was greatly encouraged.

The chant probably was the form of singing practiced by the ancients for secular or civil as well as religious ceremonials, and it certainly was the only method of singing known to the early Christians. At break of day, in Rome and elsewhere, these first followers of Christ used to assemble for purposes of praising God by their simple yet solemn chants. In the year 397 St. Ambrose formed out of the materials he could find what is called the Ambrosian chant, still occasionally used; and in 590 Pope Gregory invented or composed what is known as the Gregorian chant, still used in nearly all Christian churches. The chant includes but a few notes, and is sung in three different ways. First, there is what is called the monody, which is sung by one voice only; then the antiphony, by two voices alternately; then the choral chant, by all voices together. The Psalms and other portions of the early church services were sung in this way, always by male voices; and in connection with this I will tell you an anecdote which is characteristic of the power over the human heart of even such simple, solemn singing as that, when done reverently:

Calixtus, a noble Roman youth, contrived, through the assistance of one of his slaves, to attend the secret services of the Christians, whom he intended to betray at the first opportunity. Hidden behind one of the walls of the crypt where the services were held, he listened, awe-struck by the beauty and solemnity of the chant which arose and filled the space with low though sweet sounds, praising and giving thanks to God. The careless, self-indulgent youth felt his soul strangely moved by this Christian music. He had been accustomed to the strains of martial glory, the singing of the slaves at his father's palace, the wild and lawless sort of melody with which they accompanied their dances; but the grandly simple measures of the chant, the fervor with which each word was pronounced, were a revelation to the young Roman. Day after day he came; finally, having learned by ear the glorious strains, and unable to restrain his feelings, he one day lifted his voice—a voice noted all over Rome for its sweetness—and joined in the "Glory be to the Father" which the Christians sang. So rapt were they that only as the sounds died out was any one aware of the strange and wonderfully beautiful voice; but Calixtus came forward, fell upon his knees, and begged pardon of God for his cruel intentions, was baptized into the Christian faith, and a year later was one of a band of martyrs.

Voices were no doubt as good naturally then as now, but the art of using them, as I have said, was unknown. A system of writing and composing music had to come before people learned how to make use of the organ given them for sound; and when we consider that it is only in this century a system of correct teaching has been perfected, only within the last fifty years that the proper management of the voice has been understood, it is not wonderful that in the first centuries of the Christian era, with so few instruments, and almost no knowledge of the laws of music, singing was but little understood.

Just as in instrumental music, a scale had to be formed, and this was first suggested by the lines of an ancient hymn to John the Baptist. It was composed by a monk, who wrote it so that the first syllable of each line could be sung a note *higher* than the preceding one. The words were as follows:

"*Ut* queant laxis
*Re*sonare fibris
*Mi*ra gestorum
*Fa*muli tuorum
*Sol*ve polluti
*La*bii reatum."

The *ut* was sung as A, *mi* as C, *sol* as E, *la* as F. Now when we are interested in a study it seems to me nothing is more fascinating than to investigate the beginnings of the art. You who are practicing singing at school or at home may like, as you sing your scales, to think of that first idea of forming them—the poor old monk, centuries ago, patiently devising a means whereby his brethren in the choir could read music. Think how he labored to produce this simple method, but with what a fine result. He started the "solfeggio"* system, as it is called, and in the eleventh century Guido of Arrego, an Italian musician, began to use these words to denote the scale, substituting *do* for *ut*, and re-arranging them so as to begin on C. In the seventeenth century Le Maire, a French musician, added to these a seventh note, *si*, and so on the key of C they are thus:

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.
C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C.

As interest in the art of singing grew, there came a revival, as it was called, of vocal study in Italy. At another time I will tell you of the fascinating period of troubadours, minnesingers, and minstrels, but at present we must consider, as a first step to understanding singing, the question of the voice, and how it came to be understood, and what the various kinds of voices are. With this knowledge you will find your interest increased not only in your own studies, but in listening to others, and criticisms can only be made justly by those who know for what voice music is written, and by what voice and with what register it is sung.

As I have said, before voices were adjusted music had to be composed, and it was in Italy that the art of singing correctly dawned, and was led by earnest students into light. Church music gave the start, and then musicians, professional and amateur, began to study the forms and method of the early Greek drama.

The Greeks in their plays used what is called *recitatives* and *choruses*, but the latter were only intoned or chanted, because the audiences were so large, the theatres so open, that any other style of singing would have had no effect. Sometimes the members of a chorus were obliged to wear metallic masks in order to increase the sound, but as they produced a very shrill sort of music, the better educated of the audiences objected to their use, and tried to have them abolished.

Having carefully studied the Greek dramas, the Italians formed an idea of a regular opera, in which not alone could recitatives and choruses be introduced, but melodies. From this came of course a necessity for understanding the vocal chords and their uses. Where there is genius it requires very little assistance to arrive at great results. Very soon a school of singing was established, and on such good principles that to this day the Italian method is considered

* Solfeggio means literally the seven syllables used for the seven notes of the scale—do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si. The art of learning these and applying them to various scales is called *solmization*.

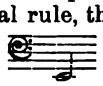
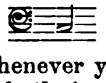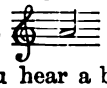
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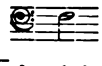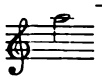


SONGS OF PRAISE.

the best, and the most famous singers are the result of Italian training.

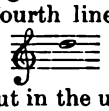
I will not go into the details of the story of this art. Gradually voices were developed; as music grew, culture grew with it. Let us see, now, what are the various recognized voices, their names and capacities.

To begin with, as a general rule, the compass or range of the human voice is from  (in the bass, as you will see) to  in the treble. Between these notes are the usual bass, barytone, tenor, contralto, mezzo, and soprano voices, and as a general rule the voice takes in twelve notes. Voices including two octaves are not rare, and some famous singers have had a range of three octaves, Madame Catalani, a celebrated prima donna, being able to sing in three octaves and a half. The male voices are always one octave lower than the female voice. The usual range of a bass voice is from  to  The tenor is generally from  to  Between these is the barytone. Whenever you hear a bass, barytone, or tenor singing *perfectly* in the regular notes belonging to his voice, and able with purity to include others either above or below, you will know that it is a voice of unusual power or training. To force the voice, however, is always foolish, and generally results in injury to the notes which belong to it by right, and certainly gives no pleasure to the listener.

The contralto or alto voice ranges from  to  the soprano from  to  but it is not unusual to find that in both cases higher notes can be taken. The mezzo, or middle voice, ranges between the two, frequently including some of the very low notes of the contralto range.

Now, then, if these technicalities, as they are called, seem to you dull, remember that they are facts necessary to know if you wish to understand anything about singing, and try, by way of amusement and instruction, to observe at your next concert how the parts of soloists and of chorus are taken.

Naturally, you may suppose that in arranging music for students and musicians, some way of designating for whom the different parts were intended had to be decided upon.

Let us suppose a four-part piece of music. The soprano, who is always considered the first female singer, the tenor, who is the first male singer, and then the bass and contralto each have their music parts written for themselves, and at the beginning is what is called their *clef*—a character placed there to show for what voice that music is intended. For instance, the sign of the tenor clef is the fourth line of the staff, thus,  Sometimes, however, tenor music is written out in the upper clef, just as the parts for female voices; and when this is done, the tenor in reading always sings it one octave lower down.

What are called the registers of the voice are two, the chest tones and the head notes. The best notes of the soprano are head ones; the best of the contralto, chest. Bass voices are all chest tones. The finest tenors are those who make their head notes pure and true.

I have indicated to you the notes which form the compass of different voices by musical writing, so that you may strike them on the piano, and the better fix them in your mind. There is nothing better for even a young student than to thus *practically* demonstrate anything they learn, and if you are interested in your work, sum up just the few points we have gone over here—the first suggestions of ancient music; the singing of the early Christians; the later chants of Ambrose and Gregory; the stately music of the first churches; the first Italian school of singing; and then the definition of voices, the rules for determining them, and the varieties which they present.

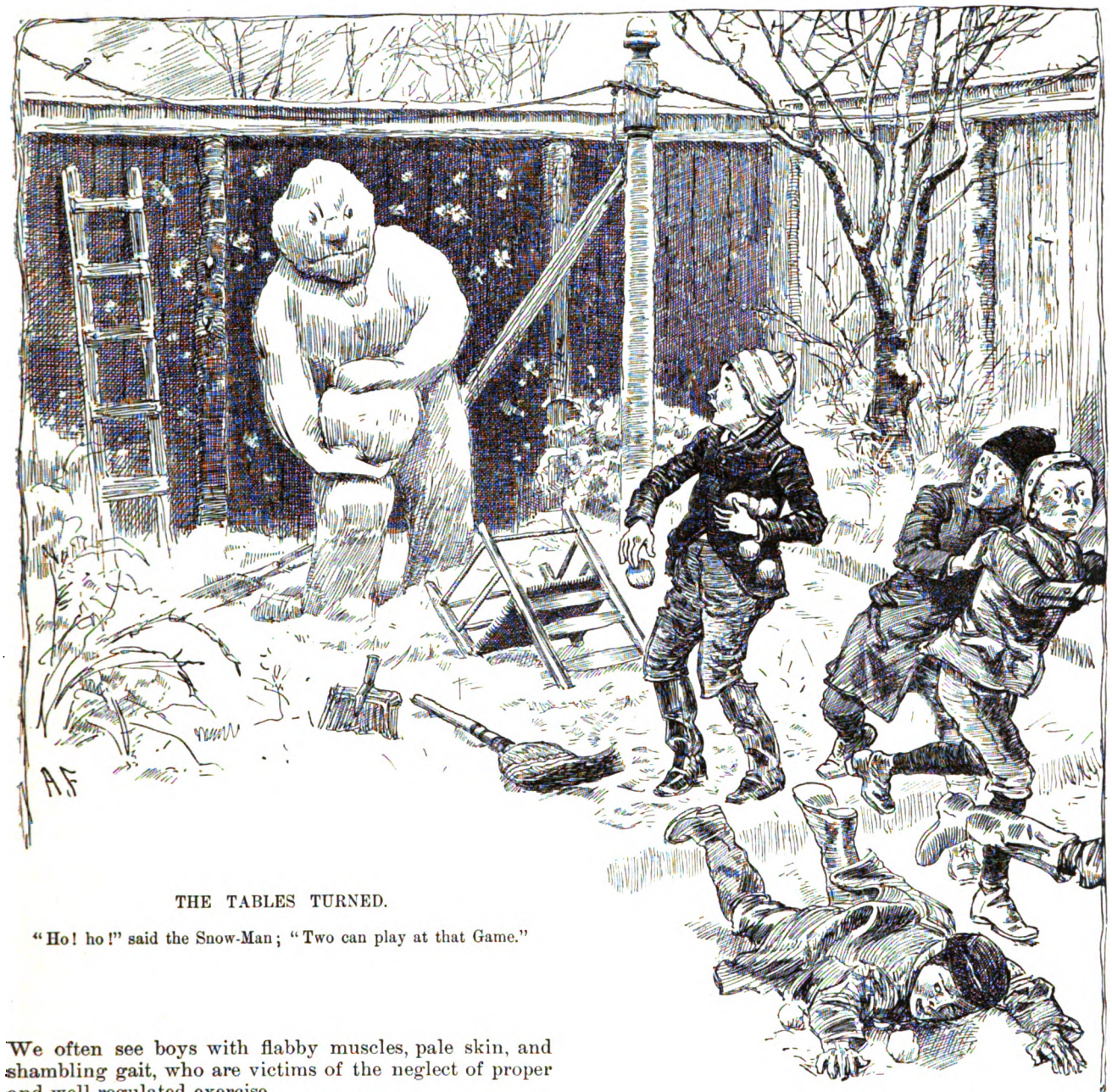
At another time we may talk about that mediæval period of minstrelsy which was the first picturesque time of real song, about which so much has been sung or written, and which is, singular to say, really not generally understood either historically or pictorially.

## ADVICE TO BOYS: EXERCISE.

BY H. C. VAN GIESEN, M.D.

IN some "advice" which I gave to the boy readers of this paper some time ago I told them to avoid taking too violent exercise. I pointed out that boys who take a great interest and an active part in out-door sports often bring needless illness upon themselves by overexertion and want of proper care after violent exercise. But as I have found it necessary to caution some boys against taking too much exercise, so it may be well to warn some against taking too little. A certain amount of exercise is necessary to maintain health and to develop the growth of the body.

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THE TABLES TURNED.

"Ho! ho!" said the Snow-Man; "Two can play at that Game."

We often see boys with flabby muscles, pale skin, and shambling gait, who are victims of the neglect of proper and well-regulated exercise.

Now, walking is one of the best means of developing the muscles and strengthening the system. Every young person should learn how to walk properly.

In the first place, the head should be held erect, the shoulders thrown well back, and the stride should be regular and steady. The walk should not be too long, but adapted to the time and the season. Some may say a walk is stupid and tiresome, but if habits of observation are cultivated, a walk even alone becomes a delightful recreation. If in the country in the summer, the various objects of nature, the grass, the flowers, the road-side bushes, and the trees are in themselves companions, and can talk in their quiet way to the attentive mind. In the city the constant succession of new sights and sounds keeps the senses thoroughly aroused, and the mind is fed and grows apace with the body.

I think a good training walk a necessity outside of all other active exercise, such as ball-playing, etc., as it gives a graceful and easy action in walking, and becomes a fixed habit of life. So little attention is given to this matter by parents and teachers that there are many awkward and clumsy walkers to be met with every day. In walking in the town or city, boys should learn to cultivate all the sidewalk courtesy, so to speak, recognizing ladies of their acquaintance politely, and avoiding rushing by heedlessly and carelessly, thus earning the distinction of being polite and well-bred boys.

Next to walking, riding horseback and rowing should be employed as means of exercise, if the opportunity presents itself. Rowing brings into use many muscles not employed in other ways, and thus tends to develop the body equally in all its parts.

By all means, boys, do something every day to give the muscles fair play. Do not lounge around in ungainly attitudes, or waste your hours devouring idle and mischievous books, but while you have the chance, and can develop your strength while the body is growing, make it a plan to devote some time every day to healthy exercise.

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## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

IN the next number the Postmistress will have something to tell you about the dear little child in Harper's Young People's Cot, which new readers may be glad to know is in St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, one of the quietest, prettiest places in New York. A happy, peaceful place, too, where even the sad faces of suffering children learn how to smile. The Postmistress meant to tell you about it in this number, but the Christmas reports still keep arriving, and she knows that not a child of you all will want to miss Mrs. Richardson's letter from Woodside and Kate H.'s delightful description of how her Little Housekeepers' Club had a Christmas tree in Texas.

In the next number, too, there will be another cooking lesson, of a very *sweet* kind. Now put on your thinking-caps, and see if you can fancy what it will be. No, Daisy, I shall not tell you to-day. We must make haste to read these charming letters:

WOODSIDE, NEAR LINCOLNTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

With us here, at the little mission of the Church of Our Saviour, Christmas was a very happy time, and though there have been sickness and death around us, no losses have come to the Sunday-school that you all have been so good to. We had a lovely holiday-time. The addition to the church is now completed. You can not imagine our delight in it; never were people so pleased as we are to have it. We admire it, talk of it, walk up and down before it and stroll around it, linger and look back; as a young girl said, "We hate to leave the spot." It is beautiful in our eyes. It seats, without crowding, two hundred and seventeen. It was well filled on Thanksgiving-day, when, though not quite done, we were able to use it. The decorations were very pretty. The chancel looked lovely—rows of grains of all kinds, also fruits and vegetables, were arranged tastefully. The white cotton-bolls were purity itself, and the children selected the corn, so we had white, red, yellow, blue, and all mixed in different ways. We had pretty squashes of all sizes and shapes, red-skinned sweet-potatoes, dark green melons, and large pumpkins. We had a delightful service then, but our great festival was on Christmas-day. The little church received very nice presents and gifts that were needed. They were very touching, too, all being *memorial* gifts: a beautiful Latin cross of oak to stand on the altar, two chairs of black walnut for the chancel, a lovely prayer desk of the same wood, white satin markers for Bible, Prayer-book, and Hymnal, a white frontal for the lecturn and a white stole, and a new Prayer-book and Hymnal, both perfect of their kind. You can never know the pleasure these things give unless you could be here to see us enjoy them.

You, kind friends, sent us the things for the Christmas tree. Our Rector in Lincolnton—who, by-the-way, does more missionary work than any clergyman I know—gives us a service the Thursday nearest the full moon. This came, luckily for us, on Christmas-day. As the roads were bad, we had the service at 3 P.M. The tree, loaded with its gifts, stood in a transept, and now I must tell you that even with that temptation the congregation did not fail in their attention and devotion to the service, and listened attentively to the excellent sermon which Mr. Wetmore preached. After the service we sang that beautiful carol from HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, "Ring again the Christmas bells," and while we were singing it the church and tree were lighted with lamps and tiny candles. While we distributed the presents our Superintendent went up and down giving candy to all, for the church was full of persons who had come to the service and to *see* the tree. These trees do a great deal more good than merely the passing pleasure they give. They extend the influence of the Sunday-school very much, and we get a hold on people we could not reach in any other way.

To very many of our scholars this is the only Christmas pleasure they have, and the only treat of candy they get in the whole year, so you can not wonder that it is to them perfect joy. One negro boy of nineteen, the best scholar in the colored school—not having missed school a Sunday the whole year—begged for a large fair-haired wax doll. We told him the people would laugh at him. He said he did not care. Neither did he, but looked as happy as any child there with the doll in his arms. His Christian name is Lee; dolly is called Annie Lee. He says he don't mind sitting in his room at night alone now at all; he puts Annie Lee where he can see her, gets all his Christmas things out of his box, and never feels lonesome at all.

The singing-class is a great pleasure to them all, the sewing-school a continual delight. You will be glad to know that we accomplished the seventeen quilts. We want to teach them some fancy-work this year, crochet and worsted work. The girls will be glad to learn how, and they can make some things that will help with the next tree. We will, of course, make more quilts; these are such priceless treasures to those who have them that it would be cruel not to make more.

We wish so often, so heartily, dear friends, that you could all come here and see the good work you have done. Let me wish, in behalf of all here, a very happy new year to each one of you, and believe me truly and faithfully yours,

MRS. RICHARDSON.

I don't know how you will feel, dear children and mothers, but I am not ashamed to whisper to you that when I came to the part of Mrs. Richardson's letter where she tells of poor black Lee carrying his fair-haired waxen doll home to his lonely little room, I had to stop reading for the tears that suddenly filled my eyes. Did it make you laugh, Fanny and Elsie? Well, it has its funny side, too. Poor Lee! he has not missed a single Sunday in the year, and always pays attention to the lesson. What a good work Mrs. Richardson is doing, and how very happy we are in having a share in it!

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EASTBOURNE, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl nine years old, and I thought perhaps some little American boys or girls might like to hear how they celebrated the 5th of November in Eastbourne. On that day all the shops were closed at five o'clock, and at half past seven a grand procession took place. There was a Punch and Judy show on horseback, lots of jockeys, Henry VIII., clowns, pantaloons, sprites (who had stuck pins into their tails, so that the people should not pull them), monkeys, knights in armor, jesters, sweeps, men in women's dresses, Zulus, Arabs, Indians, sailors, Chinese, Turks, and some in magnificent dresses that I can not describe. Most had masks, and all had boxes with fireworks in them, which they let off at each other and at everybody else in the streets; some came into our rooms. One man aimed at our windows, but did not reach them, so papa called out, "Bad shot!" Then everybody who was passing threw one up, to try if he could hit our balcony, but they only stuck in the trellis-work. There were bands, and all the people had torches. The fire-engines were drawn by six white horses, and all the men had colored lights, and the life-boat came behind. When it appeared, all the people cheered very loudly. I wish all the people it had saved could have seen it. Last of all there was a huge bonfire, and all the people danced round it. Papa and my sisters went to see it, and said it was very pretty; they had a fire-work thrown at them, and it burned their dress. I think my letter is getting too long, so, wishing you and all your little English and American readers a happy new year, I remain your affectionate little reader,

EDITH W.

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GOSFORTH, NEAR NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND.

This is the first letter I have ever written to you. How I came by this paper is this way. I asked a boy for the loan of a book, and he gave me this one, and ever since that day I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. W. D. (aged 11).

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HEREFORD RANCH, TEXAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—We had a tree on Christmas, and papa sent a man five miles to get it. It was a cedar-tree, and the room it was in was trimmed with cedar and mistletoe. Papa sent after the tree the day before Christmas-eve, early in the morning, and the man he sent did not get back until night. The tree was very large, and papa trimmed off a good deal out-of-doors, and then he could scarcely get it into the house. After he did get it in he had to trim off a good deal more. He stood it up in a barrel, around which we wrapped a sheet. He trimmed the sheet with cedar and red berries. We then took a little table and covered it with a sheet too, and also trimmed it with cedar. It was for things that you could not hang on the tree. All of the club made presents; I made thirteen. We made a good many by the directions given in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Bess, my oldest sister, made the fan wall-pocket. Bess and I each made two scent bags. Two members of the club, named Myra and Mina T., made the travelling-bag, and the B.'s made the stocking-bag. Bess made a letter-case for papa; it was of brown cloth, and she etched a Hereford cow on the lower part and H on the upper part. I would like the little girl who wrote a letter about the little doll-house to know that we made one. The R.'s made a little hair-pin boat case, Ben S. made one, Bess made one, I made one, Myra T. made one, Mina T. made one, and that made six altogether. I covered a little bottle with a piece of silk that I etched, and then put perfume in it. I made that for my sister Annie Lee. Bess also covered a little bottle for me. I knit a scarf for Aunt Nannie, I made a little apron for Mary, and Bessie made one for my baby sister. Bess got a cigar-box and soaked it until all of the paper came off, and then she cut out a lot of pretty pictures and pasted them on the box; then she varnished it, and it was done. Gladney S. made a box like that too. Lu wove a mat. Bess made a book-mark by painting little pictures and ornamenting a little folded paper prettily. The stockings which we filled with candy were made out of tarlatan and pretty colored wools. Santa Claus brought presents to all the members of the club; he brought the presents as soon as every other present was on the tree. All of us children were in the other room when his bells rang, and I was the only one who heard them, and Aunt Nannie could scarcely hold me. Santa Claus brought Bess a nice work-basket, and me a picture puzzle with the map of the United States on the other side. He brought Myra T. a map just like mine, and we both made them out at the same time, and that was Christmas-day in the morning before breakfast. He brought Mina a scrap-book, Katie R. a nice work-basket, and Lena R. a lovely book. He brought Lamay B. a scrap-book, Jerald B. a book, and Mariana B. a work-basket. Santa Claus brought the three oldest S. boys a box of building blocks, and Alfred S. a box of sliced birds. The mammas all came, but the papas had to stay at home and take care of the babies, because it was too cold for them to come out. Mamma went to town in the morning to get candy and things to fill the stockings. I made three stockings. We could not see the tree until it was lit. Right after dinner we had to go into another room, and had to stay there until it was time to go and see the tree. When the members of the club came we had to run out and see that they did not go into the room where the tree was, and we nearly froze; it was a very cold night. We filled the stockings with candy, but that was all they would let us do. The tree looked beautiful. Mamma played and we sang the carol while the candles were burning, and then we danced around the tree and sang, "Here we go round the Christmas tree, all on a happy evening." We are going on with the club.

KATE H.

Of course you are. I think I shall call yours the banner club until somebody else sends an equally bright report.

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LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought I would write a little letter, and send an enigma that I have made up myself. My brother has taken your paper ever since it came over to England. I like it very much. The story that I like reading most is "The Lost City." I went into the country last October. I collect a lot of things; I have some nice stamps, fossils, curiosities, and shells. I am eleven years old, and have three canary-birds for pets. I collected mosses while I was away, and found twenty-four different sorts. I hope you will put this letter and enigma in the Post-office Box. ETHEL A. M. W.

Peep into the Puzzle column next week, dear, and I think you will find the enigma.

---

SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.

We have just begun to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and write to tell you that we like it very much. In summer we spent our holidays at a place called Hawthorn—a very old-fashioned place, with only one shop in it, and that was a very small one, but we had a big grand field where we saw birds' nests and weasels and hares, and my brother and I often went with the milk-cart, and I had a jolly time of it. Hawthorn is only three miles from Seaham, where the colliery explosion was. I will tell you some more when I write again. DAVID T. N.

Of course you only looked at the pretty nests, and did not disturb them. Write again.

---

TAYLOR'S CREEK, GEORGIA.

I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school to my papa; I study reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, and grammar. I have no brothers nor sisters, and when we have holidays I have a dull time. I have only my dollies to play with; their names are Mary Wallace, Rena Rosebud, Dora Dimple, Tabitha Timbertoes, Dinah Donothing,

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and Ria Rattlepate. I began taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE two weeks ago. My papa gave it to me for a Christmas present, and I like it very much. I get it on Saturday, and read most of it before I go to bed.

Your little friend, NELLIE M.

I am sorry you ever have a dull time, Nellie, but I suppose your dollies are a great care, and you often wish for other companions. Next time you write tell about the scenery, and your garden, and your little neighbors. Whenever you feel very lonely, just write a wee letter to me.

---

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—We have here in Boston a very kind lady, Miss Jennie Collins, who takes a great interest in poor and worthy working-women, doing all she can to aid them. She is a great admirer of Charles Dickens, and calls her office, or the room where she transacts her business, "Boffin's Bower," in memory of him. On every recurrence of his birthday she gives an entertainment consisting of readings from his works, and on every anniversary of his death she has the "Bower" decorated with flowers and foliage sent by loving hands to keep his "memory green," as he often expressed that wish. Is it not a lovely custom of Miss Collins? Mamma always sends some simple flowers, for he loved the lowly, she says, as well as the high, and the most simple field daisy had a charm to him.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number, and although I am fifteen years old, still I shall not think myself too old to look forward to its arrival for some time yet. Do you know, through your columns I have gained a good friend and correspondent of my name and my initials, our given names being the same, Stella, and also found the address of a little Southern girl of Savannah which we had been endeavoring to find for some time. She wrote to you, and that gave me her address, as I knew her initials. So you see, dear Postmistress, what a kind friend you are. STELLA P.

Among my pleasantest associations with Boston, Stella, is a visit to that same "Boffin's Bower," in which I was much interested.

---

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

This is the third year my sister and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. It was sent to us as a Christmas present three years ago by an aunt in New York, and we have had it ever since. I am eleven years old. I go to school, and I study arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography, and writing. I liked the story of "Wakulla" very much. I think the Jimmy Brown stories are just splendid.

I almost forgot to tell you about our cat. We have a very affectionate cat named Buster. He is half Maltese, but his grandmother is a pure Maltese. He is so large that when he stretches himself out he is nearly a yard long, not adding his tail. A great pleasure of his is to be picked up by the tail, and if you do it once to him and go away, he comes back to you to have you do it again. My sister made him a bib, and gave it to him on Christmas. At dinner-time we tie on his bib, and put him on a chair and push him up to the table, and give him some meat on a plate, and he sits there and eats his dinner like a gentleman. But I am afraid my letter is getting too long, and so I must say good-by, and stop.

GARDNER WARREN K.

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HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

I have written to you several times, but my letters have not been published, so I'll write again, hoping you may find space for this. My HARPER'S binders came all right, and I think them beautiful, and I will soon have three more volumes bound, which I shall prize very highly. I go to school, and study history, grammar, Latin, spelling, arithmetic, and geography. I am eleven years old, and love my school and teacher very much. I have no pets myself, but my little brother has a beautiful Maltese kitten. We had a lovely Christmas tree at our church (Episcopal), and I received a very handsome book, besides many other presents from my aunts and uncles. Hoping the new year may bring you many blessings, I am your little friend, EDNIO L. W.

---

HARTFORD, VERMONT.

As I know of a way to cover cologne bottles, I will write to the Post-office Box. Take a piece of silk or ribbon the length of the bottle from the bottom to the top, and stretch it tightly around the bottle. If you can work in Kensington stitch, it is pretty to work a bunch of flowers, or the initials of the friend who is to receive it, on the silk. Then take some lace and gather it for a frill to put around the neck of the bottle. A bow of ribbon sets it off nicely; this also must be around the neck.

I should like to know a way to make pen-wipers. I have seen them made like a sunflower. Your constant reader, GRACE M.

Now if all the girls who know how to make pretty pen-wipers will take their pens and write, we may have a pen-wiper party. One was sent me the other day in the shape of a great moth. It was so gorgeous that I pinned it to the wall for an ornament. And some time ago a little Post-office Box friend gave me a pen-wiper with a dog cunningly reposing upon it, his head on his fore-paws. Everybody says, "Why, what is that dog doing on your desk?"

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The following letters were submitted by the writers as school compositions, and the teacher has very kindly sent them to the Post-Office Box:

PLAINFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am living on a farm in the country, and there are one hundred and sixty-seven acres in it. I am going to school, and like my teacher very much; her name is Miss Grace. I study reading, grammar, arithmetic, geography, spelling, writing, and singing. I have about half a mile to go. During Institute we had a week's vacation. In the winter my sister and I have lots of fun coasting. We have a very large pond, where my brother and his associates have sport skating. The Cumberland Valley Railroad runs through the southern part of the farm, and Vanderbilt's will run through the northern part. Our school is provided with HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we all think it is a splendid book. I have but one pet, and that is a kitten; I call it Mollie.

M. E. M.

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To save space, the address will be omitted from the four letters which now appear in order. They are all from Plainfield.

I am a boy thirteen years of age, and have not had much experience in this kind of work. I go to the high school at Plainfield, and study reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, and algebra, and like the latter study very much. We began algebra in September, and I am now in fractions. My sisters have two pet cats, and I have a horse to ride when I wish to. My teacher gets HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and brings it to school, and we all enjoy reading it. We have thirty-five industrious scholars. Sometimes mamma makes me keep store when she goes out calling. Papa is a doctor. Our favorite game at school is Fox. D. V. C.

Can you not find room in your paper and a place in your heart for "poor me"? I am a girl fourteen years of age, but am counted as one of the little ones. I live among the mountains of the Key-stone State, in the beautiful valley of Cumberland. Our teacher takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for our school. On rainy days, when we are compelled to stay in the school-room, we pass our time in reading its interesting and amusing stories and letters. My sister and I have a mile to walk to school. I study geography, written arithmetic, algebra, grammar, history, and spelling. My father is a fruit-grower. The Conedoguinet Creek flows close by our house. In summer I go rowing almost every day, and gather lilies from the water's edge. I have no little brothers, as many of your correspondents have. My sole pets are three cows, namely, Queen Bess, Wild Rose, and Pocahontas. Last summer I had two pet chickens: I called them Punch and Judy. Cousin Ella and I are keeping house to-day; we read awhile and then write awhile. From your Pennsylvania friend,

IDA B.

My teacher has requested us to write to you and see if you would think it worth while to publish our letters. I like to read the stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; I like "Left Behind; or, Ten Days a Newsboy." I have six sisters and four brothers. I go to the high school; I am in the Fifth Reader. I have a pet dog named Mage; he catches rabbits by the neck, and holds them until I can come and take them. This is my first attempt at anything like this. JOHN MILTON S.

I am a girl twelve years of age, and have but three pets. I go to school, and my studies are reading, writing, arithmetic, language, geography, and orthography. I have one sister and two brothers. I have light hair and blue eyes. This is my first letter. EFFIE M. C.

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COLD SPRING, MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have enjoyed reading the paper for three years. I am ten years old, and have two sisters and two brothers. We ride on horseback to school. We have vacation now. Your friend, FANNIE.

---

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am only eight years old; my brother Lewie is seven. Mamma gave him your paper for his birthday. We like the stories very much. We have two yellow cats, and I have a dog named Tip. I wish all the children a happy New-Year. S. C. R.

---

ORANGE, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—It rained hard all day Christmas. I have a little sister Lillian; she is almost three years old and I am eight. We have two cats, Pet and Rose. Lily has four dolls and I have three. I help mamma wash dishes and I make cake. This is the first time I have written to you. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Your loving little reader, MARY ALICE F.

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**Alice M. W.:** For a little girl only nine your letter was well written. I would like to see you going to school with your brother.—**Kathleen K.** may join the cooking class, of course.—**Zillah S.:** I would like to visit the quarries with you, but Pipestone, Minnesota, is almost too far away.—**Kathleen R.** has a pony and ever so many dolls.—**Lulu D. C. W.:** I am sorry there is not room for your pretty little story, but try again.—**Flossie's** pets are some very tame and gentle chicks.—**Ida T.:** I am glad the little brother is getting well.—**Harry F.:** We are pleased to hear that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has enlivened your days of pain.

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A vegetable. 3. A shell-fish. 4. A serpent. 5. To disturb. 6. A measure of length. 7. A letter. SYDNEY L. KILLAM.

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### No. 2.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of five letters, and am an honorable distinction.

My 1 is a consonant.

My 1, 2 is a pronoun.

My 1, 2, 5 is part of a verb.

My 5, 4, 1, 2 is something which is always in motion.

My 3, 4, 1 is an edge.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is value. PICKWICK.

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### No. 3.

AN EASY SQUARE.

1. A popular toy. 2. A thought. 3. A habitation. 4. Devours. P. MCDONOUGH.

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### No. 4.

BEHEADINGS.

1. I am part of a ship—behead me, and I am a tree. 2. I am a piece of furniture—behead me, and I am something which belongs to everybody. 3. I am a grain—behead me three times, and, in turn, I am warmth, a verb, and a preposition. 4. I am a cry—behead me, and I am whole. 5. I am a period of time—behead me, and I am an organ of the body. SUSIE M. B.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 272

No. 1.—Canton. Missouri. India. Icdian. Indiana. Narrows. Arrow. Long. Kee. Issy. York. Ill. Illinois. Suez. Great Bear. Bear. Beaver. Arno. Polar. Nord. Dee. Deer. Ill. Kea. Bon. Bonn. Milk. White. White Pigeon. Acre. Red. San. Sana. Allen. Iser. Misery. Skager. Leman. Man. Ava. Van. Fox. Sita Tejo. Jo Davless. Dave. Thebes. St. Louis. Po. Potomac. Tom. West. St. Anthony. Ob. O'Brien. Brienz. Zealand. St. Mark. Mark. Leon. Oneida. Ida. Dave. Sayn. Ay. Riga. Nice. New. Lop. Oman. Manilla. Save. Verd.

No. 2.—
P A N S Y
A G A T E
N A I A D
S T A N D
Y E D D O

No. 3.—
C
P A S
P O S T S
P O R T E N D
C A S T O R O I L
S T E R N U M
S N O U T
D I M
L

No. 4.—Cascade.

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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Eda May Smyth, Hamilton E. Field, W. Holzman, George Hardin, Lester C. Sisson, Sydney L. Killam, The Man in the Moon, James Connor, John A. Foran, Alda G., S. H. Lund, George Von Utassy, Stella Westcott, F. Roy Rutter, Nellie Mills, J. Raleigh, Amy Sampson, John Benedict, Laura Bailey, Emily Sherman, Cordelia James, Dan Meserole, W. W. W., Fay, and Queen Bess.

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[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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# A Successful Cure.*



AN elephant named Bombagig
A dreadful toothache had,
And as the tooth was very big,
The ache was very bad.



And then, indeed, with pitying glance,
His faithful keeper saw
Poor Bomby on his hind-legs dance,
And clasp his aching jaw.



In vain upon his head he stands
To ease him of the pain:
The faithful keeper wrings his hands
And racks his puzzled brain.



"Aha!" at length he cries with joy;
"'Tis time with me thou wentest—
Let's waste no precious moments, boy—
To seek the nearest dentist."



The dentist said, "To fill it in
Would not avail, I doubt;
The bony substance is too thin,
So I must pull tooth out."



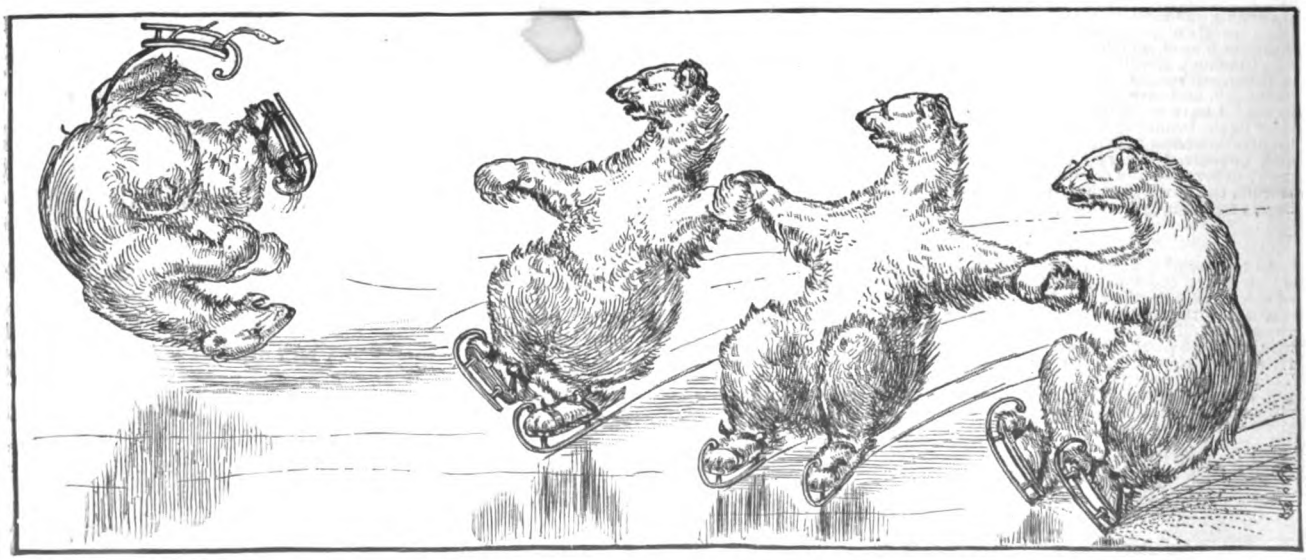
The dentist gave him laughing-gas—
An elephantine dose—
And soon the mighty creature was
Enwrapped in sweet repose.



And then he pulled and pulled—in vain;
To start that monster tooth
It took the whole united strain
Of *three* strong men, forsooth.



Then Bomby, when at length 'twas done,
Laughed loud, and said, moreover,
"There's nothing that is half such fun
As toothache—when it's over."



WINTER AMUSEMENTS AT THE NORTH POLE—"SNAPPING THE WHIP."

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

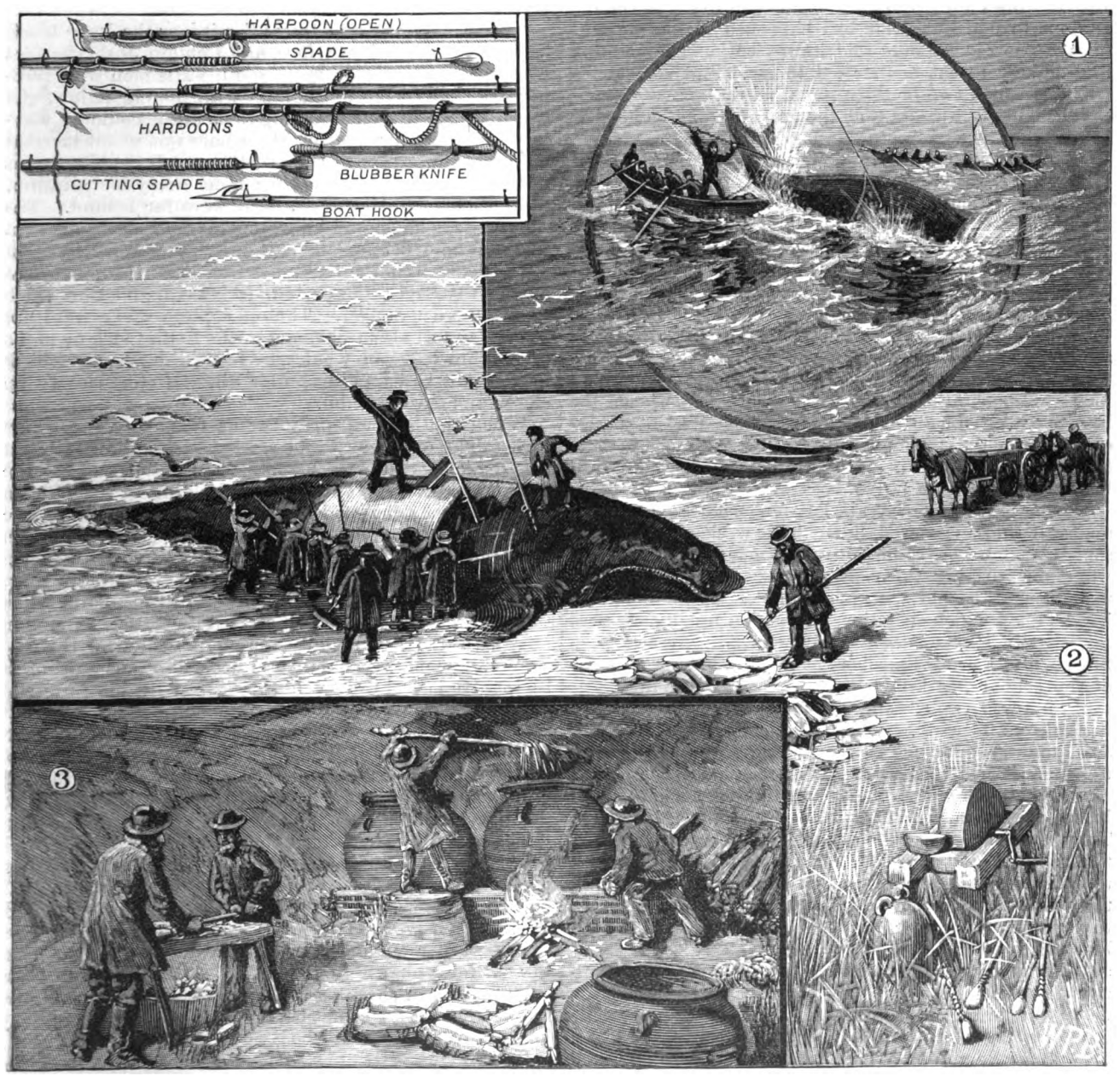
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 276. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, FEBRUARY 10, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.


WHALE-FISHING OFF LONG ISLAND.—DRAWN BY W. P. BODFISH.—[SEE PAGE 226.]

1. THE ATTACK. 2. CUTTING THE BLUBBER. 3. BOILING THE BLUBBER.


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## WHALING OFF LONG ISLAND.

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE.

YEARS ago, before kerosene oil came into use, and when housewives depended on whale oil to fill their lamps, sixty whaling vessels sailed regularly out of Sag Harbor bound for the North, and the bravest men and ablest seamen all along the southeastern coast of Long Island were "whale hunters." The village boys in those days didn't think there was much fun in living unless they could grow up to kill whales, and the stories the old sailors told on winter nights of monsters a hundred feet long dragging big ships behind them, or pulling boats and crews beneath fields of ice, were as wonderful as the *Arabian Nights* and twice as true.

But cheap kerosene oil ruined the Long Island whalers. The demand for whale oil became so small they couldn't afford to go after it, and the boys who had dreamed of killing dozens of whales single-handed grew up to find that the sport had passed away. The whales seemed to miss the men who had hunted them so steadily, however, and every year or two a big fellow would come rolling and blowing close up to the Long Island shore, as though anxious to find out what had happened to his old enemies. The old whalers said it was because he couldn't find enough to eat farther out to sea. But a good big whale is worth two or three thousand dollars when he is caught and cut up, and they thought it would be good to be ready for any more of them if they should come along.

At Amagansett, Easthampton, Southampton, and other villages strung along twenty miles of coast, whaling crews were organized, composed of the bravest and most expert men, who chose one of their number for captain, and kept whaling-boats, harpoons, and everything needful ready for service at a moment's notice.

Ten years ago there were lively times along the coast; a school of whales were seen off shore, and a number of them were captured, and enriched the villages with their spoils. The old men brought out all their stories, which were listened to with deep respect, and while the young men went out in the boats to get their first experience, the boys spent anxious hours along the beach straining their eyes out over the water, for whoever first "sighted" a whale acquired a certain ownership in him, and was entitled to his share of the bone and blubber if the whale was caught.

During the last ten years but few whales were seen, and still fewer captured, until three weeks ago, when a school of nine were seen rolling at their ease among the waves, or pushing themselves along by flapping their monstrous tails, and with open mouths scooping up the insects upon which they live. The whaling villages were soon wild with excitement, and the whaling crews were filled with an ardor that has not yet subsided. The first of the school was killed by the Amagansett crews. It sank, and was washed ashore twenty miles down the coast three days afterward. It was a monster sixty feet long, and hundreds of people swarmed from all over the island to look at it, while artists came to make pictures of it.

But the Amagansett men thought that a whale never looked so nice as when he was cut up and ready to sell. They worked hard all the time carting the whalebone to their village, and stripping off the blubber, which is a thick layer of fat, pinkish in color, like salmon, covering the whale all over like a thick blanket. The men cut the blubber into long strips eighteen inches wide, and, loosening one end, pulled it off the whale's back as easily as the skin comes off a banana. Beneath was a mountain of coarse flesh, called "the lean," which is left to the fishes and birds. The men walked all over the whale while cutting it up, and had spikes in their shoes like a telegraph-pole climber. The whale's skin is smooth and glossy, and a fall from that slippery surface would be like falling off a small house.

While this work was going on, two more whales had been killed by the crews of Easthampton and Southampton.

After all the blubber had been stripped from the first whale and carted to Amagansett, the men built fires in little brick furnaces down near the shore, a mile from the village, and putting the blubber in big iron "try" pots, began boiling it into oil. But their work was soon interrupted. Johnny Edwards, son of old Captain Josh Edwards, came running down the beach yelling that one of the whales was in sight. Everybody looked, and a black mass was seen shining in the sun two miles out at sea. It looked like a boat turned bottom upward as much as anything else; but they knew it was a whale, and in fifteen minutes the three Amagansett whaling-boats were pulling with might and main through the surf, five men rowing and the captain steering in the stern of each boat. Before they got to it the whale was frightened by three boats coming from Easthampton, and dived down out of sight of everybody. Then the old captains had a chance to show what they knew about whaling by guessing where the whale would be when it should come up to breathe.

"Thar she breathes," they all cried, as the huge black back rose above the surface, and Captain Josh, the best whaler along the coast, was closest. His men were pulling like mad, trying to catch up with the big fellow, and Captain Josh was encouraging them all he could by waving his hands, and vowing the whale was so fat it could hardly swim. This wasn't exactly so. It could swim as fast as it liked, and kept diving under every few minutes, until all but Captain Josh's boat were far behind. The captain says he doesn't know much about electricity, but that a whale does. When it swims along, it leaves an electric current in its track, says the captain, and if a boat crosses that track the current is broken, and the whale knows there is danger. The old captain was careful not to cross the whale's track, and owing to that fact, or to his other knowledge of whales, he made the monster think he was not so dangerous, after all, and stole slowly up closer and closer to him.

When the boat was only twenty feet away, the whale took fright once more, and started to dive down; but it was too late. The men had stopped rowing, and George Smith was standing in the bow, holding in his hand a heavy harpoon fastened to a coil of stout rope. Before the whale knew what had happened, the sharp harpoon was plunged into his back, and the men were rowing backward as hard as they could to escape his first burst of fury.

Whales, old Captain Josh says, are like men, and when this one was first struck he seemed to shrink, as a man might. But that was only for an instant, and then he showed how mad a whale could be with a harpoon in his back. He lashed the sea into a foam with his powerful tail, and when he found that had done no good, he threw his body out of the water, and stood on his head. Next he tore out to sea at frightful speed, almost jerking the boat out of the water, and then, suddenly changing his mind, sank down and down, until he had to come up to breathe again.

The men in the boat knew they were risking their lives, but they were bound to have the whale, and were willing to run the risk. Old Captain Josh had taken Smith's place in the bow, and with a long sharp lance in his hand, stood anxiously watching every one of the whale's movements, paying out more rope when necessary, and looking out for a chance to give a fatal stab. The lance was long and keen, sharp as a razor on both edges, and, unlike the harpoon, was not barbed, so that it could be easily pulled out of the whale's body.

At last, just as it grew dark, the chance came. The whale, exhausted by his struggles and the pain of the harpoon tearing at his flesh, lay motionless on the water. The

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boat drew up noiselessly, and the captain, taking good aim with his lance, buried it deep in the whale's body. Again and again the lance was thrown, and at last, a vital spot being touched, the whale began spouting blood; the delighted sailors yelled "Dead whale!" and in a few minutes the monster rolled over and died, eight miles from shore. The other boats soon came up, and all hitched on to the dead whale like horses to a big log. A beacon fire had been lighted on the shore, and guided by its friendly light the prize was finally towed home in safety, after a hard night's work. It was a good big fat whale, with plenty of whalebone, and every one of the Amagansett whalemen will get at least one hundred dollars for his share.

## ARCHIE'S ADVENTURE.

### A STORY OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

Part II.

DR. PONT could hardly have devised any punishment more severe than the banishment to which he subjected the unfortunate victim of the evidence of circumstances.

Left alone in his little room, Archie Graham gradually came to realize the distressing situation in which he was placed. Conscious of having done wrong, he was yet naturally indignant that he was condemned for a fault of which he was innocent; but it was the consciousness of his being unable to clear himself of *all* blame that kept his lips sealed. Had he been a shy, reserved boy, the serious nature of his present position would have overcome his reserve, and he would have spoken out. But being of a frank, outspoken disposition, his misfortunes turned all his thoughts into indignation. He was wretched because the Doctor had misjudged him, the evidence of the cap he regarded as a conspiracy, and he was wounded because it seemed as if his school-mates, among whom he was very popular, had turned against him. As for the promised interview with Dr. Pont the next morning, he not only did not fear it — for his present punishment was severe enough—but he positively looked forward to it with a feeling of relief.

At seven o'clock a maid-servant brought him his supper —the ordinary fare—for which he had no appetite. The girl spoke kindly to him, but he made no reply. Of course, he thought, she considered him to have done wrong, and her sympathy was not what he wanted. As a matter of fact, however, the kind-hearted girl was very much in sympathy with him, and, whether he were innocent or guilty, she was on his side.

An hour later the housekeeper came in to remove the supper tray. She also had a kind, womanly heart, but she felt herself bound to uphold the discipline of the house, and she was accordingly reserved in her manner and words. Master Graham had best go to bed, she thought. No; he wasn't sleepy. Well, at nine o'clock she would come in and turn out the gas, anyhow.

The unlucky prisoner was never less inclined for sleep, and the prospect of the long sleepless night was horrible. He thought of what other people would do in similar circumstances. He felt he must do something.

Then he thought he would leave the hateful place. He had often thought with contempt of the silliness of "running away," only to be brought back, and ever after held up to ridicule. But, on the other hand, his present position was so awful! Never had man or boy been placed in such a position before. He resolved that there was but one thing to do—to run away.

He knew that the steamboat touched at Belhaven every night at eleven, and that it would bring him home at about half past seven the next morning. He had once gone home that way with his father, and his father had on several occasions returned by the night boat after running on by train in the daytime to see him.

He was perfectly certain, therefore, about the boat; next, how should he get out of the house? To climb down from the window was impossible, and equally so to escape by the front door, since the Doctor's room was on the same floor. If he made good his exit by the boys' entrance he would still be only in the yard, and the gates and walls were difficult and dangerous climbing. The servants' entrance, however, was in the wing, and it opened into a yard surrounded only by a low fence. He was satisfied that he could escape by that way.

While he was thinking over his plans the housekeeper came in.

"Not in bed yet, Master Graham?" she said. "Now go to bed at once. I will come back and turn out the light in ten minutes. Do be a good boy now, and get undressed; and don't forget to say your prayers."

Archie undressed himself, and then he knelt down to say his prayers, but he hardly knew what he was saying. His spirit was still rebellious, and he could not pray.

For a long, tedious hour he lay wide awake in bed. He had calculated that at half past ten the house would be quiet, and he could get out unobserved. Dr. Pont's household kept early hours.

After a while he got out of bed and dressed himself. Then he opened the door and listened.

All was quiet.

The light in the corridor was still burning, although turned down low. Instead of going out of the room, he returned to his bureau, and took out his writing-case, and carried it to a chair near the door, where the dim light fell upon it. Then he did what he had been thinking over in the darkness. He wrote a note, not to the Doctor, but to a school-mate. It ran as follows:

"DEAR CLIFFORD,—I am going home. You know I didn't do what the Doctor says I did. Won't you please tell him where I was this afternoon? Good-by forever.

"Your friend, A. GRAHAM."

He placed the note in an envelope, and addressed it as if it were going by mail:

"*R. J. Clifford,*
*Care Rev. Dr. Pont,*
*Belhaven.*"

Leaving the envelope on the bureau, he put on his overcoat, and with his shoes in his hand, he crept downstairs. The door separating the servants' wing from the main house was open, and he soon found himself in the back hallway. There he put on his shoes.

Cautiously and with difficulty he drew the bolts and turned the key. Then he listened, but heard nothing except the wind rushing round the corners of the house. Then, as he opened the door and stepped quickly out, he saw and felt that it was raining hard, and a fierce northeast wind buffeted him rudely. For a moment he hesitated, but the next instant his retreat was cut off. The wind had blown the door to, and he could not open it from the outside.

Archie had never been afraid of the dark, but on this wild, stormy night his courage almost gave way. He had half an hour to reach the wharf, and the distance was nearly two miles. Still, he had not counted on fighting the wind all the way, and as he pushed on he felt sad and angry, for the fierce wind swooped down upon him, and the rain beat into his face, so that every now and then he was forced to turn his back upon the storm and wait for a lull. And every time he did so he felt that he had wasted time, and then he ran a few rods to make up for it. He had already begun to repent of his hasty flight, but the

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"WITH HIS SHOES IN HIS HAND, HE CREPT DOWN-STAIRS."

prospect of missing the boat and spending the night wandering about Belhaven was more terrible than either his present position or the misfortune from which he was trying to escape by flight.

At length, tired, muddy, and wet, he reached the wharf. The boat was not yet in. Two or three wharfmen were sitting in a little wooden building, where there was a roaring stove. They were smoking and talking, and looked warm and comfortable. Archie wished that he might go in there too, but he knew that he would have to reply to their questions, and anything rather than that. So he took up a sheltered position under a shed, and sat there gloomily. He began to think that he might have missed the boat, but he knew that it was but just eleven, and that with such a wind blowing it would most likely be late.

After a time the door of the little room was opened, and one of the men came out and shut it behind him. But he did not move far. He stood for a minute or two to get his eyes accustomed to the darkness, and looked out over the harbor. Archie sat motionless and almost without breathing. Then the man went in again. Evidently the boat was not yet in sight. So the boy sat down again upon a big box of freight. He was very tired and wet, and the wind howled fearfully, mournfully, now beating savagely around the shed and dashing the spray over the pier, and anon, for a few moments, dying away, going farther, farther away. And he was so tired!

Had he missed the boat, after all, when he was so certain he was in time? What was he to do then? He could go to the hotel. No; he had enough money, but as for going to a hotel at that time of night, it was out of the question. Besides, might not Dr. Pont and Farmer Perkin and a policeman be waiting for him? The town was awfully desolate, except for policemen. There seemed to be one at every corner. Should he go and give himself up? He would at least get a warm place to stay in; but then he would be certain to be condemned in the morning.... The policemen were very kind, and promised that his mother should never know; but the judge was so angry. He said that it was a disgrace to his school, and the boys, who were in the court-room sitting on benches just as in recitation-room, all said, "Guilty."

"I am not guilty," he cried out. "Ask Clifford. He will tell you where I was."

But Clifford only said "Guilty," like the rest. What? Had all his friends forsaken him?

How fierce were the rain and the wind as the policemen carried him off to prison; and he innocent, after all. There! the prison door has banged shut. There is no escape. Hark! how the chains rattle! They are coming to put them on!

"Yer needn't bust yerself over that freight. I guess she hain't goin' out again yet awhile."

Archie started up. Then it was a dream, after all. Where was he? Ah! there was the boat. He must go aboard quickly.

After his anxious night and toilsome walk, it was no wonder that he had fallen asleep on the uncomfortable box of freight, and that he had had troubled dreams. But having come to himself, he felt that reality was almost as terrible as his dream. He was chilled and stiff, but he went aboard of the boat, and nobody seemed to notice him. With his wet and dirty clothes he had a very bedraggled appearance, and no one would have taken him for one of Dr. Pont's neatly dressed pupils.

He was very tired and sleepy, and he sought a retired spot on which to lie down. There was a tempting-looking lounge in the saloon, and the place was well heated.

"Come, now, boy, I can't allow that, with them muddy shoes."

The speaker was one of the stewards. Archie roused himself, and said he was so tired; mightn't he stay there?

"And wet too. Been stayin' out on deck. Boys don't have no sense, anyhow. Well, come with me."

Archie followed the man, who led him to another lounge, made of cane, near the steam heater.

"Guess you can't hurt this. Better hang that overcoat up to dry. And don't you go out on deck again, or you'll catch your death."

The boy had no words to express his gratitude, but he felt kindly toward the man, and was soon sleeping warm and comfortable. No dreams disturbed his slumbers this time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE BITER BITTEN.

### A STORY OF THE BLACK FOREST.

BY DAVID KER.

"THERE'S Neighbor Schalk at his old tricks again, I'm afraid," said Karl Gutherz, the landlord of the Golden Ox, looking through the frost-flecked window with a meaning shake of his huge yellow head, which, with its broad flat nose, wide mouth, and large bright eyes, gave him the look of a good-natured lion. "One of these days,

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if he doesn't mind, he'll find that an honest pfennig is better than an ill-gotten thaler."

Out in the snowy road two men were standing beside a cart laden with wood. The one—who was warmly wrapped in a thick coat that came down below his knees—was a tall, gaunt, ungainly fellow, with a sallow, pinched, sour-looking face, the very last man, in fact, whom any one would have thought of asking for help or charity. There was a cunning twinkle in his small rat-like eye, as if he had just been driving a hard bargain at the expense of the thin, ragged, half-starved wretch by his side, who, meekly picking up the little bundle of wood which the other had flung at his feet, slunk dejectedly away.

"Aha!" cried Schalk, exultingly, stamping the snow off his feet upon the threshold as he stepped into the warm room, "I've made a good bargain with that French fellow yonder. What 'wooden-heads' those foreigners are! why, any fool might take them in."

"Have *you* taken him in, then, neighbor?" asked the stout landlord, thrusting his big hands deeper down into his pockets, as if fearing that he might be tempted to use them in knocking down his worthy neighbor on the spot.

"Well, I've got two marks and a half [sixty cents] out of him for a bundle of wood that wasn't worth one," said Schalk, too full of his triumph to notice the look of disgust on the brown manly faces of the honest German peasants who were sitting round the stove. "But as for 'taking in,' the wood's my property, and I suppose I have a right to ask what price I please for it."

The landlord's ruddy face turned redder still with anger, and his eye measured Schalk's bony carcass as if to find the spot where a blow would tell most effectually. But he was checked just in time by an unforeseen interruption.

No one had paid much attention to a man who was sitting silent in the farthest corner over a plate of cold ham, with the collar of his gray riding cloak turned up so high over his ears, and his peaked cap pulled down so low over his eyes, that his face could hardly be seen at all. But just then he gave three or four sharp raps on the table with the handle of his knife, and as the landlord came up to see what he wanted, the stranger bent forward and whispered something in his ear. Whatever it was that he said, it seemed to act like magic upon Herr Gutherz, whose face instantly expanded into a grin so broad and bright that it seemed to light up the whole room.

Meanwhile Schalk was making a light breakfast of brown-bread and cheese; for, being as close-fisted as he was knavish, he never spent a penny more than he could help. Having finished, he asked how much he had to pay.

"Two marks and a half," answered the landlord, quietly, naming the exact sum which Schalk had extorted from the Frenchman.

"What!" screamed Schalk, "are you mad? Two marks and a half for a few mouthfuls of bread and cheese?"

"Well, the bread and cheese are my own property, as you said just now, and I suppose *I* have a right to ask what price I please. But don't think I'm going to cheat you. I shall keep twenty pfennigs to pay for your breakfast, and the rest I'll give to that poor Frenchman whom you've just been fleecing."

"It's a shame! it's a swindle!" howled Schalk, furious to see every one laughing at him. "I'll go to the magistrate about it—that I will."

"You needn't trouble the magistrate, for *I* can settle the matter just as well," said a deep voice behind him, as the silent man in the corner, throwing back his cloak, revealed to the dismayed rogue the stern face of the Commandant himself. "Pay your money and go, you rascal, and be thankful to get off so cheap. As for the poor fellow whom you've cheated, I'll send him a whole cartload of wood this very day, and something to cook with it as well, that he may not think ill of all of us Germans for the sake of one rogue."



## THIS IS MY VALENTINE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

COME, merry lads and lasses O, all in the shining weather;
With eyes alight and cheeks aglow, come trooping on together.
Let tricksy Cupid bend his bow and dart his arrows fine;
There's never one of you can show so fair a prize as mine.

The postman brought my cousin May a valentine from Harry,
And Reginald across the way has one that came from Carrie,
And Daisy's such a pet, they say she's rich with eight or nine:
I wouldn't change with her to-day—this is my valentine.

My valentine, to all we meet I'll vow to love you dearly;
I've heard gay Cupid called a cheat, but I am yours sincerely.
From golden head to dimpled feet, my dainty valentine,
I'm proud of you, my sweetest sweet, oh, darling brother mine.

Come, merry lads and lasses O, come trooping on together;
Though tricksy Cupid bend his bow all in the shining weather,
He shall not find or high or low so fair a prize as mine:
I'm willing every one should know this is my valentine.

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## MR. THOMPSON AND THE FAIRIES.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

"SUPERSTITION—arrant superstition!" sniffed Mr. Thompson, in great disgust. "Why, I tell you, fairies are an impossibility. They *can't* exist, and I thought that the idea was exploded and dismissed from the minds of sensible people years ago."

"Why can't they exist?" inquired a young man, who was about the only one among the summer boarders who dared combat the old bachelor.

"Why?" repeated Mr. Thompson. "Why, because they can't, and because they don't. Every strange circumstance formerly charged to fairies can now be traced to natural causes," replied Mr. Thompson, loftily, as he left the piazza for his evening walk. "Fairies!" he muttered, as he walked along—"fairies! pooh! ridiculous!"

Mr. Thompson was in no very good humor. The boarders had begun a discussion about fairies, and Mr. Thompson had taken all they had said in earnest, and had combated their theories vigorously; finally he lost his temper, and left in disgust. He walked down the road until he came to a grove which bordered a tiny lake. When he reached the edge of the water he seated himself on a flat stone, and watched the ripples silvered in the moonlight, with the water-lilies, closed for the night, floating to and fro on the surface, and here and there a lily that remained open shining like a white star among the green leaves. Now and then a frog would croak, and the katydids kept up a continual chirping. After a time his attention was attracted by the katydids, which did not seem to be making their monotonous cry, but were playing a regular tune. He listened intently, and could distinguish the time of a march. Just then the frogs in chorus croaked a prolonged roll-call, which was followed by the bugle-call by a whip-poor-will up in the tree. He had hardly commenced to account for these strange proceedings when a small figure appeared, or rather bounced upon the little space of turf on Mr. Thompson's left. He was a queer-looking little fellow, dressed in a tight-fitting suit of green, and with a most mischievous expression on his face. He came over and seated himself on a toad-stool opposite to Mr. Thompson, and after eying that bewildered gentleman for a few minutes, remarked,

"So you don't believe in fairies?"

"I *did* not," answered Mr. Thompson, humbly. "But how did you know?"

"Oh, I was riding past on a big June bug, and heard you deny our existence. I bumped the bug against your hat and tried to knock it off, but it was no go," answered the sprite.

"Are you a fay?" asked Mr. Thompson, with some hesitation.

"Puck," was the short answer. Then he continued, maliciously, "I'll make you believe in fairies before I get through with you."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself," said Mr. Thompson, showing some alarm, and preparing to rise.

"No trouble at all, I assure you," was Puck's answer, given with mock politeness. "Don't go away," he added; "your feet are asleep, so don't disturb them."

Sure enough both of his feet were asleep. Just then a large moth came flying past, and Puck jumped lightly on its back. Grasping its long antennæ like a pair of reins, he drove the frightened insect back and forth under Mr. Thompson's nose, brushing that portion of the poor gentleman's face with the great downy wings; finally Mr. Thompson began to sneeze. With a triumphant laugh Puck sprang to the ground, and cried, "Now I've given you a fine cold in your head to remember me by: perhaps after a while you will believe in fairies;" and the little rascal rolled on the turf, and laughed loud and long at his mischief.

The katydids struck up a lively strain, and a long procession of fairies appeared from among the trees. Some were walking, others were flying on their gossamer-like wings, while others still came mounted on night moths and beetles; and one, who from his appearance Mr. Thompson judged to be Puck's brother, swooped down on the back of a bat. Puck paid no attention to the newcomers, but continued to laugh, when the fairy Queen stepped from the throng, and struck him sharply with her sceptre.

"How now, madcap? Did we not give strictest orders that no mortal should be present at our festival?"

Puck sprang to his feet with a most innocent expression on his face.

"You did, most gracious Queen, but this unbelieving man professed to doubt our existence, and I detained him here in order that you might pass judgment on him."

"You detained him, boaster!" said the Queen, in amusement, "and how, pray?"

"I put his feet to sleep," replied the sprite.

A titter among the fairies greeted this statement, and the Queen continued, laughing,

"Think you he is cured of his unbelief?"

"I have given him a token to keep me in his head."

"Of what kind?"

"A most mighty cold. If you could but hear him sneeze!" and the mischievous Puck again went off into a fit of laughter.

In the mean time the other sprite had not been idle, but had collected a number of large and ravenous mosquitoes along the shore of the lake, and now let them loose around Mr. Thompson's head. They at once set to work, and when poor Mr. Thompson tried to defend himself against their attacks, he found to his horror that his hands as well as his feet were asleep.

The Queen saw his predicament, and ordered one of her attendants to drive the offending insects away. Then half a dozen stout young knights, armed with lance and sword, sprang upon the backs of their winged steeds, and soon the mosquitoes were impaled upon their spears. The Queen turned toward the author of the mischief.

"You, too!" she exclaimed, severely. "You and your unruly brother shall pay for this night's sport by guiding this poor mortal home, and thereby lose your share in our merry-making."

Mr. Thompson felt sorry for the two rascals, and, besides, he wished to witness the fairies dance; so he made bold to speak.

"If you would kindly permit," he said, politely, "I should like to remain; then these two little fellows, who I am sure meant me no harm, can take part in the festivities."

The Queen bowed graciously, and the katydids, who had been silent, struck up a lively tune. The fairies danced, and Puck and his brother joined the circle.

How long this lasted Mr. Thompson could not tell. He was startled by the deep croak of a bull-frog, followed by a warning cry from an owl that had been watching the proceedings from a hollow tree.

"Another mortal," cried the fairies; and in a second they had vanished. The katydids had resumed their monotonous chirping, and only Puck and his brother were left with Mr. Thompson.

Mr. Thompson sprang to his feet, and found them both still asleep.

"Run," urged the two sprites.

"My feet are asleep," said poor Mr. Thompson.

"Wake 'em up," said Puck, crossly, at the same time grasping Mr. Thompson's hand, while his brother caught the other, and before he knew what they were about they had him up to his knees in the lake.

"That 'll wake your feet up," shouted Puck, in derision,

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as he jumped from one lily-pad to another, and was soon out of sight.

"What on earth are you doing?" came in a familiar voice from the shore. Mr. Thompson turned, and there on the bank was standing the young man who had insisted upon the existence of fairies earlier in the evening. "What did you go into the water for?" pursued the young man.

"Puck led me in, the scamp," growled Mr. Thompson.

"Puck?—what Puck?" inquired the young man.

"Why, the fairy, of course," was Mr. Thompson's ungracious reply.

"Oh, you've been asleep again, and dreamed—"

"Oh yes, dreamed," interrupted Mr. Thompson, in high dudgeon. "I dreamed a cold in my head and mosquitoes and the fairy dance, and dreamed myself into the water—likely;" and Mr. Thompson shook himself savagely as he stepped ashore.

The young man thought that Mr. Thompson would be no very pleasant companion for the home walk; so he left him, with the parting remark,

"Every strange circumstance formerly charged to fairies can now be traced to natural causes."

Mr. Thompson's only reply was an angry grunt, but now he is a firm believer in the "little folk," as the Scotch call them.

## THE WANDERING ALBATROSS AND YOUNG.

BY HORACE LUNT.

FAR out to sea, in the southern latitudes of the Indian Ocean, more than a thousand miles from the continent of Africa or Australia, lies an uninhabited island named Desolation or Kerguelen. Ships passing on their way from Europe or the United States to Melbourne sail quite near this lonely land, and sometimes enter Christmas Harbor, at the northern end, for fresh supplies of water. Here, if the sailors visit it at any time between the months of October and January, they will see vast numbers of the wandering albatross describing graceful curves high in air, or sweeping down on the table-land where their curious nests are placed.

The albatross, if it is a great wanderer, is also a lover of home, and has an excellent memory, for after five months' voyaging over many leagues of the dreary ocean's waste it always returns at the end of that time to the land of its birth, and occupies year after year the same abode.

It is an odd nest that this remarkable bird makes. It is in the shape of a half cone, and this is the manner in which it is constructed: after a heavy fall of rain has softened the earth, both the male and the female go to work with a will, digging with their strong bills a circular ditch six feet round, pushing up the mud, mingled with grass, nearer and nearer the centre of the circle, pounding and shaping the mass with their spades into a solid mound two feet high; at the top is a shallow cavity, in which the mother albatross lays only one white egg.

And now begins a long, tedious season of incubation. More than two months is required to hatch out the young, which at first appears a moving white ball of the finest silky down. It grows slowly, remaining in the nest for many weeks, carefully watched and fed by the parents, which take turns in going to sea to capture small tender squids and jelly-fish for the helpless squab. At last, as if urged by some mysterious force, the father and mother suddenly desert their child, and wander for many months over the "trackless ocean," far out of sight of land, but never, except by accident, visiting the Northern Pacific or Atlantic, where other species of this genus are found. It does not like to fly by night. It is a beautiful spectacle to see it stooping with extended wings from the cloudless sky, and touching the waves with almost the lightness of a feather, as it settles down amongst the patches of floating sea-weed or in the wake of ships, to feed upon mollusks and shell-fish, or the offal thrown out to them by the sailors.

What keeps the baby albatross from starving during the long absence of its parents is a question that has never been answered. For a long time it is not able to fly, and therefore can not obtain its food in the usual manner of older birds. It is possible that it derives its sustenance from the surplus fat stored in its body during the first two months of excessive feeding, or rambles over the table-land in search of whatever it yields of worms and snails. It is certain that it manages in some way to thrive, for when found "it is lively and in good condition."

When the old birds again return from their long voyage, the young albatross, that appears to remember its parents, immediately proceeds to caress them by pecking with its hard hooked bill their heads until that portion between the beak and the eyes is bare of feathers, sore, and bloody. This rough kind of fondling is endured for a short time, as if they wished to make amends for their negligence, and then the youth is harshly turned away, while these old mariners at once begin to repair the same nest for another season of housekeeping. When they again set sail, the child of the previous year, that has now attained sufficient strength of wing, accompanies them, to be in turn taught the mysteries of the sea; and after a long and stormy voyage over unknown waters and strange coasts it will return to this island of Desolation, there to choose a mate and rear a little one to take its part in the restless life which the albatross seems to love so well.

## THE LIBERTY BELL.

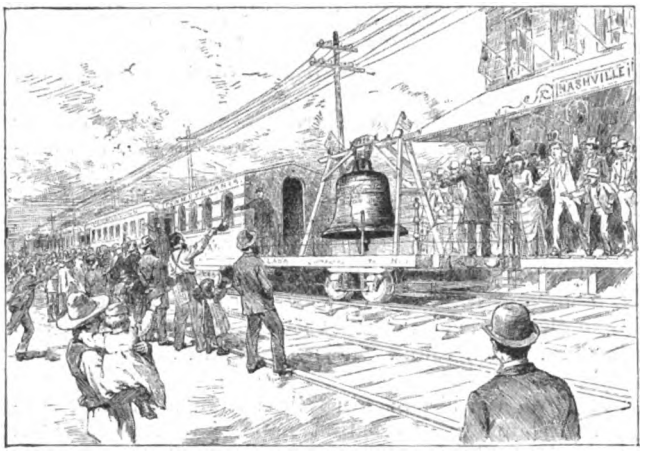
AS you pass along Chestnut Street, in Philadelphia, you come to a venerable building called Independence Hall. It is called so because on July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was adopted there by the American Congress. The people of the united colonies were declared free and independent of the control of the King of England. For many days the members of the Congress debated the question whether they should make this bold declaration. They knew that if they did so they would expose themselves to all the wrath of the English King. They would become rebels and traitors in his eyes. They might be put to death for the offense.

But the American Congress was resolved to be free. On the 2d of July, 1776, after a fine speech from John Adams, the resolution was adopted, and on the 4th of July the "Declaration" written by Thomas Jefferson was passed upon, and signed by John Hancock as President of Congress.

As you enter the ancient building you see—or would have seen a few weeks ago—a large bell, cracked and time-worn. It is about four feet in diameter, and three inches thick at the heaviest part. The crack runs through its side, and has destroyed its sound. It is known as the "Liberty Bell." It was cast in England as early as 1752, but was cracked at the first ringing in Philadelphia, and was, in 1753, twice recast there. Independence Hall was then known as the "State House," and was one of the finest buildings in America. The new bell was then placed in a tower on its top. It was the largest in the country. Around it was an inscription, still to be seen, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

This was just what the bell was destined to do twenty-three years later. It was to celebrate the declaration of American independence. On the 4th of July the bell-ringer—a tradition relates—stood in his tower on Independence Hall awaiting the action of Congress. For a long time he waited in vain. The debates were long and

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THE LIBERTY BELL ON ITS JOURNEY SOUTH.

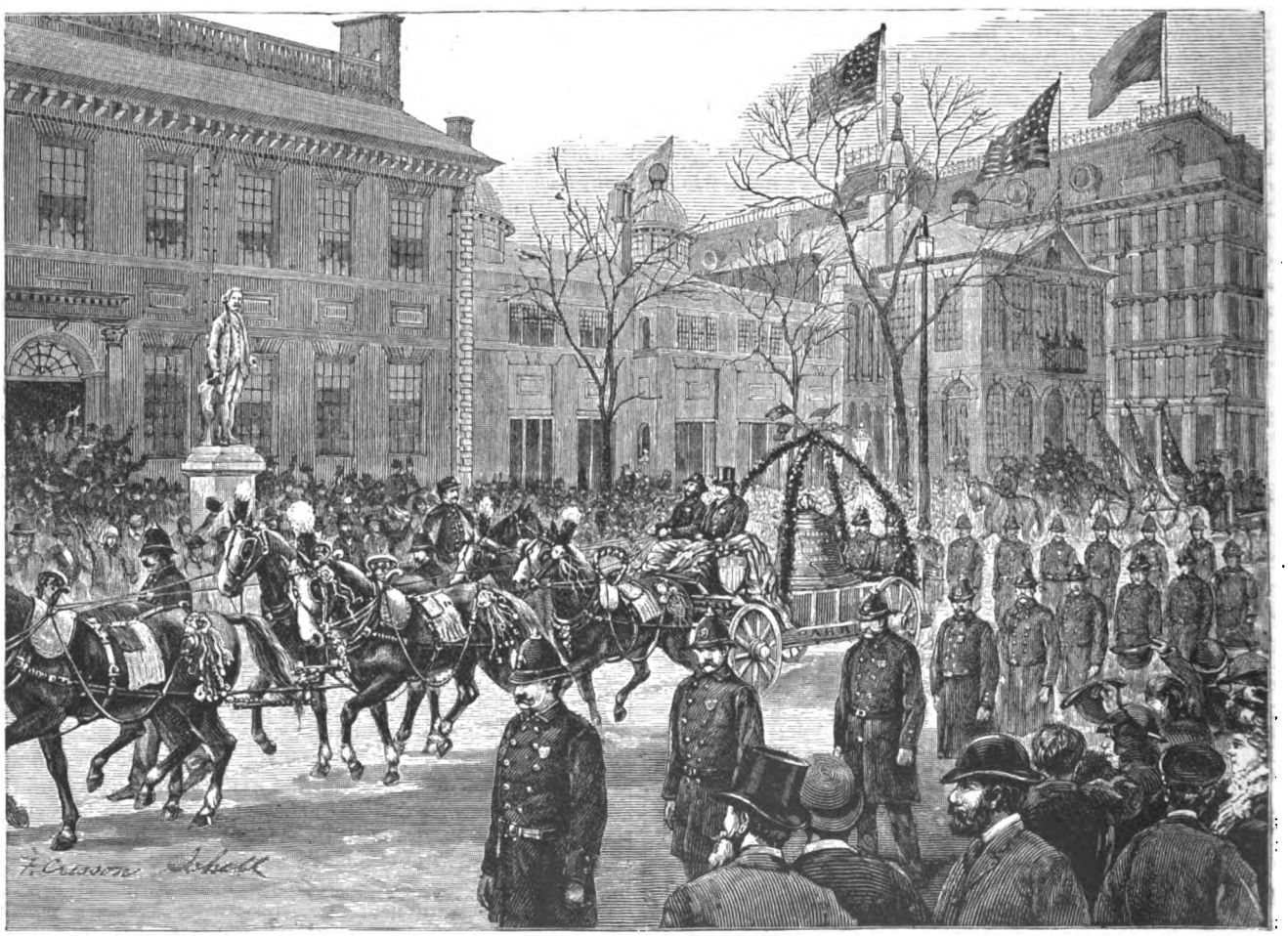
animated. At last a shout was heard from the hall below —"Ring!" The bell-ringer caught the joyous news; his bell rang clear and loud over the rejoicing city. For two hours the merry peal startled the ear, and the Liberty Bell proclaimed freedom to all the people.

It is certain that on the 8th of July the Declaration was read from Independence Hall to a large crowd of people, and the Liberty Bell pealed out its glad tidings of freedom. When the English took possession of Philadelphia it was taken down and carefully hidden. It was brought back after the war. After fifty years of labor it was broken; it can now ring no more.

For the first time since 1777 the Liberty Bell has recently left Philadelphia, and been carried on a triumphal journey to be shown at the New Orleans Exposition. It was protected on its way by a guard of honor. As it passed through the towns and villages it was received everywhere with great respect and joy. Never was an old cracked bell so much looked at, admired, and rejoiced over. When it reached New Orleans, a few days ago, the city was decorated with flags for its reception; guns were fired, steam-whistles sounded, and all the people were glad to welcome the Liberty Bell.

And it has truly proclaimed liberty to all lands. Its cheerful sound was heard by all the poor in Europe. It sounded in the cottages of Norway and Sweden, and rang throughout Ireland and England, Germany and Italy. The immigrants who come to us from abroad have been called by its merry peal to a land where they can be free. The sound of the Liberty Bell has gone over the earth.

Every one who goes to Philadelphia should visit Independence Hall and its famous relics. Here is the chair in which Washington sat as President, the inkstand from which Hancock signed the Declaration, the portraits of the leaders of the Revolution. You stand in the very room in which the Declaration of Independence was signed. Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, all seem around us. But no one should fail to look upon the Liberty Bell when it has returned—we may trust in safety—to its ancient home. Its tongue is silent. But it has already done more than any other bell in proclaiming liberty and good-will to all men.



THE LIBERTY BELL ON ITS JOURNEY SOUTH—PASSING INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

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A VALENTINE.—Drawn by Jessie Shepherd.

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# ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,
AUTHOR OF "NAN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER VI.

### TINA'S COMMUNICATIONS.

NURSERY hardly looked so uninviting as Nan had expected it would, for Louise, with all her carelessness in regard to the children's training, was neat, and had a French woman's taste. The dotted muslin curtains, the little white beds, the light-colored furniture, all looked cheerful and suited to children's use, and yet as Nan sat down, with Tina's big dark eyes fastened upon her, and little Rolf standing fixing her with a stare which might end any moment in a cry, she could not help a feeling that it was, after all, not a home-like place for the two children to pass many hours in.

"She is going to tell us a story," said Tina to Rolf. "Come and listen."

Rolf was a young man of very decided opinions. If he had not been Louise's favorite, there would have been a great deal more misery in his young life, but the pretty five-year-old boy, with his soft little rings of yellow hair, big blue eyes, and rosy mouth, was the one pet in the household: even Mr. Farquhar condescended occasionally to notice him, and his crying fits, supposed to be highly injurious to his health, procured him instantly whatever he desired. For this reason doubtless, as well as because they were so often scolded or blamed for his mischief, Bob and Betty were by no means fond of their baby brother, and perhaps it was as well that Master Rolf had always at his command the faculty for "screaming," as Tina said, "his tears."

Rolf looked very doubtfully at Nan, who held Tina on her lap, and smiled pleasantly upon the young sovereign of the nursery.

"Take me up there," he said, finally.

"Tina," Nan whispered, "will you let me hold him, because he is the youngest, and you sit close by on your little chair?"

Tina assented, and conducted Rolf slowly across to Nan, who lifted him up on to her knees, giving him a tight hug and half a dozen kisses among his curls.

"Now tell the 'tory," Rolf said, calmly, looking her directly in the face.

"What shall it be about?" Nan questioned.

"A bad boy," suggested Tina, promptly.

"What got whipped and *whipped*," said Rolf, shaking his head and frowning fiercely; "an' had all his toys tooken away from him." He looked very savage indeed.

"But there are some good boys," said Nan, trying not to laugh.

"I like to hear 'tories about bad boys," answered Rolf, calmly.

Nan reflected a moment, and finally invented a little tale in which a bad boy was quite bad enough, and certainly most severely punished. Rolf listened, fixing his eyes upon her lips, evidently ready to criticise anything he did not like, but as soon as she had finished, he said, with a long breath of satisfaction, and the air of one who has only to make known his wishes to have them obeyed, "Tell it agin, Nan."

Nan laughed, and repeated the history of bad little Thomas; but immediately Rolf remarked,

"Tell it agin."

"Oh, Nan," exclaimed Tina, "that's always the way with Rolf; he'll never be satisfied; he'll keep saying, 'Tell it agin,' forty times."

Rolf listened attentively to this speech, and waited to hear whatever Nan might answer. It occurred to her that perhaps she might come to spend a great deal of her time in the nursery, and it would be as well to have a definite understanding with Rolf at once. So she said, kissing him again,

"No, darling, I can't tell you just that one again, but I'll sing you a song if you choose."

Little Rolf was naturally fond of music, so he permitted Nan to go through peacefully with "Punchinello." Then followed a series of questions, and Nan found she had to continue Punchinello's history, explain Columbine's sad death in a variety of ways, and finally to "do it agin" in response to a calm order from Rolf, refusing, however, to repeat it a third time.

Whereupon the howls began. Rolf flung himself on the floor, and cried as Nan had never heard child or baby cry before. She was surprised to see that Tina looked on quite unmoved, and after trying one argument after another in vain, she was going in search of some one, when the door opened suddenly upon Louise.

The nurse cast a scornful look upon Nan, and rushed over to Rolf, whom she caught up in her arms, petting and soothing him, and declaring naughty Tina should be whipped and sent away.

"Tina did nothing," said Nan, quietly. "He cried because I wouldn't sing three times."

"*Pauvre enfant!*" Louise murmured; "was his cousin cruel to him not to sing the pretty song? Naughty Cousin Nan."

Nan felt her patience pushed rather too far. She stood up to go into her own room, but catching sight of an appealing look from Tina, said to Louise, "May Tina come into my room, Louise, for a little while?"

Louise curtly gave her consent, and the little girl joyfully put her hand in her cousin's.

"I like you," she whispered, as they went along the hall, "better than I do Betty. I know where Bob took you. *He* doesn't know it, but I've found out his secret. Jim told me. He told me how he got the dog, and he beats him every day."

Nan shivered. What could she do to prevent such outrageous cruelty?

"Bob would give me a dreadful whipping if he thought I told," said Tina, when they were in Nan's room again. She was sitting on her cousin's lap, and evidently prepared to be very communicative. "Oh, I find out *all* their secrets," she continued, with a little laugh, "and they think I don't know. I heard all Louise and Betty said about you before you came—how you were only a poor child our rich cousin was taking care of, and how you hadn't any mother or father; and Louise said if you did come, she wasn't going to put up with any nonsense from you, and Betty said neither was she—you were only a beggar."

Even Tina, delighted as she was to "tell of" Betty and her special tyrant Louise, stopped short as she saw the look of dismay and pain, and the scarlet color that flamed into Nan's sweet face.

So *that* was the way in which the Farquhars regarded her! An orphan, living on their rich cousin's bounty—"only a beggar!" Oh, thought poor Nan, as her heart beat wildly with sorrow and indignation, if *only* Aunt Letty could know that her motherly care, her confidence, her trust in her, were unknown, and that Rolf House was considered only her niece's home because Nan was fatherless and alone!

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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"So it is all true," said Tina, in her satisfied tone. "I'm sorry you're so poor, Nan. I like you, anyway."

Nan clasped her passionately in her arms, and kissed her not once, but many times, while a strong temptation was rising in her mind to tell Bob and Betty all about her aunt's trust in her, her allowance, her charities, about the Traverses and the Blakes.

"How they would wonder!" thought poor Nan, passionately. "Oh, if Aunt Letty could know!"

"I must go back to the school-room now, dear," Nan said at last. "I will try and get Louise to let you go out with me some day when you are very good."

Tina readily promised perfect behavior, and Nan went back to the school-room, where Miss Balch was wrestling over Betty's sums, and Bob was noisily studying spelling. But he looked up to make an important announcement.

"I'm going to school to-morrow. To the Fuller Institute. Whoop-la!"

Nan could scarcely conceal her satisfaction, and indeed but for the fact that he was so pleased himself, Bob might have found reason for complaint in the very generally expressed delight over this new arrangement. It was a day school, but it would employ him away from home six hours out of the twenty-four, and from Louise in the nursery to Martha the cook the satisfaction was universal.

Nan, finding an idle ten minutes before luncheon, read Joan's letter. One part of it troubled her very much.

"You remember Mrs. Travers's friend," wrote Joan, "the actress, who called on Cousin Letty. Well, it seems she's dead, and her little girl is with some show or circus, where Mrs. Travers has heard she is being most cruelly treated. A boy who had been in the show called and told Mrs. Travers about it. Cousin Letty wrote at once and tried to find her, but the man who owned the circus said she'd left. The man and woman who owned her had carried her off, he didn't know where. All he could find out was that the man's name was Jones, and that he and his wife were teaching her to ride, and to stand still and have knives thrown at her. Isn't it dreadful? I thought if you kept a close lookout you might find her."

Nan sighed as she replaced the letter in her pocket. How well she remembered the poor actress to whom she had given the roses that happy summer day! How pleased she had been! Nan remembered how she turned and, looking at the old brick house, wished *her* child might fare as well as David was sure to among such kind friends.

Somehow Joan's letter and the reflections it called up had made Nan feel ashamed of her passionate resolve to put herself "right" before the Farquhars. Was not Aunt Letty wise when she taught her little maiden to find peace and gentleness in "doing unto others"? Nan began to feel as though she could afford a great deal of patience with two such restless, discontented young people as her cousins, who, after all, had never known what a *home* or really loving guardianship meant.

## Chapter VII.

### IN THE LOFT.

Betty gave Nan a piece of information after dinner which set her wondering anew as to what she could do for poor Rover.

The little girl, it seems, was not entirely devoid of compassion for the unfortunate dog, and after they left the stables she had coaxed Jim to open the closet door for her the next day if she brought some food for Rover.

"Jim says he'll let us feed Rover if we come up directly Bob has gone to school," said Betty, who enjoyed as much as anything the fact that by so doing they would outwit Bob.

Nan needed no second bidding. She felt quite ready to speed Bob on his way to school, although his loud boasts as to all he meant to do and be with the other boys were exasperating. But he was gone at last. Tina and Rolf had gone to walk. Miss Balch was not expected until ten o'clock, and the two girls set off for the stables with some meat and hominy and a little warm milk.

Jim the stable-boy, was a tall, rough-looking lad of about sixteen, who had suffered so much from both Betty and Bob that he would not have served the former except at the expense of the latter, but Nan had done much toward softening his feelings. He was really polite in word and manner, and although only a little less rough as a rule toward poor Rover than Bob, he encouraged the poor dog to come forward, with some kindness in his harsh voice.

The poor little creature seemed afraid to move until Nan caressed it, and offered it some of the food, which it ate with such a ravenous appetite that there could be no doubt of Bob's having kept it nearly starved. To see the forlorn animal look up at her with such a grateful, wistful glance almost brought the tears into Nan's eyes, and even Betty said, "Poor thing," with some genuine compassion.

"Now yez must go," said Jim, who was anxious to lock the door again, knowing Reilly, the coachman, would be calling him to work.

"But mayn't we come to-morrow, Jim?" pleaded Nan.

"Well, I'll see," said the lad.

Just before luncheon the delightful news arrived that Mrs. Vandort was expected.

"Oh, she'll ask us to see her, I know," Betty cried out. "Because you're here will be the reason."

Going into the dining-room with her cousin, Nan saw standing at one side of the table, and talking to Mrs. Farquhar, a small, elderly lady, with gray curls under a velvet bonnet, and a very quiet, very lovely face.

There was nothing about the lady to attract very quick attention, and yet Nan felt with her, as she had with Miss Rolf, that in spite of her tranquil manners she was one of those born to command as well as to be obeyed. But her rule must have been a pleasant one, or the Farquhars would not have so readily yielded to it.

On hearing Nan's name, she addressed her very pleasantly, asked a few questions about the Beverley family, and then, to the general delight of the party, remarked, quietly:

"Well, you must all come to see me next week—Saturday. Will you allow it, Mary?"

Mrs. Farquhar had no thought of interfering with any suggestion of her relative's, and accordingly it was arranged that on Saturday morning the three young people were to come to Mrs. Vandort's for the day.

Nan looked forward eagerly to this visit, and only regretted that Bob was to be of the party, but Betty, in a friendly moment, assured her that he was quite a different being at Mrs. Vandort's.

The days went by—only marked by one unfortunate occurrence. Bob had discovered that Jim had opened the door of Rover's prison, and he at once suspected the girls.

"*I'll* teach you to meddle with my property," he said, dashing into the school-room, white with rage.

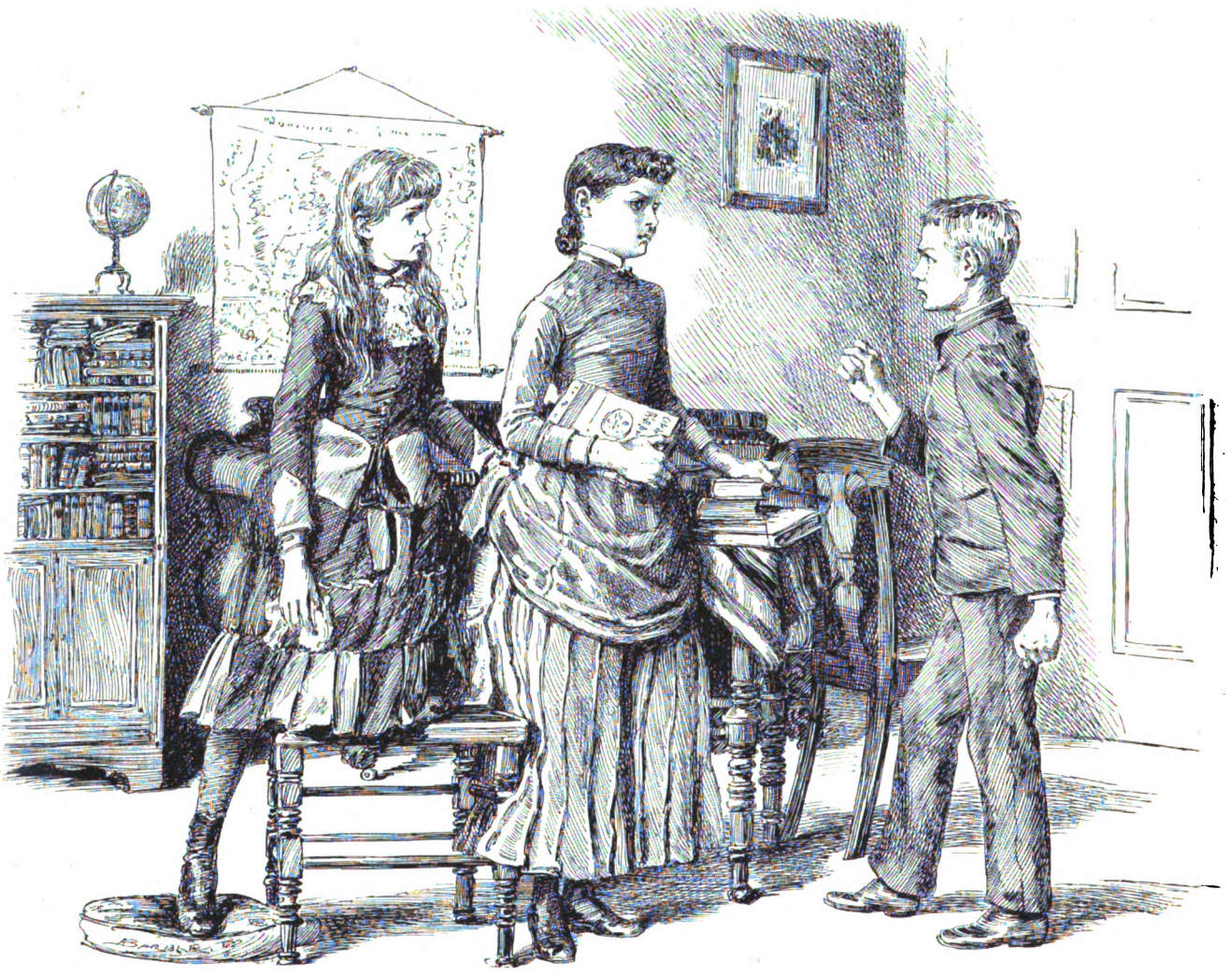
"Oh, Bob, we didn't mean to," whimpered Betty. Nan waved her aside.

"Yes, we *did* mean to, Betty," she said, scornfully. "If I'd guessed how you treat that dog I'd never have made such a promise. We took food to him because he was starving, and I'll do it again the next chance I get."

Bob flushed sullenly. He stood still for a moment, and then a gleam of malicious triumph came into his eyes.

"Do you know how I'll punish you then?" he said,

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"'I'LL GIVE HIM A THRASHING EVERY TIME I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN THERE.'"

walking up close to Nan, and looking at her fiercely. "Why, I'll give him a thrashing every time I know you've been there, and I always find out, because Jim knows I could tell something against him if I liked."

Nan felt herself grow pale. How could she even by contempt, or scorn, or threat, or example, hope to do anything with this boy whose nature, originally passionate and inclined to be cruel, had never known the discipline of government or the aid of love or good precept.

She turned away, sick at heart and disgusted; and feeling himself victorious, Bob walked away, whistling boldly. But after that Nan often stole out to the stable-loft and listened outside poor Rover's door, speaking to him through the cracks, calling him gently and compassionately, and feeling sure she could hear the response of his tail wagging against the floor. Another way of watching over him she devised, which was more satisfactory. Obtaining from the good-natured chamber-maid Anne a gimlet, she bored a little hole in the side of the closet, through which she often looked in at poor Rover. On one such occasion she was startled, on turning round, to meet Tina's solemn, dark-eyed gaze. The little girl, having observed Nan leaving the house, had followed her unseen and unheard, and now stood a short distance from the closet, fixedly regarding her.

"Let me look in," said Tina, gravely.

Nan hesitated a moment, and then lifted the little girl up on a level with the round hole. Tina seemed quite fascinated, and would have liked to prolong her inspection, but Nan could not help laughing at the child's comment on poor Rover's gaunt appearance.

"Nan," she said, in her grave way, "God made too many bones, I think, for that dog. Wasn't it a mistake?"

"God never made a mistake, dear," said Nan, "but bad boys do sometimes. It is Bob's fault that poor Rover is so thin and bony. But, Tina, you must not let him know you have been here."

The child looked at the older girl with the shrewd old-womanish air which she so often wore, and which entirely altered her babyish face.

"No," she said; "if I like you I won't tell. Shall we have it for our secret, Nan? Bob and Betty are always trying to have secrets from me."

Nan hesitated. She wanted to insure Tina's silence, and yet this perpetual air of secrecy among the children was very troublesome to one of Nan's frank, free nature.

"Don't let us have that kind of a secret," she said at last. "I'll tell you what we can do. Because poor Rover is sick and hungry, we will promise him not to do or say anything that would get him a whipping. Now if Bob knew you and I were here, even saying 'how do you do' to him, he would whip Rover. So I am sure, Tina, you will not speak of it."

Tina was disappointed in Nan's way of taking it, but she agreed to keep the visit to herself, and spent the next half-hour delightfully in rummaging over a box of Nan's ribbons and bits of finery.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# OVERCONFIDENCE:

A peacock sat on ye garden wall
(See picture here to ye right),
And ye folk came crowding - great and small -
For it chanced that none in ye town at all
Had ever seen such a sight.
If you'd have been there perhaps you'd have heard
Ye folk talk thus, as they looked at ye bird:

"O crickety! - Law! -
O jimmeny me! -
I never yet saw! -
Who ever did see
Such a beautiful sight in the world before,
Since ye animals marched from ye old ark door?
O! Look at ye spots
In his tail! And ye lots
Of green and of blue in his beautiful wings!
I'd give a new shilling to know if he sings!"

Ye peacock says, "Surely, they'll greatly rejoice
To hear but a touch of my delicate voice.
(*Sings.*)

"O dear! O dear! -
O stop it! - O do! -
We never did hear
Such a hullaballoo!
'Tis worse than ye noise that ye carpenters make
When they sharpen their saws! - Now, for charity's sake,
Give over this squalling,
And catermawalling!"
Cried all ye good people who chanced to be near;
Each thrusting a finger-tip into each ear.

You see ye poor dunce had attempted to shine
In a way that was out of his natural line.

H. Pyle.

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"KEEP STILL, LITTLE BROTHER!"

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

ONE bright morning lately the Postmistress concluded to pay a visit to St. Mary's Free Hospital, and when there she of course asked to see little Marie, the child who occupies Harper's Young People's Cot. Sister Catherine, who has the sweetest face and the softest voice in the world, led the way to Holy Innocents' Ward first, and you may imagine how delighted the Postmistress was when she found wee curly-headed Marie so much improved that she was playing about the floor. The little one has a dark brown face, with great black eyes and a very merry expression. She slipped her mite of a hand into mine—for I must now drop the third person, my dears, and speak in the first—and trotted up and down between the pretty little cots, handling my bag, and prattling away in baby fashion like a tiny music-box.

Don't let me forget to tell you that the children in this ward were made very happy indeed at Christmas by the gift of a real music-box with a harp accompaniment. It was purchased for them with the money sent by the children of Miss Bevan's school through HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. The little ones are charmed when it begins to play its merry tunes. Sister set it playing for me, and placed it on the cot of a little fellow who had just been brought in, and 'was still quite homesick. Some of the wee tots are homesick at first, and want their mothers, but they soon learn to be very contented in this cheerful, sunny hospital, where everybody is so kind and pleasant, and the doctor and their good nurses try to cure them and make them rosy and strong.

Some poor darlings are not homesick. Two in the ward of which I am speaking had been rescued, by the Society which tries to prevent cruelty to children, from the hands of wicked parents who drank and fought and took no care of their little ones. I stood beside one poor baby with pale face and flaxen hair, with very thin, claw-like hands, and great hollows under his eyes, and Sister Catherine said that the miserable attic from which he was brought had not one stick of furniture, not a sign of a bed, not a crumb, not a bit of fire. Father and mother were both drunkards.

One little girl, named Catherine, can never sit up, she is so ill, but she lies there very patiently, and has three dolls to play with. They are pretty dolls, too. I was glad to see that there were a number of dolls and plenty of toys in the ward. But how do you think Catherine was amusing herself? She was rolling a bandage very neatly indeed, and she smiled when Sister called my attention to it.

Now as you never, never will be able to fancy for yourselves without assistance, I think I'll tell you what the boys were doing, some of them in their cots, and some in their little chairs. They were working little mats on squares of canvas in bright worsteds. George R., a dear little fellow who was sitting in a sunny corner, was not sewing. He was reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which had just arrived, and if he is reading it now, he will remember that I told him to be sure and look for his name in the Post-office Box. Here it is, George.

There are lovely flowers in the windows, and birds in cages, and everything about the hospital is clean and bright and beautiful. Yet I felt sad as I thought of the little suffering ones who have so many pains and aches, and who must endure so much which happy well children know nothing of. And I felt glad that there is such a pretty place for them to go to, where they can have such kind, wise care and nursing.

Sister tells me that gifts of clothing—little dresses, night-gowns, and stockings—are very acceptable.

The children who endowed Harper's Young People's Cot would have laughed right out if they had seen the air with which the small Marie—only three years old—pointed to the cot, saying, "Yat my bed." I hope she will soon be well. But the Cot will always remain there, ready, as one little tenant is cured, to receive another.

Pardon me, dears, for having talked so long. I can not give you the *sweet* cooking lesson now, and I am sorry. But never mind, Little Housekeepers; you may invite all your cousins and playmates to come to the candy-pull next week.

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TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Although a big girl, I beg to be allowed to write a letter to the Post-office Box for just this once, because I have a bit of information which I think will interest many of your children, and especially those who have been reading "Wakulla," for it has been my good fortune to make a visit not only to the kind Mr. Bevil of the story, but to go to the very mill of which Mark was president, and gather roses from the garden of "Go Bang." The river on which Wakulla was built is by far the loveliest in Florida, a State famous for its lovely waterways. It is not a wide river, but very deep and swift, and its banks are covered with live-oak, water-oak, magnolia, palmetto, pine, cedar, cypress, and other beautiful trees. The water is so clear that you can look deep down into it and see all sorts of fish and funny little turtles that on a warm day sit sunning themselves on floating logs or fallen trees until they see you coming, and then tumble head first into the clear water, and think themselves quite safe and entirely hid; and then there are birds of all kinds and colors, even that everlasting old hawk, who sneeringly remarks,

"It's queer, queer, queer,
That you are
Here, here, here!"

just as if no one had a right to be there but himself; but what I want to tell you is to answer a question that has been asked, "right smart," as they say down here, "What does Wakulla mean?" and as I have so good and clever a man's word for it as the Rev. Charles Beecher, I think I may tell the Post-office Box children. Wakulla is an Indian name, and means "mystery," and I hope, dear Postmistress, that if you ever come to lovely Florida some little fairy (or one of your friends down here, where you have many) will coax you to take a trip up the lovely St. Mark's River and to Wakulla, and see for yourself if it is not all true. Very lovingly, MARY A. BARR.

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BELVIDERE, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have not written to you before since I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I liked "The Ice Queen" very much, but not so much as I did "Left Behind; or, Ten Days a Newsboy." I like "Wakulla" very much. I delight in reading the Post-office Box. I have two little cousins, and their names are Nellie and Mamie, and every time they come over to our house, if I have any new books, why, it is all the better, because they must always look at a book every time they come, no matter what else they come for. I have no pets now, although I had a little bird, but it died three days after I got it; and I had a little kitten given to me, but our servant was angry at it for some reason or other and pushed it out of the back door and slammed the door after it, and it never came back. We have ever so many cats and kittens around our house; it seems to be the only place in our street where there are any kittens. Nearly every house in our street has children in it, but none of them take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am about eight and one-half years of age. I go to school and study four books. I go to my aunt's private school; she has thirteen scholars, and I am glad she has not so many as the public schools have. I must stop now. I hope you will print my letter, because I have never written to you before. It is quite a long letter for me to write. Your affectionate reader, BERTHA R. H.

Can you not show HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to your little neighbors? Some of them may be induced to take it.

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COMLONGON CASTLE, ANNAN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

I have only to-day bought the January monthly number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I was so delighted with its nice stories, and especially the Post-office Box, that I thought I should like to get the paper weekly. I address this to you at the publishers', hoping it will reach you. Will you write to me, if it is not too much trouble, and tell me what I ought to do? and then I will write and tell you about my home, etc., if you will print it. I am going to London. My age is fourteen and a half, and my name

SIBYL JOHNSTONE D.

You did just right in the matter of the address. Now write again.

---

LONDON, ENGLAND.

I have only just taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and am delighted with it. I am going to have it bound when the volume is complete. I have two beautiful black cats, two pet canaries, two little white mice, and an affectionate but mischievous jay, which chases the cats. I go to school at Onslow Hall, and have had four prizes. I learn music from Miss W., but am going under a master. I had some fish for six months, and every time I used to go near the globe they would come up to the top. I put them back in the river for the winter. Papa does not know I have written; I want to surprise him. Hoping you will find a small space for this little letter, believe me, Yours affectionately,

EUGENIE LOUISE M.

I am very glad to have Eugenie for a correspondent.

---

NORWICH, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and love it dearly. I am a little English girl. I have two sisters, one a bonnie little mite of a baby, a year and a half old; her name is Minnie. I myself am eight. I have a snow-white kitten named Snowdrop, and a big collie dog, Rover. I hope you will print this for your little friend EDITH.

---

HENDON, NEAR LONDON, ENGLAND.

I am a little lame boy eight years old. My name is Sydney Critchley P. We have a dog called Don, and my sister has a cat called Topsy. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; I have seven of them. I was kneeling down, and one of my hairs touched our bullfinch's cage, and he began to pull and tug at it, and made me jump and call "Oh!" But I must now say good-by, because it is my bed-time. I hope this letter will be printed. I remain, with love to all the little readers and yourself, dear Postmistress, your little friend,

SYDNEY C. P.

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NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little boy eight years old. I have three pets, two canaries and a dog whose name is Sam. Santa Claus brought me a watch and a wagon and lots of other toys. I hitch Sam to the wagon, and he draws me all round. He knows a great many tricks: can shake hands, bark when we say Speak, and when papa tells him to go upstairs and call me, he runs up, jumps on my bed, and barks until I wake. He is twenty-four inches high, and nine months old, and a real Newfoundland. I am in the Fourth Grade at school, and will be promoted into the Third Grade. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a long time, and like it very much. ARTHUR G. K.

---

ASTON, ENGLAND.

I thought I would like to write to you, to see my name in print. A week ago I took part in a negro performance at our school. I got two fine prizes and four certificates at school. My papa brings me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I think the best tale is "Daisy Lovell's Christmas-Eve." I am twelve years old, and in the Fifth Standard. My master is kind to me, and I like him very well indeed. I have a cat one year old, and its weight is five pounds and a half. It is a fine large cat, and it follows us about and plays with us. EDMUND G.

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LONDON, ENGLAND.

I am a little girl nine years old, and I read your letter in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and liked it very much, so I thought I would tell you what my English home is like. I have a governess at home and a little sister of six years old, whose name is Winnie, a nursery at the top of the house, a cat named Fluff, ten pigeons, a canary, and an African bird. We are going to a pantomime, and if you like this letter I will tell you all about it. I hope Hoyt D. W. will answer this in the Post-office Box. RUTH N.

Yes; please tell us about the pantomime.

---

NORWICH, NEW YORK.

Thinking that the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will be interested in a short description of my Western trip, I will tell you about it. Mamma, my sister, and I left our pleasant home for Chicago and Deerfield about the middle of July. Deerfield is a small place about twenty miles north of Chicago, where my uncle and aunt live. They are on a farm of about four hundred acres. They don't work their farms like Eastern farmers, but board horses from Chicago, often having eighty at one time. From Deerfield we went to Chicago. I can not tell you of half of the beautiful things I saw in this short letter, but

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I must tell you of the "Battle of Gettysburg." It is in a large circular brick building, and the battle is painted on canvas. The men and horses are life-size, and everything is so perfect one can hardly think that it is not a real battle. Another place of interest is the city of Pullman, a few miles from Chicago, where the Pullman cars are made. It is a city of three years' growth, and perfect in every way, containing churches, stores, beautiful parks, a nice hotel, and handsome houses, where the workmen live, all under control of the Pullman Company. The machinery is all run by the Corliss engine shown at the Centennial. I could tell you of the beautiful parks, and of the tunnel under the Chicago River, and many other things, but it would make my letter too long. I am a boy eleven years old, and this is my first letter. WILLIAM A. B.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

I think that story about "Little Silverhair" was very fine for a little girl to write. You can't guess what I got for Christmas. If you can't, I suppose I will have to tell. It was a brush and comb in a nice case, from one of my aunties. No one knows how much I love HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. "Wakulla" is a great favorite with me. I think those little boys and girls who take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE do write the letters very nicely. I have a kittle and had a bird, but it is dead. I am seven years old. Good-by.
FRANK H. H.

SENECA, KANSAS.

I have taken *The Youth's Companion* four years. Last year a friend sent me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE one year as a present, and since the year ran out I have missed it so much that papa has given me money enough for another year. I will be twelve years old the 22d of this month, and have been sick three years last November with hip-disease, and in bed most of the time. I enjoy reading and being read to very much. I have two canary-birds, one beautiful wax doll, and six china dolls, a great many house-plants, and one beautiful Christmas cactus in bloom. I had a good many Christmas presents, every one is so kind to me. CARRIE.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

It occurs to me that the little readers would be interested to know how we spend our summers. Our camp in the Adirondacks is on an island in Raquette Lake. It is three hundred miles from New York city, and is fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. We have one log cabin, where we sit in rainy weather, and a hunter's bark camp, which is open in front, where we sit evenings, and have a camp fire burning cheerfully just outside. We have one tent and two small bark cottages to sleep in, and a dining-room made of bark. The church we go to is on an island, and all the family go in row-boats. It is a pretty sight to see the people coming in boats from their camps in different directions to this little church. We took our little black-and-tan dog with us, and when we went to church he would follow us into the water. The air is so pure and bracing it makes us have a great appetite. Everywhere we go in row-boats. We catch trout and plenty of bass. My papa goes shooting for partridges, and once in a while for deer. The lake is very large; it is said to have ninety-five miles of coast-line. Sometimes, when the wind blows, the lake is very rough. All around the lake are forests. There are plenty of wild animals, such as bears, deer, foxes, wild-cats, rabbits, porcupines, and a few panthers. I have seen all these animals after they were shot. Our beds are made of balsam boughs; they smell very sweet, and, with plenty of blankets, are very comfortable. I am only eleven years old, and have been there five summers. If you want to travel, there are guides to take you through the lakes and woods. I have two sisters younger than myself, and one brother older. We enjoy our summers in the wilderness very much, and it improves our health greatly. If the Postmistress ever visits Raquette Lake, I hope she will come and see us in our camp on Round Island. MAUD E. S.

Thanks, dear Maud. You have given a good description of your camp life.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the first. I liked "Nan," and am very glad to see a sequel to it; and I liked "The Story of a Ring," and I think the Jimmy Brown stories are very funny. I have one pet, a dog. One day, when I took him walking, a great big mastiff ran at him and began to fight him. Bert, my dog, ran away, but a messenger boy caught him for me. A. S.

BAR HARBOR, MAINE.

I live in a very lovely place. A great many people come here. On a mountain named Green Mountain there is a railroad up to the top. There is a hotel up there. There was one last summer, but it burned down, so they built a new one. You can see Mount Katahdin from the top. The seashore is here too. Please put this letter in, as I want to surprise die Mutter. Bar Harbor is on Mount Desert Island. I'm eleven years old. I study Latin, music, arithmetic, French, and German, but the studies I like best are Latin, German, and music. I like "Wakulla" very much, but I wish Captain May would let Mark and Ruth tell Edna about Frank March. AIMÉE E. L.

OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I want to write a letter, to see how it will look printed, but I hardly know how to address you, so I will do it by writing Dear Postmistress. I am ten years old, and wanted my papa to subscribe for some magazine for me, so he brought me a sample number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I liked it, so papa took it for me. I have only had two numbers as yet. I am going to school every day, and my papa and mamma think I am learning. I am taking music lessons, and can play eight or nine pieces on the piano by heart.
GEORGE A. K.

BELLEVUE, OHIO.

I am one of your older readers, being sixteen, but I enjoy this charming paper very much.

I am not well, so I do not go to school, and as I have no brother nor sister at home, I am sometimes quite lonely, and for that reason I would very much like to correspond with some girl of my own age, and would also like to hear from some of your younger readers.

As I love to write, all who write to me will be sure of getting an answer. LILLIE B.

WARWICKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have taken in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for six weeks, and I like it very much. For my pets I have a dog and a kitten. I had a hedge-hog, whose name was Joe, but he ran away not many weeks ago. If I should write a charade, and it proved to be a good one, would you put it in the Post-office Box with the other riddles, etc.? This is the first letter, but it is not the last one I shall write to you. I am thirteen years old. G. R.

I shall expect to see a charade from G. R. one of these days.

UNIONTOWN, ALABAMA.

When I wrote to you before I did not tell you what State I lived in, so I will write again. We have moved since I wrote you. We are now living eight miles from Uniontown, but in the same country. I saw in one of the letters that some of the young people were forming a hunting club. I wonder if they ever hunt partridges, which, with squirrels, rabbits, and opossums, are the only game we have here. My brother has a dog which we think is very smart. He will hunt any game I have mentioned. He is a pointer, and a good shepherd dog too. He is as old now as I am. I will tell you in my next letter what smart tricks he will sometimes do. LEONARD L.

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.

I am a little boy ten years old, and go to school. I study Second and Third Arithmetics, geography, spelling, writing, and reading. We have two pets, a cat we named Jerry, after a piece of poetry in your paper, and a hawk which we caught. The hawk eats meat and birds, but is too fierce to play with yet. My big brother O. has a gun, and we go hunting nearly every Saturday, and generally kill something. We went two days before Christmas, and killed six rabbits, one partridge, thirteen larks, and four doves—which I consider good—don't you? I wish some of the little readers would give me a receipt to make nice sugar-candy, using about two or two and a half pounds of sugar. SALE P.

WATERTOWN, NEW YORK.

When I last wrote I did not tell you anything about my voyage to England, so I thought I would write again and tell you something about my visit. We staid in Birmingham most of the time, as most of our relatives live near there. We visited Aston Church, in Aston, near Birmingham, where some of the royal family are buried, and we saw their statues, cut in marble, lying on their tombs. I also saw Aston Hall, which contains many curiosities from all over the world. Among them, just as you enter the east front door, are two giraffes which nearly touch the ceiling, and I think the room is thirty-seven feet high. In the centre of the hall is the bronze copy of the celebrated Warwick Vase. The marble vase of which the bronze one is a copy is now in the greenhouse at Warwick Castle. I did not describe the hall before, so I will do so now. It is situated on a gently rising eminence, at the extremity of an avenue of chestnut-trees, and is built in the form usual with edifices of the period, a centre, and a wing on each side — emblematic, it is supposed, of the initial letter of Queen Elizabeth. The hall was built in 1592.
NELLIE H.
(11 years old).

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

THREE ENIGMAS.

1.—My first is in sow, not in reap.
My second is in dear, not in cheap.
My third is in tin, not in iron.
My fourth is in tiger, not in lion.
My fifth is in bring and not in sent.
And my whole is a useful element.
ETHEL A. M. W.

2.—In thought, not in action.
In garden, not in lot.
In heavy, not in light.
In doubt, not in truth.
In earnest, not in jest.
My whole is a musical composer.
HARPER A. HINDS.

3.—In Bess, not in Sue.
In Ward, not in Lou.
In Belle, not in May.
In Eve, not in Fay.
Whole is the youngest of all I ween,
And the name of a cousin I've only once seen.
SUSIE M. B.

No. 2.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A domestic animal. 3. A boy's name. 4. From China. 5. A letter. NIVORD.

No. 3.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 14, 8, 23, 27 is used in driving oxen.
My 15, 2, 11, 5 is the length of two cuts of yarn.
My 12, 9, 3, 17 is an oxidation.
My 1, 19, 25 is a common insect.
My 18, 6, 21, 13, 10, 26 means flight.
My 24, 4, 16 is a small dwelling.
My 7, 22, 20 means at a distance, yet within view.
My whole is a famous saying of Davy Crockett.
F. D.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 273

No. 1.—

```
                M
              P A S
            C A N T S
          P A R T I A L
        M A N T I L L A S
          S T I L L E D
      H       S A L E P       H
    M I S       L A D         D A L
  R I S E S   R E S E T     H I R E S
M I S T E L L E L E V E D I R E C T S
H I S T O R I E S E L A H A R E S T A I L
  S E R E R E S S E V A D E L E C T E R N
    S L I S H   T E H E E   S T A R S
      L E S       H A R       S I N
        S       C A R E T       L
              H A P P I E R
            H A R P O N E E R
              R E I N I N G
                T E E N S
                  R E G
                    R
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No. 2.—Icicle.

No. 3.—Eagle. Owl. Raven. Crossbill. Flamingo. Thrush. Swallow. Heron. Bittern.

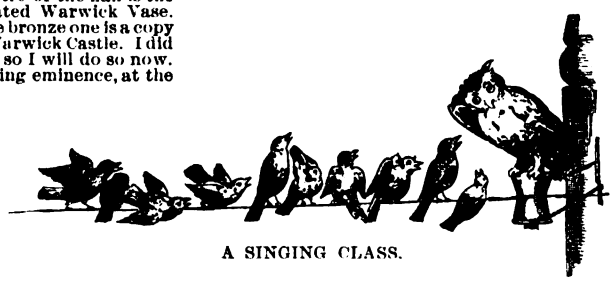
No. 4.—

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R A T   C A T   R A G
A P E   A R E   A P E
T E N   T E W   G E T

  M A N       P A N
  A P E       A S A
  N E D       N A P
```

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from N., Gussie K., Louise H., Maud M. Garland, W. L. Holzman, Nivord, Ignacio Vado, Rebecca de la Rosa, Gertie L. Wilson, Irene Trowbridge, G. W. Austen, Theresa Katz, Estelle G. Sisson, Charlie A. Newell, Walter T., B. M. W., C. Norman Trump, Frances E. Wieman, Amy Leman, Clifford Tate, Manuel G., Payson Reynolds, Allene Jackson, M. O. T., Genie, Rose Acre, and Mary J. Price.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]



A SINGING CLASS.

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TABBY'S FIRST VALENTINE.

## MORE STRING TRICKS.

BY HELEN P. STRONG.

ONE of the most interesting string mysteries is the marvellous "ring trick." Having tied the ends of your string together as in former tricks, pass it double through a finger-ring, and ask some one to hold the ends upon their two forefingers. You may now proceed to remove the ring without cutting the string or releasing the fingers, which seem to hold it securely.

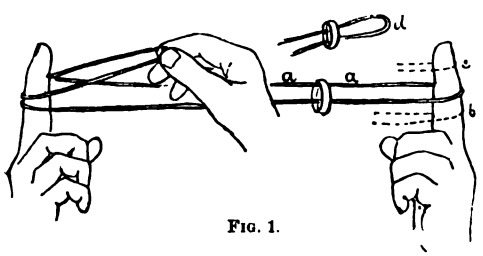



FIG. 1.

First pass the string a second time around one of the fingers which hold it, then drawing the loop thus formed toward the opposite hand, as shown in Fig. 1, pass it over the string on the other finger until it lies in the position of dotted line *b*; then with your two forefingers catch up at *a* and *a* one of the strings holding the ring, and sliding your fingers from each other, quickly slip from the ends of your companion's fingers the part of the string holding the ring, which being thus released will fall into the hand, with which you can quickly cover it before it leaves the string, to add to the mystery.

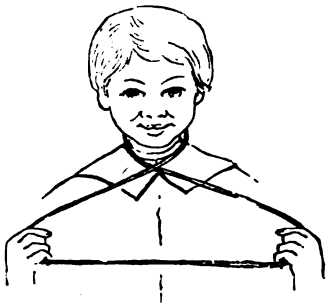


FIG. 2.

The surprise of your string-holder will now be doubled if you proceed to return the ring to the string without removing the ends from his fingers. Pass the string, as in the first trick, around one of his fingers, and in drawing the loop, as before, toward the other hand, slip it through the ring as shown at *d*; then pass the loop over the finger, this time leaving it near the end, as at *o*; with your two forefingers catch up the string which was first upon the fingers, and slip it from them over the part holding the ring, and you will find the ring in place, as at the beginning of the first trick.

Here is another very simple trick: Pass your string around your neck, crossing it in front as in Fig. 2; put the string in your mouth at the point where it crosses itself, and holding it firmly between the teeth, announce your intention of removing it from the neck by passing the rest of the string a second time over the head.

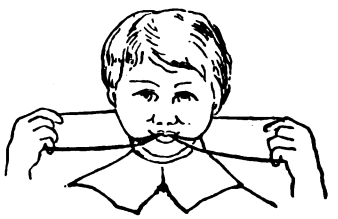
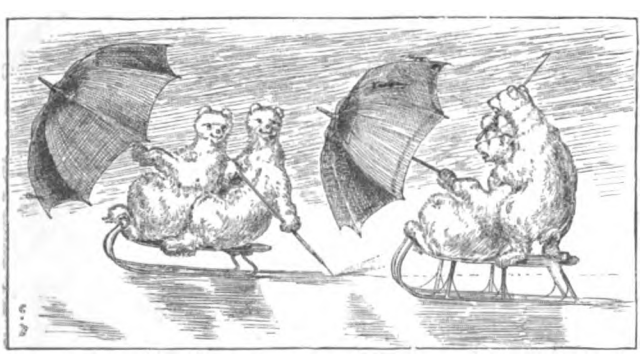


FIG. 3.

To do this, first drop the cord from both hands for a moment, and in taking hold of it again let your hands exchange places, being careful to have the string which is uppermost where it crosses in your mouth remain uppermost, so that what appears to be a second crossing of the string will be really its uncrossing; now throw the rest of the cord over your head, and though you seem to be encircled by a double cord, draw both sides backward as in Fig. 3, releasing the string from your still closed mouth in what seems quite a marvellous way. You will find yourself disentangled, and the string still tied together as in the beginning, and ready for numberless more wonders.



WINTER SPORTS AT THE NORTH POLE.—ICE-BOATING.



A STRANGE ANIMAL—THE MUFF-CAT.

"My! what kin dat strange-lookin' animal be on missus' buro, wid such a big funny body and a leetle wigglin' head? I tell you I's afeard to go in dar all by my lone se'f."

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 277. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.





APPLE BLOSSOMS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 242.


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## APPLE BLOSSOMS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

LAST eve there stole a wee white dream to brush our darling's pillow;
It whispered of a flowing stream and of a nodding willow.
She stirred and laughed, for in her sleep she heard the bluebells' ringing,
And far away the bleat of sheep, and near the robin's singing.

This morning, when our darling woke, the world was all a wonder:
Above, such golden sunshine broke, such light and joy were under;
The meadows rippled like the sea, and every knoll was flushing;
The zephyrs came with kisses free, and, oh, the trees were blushing.

The apple blossoms, pink and white, you could not count their number;
The fairy work was wrought by night, while earth was hushed in slumber.
Our darling's violet eyes grew wide: the orchard aisles were bowers,
And here and yonder, everywhere, she saw a snow of flowers.

We hear her little footsteps pass; her merry voice is humming;
A flitting shadow o'er the grass, her daintiness is coming.
"Oh, this is Spring, is Spring," she cries; "I know her by the glory.
And see, oh, see, the birdie's wing! which flashing tells the story.

"I've tiptoed all across the brook, I've searched in all the hollows,
I've peeped in many a tiny nook, I've chased the flying swallows,
I've seen the cunning little chicks—dear things, so round and funny!—
And helped the wrens to straws and sticks, and fed both Frisk and Bunny.

"And this is Spring," our darling cried. It pleased our hearts to hear her;
And Nature's self, with loving pride, seemed gently drawing nearer,
While dropped the wind such kisses sweet that all the land was flushing,
And hill and vale were glad to greet the apple-blossoms' blushing.

## WHO WAS THE HERO?

BY N. I. N.

THE students of Lakeville Academy were in a state of unexpected happiness. Mr. Rivers, the principal, being called to a neighboring town on urgent business, had suddenly announced his intention of giving a half-holiday, and as the boys filed down the stairs in a line, out into the open air, they gave vent to their feelings in one long hurrah of delight.

"Well, and what shall we do now?" said Tom Norris, when the excitement had a little abated, and the boys were assembling in knots to discuss their plans.

"Do? why, skate, to be sure," interrupted Henry Raymond, a sturdy boy who seemed to be a leader among them. "We will go out on the lake and practice for our match with the Town boys. They beat us on Saturday, but we shall have a chance to catch up to them now."

"Capital, Hal," said a third. "You are the fellow for ideas. Put it to vote quickly, before the boys get off."

Henry obeyed. The boys gathered promptly at his call. The idea met with universal applause.

"But, Henry," said a slight youth who stood near, "have you forgotten what father said about the ice on the lake this morning? Do you think we ought to go?"

"Of course I do," answered Henry, angrily. "Why not? The ice is just as safe as this ground we're standing on now. What an old croaker you are, Dick!"

"What did your father say?" asked one of the boys, as Dick hesitated, but made no reply. "Did he tell you not to go on the lake?"

"No," said Dick; "of course not. How could he, when he thought we should be in school all day? But he said if the weather kept like this the ice would be spoiled before we had our match, and he didn't believe it was safe even now."

"Is *that* all?" said another boy. "That's what I call going out of your way to be squeamish. Don't be a goose, Dick. If you and Hal won't go, it will spoil all the fun, and it may end in the Town fellows getting the best of us, after all."

"Don't count *me* out," said Henry. "I don't pretend to be so awfully particular. It's just like Dick, though—always setting himself up to be better than any one else, so that father and mother will think him a pattern boy. For my part," he added, grandly, "I think it's our duty to work with all our might for the honor of our school, and to practice every chance we get, and I know father would never think of opposing it."

"If you are so sure," observed Dick, quietly, "why can't we go to the store and ask? It won't take long."

"I dare say," said Henry. "Lose another half-hour of our holiday because you choose to get up scruples and act like a girl! I believe you're afraid of the ice yourself. Come on, boys."

The boys followed in a body, Tom Norris alone remaining behind.

"I can't see, Dick," he said, "why you act so silly. Old folks are always fussy. And what's the harm, when your father never told you not to go? Do come. The boys will all say you have gone back on them, and think you are a coward; and I must say myself it looks pretty mean for you, one of our officers, to treat us so."

"I don't care what they think, or you either," fired back Dick. "Better seem a coward than be one. Father trusts us, and I am sure he wouldn't let us go on that lake if he knew it, and—"

"Well," said Tom, who was Dick's great friend, and in his heart had a deep admiration for him, "don't get mad about it. Come on, anyway, and watch us; it will be better than staying all by yourself."

They walked on silently, shouts of laughter and glee reaching them as they neared the pond. It was a clear, bracing day in January; the sun shone brightly on the ice and snow, each little crystal flashing like a clear-cut diamond. Dick's heart failed him as he saw the boys getting ready for the sport which he so dearly loved, and he looked longingly at the skates which hung at his side.

"You had better change your mind," said Tom, following his gaze, as he fastened the last buckle over his own shoe.

"No," replied Dick, with a resolute air, and all the more so because in his mind there was beginning to gather something of doubt.

Between the boys of the Lakeville Academy and the Town School there existed a spirit of good-natured rivalry. In summer there was full scope for this feeling—foot-ball, boat-racing, and base-ball gave plenty of chances to display their respective powers; but in winter it was a more difficult matter to find a game that admitted of "sides." This year, however, some original mind had proposed a skating match, and as the Twenty-second of February was a holiday, the boys decided to have it then. A suggestion here and there, from association with the day, had expanded the idea somewhat. How could Washington's Birthday be kept without beating of drums and tuning of fifes?

So the patriotic young hearts had arranged a sort of regimental drill, to be followed by a tilt of arms between the two schools, and a prize had been offered by the committee of gentlemen whom the boys had constituted the judges for the occasion. Ever since the first ice they had made use of every spare moment to practice and drill. Each felt that the success of his party depended on him, and the absence at the last moment of one of their leaders—for

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Dick was a champion player and captain of the regiment —could only be regarded in the light of desertion.

He looked very disconsolate as he stood on the bank, feeling extremely like a traitor as his comrades bustled past him without a word. At last they were all ready, and a great pang filled Dick's heart as Tom Norris was summoned out of the ranks, at the muster call, to take his place.

"What's the use?" he thought, as he threw himself down on a stone close by. "I have only managed to get the fellows down on me. There isn't one chance in a hundred that anything will happen. Father will never know, and I shall be called a coward for my pains. I shouldn't be surprised if the fellows put me out altogether."

He watched them moodily for a few moments as they went through the different movements. Much has been said about the peace and quietness which fill the heart after an unusual effort to do right, the sensation of calm triumph over self which makes up for every disappointment, but Dick experienced none of this. He simply felt discontented with himself, angry with his father, angrier still with the boys; even Mr. Rivers came in for a share of his wrath for giving a holiday at such a time. Any one watching the two brothers at this moment—Dick seated on the rock, glowering at the boys from under his hat drawn close over his eyebrows—and Henry skimming gayly over the ice, leading his band here and there, his face flushed and beaming with excitement, would certainly have given the latter credit for the happier conscience.

At last, tired of his gloomy thoughts, Dick unfastened his strap and spread out his books on the rock before him. He selected his history, and opening it at the lesson for the next day, left his seat and began to walk up and down as he read. He was fond of history, and soon lost himself in the interest of the narrative. He had reached the last page, and was reciting it briskly to himself, when he heard a shout of terror, and turning, saw on a line from where he was standing, only a few rods out from the shore, a large hole in the ice. A boy named Georgie Russell, one of the younger children, was struggling in the water below. The boys stood around, panic-stricken, when suddenly some one cried out, "A board! a board!" Dick looked around: a board! they might as well have asked for a hundred of them. No such thing—not even a stick—was to be seen.

Then a sudden thought seized him. Some of the boys had thrown their books, strapped, in a pile on the ground; his own strap, a long one, he held in his hand. Quick as thought he stooped, wrenched one from the books, and ran across the ice, buckling the two together as he went. He called out to a lad near him to bring the rest, and then falling flat as he neared the hole, threw out the leather line as far as his arm could reach.

The strap eluded Georgie's grasp, but Tom Norris had instantly caught Dick's idea. In an instant he had undone his own strap, which was girdled about his waist, and tied it to the other, but not before Georgie had sunk down into the water. The boys stood breathless; he would come up again, they knew, but would it be in the same place? He was such a little fellow; would he have the strength or sense to catch it and cling to it? They stood around the yawning hole with a sickening dread, when suddenly the little figure came to the surface of the water, and clutched the line with one hand in a dazed fashion.

"Hold on tight, Georgie!" Dick shouted, and then he began gradually to move backward. The ice at the sides crackled and gave way; some one from behind suddenly seized Dick, and in a few moments he and Georgie stood side by side on the shore, the latter fainting and shivering, half dead with cold and fright, but safe at least. Henry and Tom wrapped him in their overcoats, and together carried him to the nearest house, while two of the other boys hurried on to tell the story to Mr. Russell.

It did not take long to bring the frightened parents to his side, but they found the little fellow warm and half asleep in the bed where he had been put by the kind farmer's wife, having experienced no further injury from the fearful peril to which he had been exposed than the fright and thorough drenching. Then the boys dispersed to their different homes, Henry and Dick walking quietly together, the former subdued and serious, with his hand on his brother's shoulder, the latter still trembling with excitement, but in no way elated by his own feat, not having uttered one triumphant word, not even the boyish retort, "I told you so."

Two weeks after, the Twenty-second of February dawned, clear, cold, and bright. The weather had been favorable, for a sudden cold snap a few days before had hardened the ice, and it was now strong and firm, ready to contribute its part to the day's entertainment.

The guests assembled on the lake at an early hour, and the scene presented a goodly spectacle. At the further end was erected a small stand draped with the Stars and Stripes, from which the committee who were to act as umpires could get a full view of the game. The shores of the lake were lined with the relatives and friends of the boys of both schools, who, in their turn, dressed in bright uniforms, flitting here and there, full of importance and business, did not form the least part of the brilliant pageant.

At last the Town band struck up the opening march, the boys took their places amid a hush of excitement, and the struggle began. With singular grace and skill they executed the different movements, and for a long time it seemed impossible to decide which would be the victorious party, when, just at the last, the colonel of the Town School regiment issued a sudden command to the flank of his army, which, turning by a quick manœuvre, surrounded the Lakeville forces. Though thus surprised, the latter fought long and desperately; many cut their way through the enemy; but a number were disarmed, and having given their word that they would not engage in the contest again, were released, and allowed to take their places among the spectators. Thus disabled, the Lakeville party had great difficulty in holding their own against the unequal numbers, and after a long fight a signal from the stand announced that the game was at an end.

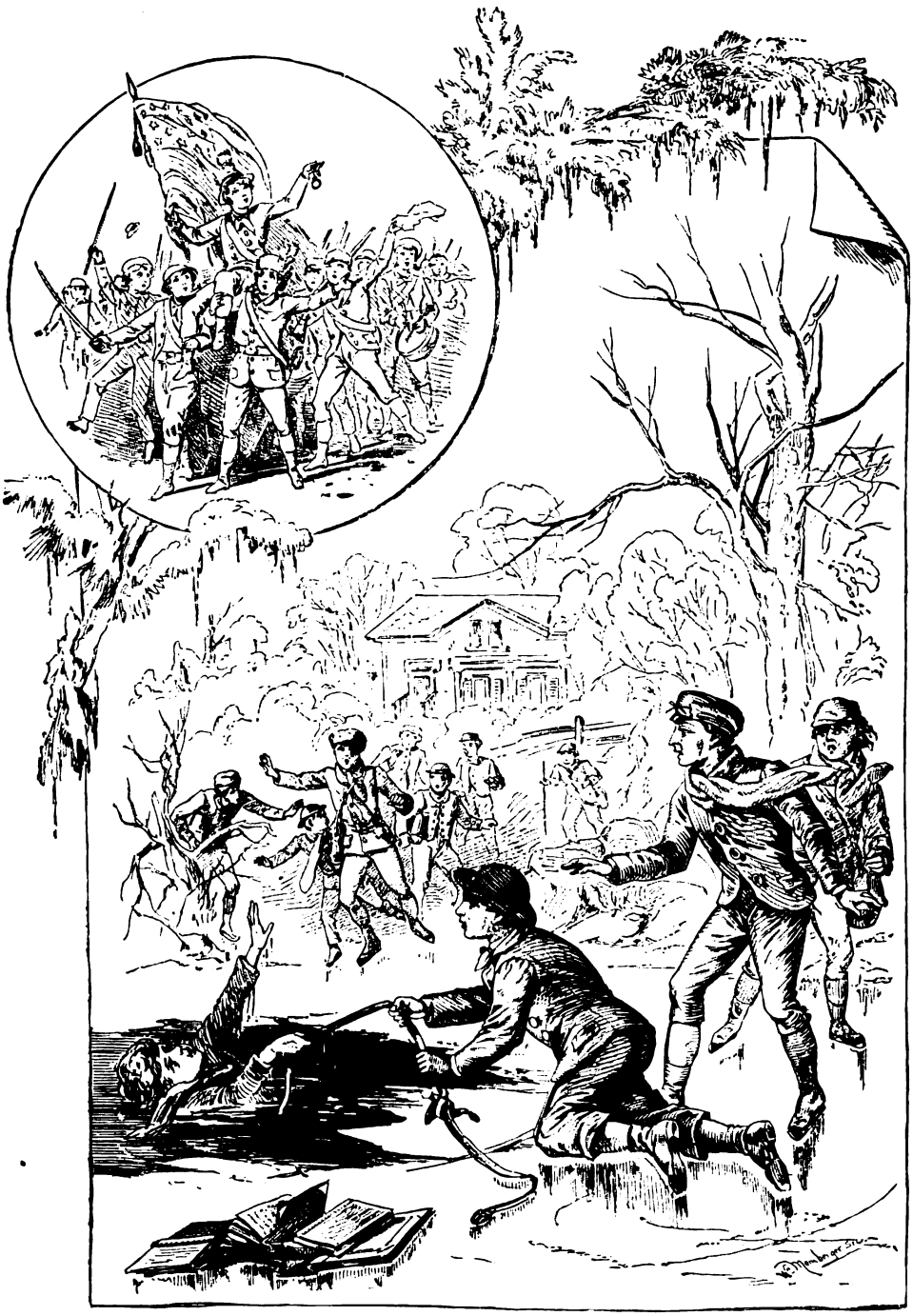
With beating hearts the boys awaited the decision, as Mr. Rivers, standing up, complimented his own school on their courage and skill, but added that the last manœuvre of their opponents had shown a quickness of thought and a military skill far beyond their years. Thus it had been unanimously decided by the committee that the prize belonged to them.

Amid the cheers of the multitude, Will Murray, the colonel of the Town regiment, advanced to receive the reward, a beautiful standard, bearing the American colors on one side, and on the other the head of General Washington, the band playing all the while "See the conquering Hero comes."

The boy stepped proudly back into the ranks, and the Lakeville boys, disappointed and dispirited, were preparing to leave the ice, when the drum was once more sounded, as a signal that the committee had something further to say to the combatants. This time Mr. Russell stepped forward.

"Boys," he said, "I have to thank you for a most interesting and novel scene, which certainly shows how much, even in our pleasures, can be accomplished by energy and perseverance. The prize has been given to those of you who have seemed to excel in skill; but in the opposite party there is present one boy to whose quickness of judgment and promptness of action in a moment

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"'HOLD ON TIGHT, GEORGIE!' DICK SHOUTED."

of danger I owe my happiness at this hour. You will forgive me, I am sure, if I take this opportunity of publicly thanking him and his comrades, and of asking him to accept a small remembrance from me in acknowledgment of a debt of gratitude which it would be impossible to repay. I allude to Richard Raymond, whom I now request to come to the stand."

Again the band burst into a strain of martial music, this time accompanied by a deafening shout of applause from both schools, and in a sort of daze Dick walked forward.

When he returned he held in his hand a beautiful gold watch, inside the case of which was engraved, in old German text, "A tribute to both moral and physical courage." The gift passed from hand to hand, and then, as if by common consent, the boys of the Lakeville School raised Dick Raymond on their shoulders and bore him in triumph to the shore. Here people crowded on every side to admire his present and to congratulate him, and, much to his own surprise, Dick found himself sharing the laurels with the hero of the day.

"I can't see," he said to Henry, as they stood alone together on the shore, "what everybody makes such a fuss about. I am sure I did nothing more than any of the boys would have done if they had happened to be on shore where they could have noticed the books."

"Perhaps not," said Henry; "but how did you happen to be there? Only because you would not do what you felt to be wrong, in spite of all our persuasions and ridicule. No, Dick," he continued, affectionately, as he clasped his brother's hand; "it's all right, and each one has the praise he's entitled to. Will Murray won the prize, but in our school, without doubt, *you* are the hero."

## PADDLE-WHEELS FOR A SMALL BOAT.

BY C. F. POST.

SEVERAL years ago, while staying with friends who lived in New Jersey, on the banks of one of the prettiest rivers in the State, I conceived the idea of making for myself a side-wheel paddle-boat, and going to work with what I had on hand, succeeded so well in my undertaking that I wish to let my young friends enjoy the same privilege. I give a working sketch for a boat of three-feet beam and under, so that my readers may follow measurements and have one for themselves.

A particularly good feature of this contrivance is that the whole machinery may be applied to any boat, and may be taken off and put on at will, and without doing either boat or wheel any damage. Any boy with some mechanical ability, and at very little expense, can make and run his own paddle-boat, and if he derives as much pleasure from the making and working of it as I did, he will be amply repaid for all his trouble.

The first thing to do is to go to the carpenter and get six strips of pine one inch thick by two inches wide, and make a frame (Fig. 1), fastening together with two-inch screws—galvanized screws preferred in every case, as they do not rust. Then cut four pieces of three-quarter or one-inch stuff, circular-shaped, eight inches in diameter (Figs

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WORKING SKETCH OF PADDLE-BOAT.

2, A, and 5, A) for the hubs of the wheels, and fasten with one-and-three-quarter-inch or two-inch screws the spokes, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H (Figs. 2 and 5, for lengths and shape of ends), strengthening with an ordinary thirty-inch hoop (I, Fig. 2).

Now make the paddles (J, Fig. 3) of one-inch pine, five inches square, and fasten with two-inch screws, being

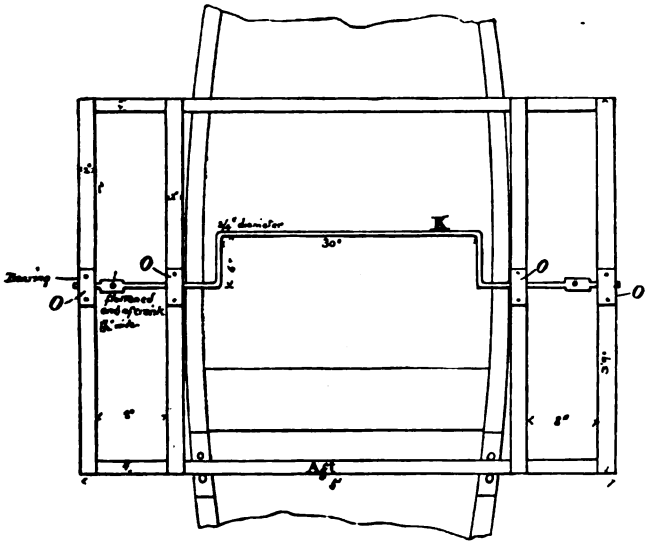



Fig. 1.—Showing Frame in which the Wheels are to Work.
K, Crank; O, O, Bearings. (See also O, Fig. 4.) The Frame is resting on a Section of a Boat.

careful to have the circular pieces, A, on the outside of the wheels (see Fig. 3). Now the wheels are all ready for the crank (K, Fig. 1) and crank plates (L, Fig. 5). Have the blacksmith make the crank of iron bar three-quarters of an inch in diameter in the same shape as shown in K (Fig. 1), with ends flattened to fit the plate L, which should be fastened to spoke B (Fig. 5), and kept in place by iron pin, N, run through staples or screw-eyes in spokes C and D (Fig. 5). Be careful to screw this plate and pin on the inside of the outside spokes of each wheel (see L and N, Fig. 3), thereby making crank and wheels as one article

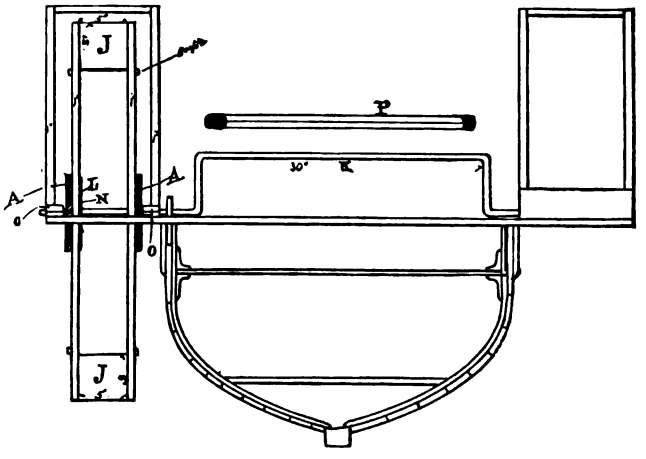



Fig. 3.—Showing on the left-hand side a Section of the Wheel in Paddle-Box, and on the other side the Paddle-Box without a Wheel; the whole in Position on the Boat.
K, Crank; P, Wooden Handle to be fixed around the centre part of the Crank.

and to work together; the better the crank fits the plates, the more steady will it be and easily worked.

Now we fasten all this to the frame by bearings, each one made of two strips of wood one inch thick by four inches long, with a one-inch hole bored through between layers; then unscrewing the pieces, screw the bottom piece to the

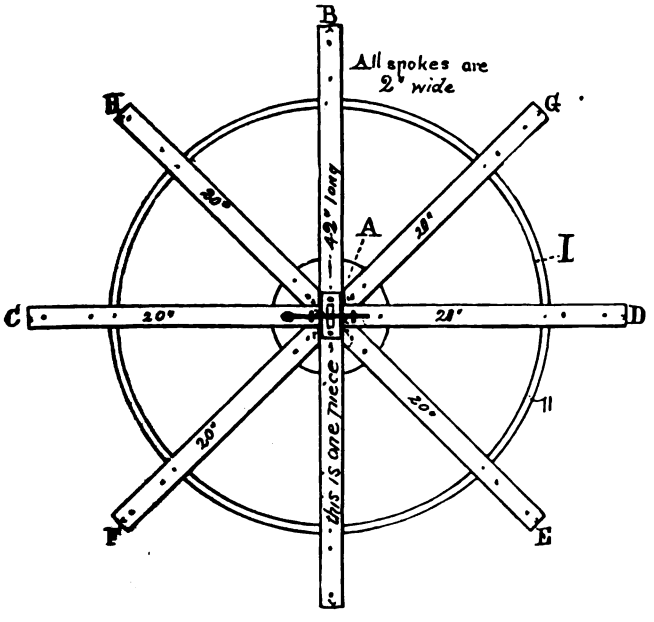



Fig. 2.—Showing Construction of Wheel and Sizes of Pieces.

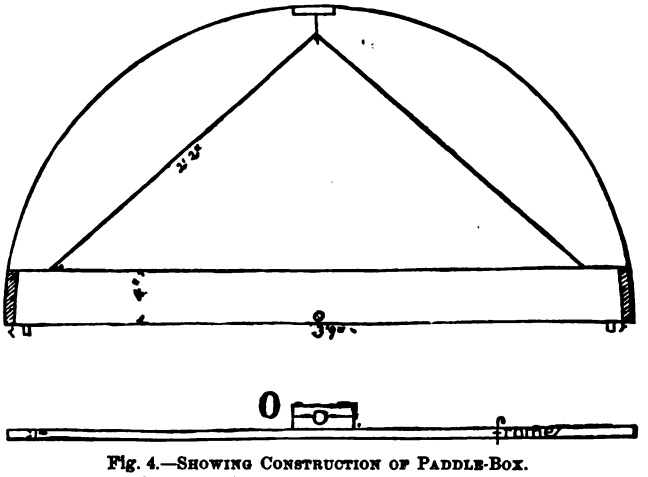



Fig. 4.—Showing Construction of Paddle-Box.
O, Crank-bearing fastened to Frame, as shown in Fig. 1.

frame, lift the wheels and crank, and place the ends on the bearing, screwing the top one over the axle to the bottom one (see O, Fig. 4).

We now have the machinery ready for working. Let

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us turn to the paddle-boxes (see Fig. 4). These are made like the arch frames used by builders as guides in making brick archways, but not so heavy. They should be covered either with common unbleached cloth and painted, or with thin oil-cloth such as is used for covering tables and shelves, and which can be bought for a very small sum. The latter material is much the better. Fasten these boxes to the frames, and the paddle-box is ready.

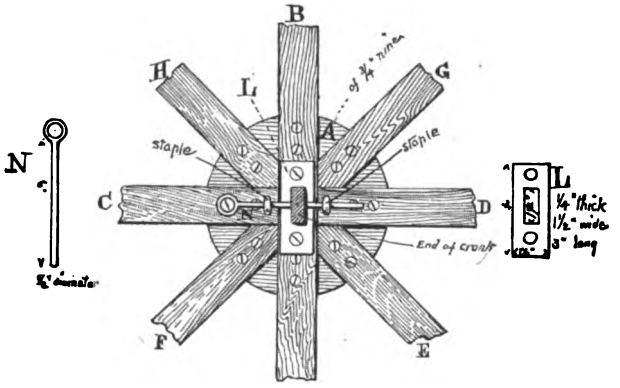



Fig. 5.—Showing Construction of Wheel, but on a larger scale than in Fig. 2.
L, Crank Plate; N, Iron Pin.

All this work may be done at the house or barn, and afterward fixed on the boat, that part of the frame (Fig. 1) marked "Aft" being placed between the after-rowlocks; this will bring the wheels in the right place on ordinary boats, and the crank will be in about the right position for working.

The whole make-up should cost less than five dollars, the principal expense being for crank, pin, plate, lumber, and screws, all of which should not cost above three dollars. The rest is to be done by yourself, and the more carefully it is made, the more satisfactory will it prove.

The propelling power will be "hand-power"—that is, you

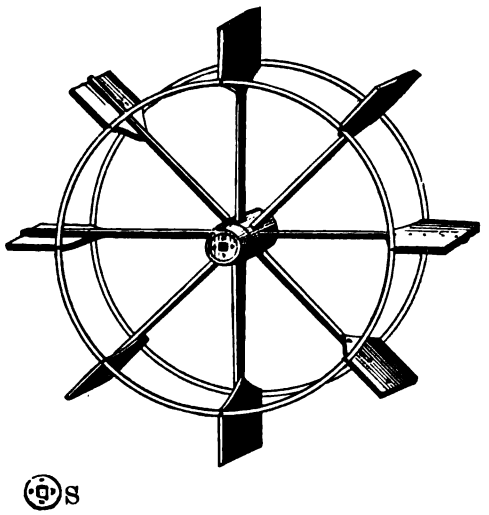



Fig. 6.—Wheel made from a Carriage Wheel.
S, Hub Plate, with Square Hole to receive the end of the Crank.

will work the wheels by pulling the crank as you sit on the seat of the boat facing the bow. The movement is something like rowing. As it would be uncomfortable to take hold of the bare iron crank, a covering should be made for it. This may be done by whittling two pieces of wood (Fig. 3, P) half round, grooving the flat side of each so that the two will fit on to the crank K (Fig. 3), and fastening with stout cord, which, if wound neatly from end to end, will make a nice soft handle. A more steamer-like effect may be obtained by putting up a piece of stove-pipe or leader about four feet long. The whole apparatus may be taken off and put on by two boys at any time, and the boat need not be disfigured by nails or screws, as the frame can be easily tied to the gunwale of the boat.

### ANOTHER WAY TO MAKE WHEELS.

Get the blacksmith or wheelwright to give or sell you a pair of old wheels without tire or rim. Then cut off each spoke the same length, so as to make the circumference of the wheel, when all are cut, forty-two inches. Plane down the side of the spoke which strikes the water first, and fasten the paddles of one-inch stuff with galvanized screws, as in Fig. 6. This time have the crank ends squared, and the round plate screwed in the end of the hub, and make boxes the same as for other wheels.

## CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

IT will not be for lack of opportunity if the music-loving young people of New York city and Brooklyn and their suburbs do not enjoy a feast of the best music that their education has fitted them to appreciate. Last winter some ladies whose young daughters were studying music suggested to Mr. Theodore Thomas, the famous leader of a famous orchestra, that it would be a capital idea to have concerts especially for young people, at which the best music only should be performed, and in the best manner.

The idea was warmly taken up by Mr. Thomas; the concerts proved an immense success, and they are being continued during the present winter. It is a great thing for young people, especially those who are studying music, to hear some of the most charming works of Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, and other famous composers performed by one of the finest orchestras in the world; and though this treat at present can only be enjoyed by those who live in or near New York, the result of the experiment has been so satisfactory that it is to be hoped other cities will follow New York's example.

## ARCHIE'S ADVENTURE.

### A STORY OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

**Part XXX.**

MRS. BATES, Dr. Pont's housekeeper, was a very conscientious woman, and of the most methodical habits. Every morning at six o'clock, having called the maids, she left her room, and the first thing she did was to turn out the gas, which was left burning all night in the boys' corridors.

On the morning following Archie Graham's flight the good woman received a shock. Passing the door of his room, she saw that it was open, and looking in, she became aware that it was unoccupied. Not only was the prisoner not there, but he had taken his clothes with him. Here was a pretty to-do. One of Dr. Pont's young gentlemen run away! What a scandal it would make! But there was no time to lose: something must be done at once.

And so it happened that the Doctor was aroused from his peaceful slumbers an hour before the usual time. What? Master Graham run away? Impossible. Pooh! pooh! there must be some mistake. The Doctor would himself come and investigate the matter. But for all his pooh-poohing, the school-master was very much afraid that the housekeeper's explanation of the boy's absence was the true one.

When he entered Archie's room he saw that the bird

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had actually flown, and that he had taken his clothes with him, as Mrs. Bates had said—as if he could have gone without them. His shoes were missing also, and so was his overcoat.

"Please, sir, here's his cap," said the housekeeper.

The Doctor started. He had left Archie's cap in his study. Glancing at the name in the cap, he started again. It was not Archie's cap at all. Had he been unjust? Was it possible that in this cap lay the explanation of Archie's obstinate denial of his guilt, and that the name of the real offender was the name written in that cap—H. Vesey?

The good gentleman was sorely puzzled. He felt that he had been hasty and unjust. The next moment the housekeeper pounced upon the note that lay on the little bureau.

"Oh, sir, here's a letter," and she handed the envelope to the school-master.

"Addressed to Clifford," said the Doctor, musingly.

Ought he to break the seal of a letter that was not addressed to him? Dr. Pont was very particular about such things, and he hardly knew what to do.

"Bates," he said to the housekeeper, "call Master Clifford."

"Oh, sir, he's sick in the hospital-room, and this would upset him like. Him and Master Graham was great friends."

"Yes, that is so," assented the Doctor. "It is clearly my duty to open this myself," and he broke the seal.

The note, as we know, contained but a few words, but Dr. Pont read them over twice before he understood them. Then he turned to Mrs. Bates, and spoke quickly:

"Tell John to get my buggy ready directly, and bring it round. Don't say a word about this matter to anybody. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir;" and she left the room. "Poor little dear," she said to herself, as she went on her errand, "I do pray that no harm's overtaken him—such a night as it was too!"

In ten minutes Dr. Pont was in the buggy, and driving rapidly to town. It was all clear to him now. He had convicted the boy on circumstantial evidence, while another was guilty. The poor man was very unhappy. The circumstance would probably injure the good name of his school, but he never thought of that; he only thought of his own hasty judgment, and of the young heart he had driven to despair. He remembered now that Archie Graham had never deceived him; his face alone was a sufficient character for honesty. How sinful his own action had been! How could he make amends? The schoolmaster himself had indeed been taught a lesson.

The sleepy clerk at the telegraph office was enjoying a long and deep yawn when he was surprised by the entrance of the dignified Dr. Pont, who, without returning his salutation, hastily wrote a message, which he handed to the clerk, bidding him send it at once.

"Excuse me, sir," said the clerk, after reading the message, "but you may have no cause to send this dispatch. The boat hasn't yet left the dock, I guess. She was stormbound here all night, and won't sail till seven."

"You don't say so! How extremely fortunate! Don't send it. Thank you very much." And the next minute the Doctor was driving down to the wharf.

Yes; there she lay, with her big broadside overlapping the little pier. Big enough, in all conscience; but her captain had done wisely to keep her there all night.

"I am not going," said the Doctor to an officer who stood by the gang plank. "I am the Reverend Doctor Pont, and I think there is a boy on board who was going to New York. He will not go now. Have you seen any boy—alone, you know?"

"Fair-haired, purty little chap, 'bout twelve?"

"Yes, that is he."

"Come this way, Doctor."

The Doctor followed his guide up the stairs and along the saloon. A little knot of passengers were standing around a cane-seated lounge; near by a mud-spattered overcoat hung over the back of a chair, and on the lounge was the young runaway, sleeping soundly. His cap had fallen off, and his hair was rumpled; the kind steward had thrown a blanket over him, and the passengers stood admiring his fair hair and fresh complexion, and wondering if he had a story to tell.

At the sight of the sleeping boy Dr. Pont's feelings of remorse came back upon him with redoubled force, and drove all other considerations away. Proud man though he was, and reserved, he did not hesitate now, even in this crowd of curious spectators. He sat down on the edge of the lounge and tenderly smoothed back the tossed hair from the boy's brow. Presently Archie opened his eyes.

Where was he? Was it still a dream? And all those people? He had seen people in the street standing around a laborer who had fallen from a scaffold and been hurt. Had *he* been hurt?

"My poor boy," said the Doctor, tenderly; and indeed he hardly knew what to say. Then he leaned down and whispered: "It is all right now, my poor boy. Everything is explained. I know that you are innocent. Come, let us go."

Archie was not quite certain that it was all right, but he arose and put on his overcoat, and the Doctor guided his uncertain steps to the stairway. Then he remembered that he had forgotten something.

"Please, sir," he said, "I haven't paid my fare."

"Oh," said the Doctor. "Officer, how much shall I pay for my boy's lodging?"

The man smiled. "Well, sir, I guess we won't charge him anything. We hain't fulfilled our contract, and he's welcome to a night's lodging, I'm sure."

Archie did not understand him, and the next moment he was perfectly dazed. This was not New York; and yet it must be to-morrow morning. For a moment his head reeled, and he thought that he was dreaming. The start he gave recalled the Doctor's attention to the fact that the boy would be surprised to find himself in Belhaven. It had not occurred to him before.

"We are still here, Graham, as you see. It was so stormy last night that the boat could not leave. It was very fortunate, and when you come to yourself you will think so too."

As they drove home Dr. Pont did what he had never done before—he asked pardon of one of his pupils. Then he narrated the history of the case, ending up with the finding of another boy's cap in Archie's room, and of the note to Clifford; but he asked for no explanation of the note.

"Did Clifford tell you, sir, where I was yesterday?" he inquired, timidly.

"I have not seen him yet. He is ill; so I opened the note myself," replied the Doctor. "Have you anything to tell me about it?"

"I was out of bounds, sir. I went into town. I'm very sorry, sir."

"My dear boy, you should have said so at once; then all would have been clear. Is that all?"

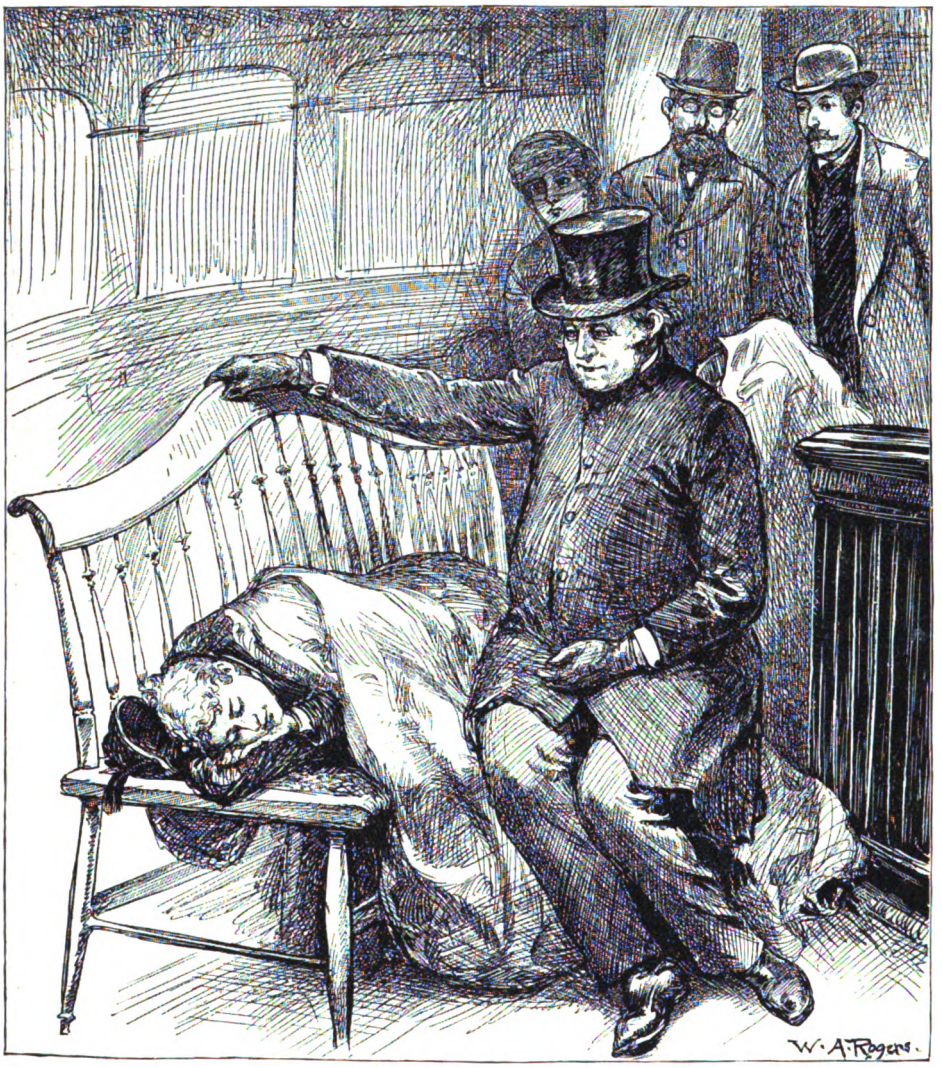
It was all that Archie could tell him without betraying his friend Clifford, and the Doctor did not ask any more questions.

"See," he said, as he reined in the horse. They were on the crest of the hill, whence there was a view of the town of Belhaven and a glimpse through the trees of the harbor. "There goes the *Atalanta*. Are you not glad now that you are not on board of her?"

"Yes, sir; indeed I am."

Notwithstanding Dr. Pont's caution to Mrs. Bates, the news of Archie's flight had become known among the boys as soon as they were out of bed. One of the cham-

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"DR. PONT SAT DOWN ON THE EDGE OF THE LOUNGE."

ber-maids had whispered it in confidence to one of the boys, who immediately spread the report all along the corridor: "Archie Graham's run away, and the Doctor's gone after him!"

It was, indeed, startling news, and never before had the boys made an earlier appearance in the dining-hall for morning prayers. Then it became known that the Doctor had returned. The excitement was intense.

Prayer-time came, and Dr. Pont's manner was more earnest than usual. When they had risen from their knees he addressed the boys. He said that he had erred in his judgment last evening and wronged an innocent boy; but the real offenders were still undiscovered. Had they not the manhood to come to him and confess?

A deep silence fell on the whole school as he paused. Then there was some movement at the far end of the hall, and Wells and Vesey stepped forward.

"I was at Mr. Perkin's, sir."

"And I, sir."

All eyes were turned on the self-confessed culprits, and the crowd of boys breathlessly awaited the Doctor's next words; but he only said, "Go to my study, Wells and Vesey." Then, after they had left the room, he said to the rest, "You will all remain seated at the breakfast tables until I come in."

A few minutes later Dr. Pont had heard the whole story from the two boys in his study, and he talked to them so earnestly that they were soon in tears. But there was one thing, he said, that must be done at once: they must beg Graham's pardon. And so the young runaway was brought in, and received their awkward apologies with becoming modesty. But when the Doctor began to talk of punishing the culprits, his newly found confidence in his teacher's presence returned, and he earnestly begged the Doctor to let them off this time.

To this request the Doctor gave heed. One boy, he said, had been punished for their fault, and severely; if *he* interceded for them, it was enough. Finally he said: "My boys, I have learned a lesson from this sad experience which I can never forget. I trust that you also have learned a lesson that will sink deep into your hearts."

There was but one more thing to be explained, and that came out in an interview which Clifford had with the Doctor that morning. When he heard from Mrs. Bates that Archie had got into trouble, he at once asked her to tell Dr. Pont that he had something to say to him, and the Doctor promptly came up to the hospital-room.

Clifford was two years older than Archie, and was an open-hearted but careless fellow. He would do anything for his friends, and they would do anything for him. The story he told the Doctor was briefly this: He owed a bill in the town, and his creditor, who did not care to endanger his trade by calling at the school to collect it, had written him three letters, each one more threatening than the last. Now the boys were only allowed to go to Belhaven by special permission, and running up bills at the stores there was strictly forbidden. It happened that on the morning of the day on which Archie Graham ran away Clifford received a very strong letter from the shop-keeper, and by the same mail a sum of money from his father that was enough to pay the bill. When, therefore, Graham had come to see him in the hospital-room, Clifford had told him of his awkward position, and how the physician had said he must not go out for at least a week. If Graham could go to town, would he call and pay the bill?

The boy had at once consented to do so, and with the money in his pocket he started out. It was late in the afternoon, but the place was on the outskirts of Belhaven, and he felt sure he could go there and be back in time for school. He knew that he was breaking a rule, but he felt that his friend's cause was very desperate—he had seen the last threatening letter—and rather than risk a refusal he determined to go without leave and abide the consequences. He paid the bill; and how he returned late for roll-call, and how he suffered for his fault, we have already seen.

THE END.

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"NAN FELT THE COLOR RISING."—SEE STORY, "ROLF HOUSE," ON PAGE 250.

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# ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,
AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### "BRIGHTWOODS."



N going to visit Mrs. Vandort there was the additional pleasure of a drive into the country, or at least so much of the country as the fast-increasing limits of New York permitted, for she lived in a large old-fashioned house a little way out of town, not far from the old Bloomingdale Road. Nan and Betty and Tina were to start with Katie, the house-maid, at ten o'clock, and to their great satisfaction Bob preferred to go to a matinée with one of his school friends.

He was very pompous over his new associations, and took every possible occasion of talking of himself and them to the girls, even half sniffing over *their* prospects for the day; but Nan laughed gayly, and Betty was in a state of intense excitement, for she felt sure Nan would be completely overcome by the delights of Mrs. Vandort's house and the amusements to be provided for them.

It was Nan's first drive in Central Park, and she could hardly express her delight sufficiently as they rolled along in the comfortable carriage, in and out of the beautiful arches, across the bridges (where once the coachman stopped that Nan might see the Lake with its boats rocking idly on the water, the swans, and the rush of birds overhead). The day was all they could have desired, and both of the girls felt its cheering influence. Leaving the Park, they drove up a fine road, and then further into the country. Mrs. Vandort's house was three miles from the last gates of the Park, and stood far back from the road, in the midst of fine grounds, which, as Betty had described them over and again, looked familiar to Nan as the carriage turned in through the gateway and bowled along a shady drive.

The house door was opened. Nan, as she followed Betty and Tina, found herself in a long wide hall with an inlaid flooring of fine woods and a great staircase leading away to what seemed to her might be endless rooms above. Doors to right and left of the hall gave glimpses of beautiful rooms; one a large, cool, dim drawing-room, where Nan saw the color of fine pictures and the gleam of statuary, and a great central space in which a grand piano stood littered with music, while to the left a crimson portière drawn back revealed the cheerful glow of a wood fire in a room that was evidently a library.

A young lady with fair hair and charming eyes was reading before the fire, but she rose at once, greeted Betty and Tina with a warm embrace, and then turned to Nan.

"Nan Rolf!" she exclaimed; "I am sure of it. I know you by your likeness to your cousin Lance."

"Lance!"—the color shot over Nan's face with her delight in hearing of Lance, and that she was like him.

"I am an Anne too," said the young lady, in her prompt, cheerful voice; "but they never called me Nan. I wish they had. Now, Betty, shall we all go upstairs?"

Betty nodded her head, and the tall young lady, who had a very graceful though quick way of moving and talking, took Tina's hand in hers, and led the way across the hall and up the great staircase, which they mounted very slowly. There was a red cord baluster, which it was Tina's delight to put her little brown hand upon, and Miss Annie seemed to know or remember this.

"Some day, Tina," she said, good-humoredly, "you will be big enough to gayly rush up and down these stairs. Bob can never slide down this baluster, can he?"

They all laughed, Miss Annie—who was Mrs. Vandort's daughter, Betty had whispered to Nan—quite as merrily as the rest; and then she opened the door of a room on the first landing, where they were to lay aside their things.

It was Annie Vandort's own room, and, as Nan thought later, looked like her. The walls were nearly covered by pictures, souvenirs of many years in foreign lands, and portraits of friends. There were low book-shelves, comfortable chairs and cosy-looking tables, a great canopied and lace-hung dressing-table, and a beautiful brass bed with muslin drapery tied back with pale blue satin bows.

Nan thought it the prettiest room she had ever seen, and while Betty stood admiring herself before the long mirror, she sauntered about, looking at the pictures, the ornaments, the bits of Turkish drapery, and at the view from the three large windows.

"Now, children," said Annie, pleasantly, when Betty had given her ruffles the final twirl, "what will you do first?"

Betty looked at her cousin, and whispered something.

"Why, of course; but pray don't whisper anything you have to ask me, Betty," returned Annie.

"I want to dress up out of the old trunks in the attic," said Betty, "and then we'll come down to the library and see you, Cousin Annie," she added.

Annie laughed, and going out of the room for a moment, returned with a bunch of keys in her hand.

"You've opened the trunks often enough to know them by this time," she said, giving them into Betty's eager fingers. "Tina, I guess you would rather come down and look at my scrap-books," she added; and Tina went with her cousin very cheerfully, while Nan followed Betty up two flights of stairs, and finally mounted into the attic.

The attic covered the entire house, going "criss-cross" into the wings, and having beams, and oaken floor, and windows—altogether a delightful attic full of interesting things, from old furniture to piles of books and chests of clothes.

Nan was fascinated by what the great chests had to reveal—old-fashioned silks, a crimson brocade, and a satinet quilted skirt Betty took out; then came bonnets, a faded green silk parasol, a box of long mitts and gloves, odds and ends of the finery which had belonged to the great-grandmamma Vandort, who once lived here, and among other dresses a flowered "Watteau," and a quaint dark green riding-habit, with a Tyrolean hat and plume to accompany it.

Betty took the brocade, Nan the riding-habit, and they were speedily attired and ready to show themselves; but on reaching the library they found it vacant, so Nan proposed they should pretend to be two ladies of the last century come to make a call, and await her return.

"This is just what would delight Joan!" Nan exclaimed, as, setting her tall felt hat more comfortably, she seated herself in a high-backed chair before the fire, while Betty with many flourishes took possession of the sofa.

"Oh, Joan!" cried Betty; "I'm sick of her."

Nan was silenced, and the two cousins remained motionless for a few moments, listening for the sound of Annie's step; but, instead, there came a heavier footfall, the door opened, and a very sedate-looking young man entered.

Nan's first impulse was to start up and run away; Betty's was to giggle, which she did, and then looked down in very evident confusion; but Nan remained at her post, and the young gentleman, after a curious look from one to the other of the strangely attired little figures, sat down and began beating a sort of tattoo on his hat.

Nan felt the color rising steadily and settling into a

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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deep crimson upon her cheeks. She dared not glance at Betty, whose efforts to stifle a laugh were more than her own gravity could endure, and to lift her eyes in the direction of the visitor was even more embarrassing.

"Excuse me," he said, suddenly, and addressing himself to Nan. "I came to see Miss Vandort."

Nan started up and said, hastily, very thankful to have the silence broken, "Oh, she will surely be here in a moment, sir." Nan hesitated, and then observing that there was nothing very alarming about the stranger's appearance, she added, "We just dressed up for fun this way, and had come down to see Cousin Annie."

The young man laughed brightly. "Oh, *did* you?" he said. "Well, now, I'm relieved. To tell you the truth, I couldn't imagine who such a pair of strangely dressed young people could be."

"Are you Cousin Annie's nephew?" said Betty.

"Yes; I am Dr. Barlow," he answered.

"Oh," said Betty, "you are the cousin that goes to hospitals and places."

"The very same; and you are Betty Farquhar; and you," turning to Nan, "are—"

"Annice Rolf," was the reply.

"The very person I wanted to see!" exclaimed the young doctor; but Cousin Annie's entrance interrupted his speech. A few moments passed in laughing explanations, and as she and Betty retired to take off their borrowed finery, Nan wondered what this Dr. Barlow could want of her.

Mrs. Vandort had come home, and with her, Annie's father, a fine hale gentleman of sixty, who greeted Nan cordially, and took her in to dinner, talking to her pleasantly of her aunt Letty, her father, old General Rolf, and other members of the family, whom he seemed to take it for granted she knew all about.

The air of home comfort, good cheer, and bountiful hospitality was in no way disturbed by the stateliness of the room, with its cabinets and sideboards full of rare china, of quaint silver, and Venetian glass; the table with its dainty service and profusion of flowers; the many windows and doorways curtained in pale blue satin; and the chimney-piece of carved oak, below which a wood fire leaped and blazed gloriously. When Dr. Barlow with pretended horror described his feelings on finding the library occupied by "two ladies of the last century who he was sure were ghosts," every one good-naturedly laughed at the girls, both of whom joined in the fun, Nan explaining how agonizing her feelings were until the silence was broken.

"It was a very terrible ordeal for me, Uncle Jim, I assure you," Dr. Barlow said, shaking his head. "The worst of it was, I recognized my great-grandmother's riding-habit, and I was about to say, 'Revered relative, *what* can I do to induce you to return to your tomb, and leave your best clothes unmolested with your grandchildren? they really need them for theatricals,' and then again something about Nan's expression made me think perhaps I was wrong after all, and it was *not* my grandmother. And then the other one: it was surely our great-grandaunt Jane Hodgkins. I felt a cold shiver creeping down my back. How could I *ever* have excused myself for cutting up her paduasoy gown? No, I dared not speak."

The girls fairly screamed with laughter, and the young man continued: "I'll tell you what, Annie, let us have out the Swiss ladies and gentlemen, and then Uncle Jim must show us the secret door."

All of this sounded very promising, and after dinner the young people went into the long drawing-room, where the "Swiss ladies and gentlemen" were to be found.

It was a fascinating hour. Annie unlocked a long rose-wood box at one end of the room, and the children helped take out a dozen puppets, figures of men and women in gay court costumes, which stood upon wires. They were placed on the piano; Annie played, and away they went dancing up and down, back and forth, to the great delight of their audience, whom Dr. Barlow kept laughing over his ridiculous way of talking to the dolls as they whirled past him, inventing absurd names and titles for them, and criticising their dress and manners in the most off-hand way. When he said, "Do you remember the queer old town in the Tyrol where we found them?" Cousin Annie nodded her head above her quickly moving fingers, and let the tune drift into that sweetest, most captivating air, "Augustine," which ever afterward made Nan think of the day at "Brightwoods."

She never forgot the simple, pretty little tune, with its suggestion of couples dancing back and forth, ladies and gentlemen bowing, courtesying, and nodding their heads; and when she sang it to herself she could see again the long beautiful room with its inlaid floor, its pictures and statuary, its warm soft colors, the piano in the centre, Cousin Annie playing, her eyes and lips smiling in harmony with the music, the surface of the instrument gay with the little dancing puppets, and at one side Betty's face, flushed and pleased and brighter than it had ever looked, and Dr. Barlow's shrewd, kind, good-humored countenance next, and then Tina's solemn intense gaze—all around and about them happiness, peace, and good-will.

"The Countess Macnockinshock says she is tired," said Dr. Barlow, suddenly. "Hadn't we better explore the secret panel?"

Colonel Vandort kindly consented to show the girls the old wing of the house in which his father had lived as a boy nearly one hundred years before.

"My father used to relate," said Colonel Vandort, "how his great-grandaunt—the very one Charlie Barlow here was talking about—kept him at his studies eight hours of every day in this room. He lived in great dread of her, and the secret of her power was this: he never knew at what moment this panel in the wall would slide back and the figure of his aunt appear to warn him that she was watching him—where she came from he could not discover. He tried in vain to penetrate the secret; for, search as he might, he could not understand *what* existed behind the panel. He would leave her in quite another part of the house, perhaps, when he went to his studies, and in ten minutes the panel would slide back and the tall gaunt figure of his aunt appear in the room, while she uttered some word or two of direction or stern command. At last she died: the property was left to him, and on his taking possession of it, on his eighteenth birthday, the very first thing he did was to have the mysterious panel removed."

"And what did he find?" queried Nan.

Colonel Vandort took down an engraving which hung on one of the walls. A long wainscoted panel was disclosed, and on his touching the spring it flew back.

The children pressed eagerly forward; a musty smell came from the opening. Colonel Vandort lighted a candle on the mantel and held it inside. A very narrow flight of stairs built in the wall was revealed.

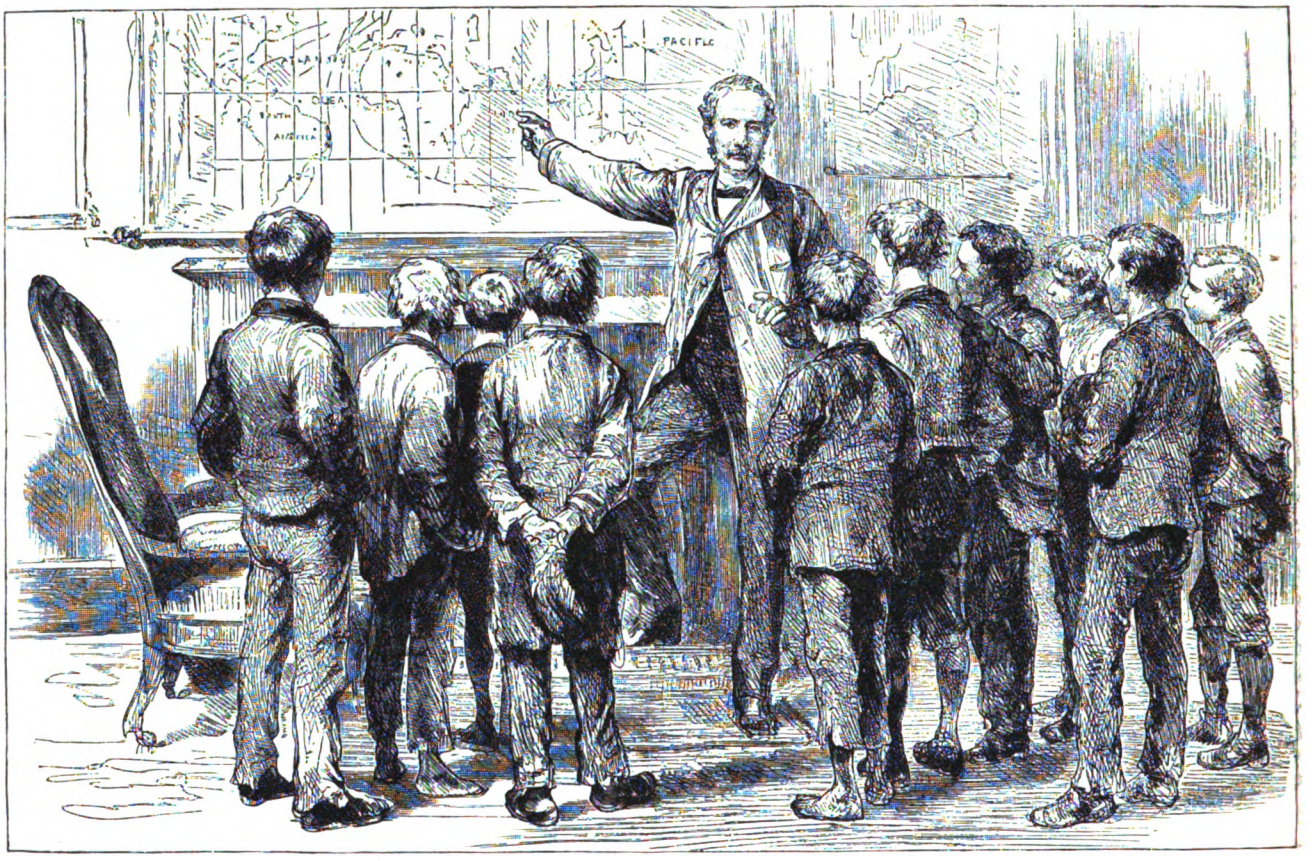
"Do you wish to go up?" he said to Nan and Betty. They were only too anxious to do so, and the Colonel led the way, cautioning them about the ricketiness of the old staircase. At the top was a door, which he opened, and they found themselves in a large mouldy room, bare, save for the curtainless "four-poster" bed and an old chest of drawers.

"This was my great-grandaunt's bedroom," Colonel Vandort explained. "She had the staircase built and this door put in so that its existence was known to herself only. Why or wherefore no one could ever discover. My father boarded the secret staircase up, and never used this room, but Annie gave me no peace until I had had it opened."

Afterward, when it was suggested that the whole party should walk to the lake, Nan and Tina went ahead with Dr. Barlow, and Betty, to her evident satisfaction, had Cousin Annie to herself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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COLONEL GORDON AND HIS YOUNG "KINGS."

## "CHINESE GORDON."

BY DAVID KER.

"SO you want to hear about Gordon?" said Major Swordsleigh to a listening group of children. "Well, the first time I ever saw him was at Gravesend in 1867, when I brought him a message from London. Almost the first thing I saw was 'God bless the Kernel,' chalked on a fence; and as I went on I found a boy writing the same words on a wall. 'What Colonel's that?' I asked. 'Why, Colonel Gordon, of course,' he answered, quite angrily; 'don't you know *him*?'

"I *did* know him, for all England was ringing with what he had done in China. When the Taiping rebels were carrying all before them there, in came Gordon, raised an army of Chinamen, and beat the Taipings wherever he met them. Even when the rebels thought themselves safe among the great swamps, in a cobweb of rivers and canals where no army could pass, Gordon's light gun-boats came creeping along over reeds and mud, and bang went their guns, and down tumbled the earth-works, and away ran the rebels, thinking him a magician who could make ships go on land.

"When I reached Gordon's house, a dozen ragged boys were just coming out, and in the doorway stood a quiet, pleasant-faced man of thirty-four, with a keen, bright eye, who invited me in very heartily. Not a word did he say of his great deeds in China; but he told me plenty about his 'kings,' as he called the boys whom he was teaching, and for some of whom he had already found work.

"'See these pins in my map,' said he; 'they show where some of my young "kings" are, for whom I've got places on shipboard. I like to keep track of them.'

"And so he did; and in after-days, when he was fighting for his life in the African deserts, he still had a kind thought to spare for his English boys.

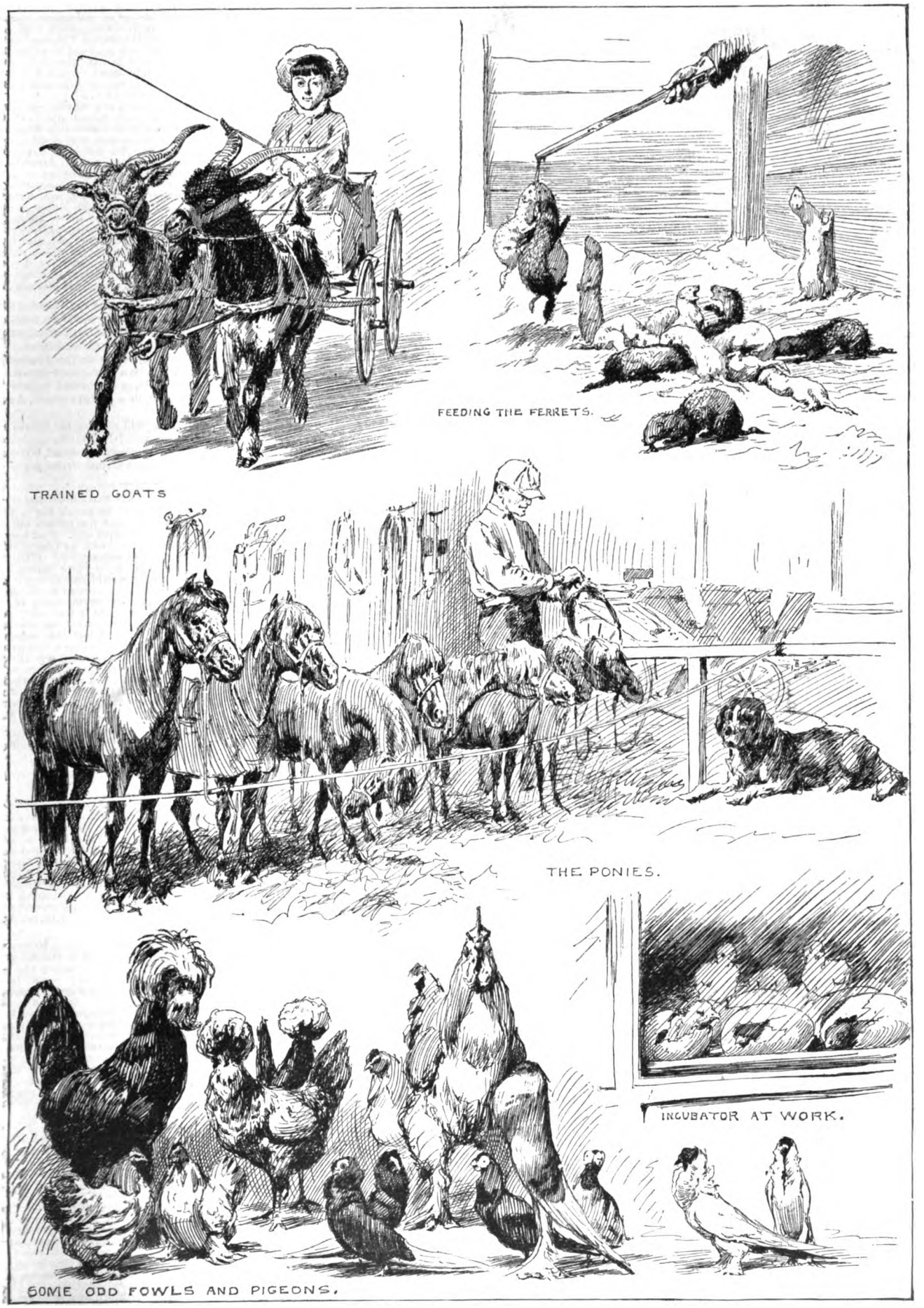
"In 1871 he was sent to Turkey, and he had hardly done with that when the Egyptian government wanted him in Central Africa. And what a life he had there! Sometimes he had to ride over the desert on a camel for days and days, with his skin peeling off with the heat, and his lips cracked and bleeding from thirst, and the sand-flies stinging him all over. Or he would be struggling up the Nile, among horrid swamps where the fever mist curled up like steam, or through dark gullies where armed savages lay waiting to pounce upon him.

"Many a hard fight did he have with the cruel Arabs, who were kidnapping the poor negroes and selling them for slaves. Sometimes a boat would come down the river, loaded with wood and ivory; but when Gordon took up the wood he found a close-packed crowd of slaves, almost choked for want of air, and so weak that they could hardly stand when they were taken out.

"In 1879 he came home quite worn out; but even then there was no rest for him. He was sent back to China, then to South Africa, and then to Central Africa again; for by this time war had broken out in the Soudan between Egypt and the Arabs, the Egyptians had been beaten, and a few handfuls of them were left shut up in fortresses far away in the desert, hemmed in by fierce Arabs.

"Every one said that Gordon was just the man to get these poor fellows out of their difficulty, so he was sent to do it. But instead of giving him the soldiers he needed, they sent him out almost alone; so in place of being able to help off the besieged Egyptians, he was soon besieged himself. For months he defended Khartoom against the enemy's whole army, with only a few cowardly Egyptian recruits to help him. But at last his own men betrayed him, and when the English came up to the rescue they found that the Arabs had taken the town, and that poor Gordon was either killed or made prisoner. There! we won't talk about it any more, children. Good-night!"

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SKETCHES AT THE FANCIERS' CLUB EXHIBITION, NEW YORK.—By A. B. Frost.

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"WELL, WHO ARE YOU?"

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

JUST as we were ready to have our candy-pull, there came a regular thaw, and Cousin Sophie advised us to put it off till cool, crisp weather. At last one morning the newspaper said that a cold wave was coming from 'way, 'way out West, where such great quantities of cold are bottled up, and sure enough, before night, the wind blew what brother Ned called "great guns," and it grew delightfully cold. It's hard work to make really nice candy in soft, sticky weather.

There is real fun in a cold snap when you live in a nice warm house, with a sparkling fire leaping and blazing and making pictures on the hearth, when the furnaces and stoves and heaters are all piled up and doing their duty, and when all the people you love best are safe at home.

The boys and girls were just as happy as they could be when mamma consented to let them make as much candy as they chose, enough, she said, to set up a candy store, if they pleased. Poor mamma! they took her at her word. Papa never can resist the coaxing of his little daughters; so May and Irene had quite a pocketful of money to spend. They found out from the cook just how much molasses she had in the jug on the pantry shelf, and not thinking it quite enough they flew to the grocery, dragging nurse along, and ordered a gallon more.

In the mean time Fred's mother had thought that possibly there would not be enough molasses, and so she sent a supply from her storeroom. And Daisy's aunt Fanny had an idea that pea-nuts would be needed, and she contributed pea-nuts. In fact, sugar and spice and everything nice kept arriving until the cook was nearly wild.

Cousin Sophie was the superintendent. She asked Bridget to set on her largest kettle, into which went a whole gallon of molasses. It was put on over a slow fire, and the cooking class took turns in boiling and stirring.

It boiled, and it boiled, and it boiled,
They stirred, and they stirred, and they stirred,
And kitty she sat in the corner
And she purred, and she purred, and she purred;
And when it was done, there was, oh! such fun,
And such laughter you never heard.

When the molasses had boiled for a half-hour, with continual stirring, Cousin Sophie told May to drop into it two tea-spoonfuls of fine powdered bicarbonate of soda—just common baking soda, you know. This was to make it white, soft, and flexible.

Then they dropped a little of it into cold water, and as it was brittle, they knew it was done. Then, with hands buttered very daintily, each child took a lump of candy and began to pull it. The longer they pulled, the whiter it grew, and they braided it and twisted it and turned it, and did everything except eat it, for the girls sternly forbade the boys to so much as taste the candy until the first plateful had been carried to the library and offered to papa and mamma, to Uncle John and Aunt Maria, and Cousin Susie and the young lady who was paying a visit. But they had a feast when they were permitted to taste at last. Never was candy so perfectly delicious.

They had made some plain taffy too, in another pan, and this they did not pull, putting it to harden, a half-inch deep, in buttered tins.

Cousin Sophie made some Everton taffy. She made it in this way: Three ounces of butter, melted, and a pound of brown sugar added. Boiling this fifteen minutes, it became thick, and was crisp and delicate when dropped into cold water. When half done, the grated rind of a lemon was added. This gave a very agreeable flavor.

The next day the children packed a little box of candy and sent it to some little girls who very seldom had any candy to eat. And the candy-makers enjoyed that part of the treat too.

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PANAMA, FLORIDA.

I am a little Florida girl, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years. I have never written to you before, but want to tell you how much I enjoyed the Florida serial "Wakulla." I think it was perfectly splendid, and was sorry when it stopped. We live in the country, near Jacksonville, and have an orange grove. The trees are not in bloom yet, but by-and-by I will send you some blossoms, if you would like them. The woods are full of yellow jasmine now, and I am going to send some in this letter; I hope it will be sweet when it gets to you. I love you dearly, and I love my HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE dearly, but I am only ten years old, and can not write very well yet to tell you so. My brother Jack says you will only laugh at this letter, but I have been two days writing it.

Your loving little reader, DAISY D.

Brother Jack was much mistaken when he told you that queer story. I never feel like laughing at dear little letters from dear little girls, and yours, with the sprig of yellow jasmine—which did smell sweet, Daisy—brought to my mind beautiful memories of woods full of the lovely yellow flowers, clambering from branch to branch, and swinging in the sunny air. Thank you a thousand times, Daisy, for the pretty little gift, and you may send me some orange blossoms too, if you will be so kind.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought I would write to you, but as I am a little girl of six, I have to get papa to put down what I say. I have no pets to speak of, only a cat, which came one morning when everybody was away and the house all locked up. When the girls came home they found her sitting in the kitchen, a little bit of a kitty. I'll tell you a story about my kitty. One dark night, when I was almost asleep in my little bed, I felt something pressing on my feet and crawling up to my head. Soon I felt it at my hair, pulling away, so I put out my hand, and found it was kitty. I was not frightened, but I called mamma. Mamma says kitty came up to see me because I was sick. She is a good kitty cat. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. My uncle Al gave it to me for a Christmas present two years ago, and last Christmas too. My little cousins in Toledo get it. Jimmy Brown's stories are so funny, and I like "Wakulla" very much. I am just getting over the measles, and don't see why people say, "As much fun as having the measles." Do you? Why do they? I have no brothers or sisters, and like to hear the letters in your letter-box very much. Good-by, my dear Postmistress.

Lovingly yours, ELISABETH F.

You printed your name yourself, did you not, dear? I suppose people make that speech about the measles just for fun.

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DANBURY, CONNECTICUT.

I am twelve years old. My mamma died when I was a little baby, and I live with my auntie. I spent my Christmas in Brooklyn. My cousin takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I liked it so well my uncle gave me a year's subscription for a Christmas present, and I began with the Christmas number. Auntie says when I get numbers enough she will have them bound for me. My auntie gave me a new piano for a Christmas present. CARRIE B. W.

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LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I have never written to you before. I get HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week, and like it very much; I like "Wakulla" and the Post-office Box better than anything. I have a little sister two years old, and I love her very much. I have two big dogs and a cat. I am not attending school, but my mamma teaches me at home; she says I am getting along with my lessons very well. I am a little boy nine years old. Papa wrote this for me on his type-writer as I gave it out to him.

SLAUGHTER C.

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NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am rather afraid you will think it forward in me to write to you, as I am not a subscriber, but I thought I would venture, and if you did not print my letter, at least there would be no harm done. Papa gives me the bound volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every Christmas, and I am so used to expecting it now that if he should fail to give it to me I would be greatly disappointed. I think it is an excellent magazine for young people, and I especially enjoy the Post-office Box.

Dear Postmistress, may I ask where you spend your summers? I always spend mine at the Thousand Islands, on the St. Lawrence River. If you have ever been there you will need no description of the place. To me it is a perfect paradise. We have an island named Arcadia, on which we have a cottage, and I always long for the time to go there, and dread to come away.

I wish that Marguerite D., of Tours, France, and Bertha F. P., of Fort Fairfield, Maine, would correspond with me. I do not know their full names, so I can not write to them until they have written to me. I am fifteen years old, and have no brothers nor sisters, and so am often rather lonely. Hoping that your patience will not come to an end before you have finished this letter, I am yours sincerely, E. BESSIE B.

If the young ladies mentioned shall accept Miss Bessie's invitation, they may write to her and send their letters to the care of the Postmistress, who will forward them to Bessie's address.

Any little reader may write to the Post-office Box whether he or she be a subscriber or not. A person who regularly buys the bound volume at the end of the year is, in a certain sense, a subscriber.

The Post-office Box will not let me spend my summers in the Thousand Islands, dear, nor anywhere very far from Manhattan Island, but I am glad you have so pleasant a time every year.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I have been watching your paper for a long time, trying to find a receipt for cream candy, but have not been able to find one. Can any of your correspondents give me one, as I have tried many, but have not been successful? Will you be kind enough to print it in your paper, as I have several friends who would like to see it? I belong to a cooking club, and one day we thought we would try to make some cream candy for an experiment, as I had heard that it was very hard to make; so we took possession of our kitchen and put the candy on to boil, but just when it had been on for about half an hour a fire broke out in a house down the street, and we all ran off to see it, leaving the candy to take care of itself. When we came home the candy had boiled over the stove and was trickling down the floor in sticky streams. We have not made candy since. RUTH M.

Well, the cooks who ran away from their work could not blame the candy for being spoiled, could they?

Who will send Ruth a good receipt?

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EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

I am writing this letter in school. I have had much fun this winter coasting; I never had such a nice time before in winter. I think it is so nice to read the children's letters; it seems just as if you knew them. I am in the Seventh Grade. We are going to have a contest with the Eighth Grade next Friday in arithmetic, and our teacher thinks we will beat them. Don't you think it is nice to go to school? I do; I have so much fun.

DAISY D.

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MONTAGUE, MICHIGAN.

I have often thought I would write to you, but I never have, though I have taken the paper four years, and enjoy it very much from beginning to end. Montague is a great lumbering place on White Lake. I am ten years old, and live on top of a hill, and just below it is papa's mill, on the lake, which is now frozen over, so that there is pretty good skating. Papa owns four orchards of peach-trees, and expects a big crop if the frost does not kill them. We have a roller rink here, and mamma gave me a pair of skates, and I like them very much. We have a governess, who teaches us all, excepting the baby. J. P. C.

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PORTLAND, MAINE.

This is the first time I have ever written to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, although I have taken it ever since it was published. I enjoy all the stories so much! You don't know I watch for it every Thursday. I think "Wakulla" was splendid. Although I have no pets to tell about, I can tell you of the Children's Christmas Club of Portland, of which I have been a member since its formation. It was organized three years ago by a young lady of this city, who was the first to think of the idea. Any boy or girl under eighteen may become a member by paying a yearly fee of ten cents. We give the poor children who are our invited guests a dinner, clothing for those who are needy, and each child has a present and a bag of candy. The bags are made and filled by

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twenty-eight little girls called "Busy Bees," of whom I am one. This year the dinner took place at the City Hall, December 30. There were six hundred and seventy children present. It consisted of cold roast turkey, biscuit, pickles, pie, cake, apples, and oranges. After the children had eaten just as much as they wanted, the tables were cleared from the hall, and a little entertainment was given. First of all, the members of the club and the invited guests, led by the band, sang a carol which had been taught them in the public schools. Then eight young ladies danced the "Retrograde" march, and Mother Goose came in on a hobby-horse, led by Santa Claus, who sang some funny songs for the children. You should have seen how they laughed, and how pleased they were. Then they formed in line and passed out of the hall, each one receiving a gift. Many of the little girls had dolls; and how they hugged them!

We have already begun our work for next year, making clothing, dressing dolls, etc. I wish that all the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE were members of a Children's Christmas Club, and loved it as we all do here. I send my love to you, dear Postmistress. W. L. E.

You have written a very charming letter, and I think all the readers will be pleased with it. The Children's Christmas Club has been successfully carried forward in other cities, notably in Washington, where Miss Nellie Arthur presides over one much like yours in Portland.

ASHTABULA HARBOR, OHIO.

I am a boy eight years old. I go to school, and study spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. I like going to school very much. I read in the Third Reader. I have a little sister three years old. Her name is Helen. She is a sweet, lively little girl. I teach her to say her letters; she knows quite a number already. I like teaching her very much. I have no pets except a cat; I have no name for him yet. I formerly lived in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, but now live at the Harbor, on Lake Erie. We have a fine view of the lake from our house. My father got me *The History of the United States* for Christmas; I have got nearly through it. I have read a great many children's papers, but like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE best of all. WILLIE C. McC.

HOLLEY, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy nine years old, and I live with my auntie. I have eight birds, three guinea-hens, three ducks, and a pony. I think I like "Wakulla" the best of any story I have yet read. I am glad it is snowing, for I have a pair of bobs. I have a sled too, but it is not very pretty, for I have used it so much. I have two brothers and one sister. RALPH B.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—This is the first number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE published in Scotland, so we have taken it in, and are greatly delighted with it. We went to a splendid bazar before Christmas, in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital. The principal hall represented an ancient Glasgow street. There were plays, conjuring tricks, and concerts, also in aid of the hospital, during the days of the bazar. We visited the hospital last week for the first time, and were very much pleased with it. We took crackers to the children, which they seemed to enjoy very much, and pulled with each other.

We are cousins, and about the same age. Kitty is eleven, Lottie twelve, and Maud thirteen years of age. We hope you will print this letter in the Post-office Box, if you do not think it too bad. KITTY C., LOTTIE C., MAUD C.

It is not bad at all, but really very good.

GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I send a receipt for parching almonds: Remove the hulls, and blanch by pouring hot water on them; the skins can then be easily taken off. Put them in a hot skillet, well greased with butter; stir them to keep from burning, and sprinkle well with salt. They are very nice served after dinner. NATHALIE F.

CADILLAC, MICHIGAN.

My brother and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four or five years, and think it is the nicest paper we have ever taken. I have a sister and brother. All the pets we have are a kitten and ten chickens, which are all named, and the next time I write I will tell you some of their names. I am nine years old. We have very cold winters here, and pleasant summers. My papa died when I was a very little girl. NELL K.

HOLDEN, MISSOURI.

I am a little girl of ten. I have three little sisters. One is my twin; her name is Rose. Mine is Ruth—Ruth and Rose. The others are Mary and Annie. I have an older sister; her name is Una; she is in Lexington, Missouri, at boarding-school. I have a brother James. We all, except Una, go to the Holden College. It is just up the hill from our house. We have not taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very long, but we all like it very much. Papa reads it aloud to us at night. We also take the *Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas*. I am in the Fourth Reader and second part of geography, and Rose is in the same. We all like our teacher very much; her name is Miss W. All of us, except Annie and Jimmie, take music lessons. Your little friend, RUTH T.

MAPLE GROVE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

I am taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE this year, and like it very much, and as I see so many little girls writing in it, I think that I should like to do so too. We live in the country, very near the Grand River, and about fourteen miles from Lake Erie. Several of our friends are in the habit of camping out by the lake shore in the warm weather, and mamma, my brother Jack, and I were invited out there for a few days last summer holidays, and we enjoyed ourselves so much that papa says that he will try and get a tent this year, and then we can all go out and stay a month or so, which will be great fun. When I was out there last summer we went in bathing every day, and at night we had large bonfires on the beach, and then sat up on a bank and sang comic songs. One night we expected the band to come over from a village near and serenade us, but they did not come, and we were rather disappointed, because we had a very large bonfire collected for them to play by. We slept in a large bed reaching from one side of the tent to the other, which was, of course, very inconvenient, but we never thought of that, because it was camping out, and one has to put up with some discomforts. We had our lunch out-of-doors on tables, and after the dishes were washed and the tents tidied up there was nothing more to do but enjoy one's self, and we young folks did that, I can assure you. Hoping that you will be pleased with my description of camp life in Canada, I am yours, MAY R.

MAINHOUSE, KELSO, SCOTLAND.

My brother sent a letter to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which was published, and I hope mine will too. I am eight years old, and I am spending my holidays with my grandpapa and aunties. Two little cousins are staying with us, and we have great fun together; their names are Marion and Frances L. My brother Robbie and I go back to England very soon. This is a farm. We have an old pony named Sambo; he is nearly blind, and we let him have holiday most of the time. Our father and mother are in India. They write to us, and we write to them every week. They sent us nice presents for Christmas. Mine was a backgammon board and Bobbie's a writing-desk. Our aunt in America has sent us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years, and we like it so much! JOHN D. P.

I shall expect to hear from you both again.

CARTER STATION, WYOMING TERRITORY.

I thought I would try to write to the Post-office Box. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I think that story entitled "Santa Claus's Mistake," by Kirk Munroe, was one of the nicest stories I have ever read. Don't you think that the rich little girl was very generous to give the poor little girl *that* doll, because her aunt sent it to her over the ocean? I also like "Countess Nina" very much. I am a little girl twelve years old. I have one sister, five years old; her name is Clynette Fay. Did you ever hear that name before? I hope you have room for me in the Post-office Box. My little sister has committed "The Force of Need" to memory, and this morning I heard her applying it to her black cat in this way: "Hey, Dusky! ho, Dusky! mewing right to me, I will give you red meat if you will come to me." I have had no help from any one, so please excuse all mistakes. Please tell me if my writing is on an average with other girls of my age. Your little friend,

JOSIE EVELYN H.

I think you write very well indeed for a girl of twelve. Your sister's name is new to me, but is very pretty.

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I think you must be a very kind lady to take so much trouble with the many letters that are written to the Post-office Box. Don't you get tired of reading them sometimes, and don't your head ache dreadfully? I very often go to New York, and the next time I go I am coming to see you, for I want very much to see what the lady who takes so much interest in this sweet little paper looks like. I think some of the stories that the girls write are *too* sweet for anything. I can write some little stories, and would like to send one to you, only I am afraid you would not print it. May I write again?

PANSY.

I shall be glad to see you, Pansy, and to read your story when you send it. I am happy to say that I very rarely have a headache.

BROOKVILLE, MARYLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I write to tell you of the winter sports we have here at boarding-school. Not far from here is a mill-race, which freezes over every cold snap. It is as smooth as glass, and over a quarter of a mile long. A great many boys skate in a line, and it is pretty hard to keep up if there are any very fast skaters in line. I have a pair of American Clubs, which are usually considered the best. HENRY M. R.

PAOLA, KANSAS.

I am a little girl almost ten years of age. As other little girls tell about their pets, I will tell about mine: we have four dogs and one cat. I go to school, and study reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. Good-by, with love. I am your little reader, TEMPLE P.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

I have for pets a large Newfoundland dog named Savage and a little kitten called Friskie. My brother Philip has a little white pony that he lets me ride sometimes. I spent last winter in Las Vegas, New Mexico. I expect to go to the Exposition this year. If you wish, I will tell about the Exposition in my next letter.

ELSIE S.

I hope Savage is better than his name, and Friskie, I am sure, is full of tricks and pranks. Yes, write about the Exposition, please.

DARBY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I will tell you something about this place. There is one public school and one Friends' school. I go to the public school; I am in the grammar room. There are a worsted, a woollen, and a silk mill here. It is a very nice place in summer. Many Philadelphians reside here in the warm weather. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number. I think "Wakulla" is very good. I am ten years old.

HELEN McG.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

A DIAMOND.

(To our young contributors.)

1. A letter. 2. On that account. 3. Low, dull sounds. 4. Buttons. 5. Having rough ears. 6. To dilate. 7. A kind of large candle. 8. A diocese. 9. A letter. NAVAJO.

### No. 2.

MISSING WORDS.

As I —— —— —— the street,
A dear old friend I chanced to ——;
I —— —— —— and he —— mine;
Then we —— ——, as the day was ——,
We —— —— —— little while,
But —— —— —— had walked a ——.

P. McD.

### No. 3.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

1. An imaginary region of happiness and ease. 2. A disagreeable pain. 3. Certain plants. 4. Duplicity. 5. A letter. 6. A nickname. 7. A fireplace. 8. One who makes a beginning. 9. Kinds of star-fish.

Diagonals, right to left, down: The three Fates; left to right, down: Those who withhold; centrals, down: Weddings. NAVAJO.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 274.

No. 1.—
L I V E
I B I D
V I L E
E D E N

M A U D
A N N A
U N I T
D A T E

E M M A
M O O N
M O R N
A N N A

H A R P
A S I A
R I N G
P A G E

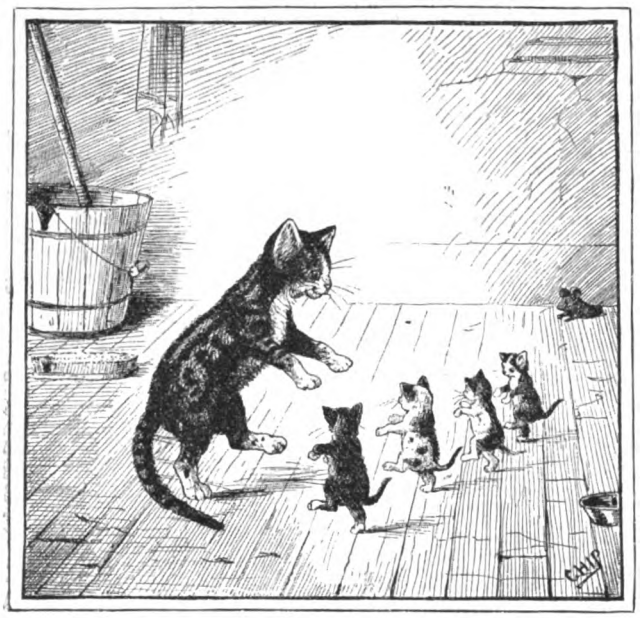
No. 2.—
B A N D
N O U N
T E E M
L E A D

No. 3.—
P
S A W
S T R A P
S T A T I O N
P A R T I T I O N
W A I T I N G
P O I N T
N O G
N

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Emily Archer, Alice Coppernoll, Ida Lang, Dudley Thompson, John Bixby, Alexander Knox, William Robertson, Charlie Davis, Freddie G. Hale, Lema C., Mary May Titania, P. McDonough, Gussie K., Louisa H., Elsie Willets, Dora Haight, Mollie Johnson, and Theodore Smith.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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MADAM TABBILINE'S DANCING ACADEMY.

Instructions given in all the latest fashionable Round and Square Dances. Adults every evening at 8 P.M.; Kittens under four months at 11 A.M.

## JOKING THE JOKER.

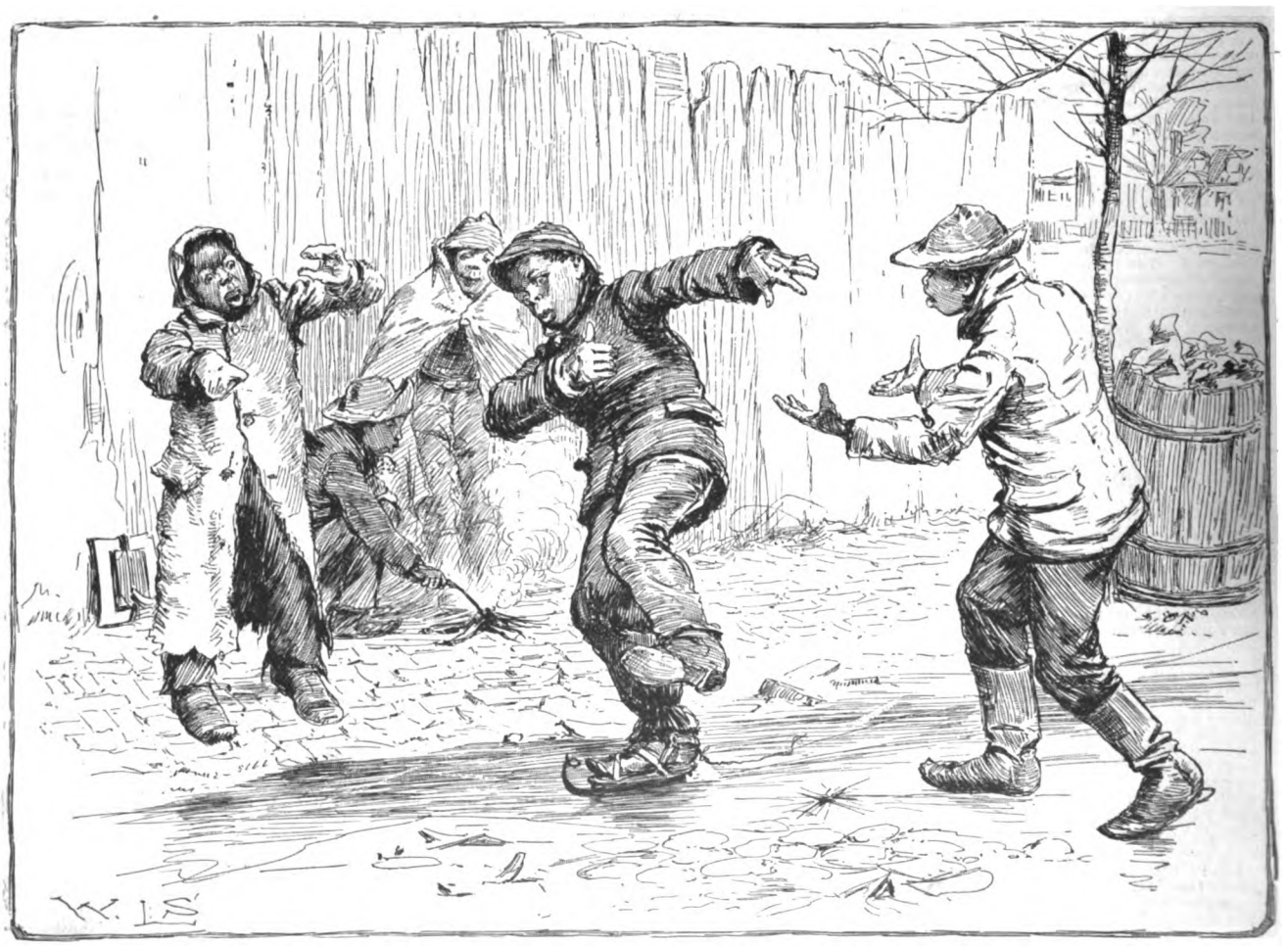
SOMETIMES it is rather a dangerous thing to teach a knowing bird, like a parrot, tricks that involve some other person's discomfort, for these lessons may conceal a boomerang which will hit back.

A lady in England had a parrot which she taught to wake up her sister, who enjoyed morning naps, by flying against her face and shouting, "Time to get up, Maud—time to get up!" The parrot learned very quickly, and the lady enjoyed her sister's discomfiture. One morning, however, when she was very sleepy, because she had been up so late the night before, this lady was awakened by a smarting sensation at her nose. She brushed her hand across her face two or three times, and then dozed off again, only to be fully awakened a minute later, to find the parrot pecking vigorously at her nose, which bled profusely, and screaming, "Time to get up, Maud—time to get up, Maud!"

The laugh was turned, and this particular trick was henceforth discouraged in that parrot.

A gentleman owned one of those mischief-finders, a magpie. This bird was very fond of shell-fish, so that when his owner placed some pickled cockles in his larder he took special pains to tie parchment firmly over the top of each jar. It was not long, however, before the skin was torn off and some cockles eaten. Nobody could be found who would confess the deed, and the thefts were repeated, until the cook, hearing one day a crackling sound in the larder, hurried in to find Mr. Magpie, with the skin off a jar of cockles, eating away as fast as he could. This so exasperated the woman that she hurled at the bird a ladle of boiling fat which she had in her hand, exclaiming, "So it's you, you rascal, that's been at the cockles!"

It was a hard punishment, for all the poor little fellow's feathers came off his scalded head, leaving him bald ever after; and he never forgot the cause of his misfortune, as appeared afterward. One night among some visitors at his master's house was a gentleman with a bald head. The magpie, which had been perched on the edge of a vase, suddenly flew to this gentleman's shoulder, and with his head tipped on one side in quizzical fashion, squeaked out, "So, you rascal, *you've* been at the cockles too, have you?"



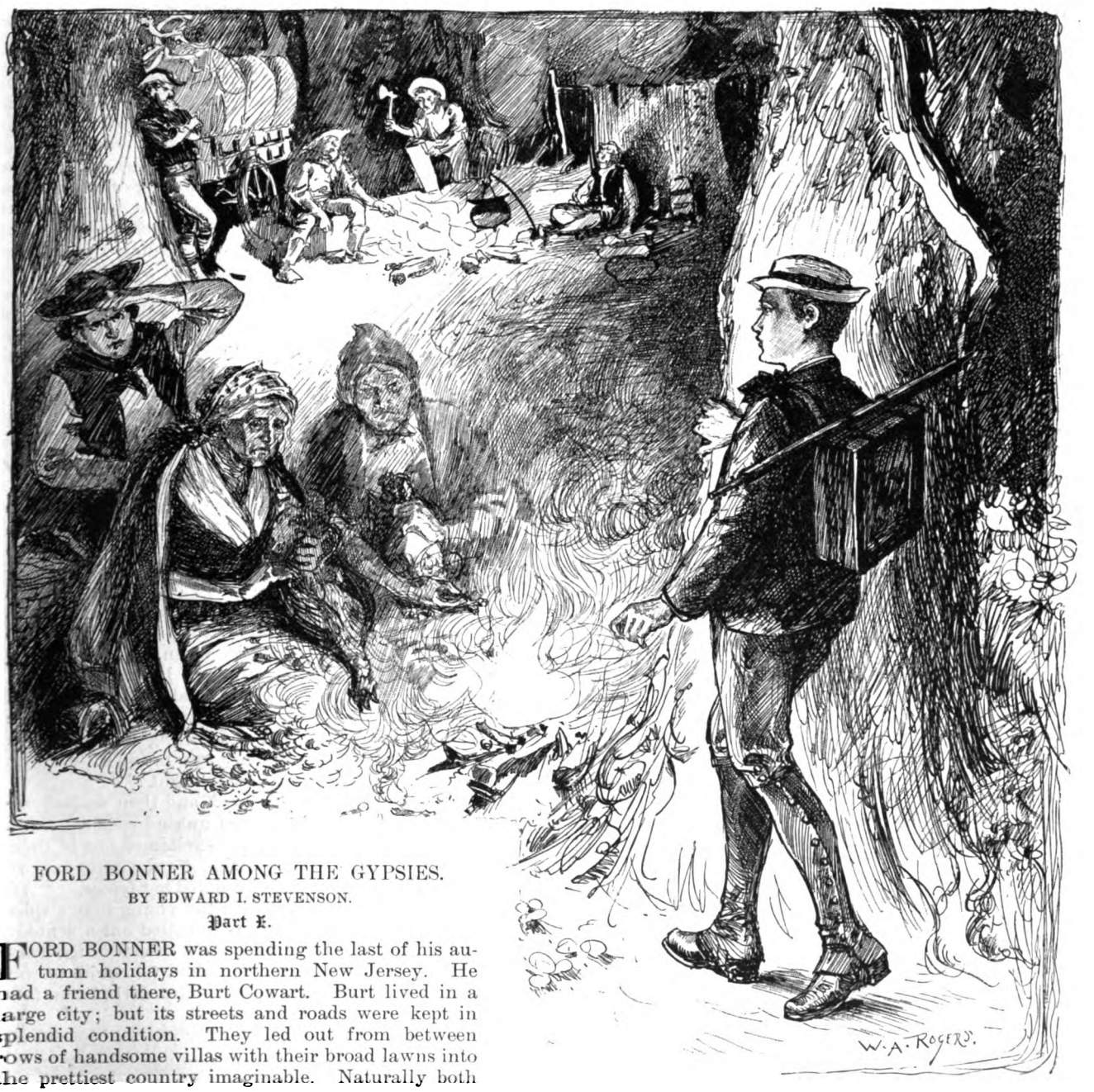
*IMPATIENT MEMBER OF THE ONE-SKATE CLUB.* "SAY, 'LIJAH! YO'S DONE HAD DAT SKATE 'MOST ALL DAY. DOES YO' WANT TER SKATE ROUND DE YOLE EARTH?"

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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 278. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1885.
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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




## FORD BONNER AMONG THE GYPSIES.

BY EDWARD I. STEVENSON.

Part I.

FORD BONNER was spending the last of his autumn holidays in northern New Jersey. He had a friend there, Burt Cowart. Burt lived in a large city; but its streets and roads were kept in splendid condition. They led out from between rows of handsome villas with their broad lawns into the prettiest country imaginable. Naturally both

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Ford and Burt lived anywhere except within-doors from breakfast till dusk. Each had a bicycle, and Burt had a new trap and a sleek horse of his own.

Now Ford's especial amusement all summer long had been amateur photography. He had begun practicing it in the regular fashion—spoiling innumerable plates, making sad messes, and securing with glee likenesses of his unlucky friends that represented them as proper subjects for the Rogues' Gallery. By the close of the summer, however, our young photographer had become more expert. There chanced to be some curious and romantic spots in the neighborhood of B——: a mountain gorge, a spluttering cascade or two, and so on. Accordingly, on days when Cowart had some special occupations of his own on hand, his friend Ford would prepare his neat outfit and start out independently, pretty sure of returning in the forenoon with much more than his labor for his pains.

One evening, in the last week of his visit, Burt exclaimed, "I declare, Ford, you ought to take back a photo of the Wolf's Rock with you."

"So I ought," answered Ford. "We've been going to drive over just to look at it, you know, all this fortnight. Suppose you take me out to it to-morrow, eh? It wouldn't take us more than three hours to do the whole business."

The plan was discussed and made. The Wolf's Rock was a curious formation of crag projecting high in air from the line of cliffs about six miles from B——. It was well worth photographing.

Unfortunately the next morning was early distinguished by three occurrences, with each of which Ford's expedition was sooner or later concerned. First of all, Cowart's dentist changed an appointment, and sent for him—poor fellow! Second, Colon, the sleek horse, was declared indisposed by the groom: "Mustn't go for to drive him to-day, sir, nohow." (It ought to be noted that Colon got his peculiar name from a very unkind speech that Burt's father made about him—that "to ride behind that nag was the next thing to coming every minute to a *full stop.*") Third and last—but that will appear a little later.

Ford decided that he would foot it, and that alone. Cowart accordingly gave him full directions as to which way to go, how many times to turn, and what cross-roads to look out for, and was thereupon trotted off to Dr. Scruncher's. Just as Ford, directly after, was getting under way, Mrs. Cowart came running out of the house.

"Ford," she exclaimed, looking much flustered, "have either you or Burt been playing me another trick?"

"Why, no, Mrs. Cowart," laughed Ford; "I'm sure I've not, and I don't believe Burt could without my knowing it—and helping him. What's the joke?"

The two boys had delighted in teasing good-humored Mrs. Cowart during Ford's visit, and she didn't mind their mischief a particle, although they had hid the family silver basket all one afternoon, and the day before had dressed up in two old gowns of hers to present themselves as the Misses Wigglesworth, two stranger ladies from whom she was expecting a call.

"Then I'm afraid it's no joke," exclaimed the lady, sitting down, breathless, on the steps. "I very carelessly left that curious bracelet that you and Burt admire on the table in the far end of the parlor last night. Martha only went in to dust a few minutes ago, and she found the window open. She came to ask if I knew who opened it. I don't, nor does anybody else in the house, and my bracelet is gone."

"Do you really think some one got into the window last night while we were asleep?" asked Ford, in prompt excitement.

"Yes," answered the lady; "some sneak thief; probably not a regular burglar. I dare say he was frightened out almost the moment he clambered in. But there lay my unlucky bracelet, and, passing in or out, he happened to catch sight of it, which *I* never shall again."

Of course great confusion followed when this became known. Word was sent to Mr. Cowart at his office and to Burt in his dentist's chair. Neither knew anything of how the window had come to be open or the bracelet gone. Undoubtedly some stray prowler had tried the catch of the one, and escaped with the other. Poor Mrs. Cowart was thankful he had explored the house no further. The flurry soon passed over. Ford had half a dozen times most considerately asked Mrs. Cowart whether she would not feel safer if he staid at home, and at length he accepted her unflattering permission to start upon his tramp without further delay.

The morning was perfect for such a walk. After considerable trouble and many questions Ford reached the line of jagged cliffs. He hunted about for the object of his quest, and found it; then took four excellent negatives from as many good points of sight. After a bountiful luncheon, which brought about an unintentional nap, he set out for home.

The weather had become gray and cold by the time Ford had reached the valley. He walked along fast, wondering when he would quit the rough, closely shaded road for the turnpike. The road ended in another just like it; that curved into another; woods waved overhead.

It was growing dark, and Ford, having taken the wrong lane at first, was lost. Startled and shivering in the night air, as well as annoyed in imagining the Cowarts' alarm, Ford retraced as much of his route as he could. It was too late. He could scarcely see to go further; and he was just counting up his matches, and thinking of a supperless evening and a bed by a bonfire in the forest, when suddenly the lane turned. The flash of a much more roaring blaze than he had imagined himself feeding appeared between the tree trunks. The sound of a woman's voice singing a merry song, and the tink-tinkle of some sort of instrument, reached his ears. Ford advanced cautiously. Soon he saw a dozen or so of strangely dressed people standing or strolling about in the fire-light. Several horses and three large white-covered wagons could be dimly made out in the background. It was evidently a gypsy band in full camp.

"Well, here goes!" said our hero to himself. "I know all the old stories they tell about gypsies—their thieving, and running away with babies, and what not. But I remember too that they are said to be always really kind to folks who ask them civilly for shelter or help. At any rate, I've nothing about me worth stealing, and I'm no baby to be kidnapped."

Two elderly gypsy women in red cloaks, and a young *gitano** with wonderfully black eyebrows, were busy plucking chickens before one of the two camp fires. Very much astonished these appeared to be when all at once they saw a white-complexioned stranger lad appear like a ghost from the darkness. Ford walked boldly up to them. "Good-evening," said he, politely as ever. "If you please, my name is Ford Bonner. I am visiting at Dr. Cowart's house in B——, and have lost my way to town. Can you tell me how I can get back there to-night?"

Both the old women first stared, and then smiled very pleasantly. Their faces were not unkind either. "Lost his way, has the little gemman?" exclaimed one of them, putting out her hand and drawing Ford gently into the ruddy light. "Dear! dear!" ejaculated her friend. "And so dark and so late too!" came in the young man's voice; "what a pity!" The other woman called out a sentence in a strange, musical language to the others of the band. These quickly crowded around. Ford felt quite uncomfortable as he looked up into so many dark, keen faces and flashing eyes close about him.

But all their questions were kindly put, and he quickly

* *Gitano* is another name for a gypsy man.

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became certain that these strange acquaintances were well disposed toward him. Moreover, just as he again mentioned Dr. Cowart's name, a young girl clad in a bright blue frock, and with an old guitar in her hand, came up. She it was whose strumming and singing Ford had heard.

"I know the good Doctor that the little gemman talks about," she exclaimed. "When we were here last year he cured my arm, and he it was who gave medicine on the street to your wife's baby, Pharaoh."

The new-comer pointed to an old white-haired gypsy as she spoke—in English. Her words seemed to produce a great effect. Several of the *gitanos* laughed and shook hands heartily with Ford, and much talking amongst themselves followed.

Presently Father Pharaoh, the tall old gypsy, turned to Ford, and said, in a pleasant voice:

"We will gladly help the little gemman who has lost his way to the good Doctor's house. Our young men and the horses are tired now with their day's journey. They both must be rested and fed. The moon, also, may have risen in a couple of hours. Let the little gemman make himself comfortable with his new gypsy friends, and eat a fine supper with them, and then, by the time the moon shines, Anselo and his horse will carry him back to the town. It is only nine miles from these woods."

Ford, in spite of his haste to let the Cowarts know of his movements, as well as his lurking suspicions of these new hosts, was fain to accept this proposal thankfully.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TROUBADOURS AND MINSTRELS.

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE.

IN all the stories of mediæval days, whether in history or romance, we read of the troubadours and the minstrels of the time, and I think, from my own experience, that young people have a general impression that they were almost alike in their habits or their profession. I know a little girl who for a long time felt that there had never been but *one* troubadour, and that his name was "Gayly." The reason of this was because she had long listened to her aunt, who sang an old-fashioned ballad:

"Gayly the troubadour touched his guitar."

Now there were a great many troubadours, but there never was a guitar among them. They played on lute and viol, mandolin and cithara, and sometimes on the harp.

The office or profession of troubadour was one of great distinction, and usually filled by knights, valiant warriors, or "princes of the blood." They composed their own songs, and, as I shall explain later, were often accompanied by a musician, or *jongleur*, as he was called, who was in their retinue for that purpose.

The profession, as we may call it, of the troubadour originated in the south of France in the eleventh century. Count William of Poitiers, ninth Duke of Aquitaine, was the first troubadour of whom we have any record. He was a daring, dashing, unscrupulous, although brave man, and "full of tunefulness"; so he composed verses on all manner of subjects, set them to the curious jingling, wailing music of the day, and when his guests and people were assembled in the halls of his castle he would sing to the accompaniment of his jongleur's harp or lute. His fame spread far and wide, other noble gentlemen following his example, and setting themselves up as troubadours and lyric poets. Every public event, all their love affairs, their warlike or chivalrous deeds, were celebrated in song, and some of the verses they have left are wonderfully beautiful.

There were many duchies in France and Germany then; each had its own court, and nearly every one had a troubadour attached to it. His duty was to sing of everything that would interest his patron or the ladies of the court, who led rather dull lives for all their splendid attire and retinue of servants, and they must have been glad enough when the troubadour took out his lute or summoned his jongleur and sang them a story in song. The troubadours were allowed great license, and frequently indulged in sharp satire. One of the most famous among them, Marcabun, was so dreaded for his satirical verses that he was murdered at Guian, after singing in one of the great castles where he was visiting. The songs of the troubadours were known as *sirventes*, or service songs; *cansons*, or love songs; *plahns*, or songs of lamentation, censure, or satire.

Provence was their country. There for two hundred years they flourished, during which period the art of song-making and of singing made great progress. Their language was called "langue d'oc," and was a French dialect, a mixture of French, Greek, German, and Arabic, polished by the monks into a sweet-sounding tongue, and especially suited to the songs composed in it. Even now, in that fertile, sunny country, one hears almost the same dialect spoken by the peasantry, and in this century an effort has been made to bring back the troubadour style of poetry.

When it was known in any of the castles that a well-known troubadour knight was expected, you may imagine how eagerly the ladies of the household watched for him, and what preparations were made, when the banquet was over, for his music. A space was cleared, the jongleur took out his instrument, unless the troubadour preferred to accompany himself, and then the song began.

The lyre was a small stringed instrument held on the knee, and, judging from some specimens preserved, it must have produced very sweet sounds, as also did the lute, which somewhat resembles a guitar; and when played upon by the splendidly dressed troubadour of the twelfth century, no wonder it added picturesqueness to the scene.

Nearly all their songs were lyrical; that is, they expressed the feelings of the poet or the singer. Here is the opening verse of a song by Peire Vidal, one of the most eccentric of the troubadours:

"Now into Provence returning,
Well I know my call to sing
To my lady some sweet thing
Full of gratitude and yearning."

Vidal is an example of the exaggerated form of troubadour. He rushed wildly hither and thither in the service of his "lady," and performed the most insane actions on her behalf, making us think of poor Don Quixote in his mistaken devotion.

Occasionally the troubadours did good service in carrying messages or conveying warnings by means of their songs. During the time of the Crusades a knight returning from the Holy Land wished to bring secret intelligence of a captive to the sister of the prisoner; but the lady in question was detained at a castle near Blois by a haughty nobleman who wished her hand in marriage. The troubadour made his way to the castle, and was graciously enough received. He had been fighting with Richard Cœur de Lion, and had much to tell as well as to sing.

Now the ladies in this castle were only allowed to appear in the gallery above the banqueting hall; but there they sat and sighed and listened to the troubadour's sweet singing, and at last Beatrice, the captive maid, began to understand that the song was for her ears chiefly. From it she gathered not only news of her brother, but understood that the troubadour was in need of a jongleur.

He knew well that the Lady Beatrice was a *trouveresse*,

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THE CONCERT IN THE WOODS.

a lady troubadour, and well skilled in the art of the lute and harp; so he sang on, giving her to understand that if she could obtain a jongleur's dress, she could join him the next day, and escape in that character from the castle, the troubadour promising to conduct her safely to her father's home.

Beatrice, in her gallery, surrounded by the maidens of the house, listened with a beating heart, and desiring above all things to show him that she comprehended what he meant, she let fall her silken neckerchief, which he picked up, with a glance at the lady to show that he understood her signal.

Then the lady retired to her own apartment, and desiring to be left alone, she spent the night in making from one of her own dresses a jongleur's costume, in which early in the morning she presented herself to the troubadour. So successful was the plan that she actually accompanied him on the lute three times, before all the household, without being recognized, and as his jongleur departed with him in safety to her father's castle. Then he announced his intention of being her troubadour, but, according to the custom of the day, he had "to find" a poem especially in her honor. He returned to the Crusades, coming back victorious, and with joyous songs for his lady, whom the story says he wedded, ending his days peacefully, after a life of piety and many good deeds.

In the fourteenth century the troubadours had died out, but many of their songs and stories remain. Among the most celebrated is the song of Richard Cœur de Lion, written during his captivity, and the famous "Song of Roland," which Taillefer, the troubadour of William the Conqueror, sang, or rather chanted, at the great battle of Hastings.

Marching with the army, this splendid and brave young troubadour sang his inspiring song, in order to brace the spirits and keep up the enthusiasm of the soldiers, and he was killed with the notes upon his lips.

No very distinct method of singing was then known. The singers used a sort of chant, something between an air and a recitative, but it is supposed to have been very effective.

Quite different in class and manner were the minstrels. They were of a lower social order, and went about from place to place, singing at gateways when they could not gain admission to the interior of the castles, but on some occasions received in the halls with much favor and distinction. Their songs were of the ballad or romance order. They carried long tales of war, of chivalry, of romance, with them, and were frequently employed as secret messengers from place to place. Very few of their romances were written down, but they were learned from generation to generation, and carefully treasured in households where the words had been committed to memory.

William the Conqueror brought minstrelsy into England, and for some centuries it was held in high favor. If a sovereign visited any of his subjects, minstrels were hired for his entertainment, and on any expedition, whether of peace or war, they always accompanied the King or royal family. When Henry V. went to war in France he took eighteen minstrels in his train, and the old accounts tell us that, besides food and drink, they were paid twelvepence a day each—high wages for that time.

Perhaps the very last appearance of a minstrel before a royal or noble patron was that of the singer who was introduced in order to amuse the Queen when Elizabeth paid her famous visit to Kenilworth Castle. Her Majesty could not, however, have set much store by this part of the entertainment provided for her, for it was in her reign that they were forbidden by law to practice their calling under pain of arrest as vagabonds. So, like the troubadours, the minstrel singers died out, but both effected a change in music. Singing was beginning to be cultivated as an art, independent of the words sung, before the Queen's death, and in Germany the Minnesingers had left a band of vocalists known as Master-singers, and whose guild continued until 1839. The Minnesingers were the early lyric poets and singers of Germany.

During the twelfth century Frederick Barbarossa was Emperor of Germany, and at his court was a poet and singer named Henry of Veldig. He it was who established this form of art, and we have all sorts of odes, laments, distichs (or couplets of verses),and romances which these Minnesingers of Germany sang to the music of the viol. They handed them down from generation to generation, keeping a love of song stirring in the Suabian country, which was then noted for its learning and wealth. They

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invented the Wachtlieder, or watch songs, some of which are used to-day. These were sung as serenades, or by tuneful guardians of the sleep of great people; and the last of the Minnesingers, Walther von der Weide, wrote some in the Suabian dialect which are very touching and beautiful.

The *Master-singers* of Germany came next. They were of the peasant class, and soon formed themselves into guilds, or companies, whereby they bound themselves to certain rules in the composition of their verses. The title of *Master* was given to every member who invented a new form of verse, and there were great festivals of competition for this honor.

Nuremberg, the "gray old city," was their head-quarters. The "song schools" awarded prizes and titles, and thence they spread over a large portion of Germany, fanning the little flame of vocal music, and encouraging it by their sweet choral singing. Christmas and other festivals were celebrated by them by public singing—open-air concerts as well as church music—and they assuredly deserve honor and credit in the history of song.

## THE ALLIGATORS AT SPANISH FORT.

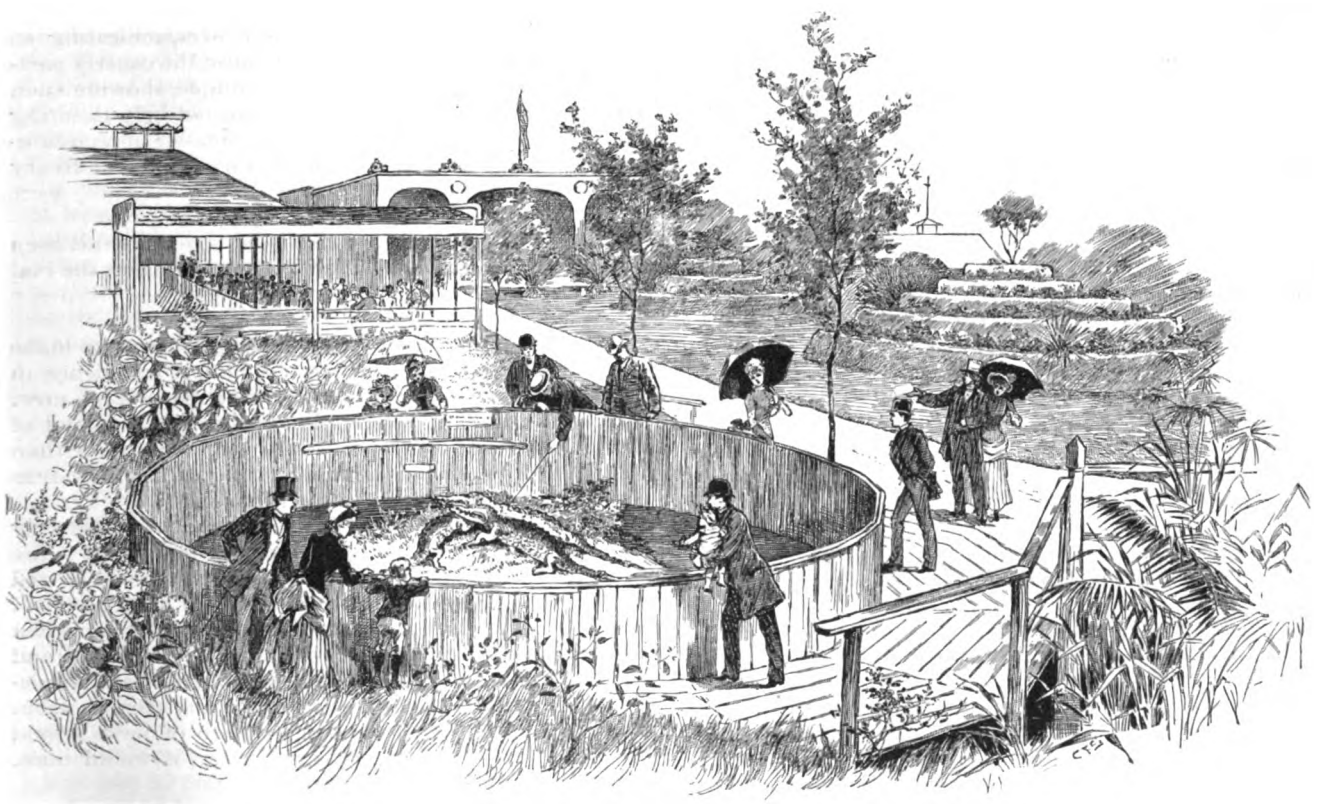
ON the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, in the outskirts of the city of New Orleans, is the site and all that remains of the building of an interesting memorial of Spanish dominion in Louisiana, which is now called Spanish Fort. Its warlike character has long ago left it, and it has been turned to the very peaceful use of providing a place of amusement for the inhabitants of the great city of the South.

Beautiful gardens on the edge of the lake, gay bands of music, a theatre, restaurants, and other attractions entice the pleasure-loving citizen, and the old-time fort now fills a place in the affections of New Orleans people similar to that which its varied attractions have won for Coney Island and in the hearts of dwellers in New York and Brooklyn.

One of the favorite resorts in the Spanish Fort grounds is the alligator tank, a picture of which is given below. In the tank are some half-dozen or more of those interesting animals, which make up in some degree for their lack of beauty by the thickness of their hides. The creatures in the tank vary in length from five to eight or even ten feet, and as they are well fed, and have nothing to do but enjoy life and contribute to the pleasure of their many human visitors, they have no excuse for not growing to a very respectable size. It should be remarked, in connection with the care and even luxury which they enjoy, that the man in the picture with the baby in his arms is not in the act of feeding the animals with the baby, but is only holding the child up so that he may see the strange-looking creatures.

Now that the World's Exposition is attracting to New Orleans many strangers from all parts of the country, the alligators will doubtless come in for a great deal of attention, and if they understood our language they would be interested in hearing the remarks—not always complimentary, perhaps—passed upon their personal appearance by strangers from Vermont and Wisconsin. The attentions the 'gators receive are not always taken in good part by the cross-grained monsters. When a mischievous boy who knows their tastes begins to whistle loudly, a 'gator is sure to come up on the bank and look anxiously around for the dog which it thinks the whistle is intended for. Strange to say, alligators have a natural taste for dog-flesh.

If the mischievous boy happens to be armed with an umbrella or a cane, the probability is that when a 'gator comes near enough he will push the animal's nose under water just for the sake of hearing it make the peculiar hissing noise, like an engine blowing off steam, with which it always brings its head up again. This pleasantry does not hurt the animal, and as the boy's delight is very evident, perhaps the 'gator makes the noise for the purpose of amusing the boy, and not from anger—only the boy had better be careful not to tumble into the tank.



THE ALLIGATOR TANK AT SPANISH FORT, NEW ORLEANS.

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## JACKKNIFE TOYS.

BY C. W. MILLER.

### THE PUZZLE BOX.

THIS puzzle was given to me by an Englishman, who claimed it as his own invention. It is made from six pieces of wood of just the same shape and size, and is put together without glue, nails, or screws. When once finished, it can not be taken apart without breaking. This

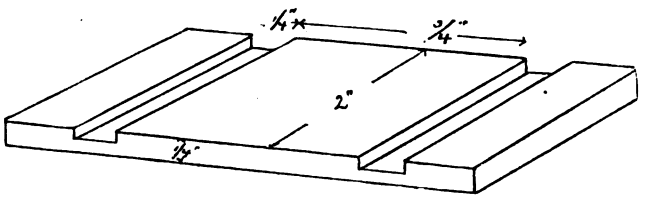



FIG. 1.

last property is inconvenient sometimes, but makes it suitable for savings-banks, etc.

To make the box, whittle out five pieces of the size and shape shown in Fig. 1. You may think at first that the central part should be square, but when putting it together you will see that it must be as represented. The size given in the diagram is for grooves one-eighth of an inch deep. The sixth piece is made like the figure, except that one end is not cut off; but is left an inch or two long. When all are finished, fit them together as shown in Fig. 2, the long end being on the upper side, as represented, with the last piece resting against it. Now take a hammer and strike the last side a good blow, being careful to strike close to the long end, to force it down into its place. This must be done quickly and firmly, so that the pieces will spring suddenly apart and close again. A good way to drive in this last piece is to rest a block on top of it, close to the projecting end, and then strike the block.

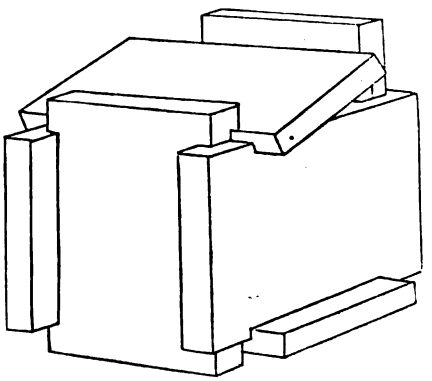
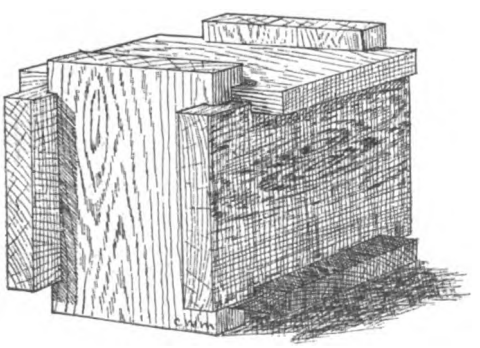


FIG. 2.

Now cut off the long end, making it uniform with the rest, and the box will be complete. There is nothing to show how it was made, and if you do not choose to tell, no one can find out. To make a bank, cut a slit in one side, through which the money can be dropped. To open it, split one of the sides.



PUZZLE BOX COMPLETE.

# ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER IX.

### BETTY IS ENLIGHTENED.

HER mind was evidently very intent upon the subject, for as soon as she and Miss Vandort were alone Betty said, eagerly:

"Cousin Annie, mamma said I was to be *sure* and explain to you and Aunt Esther that you needn't bother particularly about Nan, for of course you know who she is."

Miss Vandort's fair eyebrows went up ever so little with an expression peculiar to herself. Even Betty knew it indicated amusement, possibly contempt.

"I am *sure* I'm right," continued the little girl, more earnestly; "she is a very poor, common sort of relation of Cousin Letitia Rolf, and we only just invited her out of *kindness* to Miss Rolf. Papa and mamma met Cousin Letty at Saratoga last summer, where she had gone for a week, and then they thought it would please her to have Nan taken off her hands for a month; but mamma says that she is sure Nan will have to teach or do *something* for her living as soon as she is old enough, and so it won't do for us to make too much of her now, as we might not wish to know her *at all* when I am a young lady."

Annie was silent for a moment, but her eyes, following Nan and Dr. Barlow, were full of indignant light. She looked at the supple, strong young figure at the Doctor's side, the hand that clasped little Tina's with such a protecting air, the well-poised head, lifted as Nan listened to her companion, the outline of brow and eyes, indicating so much refinement and gentleness of spirit, the eagerly parted lips, the firm little chin, with its dimple, showing such character and yet sweetness, and could not help thinking what the friendship of such a girl, no matter how circumstances placed her, might be in a life as cold and dreary as poor little Betty's was sure to be.

"Don't you *see?*" urged Betty.

"My dear," said her cousin, quietly, "you have all been making a great mistake. Now I happen to know the real state of the case."

"What?" said Betty.

"I know," said Annie, "that Miss Rolf intends to make Nan her heiress; that she has the utmost confidence in her, and allows her a large income for charities even now. Why, every one in Beverley knows her and is proud of her. Betty," she continued, "Nan is scarcely more than a child, and yet she has done as much good in one year as you could think of, perhaps, in a lifetime."

But Betty was completely silenced and bewildered by the first sentences — heiress! income! charities! The words were dancing in her brain, and she already looked at Nan, whose gay laughter reached them, with a sort of awe. Oh, why had she snubbed her, or laughed when Bob tormented her? How vexed Louise would be, and her mother! Why, Mrs. Farquhar and Louise had decided it would be *very* foolish to take any trouble about Nan's room, or—*anything*. This piece of news would certainly be a blow, but, reflected Betty, it would make *her* important to be the one to tell it.

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Meanwhile the others had reached the lake, where Tina was jumping about in delight at seeing the swan and the little boat which was kept for the Colonel's grandchildren, and Nan was deeply interested in Dr. Barlow's tales of certain work he had on hand among the poor. He was active in various charities, and what he had wanted to say to Nan was very gratefully received by her. He knew that Miss Rolf allowed her an income for charitable expenditure, and he wanted to interest her in a scheme he and a few friends had planned for giving special care to sick children in the poorest quarters of the town.

"I will call for you some day, if you like, and take you to see the beginning we have made," he was saying just as Betty came within hearing, "and I am sure you and your aunt would be glad to do something for us."

Nan answered cordially, and, as she spoke, observed that Betty's eyes were fastened in grave wonder upon her face; and then, in spite of her resolutions, a triumphant feeling shot across Nan's heart. She had determined to do or say nothing to place herself in any better light before her cousins, and yet intense gratification was uppermost when the young Doctor ceased speaking, and Nan knew that Betty had listened keenly. But the feeling passed. There was a fierce little struggle in her mind, but she forced herself to say: "You know it is only because of Aunt Letty's kindness that I can do anything at all. None of the money is really mine: it is Aunt Letty who gives it to me."

No one but Nan herself knew the effort this little speech cost her; but in the way she least expected it her reward came. As she finished speaking, Nan raised her eyes and met those of Annie Vandort fixed upon her with such a glance of approval that she felt herself a thousand times repaid, and the little nod of her head which Cousin Annie gave, the smile that curved her lips, brought a feeling of satisfaction which made Nan very happy. She went nearer to Annie, and as Betty was now as interested as Tina in the swan, she was unobserved as she said: "Cousin Letty is so wise, Miss Annie. She knows so well what is best for me. I was dreadfully heedless, I am sure, when I came first to her, and then, you know, I am not clever in the least the way Joan and Lance are; so she thought I ought to learn to do something useful."

"Nan," said Miss Vandort, "don't you want to stay with me until Monday? I should like nothing better than some nice talks with you. Oh, Cousin Mary won't mind."

So it was arranged, and in spite of some sulkiness over the change of plans, Betty, as she went away, felt she had at least one compensation in the surprising facts concerning Nan which she had to communicate to the family at home. She felt very sure it would make *her* of great importance, and she would bargain, before telling Bob, that he should return to her her long paint-brush; perhaps she could even insist upon the box of paints as well.

## CHAPTER X.

### NAN RECEIVES A NEW WELCOME.

NAN will never forget that short visit at Brightwoods. As Betty drove away Nan turned from the window and looked at Annie Vandort with a smile which made the latter say:

"So you like to stay, do you, dear? Good! Now I am not going to make company of you; you shall do whatever you like. I am going up to my room. Will you come? We have an hour before tea."

That hour was pleasanter than any Nan had passed for a long time. They chatted over the wood fire in Miss Annie's pretty room while the twilight deepened, and a little soft rain came pattering against the window-panes with just enough of melancholy to make the warmth and coziness of the fireside all the pleasanter. Miss Annie had a great deal to ask about the Beverley cousins, and Nan told her about the two households—Rolf House, the black-walnut parlor, the old-fashioned study upstairs, with its pale flowered chintz and queer little cupboards, the attic, and then the familiar figures; dear Aunt Letty, with her soft shining eyes, her beautiful face, her loving, quiet ways; Mrs. Heriot, bustling and active and devoted; then the College Street cousins, to all of whom Nan did ample justice, making a heroine of Joan, an angel of beauty of Phyllis, a model invalid of Laura, and knights-errant of Lance and Philip.

And while she talked, sitting on a low ottoman at one side of the fire, her hands clasped about her knees, looking up with kindling eyes at Miss Annie in her easy-chair, she did not know that she herself was an interesting study for the young lady, who had often wondered how Miss Rolf's plan of education would turn out.

Annie Vandort was not particularly impulsive. She was not given to rapid likes or dislikes as was Nan herself, not impetuous and headlong like Joan, nor quietly critical like Phyllis, but in that hour over the wood fire she made up her mind about the little girl before her.

"I don't think she'll disappoint me either," was Annie's reflection as Nan's story came to an end; and with the suspicion of something wet on her long lashes, she looked down into the depths of the fire with a sigh. Talking of her Beverley home made her realize more than ever how dear everything belonging to it had become, and a spasm of lonely feeling made her wish that she could fly back there to-morrow.

But Brightwoods entertained her every hour of her stay. Sunday brought a cheerful round of duties and quiet amusements. After church and the early dinner Nan wandered away to the room in which she had slept, and which had been Miss Vandort's as a child. Nothing had been changed in it from the little dimity-covered bed to the pictures on the wall, and what Nan found most entertaining was the book-shelf above the chest of drawers, which still contained the favorite books of Miss Annie's childhood. It had so happened that during the very years when most young people are making such a collection, and establishing favorites to love all their lives, Nan had only had such story-books as her cousin Philip lent her, so that she brought a fresh delight to this little book-shelf, and spent two happy hours over *The Wide, Wide World*, looking into *The Heir of Redclyffe* just long enough to feel certain it would entrance her later; for if not a student by nature, Nan was passionately fond of reading, and even *Mrs. Rutherford's Children* and *The Original Poems of Jane Taylor*, which she found on the lower shelf, were not too childish for her taste.

It was delightful during the evening to hear Colonel Vandort's references to her father and her mother, whom he had known in their young days. Nan longed to ask questions, and ventured upon some very satisfactorily, and it seemed natural for her to tell these new friends the circumstances of her life at Bromfield. Miss Annie was greatly interested, and was particularly pleased that Miss Rolf had placed Marian at school. There was no sense of embarrassment to Nan in dwelling upon the past, so entirely in sympathy did she feel with everything about her. Even at Rolf House or in College Street she had never seen so perfect a home, so completely harmonious a family circle, as this; and when, at parting for the night, Colonel Vandort laid his hand upon Nan's head, saying, "Good-night, and God bless you, my dear! may you live to be as sweet a woman as your mother!" Nan felt a rush of happiness to her heart, and her "Yes, sir; thank you," came in very low tones.

It was an effort, after the peaceful day, the happy talks with Miss Annie, the genuine comfort and delight of being at Brightwoods, to go back to New York after breakfast Monday morning; but Miss Annie's last words at the car-

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"'GOD BLESS YOU, MY DEAR! MAY YOU LIVE TO BE AS SWEET A WOMAN AS YOUR MOTHER!'"

riage door consoled her. "I will see you soon, Nan dear," she said as she kissed her little friend good-by. "I will call when Dr. Barlow is ready to take us to his poor children."

Poor Nan rather dreaded her first re-encounter with the school-room party in Madison Avenue; but she was hardly within the door of the house before she was conscious of a change in every one's manner toward her. Louise met her at the foot of the staircase with many smiles, explaining that Mrs. Farquhar thought she had better have a room with a fire in it, and so the blue room had been prepared for mademoiselle. She herself had carried everything from the room upstairs down, and arranged them carefully.

Simple-hearted Nan could not understand any motive in the change. Even when she saw that her new room was the large elaborately furnished one opposite Mrs. Farquhar's, into which she and Betty had only once ventured to penetrate, it did not occur to her to ascribe her new honors to the tale with which Betty had returned from Brightwoods, and which had produced all the effect Betty had desired. When Mrs. Farquhar came in to welcome her little guest effusively, when even Tina approached her with something awe-stricken in her manner, no suspicion of the real reason for the change crossed Nan's honest mind. It took Bob's rough speech to fully enlighten her. He sauntered into her room half an hour after her return, stood looking at her in silence for a moment, and then broke out with:

"So you're the one Cousin Letty is going to give her money to, are you? I call it a shame; but I'll let you know," with a glance around the room, "that's why you're fixed up here like this. I told Betty I'd tell. You see, they thought you were only a charity girl before. But I'll tell you one thing, Miss Goody, I don't care a bit more for you, and"—he moved toward the door, laughing maliciously—"I guess I'll go and have a look at your little pet, Rover. He's been getting on splendidly while you were away; doesn't dare so much as to wag his tail."

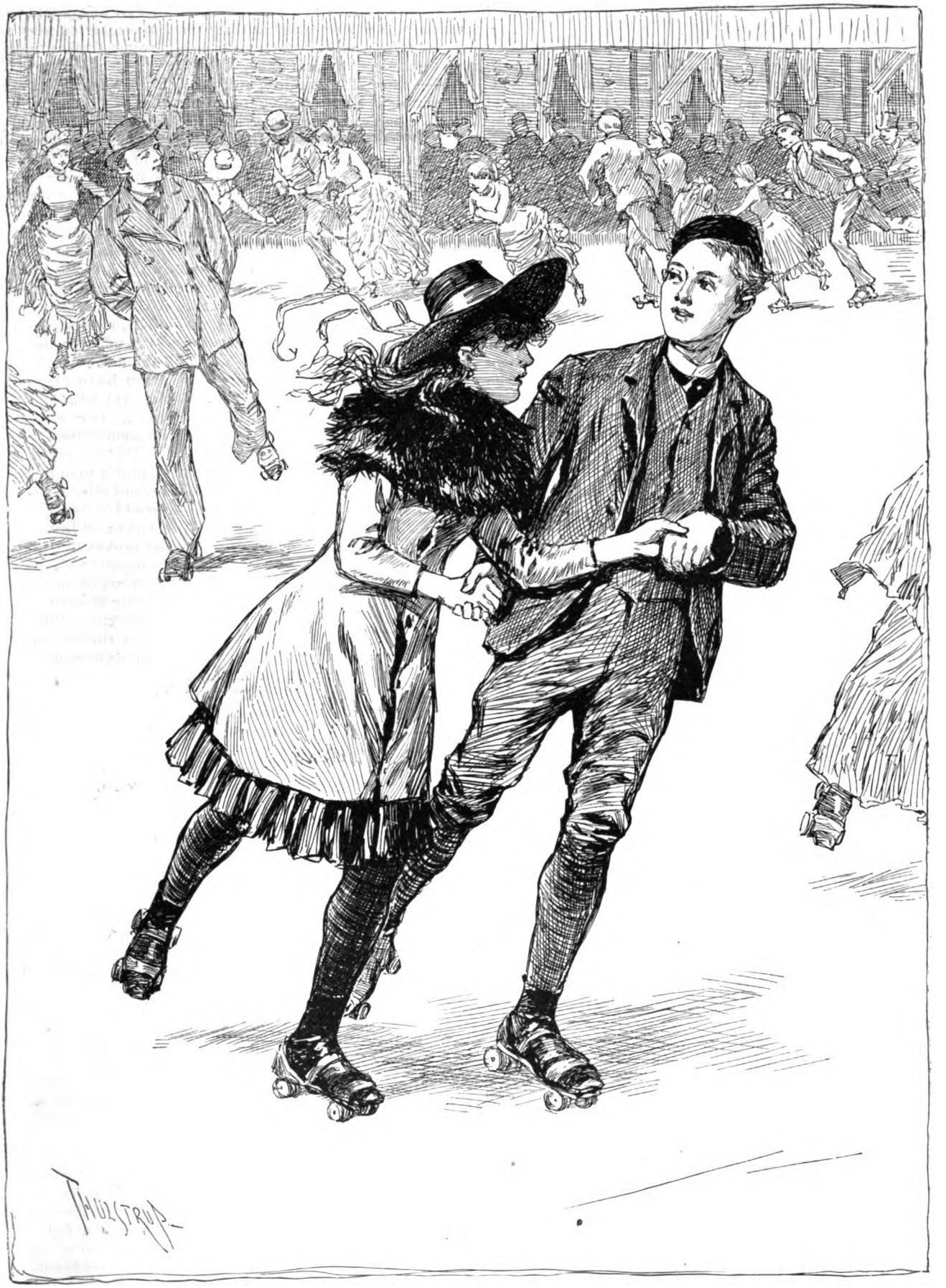
Nan, when Bob left her, stood still, wondering if what the boy had said was really true; and then she decided that no doubt the consideration shown her now was on Aunt Letty's behalf, and natural enough; and the implied threat about poor Rover absorbed all other feelings. Betty came in to talk about the Brightwoods visit, and to express her dissatisfaction over Bob's having a holiday, but Nan broke in with:

"Oh, Betty, I feel sure Bob means to do something dreadful to the poor little dog. I can not stay here. I am going out to see what he is up to."

And Nan, followed by the amused and curious Betty, rushed down-stairs and across the garden to the stable. She was not a moment too soon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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AT THE RINK.—SEE PAGE 266.

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## ROLLER-SKATING: ITS DELIGHTS AND DANGERS.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

THERE is not at present a more popular recreation through the length and breadth of the land than roller-skating. There is hardly a town that has not its skating rink, and the boys and girls seem to have gone wild over it. It can not be denied that it is a most fascinating amusement; if it were not, it would not have so rapidly become almost universal. There are many very excellent things connected with roller-skating which recommend it to parents, and make them willing to allow children to spend much time in the rinks. It possesses many advantages over ice-skating, and the result has been that this winter ten people have skated in the rinks where one has been on the ice.

The temperature of the rinks is generally comfortable, they are frequently more easy of access than the ponds or rivers where ice-skating can be indulged in, the surface is always smooth and in good condition, and there is no danger of falling in and getting drowned. Then in the motion itself there is a great fascination. You seem to go gliding over the floor with so little effort, such an exciting rate of speed is attainable, and it is so easy to sit down for a moment on a convenient bench and rest, and then up and off, skimming over the polished boards.

As a general rule I thoroughly approve of exercise, and especially of any kind of exercise in which girls and boys can join and enjoy together. There is no doubt that the presence of sisters and girl friends exerts a refining influence over the sports and actions of boys, who are inclined sometimes to be a trifle rough in their fun. Lawn tennis, croquet, ring-toss, and other out-door games which bring boys and girls together on a common footing are excellent, not only for health, but for manners as well; and the fact that girls could skate as well as boys, and sometimes better, was a great point in favor of the rinks. Almost everybody felt that "here is a new form of amusement; it is pleasing; it exercises the muscles; it is not rough, like foot-ball, nor is it attended by danger of drowning, like rowing or ice-skating; it brings our boys and girls together; this social contact softens and refines the manners of the boys, and it induces the girls to take a certain amount of healthful exercise, and they all seem to enjoy it."

The number of rinks increased with wonderful rapidity. There is hardly a town so small as not to have its skating rink, and it is safe to assert that there are very few of the boys and girls who read the YOUNG PEOPLE who do not enjoy this most delightful amusement. But like all pleasant things it was soon carried to an excess. Boys and girls began to be taken sick, and when the doctor was called in he attributed the trouble to too much rinking. Accidents became more frequent as the number of rinks and skaters increased, and ministers as well as doctors began to frown upon roller-skating.

Now I do not want the boys and girls who read this article to feel that I am a stupid old fellow who does not enjoy having a good time. When I was a boy (and it is not so very long ago) I used to feel, when people urged me not to do things which I enjoyed, that they wanted to prevent me from having fun; that because they did not see the pleasure in these amusements, they wanted to deprive me of mine. When I grew older I found that I was mistaken, but I don't want any boy or girl to make that mistake about me. I like fun as well as anybody, and I enjoy roller-skating. Until I found out my mistake I was one of the warmest advocates of the rinks, and even when the movement against them began I was not convinced until I had ascertained the opinions of some of the most skillful physicians in the country on the subject. Their verdict was unanimous.

Let me tell you what a few of the most prominent of the physicians I have talked to about it say. You all remember reading of Dr. Frank Hamilton, who was called to the bedside of President Garfield when he was shot, and who is a recognized authority on muscular surgery. I asked him, "Doctor, do you think roller-skating has any injurious physical effects?"

He answered, promptly and decidedly: "Yes; I have no doubt it has. The exercise is violent. Those who practice it are exceedingly liable to fall, much more so than in ice-skating with the ordinary skate, and it calls into action muscles which are unused to severe strains. Scarcely a day passes that I do not see or hear of some one who has suffered injury in a skating rink. In the majority of these cases the injury has proved to be a severe strain through the loins, or the muscles of the upper part of the thigh and the region of the groin, accompanied with swellings and severe pains in the latter region. For women and girls especially I consider it a dangerous pastime. If one were to make it the business of a lifetime to walk on roller skates, no doubt his or her muscles and joints would become used to it, and eventually suffer no harm. But there is much danger, and there are many chances that before they would have arrived at this immunity from harm they would meet with many serious accidents and permanent injuries. It is a most dangerous form of amusement, and the sooner the craze subsides the better."

Such an expression of opinion from so able a man in his profession would seem conclusive, but I heard others speak even more strongly. You have all noticed the fine flour-like dust which covers the floor of the rinks and floats in the air. Under the microscope this dust proves to be minute splinters of the floor boards. When you think how painful a splinter in your hand is, you can easily imagine the effect of these particles upon the delicate structure of your lungs. Dr. Montrose Pallin said concerning this:

"My chief objection to roller-skating is the fact that the rinks are always under cover, the atmosphere is confined, the air is full of an impalpable dust consisting of fine particles of wood fibre, which are detached from the floor by the constant friction of the rollers of the skates. The evil effects of breathing an atmosphere consisting of devitalized air, freighted with maple-wood splinters, can be imagined. The exertion of skating opens the lungs, and causes prolonged inspirations. In the open air, where these inspirations fill the lungs with pure air, the effect is most healthful. In the skating rinks, where the air is confined, and each breath is simply drawing into the lungs air which has already been breathed and rebreathed, accompanied by wood fibre and other impurities, lung and throat troubles are the inevitable result."

Dr. Sayre, the famous surgeon, and Dr. Boseman, both talked in the same strain, and called attention to the many serious accidents attendant upon roller-skating. Dr. Sayre explained the tendency of the roller skate to fly forward and let the skater fall in a sitting posture, or strike the back of the head, and how, owing to the construction of the skate, it was liable to produce bunchy and loose-jointed knees and ankles, and consequently an ungraceful carriage.

Dr. Boseman referred more particularly to its bad effect upon young girls, and expressed himself strongly against it. Out of the number of doctors I talked to I could not find one in favor of it.

Now it seems too bad to deprive young people of an amusement which is so pleasant as roller-skating without supplying something to take its place. Yet it would seem more advisable to avoid the rinks than to risk the many dangers these physicians speak of. Some other form of exercise must be invented, or some modification of rinking must be introduced which will combine the charms of the present style with the greatest safety. Broken bones, strained muscles, and lungs full of splinters are large prices to pay for a few hours' enjoyment on roller skates.

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# Hans Hecklemann's Luck

HANS HECKLEMANN had no luck at all.

Now and then we hear folks say that they have no luck at all, but they only mean that their luck is bad, and that they are ashamed of it. Everybody but Hans Hecklemann had luck of some kind, either good or bad, and, what is more, everybody carries their luck about with them. Some carry it in their pocket-books, some carry it in their hats, some carry it on their finger-tips, and some carry it under their tongues—these are lawyers. Mine is at this moment sitting astride of my pen, though I can no more see it than though it was thin air. Whether it is good or bad depends entirely on how *you* look upon it.

But Hans had no luck at all. How he lost it nobody knows, but it was clean gone from him. He was as poor as charity, and yet his luck was not bad, for, poor as he was, he always had enough for his wife and his family and himself to eat. They all of them worked from dawn to night-fall, and yet his luck was not good, for he never laid one penny on top of the other, as the saying is. He had food enough to eat and clothes enough to wear, so his luck was not indifferent. Now, as it was neither good, bad, nor indifferent, you see that it could have been no luck at all.

Hans Hecklemann's wife was named Catherine. One evening when Hans came into the cottage with just enough money to buy them all bread, and not a cracked farthing to spare, Catherine spoke to him of this matter.




"Hans," said she, "you have no luck at all."

"No," said Hans, "I have not" (which was the truth, as I have already told you).

"What are you going to do about it?" said Catherine.

"Nothing at all," said Hans.

"Doing nothing puts no cabbage into the pot," said Catherine.

"It takes none out," said Hans.

"See, Hans," said Catherine, "go to the old wise woman in the wood and talk to her about it. Who knows but that she can tell you how and where you lost your luck?"

"If I should find my luck, it might be bad and not good," said Hans.

"It is worth having a look at," said Catherine. "You can leave it where you find it if it does not please you."

"No," said Hans. "When a man finds his luck he has to take it, whether he likes it or no."

So Hans talked, but he had made up his mind to do as Catherine said—to go and see the old wise woman in the wood. He argued with her, but he only argued with her to let her know how little was her knowledge and how great was his. After he had clearly showed her how poor her advice was, he took it. Many other men are like Hans Hecklemann.

So, early the next morning, Hans jogged along to the old wise woman's cottage while the day was sweet and fresh. The hedge-rows were covered all over with white blossoms, as though it was with so much snow, the sky was full of little white clouds that looked like many lambkins turned topsy-turvy, the cuckoo was singing among the budding branches, and the little flowers were looking up everywhere with their bright faces. "Surely," said Hans to himself, "if I find my luck on this day, it must be good and not ill."

So he came to the little red cottage at the edge of the wood wherein lived the wise woman who knew many things and one. Hans scraped his feet on the stones until they were clean, and then he knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the old wise woman.

She was as strange an old woman as one could hope to see in a lifetime. Her nose bent down to meet her chin, and her chin bent up to reach her nose; her face was gray with great age, and her hair was as white as snow. She wore a long red cloak over her shoulders, and a great black cat sat on the back of her chair.




"What do you want, son Hans?" said she.

"I want to find my luck, mother," said Hans.

"Where did you lose it, son Hans?" said she.

"That I do not know, mother," said Hans.

Then the old wise woman said "Hum-m-m!" in a thoughtful voice, and Hans said nothing at all.

After a while she spoke again. "Have you enough to eat?" said she.

"Oh yes," said Hans.

"Have you enough to drink?" said she.

"Plenty water, enough milk, but no beer," said Hans.

"Have you enough clothes to cover you?" said she.

"Oh yes," said Hans.

"Are you warm enough in winter?" said she.

"Oh yes," said Hans.

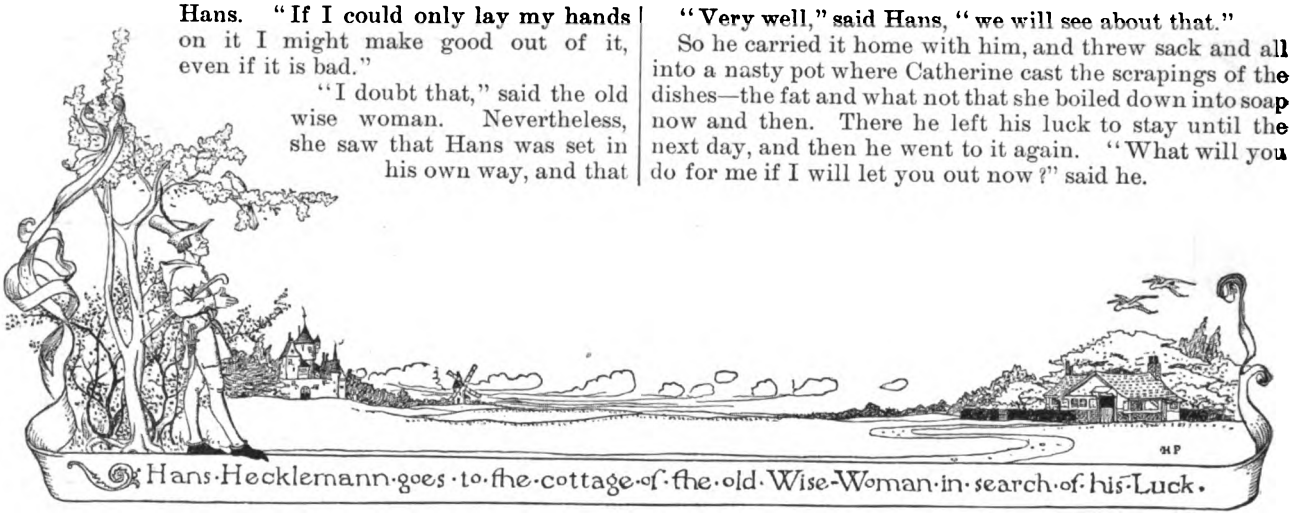
"Then you had better leave well enough alone," said she, "for luck can give you nothing more."

"But it might put money into my pocket," said Hans.

"And it might take away the good things you already have," said she.

"All the same, I should like to find it again," said

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Hans Hecklemann goes to the cottage of the old Wise-Woman in search of his Luck.

Hans. "If I could only lay my hands on it I might make good out of it, even if it is bad."

"I doubt that," said the old wise woman. Nevertheless, she saw that Hans was set in his own way, and that he only talked stiffness into his stubbornness. So she arose from her chair, and limping to a closet in the wall, she brought a book from thence. Then she ran her finger down one page and up another until she had found that which she sought. When she had found it she spoke:

"Son Hans, you lost your luck three years ago, when you were coming from the fair at Kneitlingen. You sat down on the overturned cross that lies where three roads meet, and it fell out of your pocket along with a silver shilling. Now, Hans, your luck was evil; therefore it stuck to the good sign, as all evil things of that kind must, like a fly to butter. Also, I tell you this: when an evil manikin such as this touches the sign of the good cross he becomes visible to the eyes of everybody who chooses to look upon him. Therefore, go to the stone cross, and you will find your luck running this way and that, but never able to get away from it." So saying, the old woman shut her book again. Then she arose from her chair and went once more to the closet in the wall. This time she took from it a little sack woven of black goats' hair. "When you have found your luck again, put it into this little bag," said she; "once in it, no evil imp will be able to get out so long as you keep the strings tied. And now good-by!"

Then Hans set out for the overturned stone cross where the three roads meet. When he had come to the place he looked here and there, and this way and that, but for a long time he could see nothing at all. At last, after much looking, he beheld a little black beetle running hither and thither on the stone.

"I wonder," said Hans, "if this can be my luck?"

So saying, he caught the little beetle betwixt his finger and thumb, but very carefully, for he could not tell whether or no it might bite him. The beetle stuck to the stone as though it had been glued there, but at last Hans pulled it away. Then, lo! it was not a beetle that he held in his hand, but a little manikin about as long as your thumb and as black as ink. Hans Hecklemann was so frightened that he nearly dropped it, for it kicked and screeched and rolled its red eyes in a very ugly way as he held it. However, he popped it into the little sack, and there it was, safe and sound.

This is what Hans Hecklemann's luck was like.

So Hans, having his luck secure in the little sack, began to bargain with it. "What will you do for me if I let you out?" said he.

"Nothing at all," snarled his luck.

"Very well," said Hans, "we will see about that."

So he carried it home with him, and threw sack and all into a nasty pot where Catherine cast the scrapings of the dishes—the fat and what not that she boiled down into soap now and then. There he left his luck to stay until the next day, and then he went to it again. "What will you do for me if I will let you out now?" said he.

"Nothing at all," snarled his luck.

"Very well," said Hans, "we will see about that."

So he let him stay where he was for another day. And so the fiddle played: every day Hans Hecklemann went to his luck and asked it what it would give him if he would let it out, and every day his luck said, "Nothing."

And so a week or more passed.

At last Hans's luck gave in.

"See, Hans," it said one morning, "if you will let me out of this nasty pickle, I will give you a thousand thalers."

"Ah, no," said Hans. "'Thalers are only thalers,' as my good father used to say. They melt away like snow, and then nothing is left of them. I will trust no such luck as that."

"I will give you two thousand thalers," said his luck.

"Ah, no," said Hans; "two thousand thalers are only twice one thousand thalers. No; I will trust no such luck as that either."

"Then what will you take to let me out, Hans?" said his luck.

"Look," said Hans; "yonder stands my old plough. Now if you will give me to find a golden noble at the end of every furrow that I strike with it, I will let you out. If not, why, then, into the soap you go."



Hans Hecklemann and the Old Wise-Woman.

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"Done!" said Hans's luck.

"Done!" said Hans.

Then he opened the mouth of the sack, and, puff! went his luck, like wind out of a bag, and, pop! it slipped into his breeches pocket.

He never saw it again with his mortal eyes, but it staid near to him, I can tell you.

"Ha! ha! ha!" it laughed in his pocket; "you have made an ill bargain, Hans, I can tell you."

"Never mind," said Hans; "I am contented."

Hans Hecklemann did not tarry long in trying the new luck of his old plough, as you may easily guess. Off he went like the wind, and borrowed Fritz Friedleburg's old gray horse. Then he fastened the horse to the plough, and struck the first furrow. When he had come to the end of it, pop! up shot a golden noble as though some one had spun it up from the ground with his finger and thumb. Hans picked it up and looked at it as though he would swallow it with his eyes. Then he seized the handle of the plough and struck another furrow. Pop! up went another golden noble, and Hans gathered it as he had done the other one. So he went on all that day, striking furrows and gathering golden nobles, until all his pockets were as full as they could hold. When it was too dark to see to plough any more, he took Fritz Friedleburg's horse back home again, and then he went home himself.

All of his neighbors thought that he was crazy, for it was nothing but plough, plough, plough, morning and noon and night, spring and summer and autumn. Frost and darkness alone kept him from his labor. His stable was full of fine horses, and he worked them until they dropped in the furrows that he was always ploughing.

"Yes, Hans is crazy," they all said. But when Hans heard them talk in this way he only winked to himself, and went on with his ploughing, for he felt that he knew this from that.

But ill luck danced in his pocket with the golden nobles, and from the day he closed his bargain with it he was an unhappy man. He had no comfort of living, for it was nothing but work, work, work. He was up and away at his ploughing at the first dawn of day, and he never came home until night had fallen; so, though he ploughed golden nobles, he did not turn up happiness in the furrows along with them. After he had eaten his supper he would sit silently behind the stove, warming his fingers, and thinking of some quicker way of doing his ploughing. For it seemed to him that the gold pieces came in very slowly, and he blamed himself that he had not asked his luck to let him turn up three at a time instead of only one at the end of each furrow; so he had no comfort in his gathering wealth.

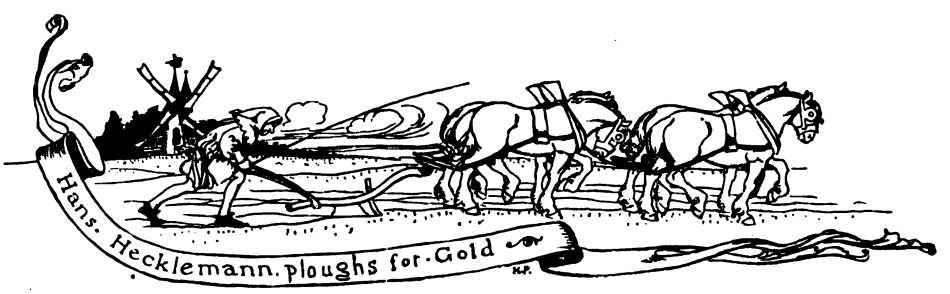
As day followed day he grew thin and haggard and worn, but seven boxes of bright new gold pieces lay hidden in the cellar, of which nobody knew but himself. He told no one how rich he was growing, and all of his neighbors wondered why he did not starve to death.

So, you see, the ill luck in his breeches pocket had the best of the bargain, after all.

After Hans had gone the way of all men his heirs found the chests full of gold in the cellar, and therewith they bought fat lands and became noblemen and gentlemen, but that made *Hans's* luck none the better.

From all this I gather that few folks can turn ill luck into good luck; that the best thing for one to do is to let well enough alone; that one can not get happiness, as one does cabbages, with money; that happiness is the only good luck, after all.

HOWARD PYLE.




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LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a boy nearly eleven years old; I shall be eleven on the 26th of this month. I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box from your young friends, and think them very nice. I am not very strong, and have not been to school for a year. I like French, Latin, reading, and writing, but I do not like arithmetic. My favorite study is natural history, and I have many books on zoology. For pets I have a cat named Tibbie, a guinea-pig which I call Jinnie, and one canary named Joe. I have heard a great deal about America, and should like to see the beautiful Falls of Niagara, to live on a ranch, and to see a prairie—not on fire, though! I have no brothers and sisters, so I am alone, but dearly love HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and welcome it as a friend. Of the stories, I like "The Lost City" best, and so does mamma. FRED P.

Your puzzles shall be used soon.

STOCKWELL PARK ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

We have a great many pets. We have a squirrel, a bird, a cat, a tortoise, two dogs, and six fish. The squirrel is rather mischievous; he likes to bite the wood-work. We let him run about the room nearly every day. The bird is a canary, and he generally comes out when the squirrel does. The cat has been caught in a trap several times, because she is such a thief, and once it hurt her leg, and it has never got quite well since. It gets well in the summer, and bad again in winter. Mother does not like cats. We do not see much of the tortoise in the winter, because he lives in the garden and feeds on dandelion leaves. The two dogs are only very little ones; their names are Mouse and Tom; the bigger, Mouse, measures eleven and a half inches from the neck to the bottom of the foot, and sixteen and a half inches from the neck to where the tail begins; and the smaller one, Tom, measures ten inches high and seventeen and a half inches long. We keep the fish in a bowl in the window. I have a great many nice dolls, especially one baby doll; she has things just like a real baby, from a cloak to a feeding-bottle and bib. I have three brothers, one rather a little one, though he is two years and five months older than I am. He is a little more than eleven years old, and the others are quite young men. I am nearly nine years old. MABEL A. B.

What a clever little writer you are, Mabel dear! You have painted your home for us in the very brightest way.

SISSETON AGENCY, DAKOTA.

We live at an Indian agency in Dakota. Papa is agent here, and takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for Gracie and me; Gracie is my sister. Many of the children tell what their pets are, so I will name mine. I had a little puss once, but our servant gave it away to an Indian. Gracie and I have a little pony together; he is iron gray, and is only four feet high up to his shoulders. In the summer Gracie and I ride nearly every evening. He is so gentle that I can saddle him myself. Last summer I took care of him sometimes. My brother takes care of him now; it is so cold that I can't. We each have three dolls. I have a doll's cradle and a doll's trunk. Gracie has a cradle and a small set of doll's furniture. There are seven churches on this reservation and three boarding-schools, and quite a good many girls and boys can talk English. The Indians on this reservation are civilized. I am nine years old.
KATIE A. T.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

I am ten years old and live in Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since it was published in Great Britain. I go to school; the school is near where Sir Walter Scott lived, in 39 Castle Street. I was at Holyrood Palace, and saw the bedroom of Mary Queen of Scots. I was in the Castle, which stands on a high rock at the side of Princes Street Gardens. The garden at the foot was once a loch. My brother took me to the Antiquarian Museum, and showed me Alexander Selkirk's sea-chest and drinking-cup. A story was written about him; he was cast on a desert island. This story was called *Robinson Crusoe;* I have read it, and think it a very nice one. G. R. H.

TARBOROUGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

In a recent number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE I read how a lady told one of the boys of a way to make a horn of lamp-lighters, and thought I would tell how brother made one. He got a cow's horn, soaked it for about ten days, scraped it with a piece of broken glass, smoothed it with sand-paper, and varnished it. Mamma hung it on the wall with red ribbons, where it looks very pretty, to put the matches or lighters in.

I liked "Nan" very much, and am glad to see "Rolf House." Please print my letter to surprise brother, as it is the first I have ever written. GRETCHEN P.

ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a boy eleven years of age. I get HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from a news dealer in this city, and think it the best paper published. I am very sorry that "Wakulla" is finished, but I think "Rolf House" is a very nice story. I have not many pets—only a dog and three cats. I go to school, and study reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, drawing, spelling, and German. I used to live in New York. BENNIE D.

S. KONA, HAWAII, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Mopse, our yellow dog that I told you about, had more bones and cake than he wanted. He went and called some natives' dogs and gave them all he had. He brought a big stick of sugar for the horse, because the horse was tied up, and had not anything but grass to eat, and had been away all day. Another dog brought some little chickens into the cook's house and put them before the fire, because the rain came and made them cold. There is a bird that comes and sings. He makes it like a chant papa sung to him. We had a big earthquake the other night. It did go it. My bed shook. Mopse, the dog, Minos, the horse, and Minie, the cat, are all fond of me and play with me. I know some of the names of gentle Jesus, like Alpha, Omega, and Logos, and what they mean, and some of the stories about Him. Can you tell me some good story-book about Him and His friends? HAROLD.

There are two books which I like, Harold: one is *Dear Old Stories Told Once More*, by Faith Latimer, and the other is *The Story of the Bible*. But I think your mamma will agree with me that the best stories about our Saviour are in the New Testament.

You have very clever pets in your far-away home, I think.

Now for another Harold and his letter. He lives in quite another part of the world:

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

Perhaps some of the boys and girls who read your paper would like to know something about Winnipeg. We have nearly six months of winter, and it is very cold almost all that time. On New-Year's Day I went out tobogganing with my father when the thermometer was forty degrees below zero, and yet it was not too cold. Of course we were very well wrapped up. We have steady sleighing all winter, and a great many boys have dogs trained to draw their sleighs. We live on the bank of the Assiniboine River, and have to cross it to get to the city. In winter we cross the ice. Our street cars all have stoves, and are very warm. Our streets are lighted by electricity. We get spring water from Artesian wells. It is brought to the house in barrels, and we pay twenty-five cents a barrel; in winter these barrels have to be kept in the kitchen quite near the stove, or the water would freeze solid. My father takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and *St. Nicholas* for us. I am a boy of eight, and I have two sisters, one six and the other four years old. I can not write very quickly yet, so my mother wrote this for me. HAROLD D. P.

JOLIET, ILLINOIS.

I have taken the paper for about two years, and have never written before. I attend the High School here, which I like very much. It is quite a large building, and is situated in the northern part of the city. JENNIE M. S.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

We live in the suburbs of Pittsburgh. I like it very much. It is not so dirty where we live as in the city. I go to school; I study reading, writing, spelling, history, geography, and arithmetic. I had a very happy Christmas. I tried some of Millie Cone's Christmas presents; I thought they were very pretty. I have no pets at all. I hope to see my letter published. SADIE M. C.

WATERTOWN, NEW YORK.

I was twelve years old on the 2d of September. I have just been reading in YOUNG PEOPLE. I go to school, and study reading, writing, geography, spelling, grammar, physiology, arithmetic, and drawing, besides taking music lessons. I have taken a term, and can play five pieces. I am in the Sixth Grade. I have seen quite a number of letters from my little friends in Watertown. I hope, dear Postmistress, that you will find room for this letter, as it is my first one. I wrote this letter myself. GWENDOLINE O'B.

FLUSHING, NEW YORK.

Flushing is a beautiful place, very like a New England village. Perhaps you know that it was once celebrated for its trees? I would not exchange it for any other town in the world. We all have great fun here in winter, skating and coasting. I am very fond of winter, though so many complain of the cold. A still, clear day, with the thermometer about seven or eight above zero, is just what I like. I enjoy the Post-office Box very much. I am so fond of little children that I love to read their sweet little letters, and to fancy all sorts of things about them. One thing I notice runs all through the notes—the "mammas" and "papas" seem so very near and dear to the little folk. I think that is lovely; don't you, dear Postmistress? I am very much interested in Emily M., of Santa See, Lime Key. I have not seen a letter from her for some time, though I have been anxiously watching. What a life she must lead, far away on that isolated island, and yet she seems very happy and contented. Don't you agree with me when I say that I think Mrs. Yonge's books are perfectly delightful? I have read almost all of her stories, and I read them over and over again. I never could tell who my favorite poet is, though I love every bit of Burns. I suppose one reason for that is that I am so very fond of Scotland.
EDITH VERNON M.

I like Miss Yonge's books very much.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

New Orleans is a curious city. It is on a double bend of the Mississippi; that is, the river is on three sides of it. As the streets conform to a considerable extent to the course of the river, a stranger is likely to get somewhat "mixed" if he walks far. He may start out with the sun at his back, and if he keeps on the same street after a time he finds the sun shining in his face. He can not see just how it has happened, but that the sun somehow or other has managed to get in front of him is very evident. It is quite astonishing how the points of the compass will whip about from one direction to another.

Singular as it may seem to you girls and boys, the river is higher than the city. Just think of walking up to a river, and down from it! Streams, instead of doing as well-conducted streams usually do, flow from the river, not into it. The Mississippi looks like a vast puddle turned into a mighty river. One does not wonder that the bed of the river is gradually filling up when he sees the muddiness of the water.

Even the ground is full of water down here. The principal cemetery is named Greenwood. All the wealthier people have vaults, some of which are very handsome. All along both sides of the cemetery, built up in brick and mortar, are narrow pigeon-holes, into which are slipped the coffins of those not rich enough to have vaults.

They do not take cents down here. A "nickel" is the lowest denomination they will condescend to have anything to do with. I walked up to a fruit stand to buy an orange. "How do you sell them?" "Three for a dime." "I will take two;" and I put down a nickel and two cents. He would not take the money, and said he did not receive coppers. A very small newspaper costs five cents. One may not buy less than five cents' worth of anything, excepting postage stamps.

Many of the stores are open on Sunday; all saloons are. The theatres are full on Sunday night. It is the principal day for base-ball matches.

In my next I will tell you something about the Exposition. W. J. B.

We shall be glad to hear from you.

STOCKPORT, NEW YORK.

I have HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the beginning, all bound. I was ten years old November 5. I had a birthday party, and I received a wax head for my doll. I will tell you about my pets. I have a Maltese cat, Tom, and a bird named Dick. We had a dog; his name was Rave. I also have some dolls; their names are Bessie, May, Addie, and Jean. I have a little brother Joshie; he is six years old. May I join the Little Housekeepers? MARY ISABEL R.

Yes, dear, you may join them.

STOKE NEWINGTON, LONDON, ENGLAND.

I always read the letters in the Post-office Box, so I thought I would send one. I used to take *Little Folks*, but directly I saw this paper I thought I would like it better, and I am right. My brother takes in *The Boys' Own Paper*, my sister takes in *The Girls' Own Paper*, and my younger sister takes in *The Prize*. I have got a dear little kitten; she is called Topsy, and is very wild. On

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next Tuesday I am going to the Mansion House Fancy-dress Ball. I am going as a cricketer.

GURNEY C.

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OKAWVILLE, ILLINOIS.

I am going to school, and have a lady teacher. I go every day. I study reading, arithmetic, geography, and spelling. We have two cows and two horses. I loaned my money, $21 25, to my papa. I will try to earn some more before this year is out. I got a safe for Christmas, a book (*Robinson Crusoe*), and a pair of skates. We like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and love to look at the pictures.

FRANK H.

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## A JINGLE.

BY CONVERSE CLEVELAND.

I had a little daughter named Bridget;
She was a dreadful little fidget.
She saw a little boat,
And bought it for a groat,
This naughty, naughty, naughty little fidget.

SWAMPSCOTT, MASSACHUSETTS.

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## LINA STANGER.

A TRUE STORY.

The large concert hall in Munich was brilliantly lighted. Crowds of people were ascending the broad stairs. The great musician Dr. Hans von Bülow was about to give the last of three concerts. At the foot of the stairs stood a little girl. Her hands were full of cards, which she gave to the ladies as they passed by. All the cards had gone but one, and that she handed to a young girl of sixteen. The latter cast a scornful glance at our little friend, and said, as she threw down the card, "*I* don't want your cards, and surely no one else does either."

Poor little Lina! The cross words went right to her heart, and the tears sprang to her eyes. She looked up at the girl who had had the heart to utter the cruel speech, and, swallowing a great sob, ran out into the street, where her tears fell faster than the falling snow.

"Oh, how could she have been so cruel!" sobbed Lina, as she climbed up and up to the third story of an ordinary house on the Wittelsbacher Platz. She ran by the girl who opened the door, and entered a small but neatly furnished room.

A little woman dressed in mourning laid down the lace she was neatly arranging in a large box, and said: "Why, where have you been, dear? I was growing quite worried about you."

"Oh, mamma," cried Lina, throwing herself in her mother's arms, "I've been giving out our cards in the Odeon, so the people would know of our little store. All the ladies took them but one, and—she threw it down on the floor, and was *so* cross!"

It was a long time before Frau Stanger could soothe Lina. She was a sensitive child, and hard words sank deep into her heart. However, she was comforted in a measure by her mother's assurance that some of the ladies would surely come and see them. After she was snugly tucked away under her down-bed she wondered if she really had done any good.

Frau Stanger was not really poor. Her husband, who had been in the army, had died six months ago. They had saved a little for a rainy day, so, when it came, Frau Stanger and her little daughter were not left destitute.

The cards which Lina had given out in the Odeon, without any instructions from her mother, were some the latter had had printed since the opening of the lace store.

"I must have dropped it in the Odeon. Oh dear! it had my pretty lavender handkerchief in it! I care a great deal more for that than for the bag."

"We can go back and look for it, and mamma can go on."

"No, no, Helen; don't go back. If it is in the Odeon, the men there will take charge of it; and if I dropped it on the snow, it is gone."

It was a young lady who spoke the last words, and she had lost the little black bag which matched her dress. Her mother and sister were with her, and as I was right behind them, I heard the little lecture they gave the young lady.

"Oh, mamma, two *noble* ladies have been here!" said Lina to her mother, who had been out on an errand, and had left the little store in Lina's care. "I was so frightened that I couldn't show them anything. But I told them you would go to their house to-morrow and bring some lace for them to look at."

"Ah, Lina, I am afraid you will never outgrow that bashfulness unless you try harder than you do. You *must* overcome it, dear, for I shall often be obliged to leave the store in your care."

Lina promised she would try, but sighed as she thought how often she had failed in the attempt.

At the appointed hour Frau Stanger presented herself at Mrs. N——'s. While the lace was being looked over, the conversation fell on Lina.

"She is fifteen," said Frau Stanger, in answer to a question Miss N—— asked. "She is very small for her age, but so bright!" Frau Stanger's sad face lit up with pride as she spoke of Lina, her little comfort. Seeing the interest Miss N—— took in her, she went on to tell how bright and smart she was. "She is very much interested in my little store, and does all she can to get customers. You already know, I think, how she took my business cards to the Odeon without saying a word to me."

"No," said Miss N——; "I thought she was sent to the Odeon from some store. How very cute that was of her!"

"I must tell you about the little incident which pleased Lina so much. The day after the last of Hans von Bülow's concerts an elegantly dressed lady came up to our rooms. She brought a little black bag which she said she had found in the street the night before. One of my cards was in it, so she brought it to me, hoping I might find the owner. Lina was *so* happy! 'See, mamma,' she said, 'the cards did some good!'"

"Tell me," said Miss N——, eagerly, "was there a lavender handkerchief in the bag?"

"Yes, yes," said Frau Stanger, nodding her head up and down in her excitement. "Is it yours, Fräulein?"

"Yes," cried Miss N——, joyfully. "I lost it the night of the opera."

"How happy Lina will be!" said Frau Stanger, with tears in her eyes.

"I would like very much to give Lina something," said Miss N——. "Do you know of anything she would like?"

"If you want to make Lina happy, give her a pair of skates; she has been wanting a pair for a long time."

Frau Stanger packed up her lace, and bowed herself out of the room.

Never was there a happier girl than Lina Stanger, when, a few weeks later, she walked briskly to the skating-pond with a pretty pair of new skates on her arm.

"Who would have believed that those few cards would bring so many people to us?" thought she.

A. F.

MUNICH, BAVARIA.

This is a very well written story from one of our youthful contributors.

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This, in a different style, is equally good:

## OUR LITTLE VISITOR.

Not long ago our school had a little visitor; it came more than once. I suppose you would like to know who it was. Well, it was a mouse. It was small and brown, with little bright black eyes, and long tail and whiskers. This little mouse lived cozily and happily in the wall, until one day there was a great commotion in the house down-stairs that so frightened Mrs. Mouse and the children that Mr. Mouse was forced to go and see what it was. He soon came back, and said that he thought some people were going to move into the house, and he added: "There is a beautiful box down there, in which I staid while I listened to what was going on. The top is covered with carpet, and there are three chairs and a table on top of it. From appearances I judged that no one lived there, and as our nest here is rather cold in winter, I think it would be a good plan to move into it. We shall have more to eat and can see a great deal of what is going on outside, which is very desirable. Our three children are now growing to be of an age when they should see and know something of the world; for," said he, "if they are kept shut up for too long a time, when they go out they will certainly be caught in one of those dreadful traps."

Mrs. Mouse shuddered at the very idea of her dear children being caught in a trap. So she strongly objected to moving at all, "For," she said, "if we move, we shall be so near the people that they will surely kill us."

But Mr. Mouse argued with her until he gained his point, and Mrs. Mouse agreed to go that very night and see if the new house suited her. So that night, after the children were safe in bed, Mr. and Mrs. Mouse went to see the house. When she saw what a nice place it was, she willingly consented to live there; so they moved, and were soon comfortably settled. Every night Mr. and Mrs. Mouse went to a neighboring house and found provisions enough to last them through the next day.

One morning Mr. Mouse went a long way off on business, and, the day after, Mrs. Mouse went to meet him. She told the children that they must not stir out of the house; but soon after she had gone, our hero, whose name was Bright-eyes, said, "Now I intend to go and see something of the world for myself."

His brothers begged him not to go, but he would not listen to them. He crept out and ran all over the school-room. No one tried to catch him, so he went back to tell his brothers about it.

"Guess what I saw," said Brighteyes.

"What?" said the others.

"Why, ever so many girls and boys all sitting in rows, and there are nutshells and pieces of apple on the floor right outside of our door. Come out and help me bring them in."

"Oh no; we would not *dare* to go," said his brothers.

So Brighteyes went out again, alone. This time all the scholars jumped and tried to catch him, and he was so frightened that he ran right into a girl's hands. She would not let him go, but ran to a pail of water and threw him in, and the poor little mouse was drowned.

When Mr. and Mrs. Mouse came home and heard the sad story from some neighbors, who had witnessed the scene through a crack in the wall, the whole family died of broken hearts.

MONROE, MICHIGAN. ANNA L. C.

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BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I have been sick in bed, and have had to stay in-doors a long time. I get very tired doing nothing, so I enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; I have been taking it twelve weeks, and like it very much, especially the Post-office Box. I have a big dog named Pat—a good fellow, but too big and rough to be in the room with me. I would like to have a cat, because I could have it with me. I am seven years old, and expect to go to school as soon as I get well. I hope you will print this; I am going to look for it. Good-by.

GEORGE H. R.

And when you see it, I hope you will be well again.

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**E. J. C.:** I am very glad to hear the good news you tell me in your letter.—**Sallie B. W.:** Like you, I enjoy "Rolf House." It is a beautiful story.—**Willie G. B., Hatton L., Walter C. P., Sadie L.** (your lines are very pretty for a young girl's composition), **John O. J. S., Vernon L. B., May H., M. W. H., J. A. R., Fred R., Sol B., Ada P., Reggie C. S., J. P. S., Arthur C. T., Milton P., Nannie L. W., Harriet B., F. C. H., Jun., Jim S., Mildred F., Fred S., Jessie C. D., Kittie K., Lola M. M., Esther L. H., Marjorie, Racey T., Pauline C., Florence De Vere B., Adele M., W. D. W., Josie S. W., Luther H. K., Little Mary, Edna T.,** and **Arthur M.,** please accept thanks, dear children.

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Suddenly. 3. Stirs up. 4. Small balls. 5. A conjunction. 6. To claim. 7. A kind of bird. 8. To cover with turf. 9. A letter.

NAVAJO.

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### No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 6, 18, 19, 20, 23 is a color.
My 12, 5, 8 is a troublesome animal.
My 9, 14, 5, 12, 8 is what we can not live without.
My 14, 2, 22, 4, 11 is a woman's name.
My 16, 3, 7 is to unite.
My 10, 3, 21 is a repository for grain.
My 17, 13, 11, 24 is to boast.
My 15, 1, 21, is a number.
My whole is the name of a poet.

VIOLET and PANSY DINSMORE.

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### No. 3.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead not shut, and leave a useful instrument. 2. Behead a method, and leave a song. 3. Behead the heart of a fruit, and leave a mineral. 4. Behead scanty, and leave to trim. 5. Behead an old-fashioned name for an educated person, and leave a bird. 6. Behead a petrifaction, and leave a modified sound. 7. Behead a confidence, and leave a crust which is found on metals.

CHARLES W. CROOK.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 275.

No. 1.—
```
      G
    P E A
  P E R N A
G E R E N D A
  A N N O Y
    A D Y
      A
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No. 2.—Merit. M. Me. Met. Time. Rim. Merit.

No. 3.—
```
K I T E
I D E A
T E N T
E A T S
```

No. 4.—1. H-elm. 2. C-hair. 3. W-h-e-at. 4. C-all. 5. Y-ear.

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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Emma C. Wilkins, Cockade City, William Holzman, Freddie J. Gale, Lema C., Arthur Gross, Mary May, Elena, Marguerite, Charlie Grove, Abner Hall, Dora Scholes, Emily McKean, Alice Dana, Bessie Paul, William Green, Theodore Carlton, Joseph H. Hodgson, and F. P. L.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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"WELL, I CAN SKATE ON ROLLERS, ANYHOW."

## CONJURING AT HOME.

BY HENRY HATTON.

### THE CHINA RIBBON.

TWO rolls of tape, each about ten feet in length, are thrown out, so that the audience may be assured that they are perfect. The two are then brought together, passed through a bunch of borrowed keys, tied in a single overhand knot, and the ends given to two boys to hold. Two solid iron rings are then tied on with single overhand knots, one on each side of the keys. The services of a third boy are now called in. He is asked to remove his coat, and to pass one end of the tapes through the right sleeve, the other through the left, and then to put the coat on again and button it. His arms are now folded across his breast, and the performer takes *one* piece of tape from each of the boys who are holding them, and these he ties in a single overhand knot across the third boy's chest, and then hands them back to the holders. This movement is most important, for if omitted the trick would fail.

It would seem impossible to remove the tapes unless by cutting them or taking off the boy's coat, and yet it is done right before the spectators' eyes, without concealing the boys for an instant, and while the ends of the tapes are firmly held. Standing behind the tied-up boy, the performer asks, "Which will you have first—the keys or the rings?" and then passing his hands under the lad's coat, he produces whichever article is asked for, following it by the others. Then he requests the holders of the tape to pull—a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together. As they do so, the tapes first seem to bind the tied boy more closely, and then to dissolve, as it were, and sink through his body, until, in less time than it takes to write it, he stands free, while the other boys, still holding the ends, stare at each other in amazement.

To do this trick successfully there is needed some strong slate-colored twilled tape about an inch in width, and several small pins, the latter stuck in the lower edge of the vest, or wherever most convenient to get at. Only one pin is required, but as that might drop, it is better to be well supplied, lest the trick should come to an untimely end.

Before going before your audience, you stick one pin crosswise in the centre of one piece of tape; that is, if the tape is ten feet long, you find the centre, which will be at five feet, and there insert the pin. Each piece of tape is then rolled up separately. To begin, you take a roll in each hand, and catching them by one end, throw them out to your audience, "in order," you say, "that all may be assured that they are entirely without preparation." As you walk back to your stage, or to that part of the room set apart for your exclusive use, you gather up the tapes, and run them through your fingers until you feel the pin. This you at once remove—remember, you are walking away from your audience, and as your back is toward them, they can not see this move—pin the two pieces of tape together, and turn them so that they are double; that is, so that the ends of one piece point in one direction, and the ends of the other piece directly opposite. The point at which they are pinned you cover with your hand in an easy, natural way, so as to keep it concealed until the bunch of keys is passed on and tied, when it will be impossible to discover that they are joined. After the boy has been tied up, all you need do is to unpin the tapes, carefully holding on to the bights of each with the thumb and forefinger of one hand, and *untie* each article. These being removed, you let go the bights, when a steady pull will bring the tapes off. Again let me caution you to cross the tape on the breast of the boy who is tied up, else each of the other boys at the conclusion of the trick will be found holding two ends of *one* tape instead of the ends of two pieces.

This is an exceedingly pretty trick, and its very simplicity and absence of apparatus will make it seem all the more wonderful. But simple though it is, it is by no means to be despised, since so eminent a performer as the elder Herrmann included it in the programme of his last engagement in New York.




A MINK 'AT.

TABBY. "What luck! If there isn't that Spilkins Cat with her back up! Now just watch me get even with her for that mean trick she played me yesterday. *Spit! Y-y-iouw!!!*"

BOY (*on other side of fence*). "Help! Murder!! Quick!!! My Mink Hat's come to life again, and 's tearin' all the hair out of my head. O-h!"

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 279. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




"WHEN MOTHER GOOSE DUSTS OFF THE MOON, YOU'LL KNOW IT WILL BE SNOWING SOON."


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## THE BUMBLE-BEE'S MISTAKE.

BY MRS. C. C. DAY.

THERE once was a bumble-bee burly and big,
Who wore a brown suit and a little horned wig,
His coat was trimmed over with lovely gold rings,
And silver was mixed with the gauze of his wings.

He had made in a nice grassy corner a nest,
Where little bee babies in quiet should rest,
And he fashioned some cups that were shapely and fair
And thinner than thinnest of porcelain-ware.

But these beautiful things for his table as yet
Were empty, and something he quickly must get,
That bumble and humble and other buzz folk
Might have breakfast to eat the first minute they woke.

So out to the flowery village he flew,
To find some old cronies obliging and true:
"Good-morning—buzz! buzz!—Madame Pink, can you give
Some refreshment to me that my children may live?"

"Oh yes, brother bee, the red cupboard is nigh;
Help yourself, and take freely a hearty supply."
"Thank you kindly—buzz! buzz!—the gift I'll repay,
As becometh a bee in a bee-going way."

Then he hurried along to rich Mrs. Clover:
"Dear neighbor—buzz! buzz!—any honey left over?"
"Oh yes, all my jars are just ready for you,
And the butterfly waiting can carry some too."

"Very little *he'll* carry," the bumble-bee thought;
But he answered, politely, "Buzz! buzz!" as he ought.
The lilies and roses—first families all—
He visited then, nor in vain did he call.

He turned to go further; but, oh! what a sight!
Fast coming that way were posies in white,
And posies so dazzling with yellow and pink,
He wished he had eyelids all ready to blink.

"Buzz! buzz! I knew not that the flowers walked out;
But here they are coming to meet me, no doubt;
Buzz! buzz! it is true—it is just what they say,
Success will meet effort two-thirds of the way."

"Buzz! buzz! thank you all," and quickly he stored
A burden of sweets, and flew home with the hoard;
But I do not believe that he knows to this day
That the wandering flowers were just a bouquet—

A bouquet that was carried by sweet little Jane
To the poor crippled boy that lives down in the lane.
Oh, brave little maiden! how steady and still
She stood while the "funny old thing" took his fill!

## ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XI.

### DECIDED MEASURES.



NAN fairly flew into the stable, climbing to the loft, with her heart beating quickly. Strange sounds reached her ears—something like a moan and cry from poor Rover, and the snap of Bob's whip.

The loft was never very light, but in a space where the strongest rays of the November sun were falling, Bob stood, his evil little face full of rage, as, whip in hand, he commanded Rover to "jump," applying the usual punishment when the poor animal failed to obey him.

But nature, even in the patient little dog, had at last given way. His eyes, pitifully, wistfully raised to his master, seemed to be saying that he could not move; he was too weak to lift his head.

Nan sprang forward, exclaiming: "Bob! cruel boy! don't you see he *can't* jump? I think he is dying."

Bob turned angrily upon her. "Get out of here; you've no right meddling with my affairs."

"I can't go," panted poor Nan; "I can't leave you to kill that dog."

Bob's eyes flashed. "Whose dog is it, I'd like to know. Now I'll just show you what good you do meddling. Just as I've taught him tricks better'n any of the other boys' dogs, you have to come spoiling it all, and teaching your sly ways to Betty and Tina."

Scarlet with rage, Bob seized upon the poor broken-down dog, and before Nan could move or speak had tied him fast to one of the posts, and, with a flourish of his whip, lashed him mercilessly. Nan never quite knew how she stood still even for half a moment. Everything seemed to be going round and round her in a sort of whirl, out of which she was conscious of Rover's eyes fixed in dumb agony upon his tormentor, while the sound of the lash mingled with the piteous cries the poor animal sent forth. Then she made a rush upon Bob, and with all the strength of her powerful young arms and hands she tore the whip from his grasp, and, taking him by the shoulders, shook him back and forth as he had never been shaken all the twelve years of his lawless young life.

He struggled in vain; but when Nan, worn out, let him go, his looks showed her that he would never forget this morning. But Nan's mind was absorbed in freeing Rover, and Bob was too much confused and angered by the shaking so unexpectedly and successfully given him to be quite sure whether he was on his head or his heels, and there was Nan right before his eyes untying Rover, her fingers trembling, and tears coursing down her cheeks. Fortunately she had not removed her hat or jacket, and a plan which had suddenly darted across her mind could be carried out at once. Taking Rover in her arms, she hurried down the ladder, regardless of Bob's screaming to her to leave his dog alone, or of Betty's terrified glances.

"Betty," she said, sternly, to that young person, as they ran into the garden, "don't come with me. When I come back I'll tell you where I have been, and until then you need not say anything about it."

Luckily for the success of Nan's scheme, Betty was too much overawed by what she had seen to disobey her commands. So she nodded her head solemnly, and even helped Nan to open the back gate of the garden, which led into an alleyway, and thence to Fourth Avenue.

"Betty," Nan said, as she stood outside the gate holding the poor dog tenderly in her arms, "you may tell Bob for me I am not going to break my word."

The gate closed. Nan stood still a moment. She was trying to remember exactly what Dr. Barlow had told her of a certain benevolent society whose object was to befriend ill-treated animals. The subject had interested her keenly because of poor Rover, but she had not dared to mention him to the young doctor, lest in so doing she should reveal the fact that Rover was Bob's dog; but now she need not fear having to make this admission. She did not remember, however, where the society's office was to be found. She had been out every day with the children for a walk, and being quick about such things, had learned to know her way in various directions—could go to Macy's or Arnold's, or to various candy stores, to Madison Square or to Central Park—but Fourth Avenue, to which the alley led, was new and doubtful ground. However, Nan's life had made her less timid than Betty or even Joan would have been. She had listened eagerly to Dr. Barlow's stories of all that the kind-hearted gentleman in this society had accomplished, and so, stepping into a drug-store on the corner, she asked quietly if they could direct her to Mr. B——'s office.

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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The druggist looked at the little girl holding the dog so tenderly, and gave her the necessary direction, adding, with a smile, "You are taking a little friend in trouble there, I see?"

"Yes, sir," said Nan, delighted to have learned her way so readily. She did not know how widely the noble charity of Mr. B—— and his fellow-workers was known.

## CHAPTER XII.

### BEPPO.

INDIGNATION and a fear that Bob might discover and follow her hurried Nan along, and made her forget any timidity she would have felt in her strange enterprise. She had been so accustomed to Miss Rolf's taking good and charitable deeds for granted that a doubt of her right to do this never occurred to her; but when she reached the society's building and inquired for Mr. B——, when the grave-looking porter at the door asked her her business, some of her courage failed her. But before she spoke again a door at the left of the hallway opened, a gentleman with a very kindly face came out, and Nan soon found herself ushered into a pleasant room, where a lady and two gentlemen were talking at a table. One of the gentlemen came forward, and giving Nan a seat, spoke so encouragingly that Nan's last fears vanished.

"I am afraid, sir," she said, in a low voice, "it will be hard to explain to you just what I want to do. This little dog—he is sick and hurt, you see, sir—has been shamefully treated by a very bad boy, and I rescued him just now, and I *can't* let him go back again. He will kill him; and yesterday I heard of your society, and that the law lets you take poor ill-used animals away from the people who were abusing them—"

Nan came to a pause in her story, but her eyes were eloquent, and the gentleman said, kindly,

"You were very right, my dear; but we can not take the dog away by law unless you testify to having seen it ill-used, and tell us more about it."

"Oh, sir!" cried Nan, tears starting into her eyes, "I can not do that! I promised never to tell that the boy had it. I thought I could leave it with you, and then when I went back I would oblige him to consent to it."

The gentleman smiled, and looked with great compassion at poor Rover, whose short breaths and sad eyes showed that Nan had been none too soon in her capture of him.

"I hardly know what to do," Mr. Moreton, the gentleman, said. He went back to the table, said a few words in a low tone to the lady and gentleman, and then returned to Nan, who was waiting eagerly, an idea having occurred to her mind which seemed hopeful.

"Let me look at the dog," he said, kindly. "Perhaps we might contrive so you could buy it of the boy."

"Oh!" cried Nan, joyfully, "that is just what I was going to suggest. I can pay well for it, sir. I have plenty of money"—Nan was rushing on, but suddenly she added: "My aunt gives me all I want for charities, and surely this would be one. What shall I offer for him?"

The lady at the table now looked up, evidently interested in the little girl who stood, with anxious, sparkling eyes and eagerly parted lips, waiting for a decision which would set poor Rover free.

"Let me see the little creature, Mr. Moreton," said the lady. And as Rover was brought forward she added: "Surely I can not be mistaken. That is Beppo. It *must* be." The lady took Rover in her lap, and stroking his head softly, said, "Beppo! Beppo, old fellow!" while, to the surprise of the group about him, Rover looked up, and feebly wagging his tail, seemed to answer, "Here I am—Beppo."

"I am sure it is Jenny Morison's dog," continued the lady, eagerly, "which was lost about two months ago—lost or stolen—and the children have nearly broken their hearts over it. My dear," she added, looking very kindly upon Nan, who was evidently alarmed by the turn things were taking, "I heard what you were saying, and I do not want to get you into any trouble or make you break your promise; but could you not go with me to my nieces' house, and see if they can prove this *is* their dog; then you may make your bargain with the boy, whoever he is, and I am sure they will gladly pay for Beppo's recovery."



"SHE TORE THE WHIP FROM HIS GRASP."

Nan declared herself perfectly willing to accompany the lady, and assured her she would and could gladly buy the dog of "the boy," feeling that by so doing she would have a better right to take matters into her own hands if Bob was inclined to make trouble.

The lady's carriage was at the door; in a few moments she and Nan, with Rover, or Beppo, on the latter's lap, were driving toward Gramercy Park.

Nan felt the necessity of silence, lest she should betray the Farquhars, but it was hard to maintain reserve with so pleasant and kind a companion. Perhaps the lady guessed at the awkwardness of the little girl's position; at all events, she asked no embarrassing questions during the few minutes' drive to a modest little brick house, where the carriage stopped.

Nan, still holding Rover carefully, followed the lady into a pretty, modern-looking hall, where everything was

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"SHE TURNED TO SAY GOOD-BY TO THE LITTLE GIRLS."

neat but plain, and stood back while her conductress inquired for Miss Jenny.

A little girl of about ten years came running down the stairs before the maid had time to answer, followed by two younger children, and from the moment they beheld Rover there was no room for doubt as to his identity. Feeble as he was, he recognized his old companions at once, and presently Nan went with them to a little sitting-room on the left of the hall, answering and asking eager questions, while the children gathered around their long-lost pet, caressing and fondling him in eager delight.

Mrs. Floyd, their aunt, made it easy for Nan to explain her share in Beppo's capture, and taking her to one side, she suggested her returning at once to make her bargain with "the boy."

"And you know, my dear," said the lady, "as it could be so readily proven that the dog belongs to my nieces, you ought to easily frighten him into making no objection. Tell him he may consider himself fortunate in not being made to account for the way in which he obtained it."

Nan felt confident of success; but as she turned to say good-by to the little girls who were loading Beppo with caresses and attentions, a feeling of loneliness about saying good-by to her poor little dumb friend made her linger as she stroked his back, murmuring something affectionate, which he seemed to fully appreciate and understand.

The children now crowded around her, thanking her many times, and seeming to take it for granted that she had found their pet in some part of the town to which he had strayed. Jenny, the oldest of the trio, described how they had been walking out one day, with Beppo scampering along as usual at their side, and a tall boy who had followed them—"he looked," said Jenny, "like a grocer's boy, or at least as if he had been at work, and he had an ugly mark across his cheek"—made Beppo angry by trying to pull his tail. They got him away, but soon after he re-appeared, and when, half an hour later, they found he was lost, Jenny had been certain the boy with the scar had stolen him.

Nan listened with dismay, for she was quite certain that the boy thus described must be Jim. How far Bob was to blame for the theft of the dog she did not know, and she was glad that the little Morisons were so much delighted over Beppo's recovery that she could escape without being too closely questioned.

Once out in the street again, Nan had to collect her bewildered senses sufficiently to find her way home. It was nearly one o'clock, and in half an hour she knew the Farquhars' luncheon bell would ring, and her absence have to be accounted for.

Betty's silence might look more mysterious than anything she could have said, and to what lengths Bob's anger might lead him she dared not think; so the only thing to do was to hurry back with all possible speed, which she did, reaching the house just as the family were assembling at the table.

Nan went directly into the dining-room in her hat and jacket, not feeling quite sure what she would have to say, but she had forgotten that her position in the household now was that of a most distinguished little guest. Mrs. Farquhar, at the head of the table, was all smiles, and expressed a hope that Nan had enjoyed her walk. No excuses, therefore, seemed necessary, but as Nan took her seat Bob's eyes met hers like an open challenge, and Betty could not restrain her inclination to whisper, "What have you done with him?" But Nan only shook her head, and in a moment contrived to whisper, "After lunch," wondering within herself how "the boy" would take what she had to disclose.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## SOME QUEER TRAPS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

I WANT to take you with me some bright summer day on a little visit to the boggy lands of southern New Jersey. Close beside a cranberry patch let us stop and look at this great bed of wild flowers. The ground is covered as thick as they can stand with spikes of delicate rosy flowers and long narrow green leaves, sparkling in the sunshine as though they were set with millions of bright jewels. These can not be rain-drops, for it has not rained for a week, nor dew-drops, for the sun is high, and the dew would have been dried up long ago. Look close, and you will see that each narrow leaf is covered with tiny stalks, each tipped with a bright drop of what looks like dew. Touch it, and you will find the drop to be sticky. The sun, which dries common dew or rain drops, draws out this sticky substance. From this fact the plant is commonly called sun-dew (Fig. 1).

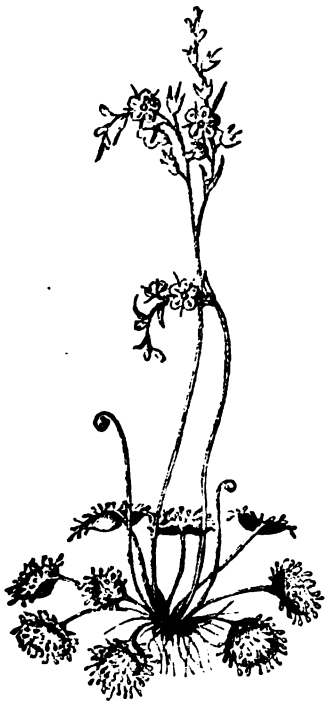


Fig. 1.—SUN-DEW PLANT.

The sun-dew in the picture is not the one we have just found growing, but belongs to the same family. The principal difference between them is that it has round green leaves instead of long narrow ones; but what is true of one is equally true of the other, so far as its general behavior is concerned.

It had long been known that the sticky drops on the sun-dew leaves served as a trap to catch insects, but it was not fully known why the insects were so caught until Mr. Darwin began to watch them and study their ways. If anybody in the world could get the truth out of a plant or animal, Mr. Darwin was the man. He tried a thousand ingenious ways of cross-questioning them by tests and experiments. There are few more interesting stories than that told us about the ways of the flesh-eating plants. The sun-dew is one of these; the insects it captures are for food.

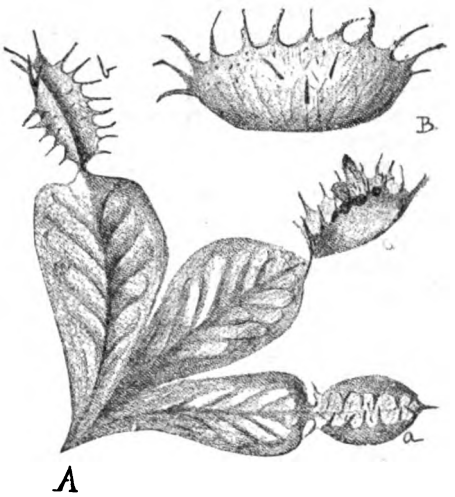



Fig. 3.—LEAVES OF VENUS'S FLY-TRAP.
*a*, Opening and Empty; *b*, Open; *c*, Closing over Fly.

Look at this leaf, which was picked from a sun-dew plant and looked at through a magnifying-glass (Fig. 2). It is somewhat the shape of a palm-leaf fan, fringed around the edge, and covered over the upper surface with strange prolongations. These are called tentacles, because they are something like the arms of some sorts of sea animals, with which they capture their prey. The leaf is not flat, but, as you can see by looking at Fig. 1, it sags a little in the middle, making it slightly cup-shaped.

For some reason insects seem to be very fond of flying around the sun-dew plants, and sooner or later they are pretty sure to brush their gauzy wings against a leaf or light upon one. Then there is no hope for them; they stick fast, just as unfortunate flies stick to the fly-paper spread open to catch them.

Watch that happy little fly sipping honey from one flower after another. Now see him settle down right on the middle of one of the sparkling, harmless-looking leaves. He is caught. No struggles will loosen the poor little feet glued fast by the sticky drop on the tentacle. His struggles to free himself are only making his capture more certain. The touch of his feet, light as it is, is like the touch of a telegraph operator's finger upon his instrument. The fly sends not one message by his touch, but hundreds—one to every tentacle on the leaf, telling it to come to the central office and get its share of the booty captured. In response every tentacle begins to curve over to the middle of the leaf, until at last the miserable fly is caught in a hundred arms.

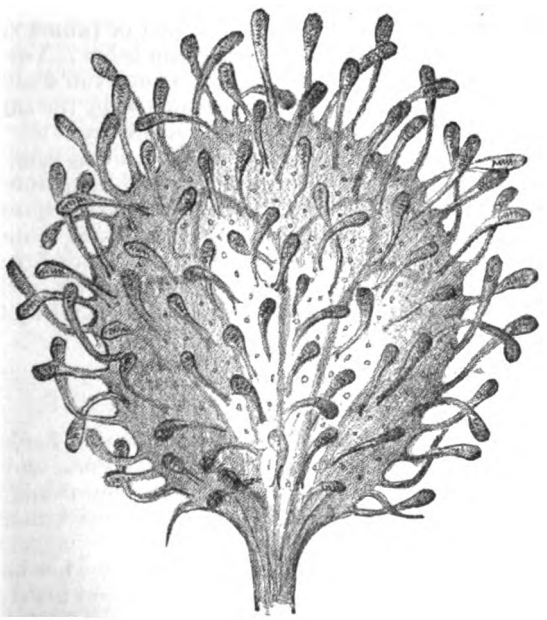


Fig. 2.—SUN-DEW LEAF MAGNIFIED, SHOWING TENTACLES.



Fig. 4.—AUSTRALIAN PITCHER-PLANT.

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The message goes slowly, and the movement of the tentacles is slower still—so slow that it takes from one to five hours for the movement to cease after the insect is caught. When the fly alights on the side of the leaf, or anywhere away from the middle, the tentacle it touches bends over, carrying its prey with it, to the centre of the leaf, and then the arms all begin to move toward the middle and clasp it. Sometimes, when the insect is not on a long tentacle, and so can not be carried to the middle, only the arms on that side clasp it.

But the most curious part is not the catching of the fly. Many other kinds of sticky leaves and buds catch flies; the sun-dew devours them. The leaf acts precisely as your stomach does after you have been eating; it pours over the insect a liquid acid which dissolves what is good for food. This dissolved food causes the flow of another liquid, called the gastric juice. In your stomach the gastric juice has the power of turning the food you have swallowed into flesh and blood, which makes flesh and bones; it, in fact, builds up your body day by day, and makes you live and grow. The gastric juice of the sun-dew builds up its body in the same way, only instead of blood and flesh it makes sap and cells.

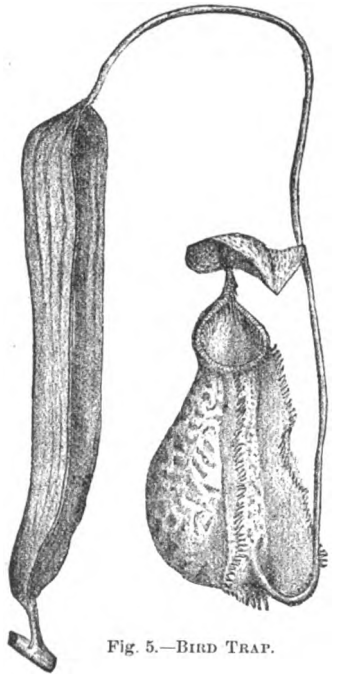


Fig. 5.—Bird Trap.

If you want to keep well, you must eat the right sort of food, and so must the sun-dew. One poor little plant that Mr. Darwin was experimenting upon turned yellow and sick, and finally died of dyspepsia, after having been fed for a long time on nothing but cheese.

One full meal lasts a sun-dew leaf a good while, usually nearly a week. After a fly, or a bit of meat, or anything proper in the way of food, has been seized and digested, the tentacles slowly open out. That means that it is hungry again, and ready for another meal.

Of course when the plants grow wild they have to depend, like other savages, upon the prey they capture, and often they must go hungry. In trying to find out all about these curious plants they have been fed with all sorts of things—meat and milk and different kinds of soup. When a few drops of milk are poured on a leaf it will very often curve up around the edges, making the cup deeper, and the tentacles at the same time bend over to get their share. The leaf makes in this way sometimes a round and sometimes a three-cornered cup. One very strange thing has been found out: if a small piece of meat is cut in two, half of it placed on a sun-dew leaf, and the other on some damp moss close by, the meat on the moss spoils, and is filled with living things, like any spoiled meat, but the piece on the leaf stays fresh until it is digested.

Another plant which lives upon the prey it captures is the Venus's fly-trap (Fig. 3). It grows in great quantities on the poor lands of North Carolina. It has few and small roots, like the sun-dew. The leaves grow out from the centre of the plant. From the same place the flower stems and roots also grow, just as is the case in the sun-dew. Only three leaves are given in the picture. The plant usually has from eight to twelve; the flowers are quite large, of a delicate greenish-white. The whole leaf is not a trap, but on the tip of each leaf you see them: *b* is open; *c* is closing over a fly which it is about to make a meal of.

The traps, you see, are a little like the two valves of a clam shell, hinged together at the back, and edged all around with sharp spikes. On the inner side of each shell are three long hairs; these hairs (B, Fig. 3) are very sensitive, and the instant they are touched the valves close, the spikes locking together as your fingers do when you clasp your hands. If the thing caught in the trap is not fit for food, the valves open before long; but if it is the right sort of food, the spikes stay closely clasped until the food is digested, and then they open and drop out any remains which were of no use to them, such as the horny coat of a beetle, and are ready for another feast.

One day when I was looking through a fine collection of plants in a greenhouse on Madison Square, New York, I caught sight of a very singular bunch of leaves (Fig. 4). I said to the gardener: "What is that? It is very curious." "Yes," he said, taking the pot up in his hands; "they are queer little fellows, the thirstiest little rascals I ever saw; can't get enough water anyhow," and he dipped the whole pot into a cask of water, filling up the pitchers on the ends of the leaves to the brim. The picture (Fig. 4) is taken from a sketch made on the spot. It comes from Australia, and is still, I believe, very rare; this is the only one I ever saw. Its habits and manners do not seem to have been as carefully studied as some of the other flesh-eating plants, but it is a near cousin of the last and most curious of these traps.

These last of the "queer traps" grow chiefly in the islands of Polynesia. In shape they are something like the vegetable pitchers we were studying last spring, but their way of really digesting food shows that they are nearer kin to the sun-dew than to the pitcher-plants.

The plants are large, with many leaves, the stem instead of stopping where it runs into the middle of a leaf, runs right through it, and grows one or more feet beyond the top of the leaf. On the top of this stem is a graceful pitcher, with two fringed flaps down the front, and a leaf hinged on for a lid which is sometimes open and sometimes shut (Fig 5). The pitcher is usually partly filled with a sticky liquid. Some of these pitchers are half a yard high, and would hold quarts and quarts of water. The plant bears great spikes of beautiful flowers, and the pitchers themselves are gorgeous in color—green and red and pink, with curious markings. The rim around the mouth is beautifully ornamented, and inside the mouth is a sort of funnel of projecting points, leading down to the trap below. You have probably seen the same sort of arrangement in a rat-trap; it is very common. Small birds attracted by the smell or color of the flower, or the hope of a drink from the reservoir below, make their way down. It is a trap easy to enter, but hard to escape from in the face of the points. In its struggle for freedom the poor little fluttering thing gets its wings wet and sticky, and is either drowned at once, or lingers on and is finally digested by its beautiful captor. This is turning the tables truly, when vegetables catch and devour birds, instead of being destroyed and eaten by them.

## THE PALACE OF THE MONKEYS.

YOU have seen the chattering monkeys at the Zoological Gardens in Philadelphia or Central Park, and been amused at their droll antics, but what do you think of the taste of a tribe of Hunouman or black-faced monkeys which actually live in a palace in India.

For one hundred and fifty years this palace has been in ruins, but the ruins are splendid. There are towers surmounted by cupolas, marble courts, columns fretted with sculpture, and floors composed of beautiful mosaics. Long,

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long ago the last human owner departed, however, and now the monkeys reign there supreme.

The Hunouman monkey is from two and a half to four feet in height; its form is slender and its movements active. Its face is perfectly black and smooth, and it has long white whiskers, while its silky hair is chinchilla gray on the back and white on the breast. Its long bare tail has a tuft at the tip. Altogether it is a queer-looking creature, this sacred monkey of India, which the Hindoos regard with awe, and protect from injury, if need be, with their lives.

In one of their sacred poems it is told that Rama, their ancient conquering king, who never went to battle without gaining the victory, was aided by the Hunoumans, who acted as his scouts. In the fortune of war an enemy took the king of the monkeys prisoner, and setting his tail on fire, cruelly sent him back thus to Rama's camp. A friendly wind put out the fire, but not until the poor monkey's face had been badly scorched. In pity Rama decreed that forever after the monkeys of that tribe should have black faces like their chief, and as nobody has ever seen one with a white face, the story is considered true by the natives.

Should you ever go to the palace of Ambir, in Upper India, you will no doubt see hundreds of monkeys there—mothers hugging their babies, old and grave monkey grandparents grimacing angrily at frolicsome children, and playful young monkeys grinning and leaping, while a chattering chorus goes on. And should you happen to offer them some bananas, a bevy will make friends with you at once.

## FORD BONNER AMONG THE GYPSIES.

BY EDWARD I. STEVENSON.

### Part II.

VERY likely it amused the queer company not a little to see so cool-headed and civil a lad throw himself upon their kindness, and that had at least as much to do with their friendly conduct as had the influence of Dr. Cowart's name. Ford was, however, to put the gypsies' good-nature to a sharper proof before he left them.

There is a great fund of real sympathy and charity in the oddly mixed-up character of this wandering race, all their many sad tricks and traits to the contrary. Whoever begs help from them is fairly sure of receiving it in one way or another.

"Be at home with us, little gemman!" exclaimed another merry-looking, bold-faced girl, whom the rest addressed as Sarah—"be at home. The stranger shall fare well who comes to a gypsy under a gypsy's roof. See the lamps in it!" And Sarah pointed up to the few stars visible between the tree-tops. Then leaning over Ford, deliberately bestowed a rousing and warm-hearted smack on the boy's cheek, considerably to Ford's blushing embarrassment. Several of her black-eyed friends repeated around Ford her words, "Be at home, little gemman"—"Fare well!" Really Ford felt at home, and those forty pots steaming away there were an assurance of good fare. He began to fancy himself adopted into the roving crew already.

Indeed, the frank lad met with nothing but kindness during those strange hours that he spent in the dark forest with old Pharaoh's band. He often looks back to it to-day and laughs. Under the lively Miss Sarah's guidance he was shown the wagons where they slept, their curious cooking and blacksmithing fixtures, and their rather disconsolate-looking horses. Ford soon discovered that nearly all of the band were related to each other. They seemed to be a pretty sweet-tempered lot with one another. At supper he was surprised at the fine china plate and handsome steel knife and fork which Sarah brought him as an honored visitor; and such splendidly cooked sweet-potatoes, and such chickens and ducks bubbling in the pot together, he told Burt Cowart afterward, he never tasted. He thought at the time that it was none of his business where they had been—bought. Ford wished more than once, too, that he could have understood a little of Sarah's wonderfully beautiful language (it sounded to the boy like the music of a running stream), in which all manner of jokes and nonsense were sped around the circle. Ah, Ford, a rare paragraph in your boy-life was that evening in the woods with those mysterious and evil-doing gentry!

The meal was just ending. Ford chanced to look once more around the circle. Two places below him sat a wiry lad, eating rather voraciously. He raised his fork, and something on his wrist flashed. Ford started, leaned forward, and looking eagerly at the wrist, "Hallo!" he cried, involuntarily; "why, you've—you've got on Mrs. Cowart's gold bracelet."

That curious dragon's head, the little charm with a monogram hanging to the neck—Ford could not mistake it.

The bracelet's wearer stared angrily at him.

"I say you've got on Mrs. Cowart's bracelet," repeated Ford. "Where'd you get it?"

By this time the attention of all the group was attracted to the two lads, one so fair-skinned and eager in attacking, the other so dark, with glittering eyes. Ford leaped up from Sarah's side, and walked around to the young gypsy's side. The latter, in turn, sprang to his feet, and faced Ford threateningly. He began to blurt out sundry angry sentences in his own language.

Old Pharaoh stepped forward, frowning, and with an impatient exclamation. "That's not pretty of the little gemman," he said, standing beside the wearer of the bracelet, "to say bad things to one of the gypsies who have been so good to him. What does the little gemman mean?"

"I mean," replied Ford, roundly, while the company, old and young, closed around, "that Mrs. Cowart lost that bracelet, on that fellow's wrist there, or had it stolen, last night, maybe early this morning, and I want it back to give it to her. I'm sorry to seem rude. Did you find it?" he continued, more quietly, turning to his opponent.

For all his answer, the swarthy lad showed his white teeth and shook his fist furiously at Ford. He was plainly quite enraged by this time. Ford did not take his eyes from him, nevertheless. It was a strange scene: the wild background of low shrubbery and tree trunks, one moment clear in the flaring fires' light, the next a mass of shadow; the whole band of savage-looking men and women gathered in silence about tall Pharaoh and Ford and the angry lad. Certainly Ford was in a very trying situation as he remained fronting the latter, too determined to get what he wanted to think of the odds against him.

It is possible that so much pluck was not necessary, and would have done no good in any case. Probably Pharaoh and a dozen others would have prevented affairs from coming to actual blows. Still, I am glad that my hero made the gallant show he did.

"Look here," he said, turning to those nearest him, and holding out his purse. "There isn't much in that thing, I know. There's about five dollars, I believe. I want you to make that fellow sell that bracelet to me right away. That's about the *least* thing you can do. But if you don't, why, I ain't much of a fighter, but if you'll agree to give us fair play, I'll have that bracelet or I'll be a good deal the worse off." And small Ford straightened himself up to all his inches, and gave the thief a look meant to wither him.

A round of clapping and a buzz of talk broke forth, and old Pharaoh, in whose ear several of the gypsies had been whispering while Ford had thus thrown down his chal-

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"THE SWARTHY LAD SHOOK HIS FIST FURIOUSLY AT FORD."

lenge, laughed a frank, hearty laugh, and clapped Ford on the shoulder. So did Anselo. So did two or three others. "Long live the little gemman!" exclaimed Pharaoh; "he has a brave heart. Put up your purse. You shall have the bracelet. You shall have it for the sake of your spirit, and the good Dr. Cowart, to whose wife you *say* it belongs —mind you, to whom *you say*. I don't know anything about it." And Pharaoh laughed and winked at Anselo.

He said something gravely to the gypsy lad. The bracelet was given up and placed in Ford's hand. "He says he found it this afternoon," said Pharaoh, as the late wearer of the bracelet disappeared sulkily. Probably the chief had promised him something valuable in return for it. Ford looked at Mrs. Cowart's recovered treasure, and could scarcely believe that he held it in his hand. He asked no questions.

Not a word was said about the late difficulty during the last hour or so of Ford's "captivity," as he persisted in calling it. Indeed, his little display of spirit had raised him high in the opinion of his queer entertainers. He strolled about with the merry Sarah. Old Pharaoh proving curious as to the contents of the photographic outfit, he felt obliged to exhibit it in detail. It is doubtful if they understood, all of them, its precise use, and whether Ford did not leave them with the notion that he was a very genteel young amateur tinker, after all. He wished that he could have taken a picture of the group in their bright-colored attire.

"Good-night to the little gemman!" "Good-by to the little gemman!" So said one and all of the band as Ford, mounted in front of Anselo on his tall lean nag, at last moved briskly up the moon-lit road. "Don't forget your Rommany friends!" and "Good luck to you!" were the last words Ford caught. Our hero felt as if he had just come out of some strange old play. As he and his charge went on, Anselo told him a dozen curious stories, in which the beasts and trees and flowers all spoke and played tricks upon each other.

By half past ten the lights in B—— appeared. A little after that Ford was jumping off the tall nag before Dr. Cowart's door, under a perfect shower of questions from Burt and the family. Sadly frightened about him had they been, and Dr. Cowart and Burt's brother were even then scouring the neighborhood of the "Wolf's Rock" for the lost one. But they returned before many hours to hear Ford's story all over again. (Anselo had gone back to his beloved woods with a handsome present in his purse.) "The most extraordinary adventure I ever heard," said Dr. Cowart himself, handling the bracelet with deep respect. "The idea of those thievish scamps behaving so delightfully to the lad! I don't believe, Ford, that my name had any more to do with it than your manners, your quiet way of showing them that you trusted to their kindness of heart to help you, and last, but not least, your daring spirit." Now this is still an open question, though it is a curious fact that Harry North, to whom Ford shortly wrote one of his usual long letters, giving an account of himself and his doings, insists upon exactly the same thing.

THE END.

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THE WINTER CAMP.—See "Boys' Winter Sports in Canada," Page 282.

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## BOYS' WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

### BUILDING A CAMP.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

IN September, when the Archer boys returned from their camping expedition in the Adirondacks, where, by closely following their uncle Harry's directions, they had had a splendid time, and had been able to make themselves very comfortable, they found a wonderful piece of news awaiting them. Their father was obliged to start almost immediately for China, on important business that would detain him until spring. He had decided to take his wife and delicate Aleck with him; but what was to be done with Ben and sturdy Bob?

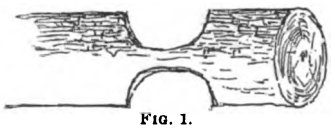


FIG. 1.

They begged hard to be allowed to go to China too; but their father said he could not afford to take them all, that they must not on any account give up school, and that he was only going to take Aleck because the sea-voyage and a winter in a warm climate would be of great benefit to him.

Then the boys said that, after their summer's experience in camping, they felt sure they could keep house all by themselves; but to this their mother, of course, would not listen for a moment.

It was finally decided that they should be sent to a small private school kept by the Rev. Mr. Dubois, a former college chum of their father's, who was now settled in a little Canadian parish on the St. Lawrence River below Quebec.



FIG. 2.

This decision suited the boys exactly, and when they recalled all that they had read of snow-shoeing, tobogganing, curling, fishing through the ice, and other Canadian winter sports, they began to think they were going to have as much fun as their brother Aleck, after all.

Thus it happened that early in October Ben and Bob Archer were settled for the winter in the Dubois school at Beauvoir, and were rapidly becoming acquainted with the five Canadian boys, of from twelve to sixteen years of age, who were the only pupils besides themselves.

Upon entering the school they found all the boys greatly interested in the winter camp that André Thibault, the Canadian voyageur and trapper, who was employed to supply the school with wood, game, and fish, was teaching them to build. They drew such glowing pictures of the good times they were to have in this camp during the winter holidays that the Archer boys became quite excited over it, and entered most heartily into the plans for its construction.

Although the boys could only work at the camp on Saturdays, and an hour or two every other afternoon, they were so diligent that early in November, just as the first snow of the season was falling, they had practically finished it, and were able to light a fire in their stove, and to feel very much at home in it.

This winter camp, which was a snug log house or cabin ten feet by fifteen feet square, eight feet high in front, and six feet high at the back, was built as follows:

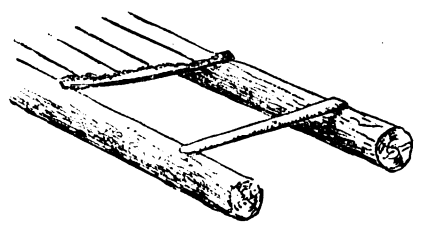


FIG. 3.

First the boys selected a site in the woods about a mile from the village. It was a little mound near a beautiful spring, from which a small stream flowed into the river, half a mile away.

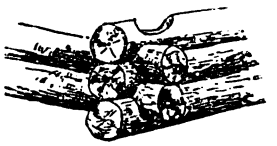


FIG. 4.

While some of them levelled the ground on which the cabin was to stand, and cleared it of underbrush, stumps, and roots, the others "blazed" the most direct possible path from it to the school, and cleared it of bushes, but allowed it to wind among big trees, which they did not disturb.

Mr. Dubois, who entered as heartily as any boy into all their plans for healthful recreation, had provided each of them with a new light axe, in buying which he had carefully avoided taking any with varnished handles, as he knew that these are very apt to stick to the hands when warm, instead of slipping smoothly through them, and that they have thus been the cause of many dangerous miss blows and cuts.

Before the logs for the cabin were cut, André Thibault went through the woods near the camp site, and with his axe marked a number of the straightest soft-wood trees, such as he considered most suitable for the purpose. Then he showed the boys how to cut them down by chopping nearly through the trunk from the side on which they wished the tree to fall, and then felling it with two or three sharp blows on the opposite side. Ben Archer and another boy cut down the marked trees in this manner, while the others trimmed them of their branches, and cut them into lengths, each of which was four feet longer than the side or end of the cabin that it was to occupy; thus all the logs were either fourteen or nineteen feet long.

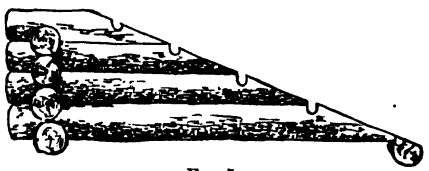


FIG. 5.

Then came the heavy work of hauling them to the camp site (which was done with the aid of the front pair of wheels of a small wagon), sorting, and notching them. In sorting, two of as nearly as possible the same size were selected for each pair of side and end logs, and these were notched deeply with an axe, on two sides, eighteen inches from each end (Fig. 1). All were thus notched except the two bottom side logs, which were only notched on their upper surface (Fig. 2).

In laying up the walls, the largest logs they had, which were about two feet in diameter, were chosen for the bottom side logs. They were placed in position on the north and south sides of the camp, which was to face south. Besides the deep notches at the ends, these logs had smaller notches cut every two feet along their upper surface to receive the ends of the floor poles or supports (Fig. 3), which were laid in place before any more logs were piled up. Then the bottom end logs, deeply notched on both upper and lower sides, eighteen inches from each end, were laid across the bottom side logs, a second tier of side logs was laid across them, and thus both sides and ends were gradually raised (Fig. 4).

When the ends had reached a height of five feet, holes eighteen by twelve inches square were sawed in them for windows; and when the front wall was six feet high, a doorway two and a half feet wide was sawed down to the bottom log in the middle of it. The required height of eight feet for the front side wall and six feet for

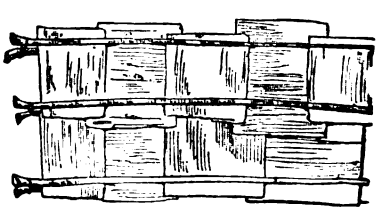


FIG. 6.

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the back being reached, the three upper logs of the ends were hewn off at an angle, to form a perfect slope from front to back, and in them notches were cut, two feet apart, to receive the ends of the roof poles (Fig. 5). These poles were allowed to project two feet beyond the ends of the building.

The roof was made of hemlock bark, stripped in great sheets from the trees, and so laid that each piece overlapped another a foot or more. They were held in place by poles laid across them and projecting, so the ends could be lashed firmly to the ends of the poles supporting the roof (Fig. 6).

Mr. Dubois had given the boys the lumber from an old tumble-down out-building, and of this they made their floor, and a door, that was hung with leathern hinges and fastened by a wooden latch. A single pane of glass was used for each of the windows, and all chinks between the logs were stuffed with moss and daubed with clay. Then the cabin was pronounced finished.

All this had taken hard work, but it was work in which the boys were so heartily interested that they had enjoyed it thoroughly. The two Archers had worked with such a will and so well as to completely win the heart of André Thibault, who promised to teach them many tricks of fishing and of woodcraft during the winter. As a further token of his esteem, he presented Ben with a comfortable arm-chair made of a flour barrel sawed half in two and seated with canvas.

For two dollars the Beauvoir tinsmith made them a sheet-iron box stove, and gave them enough old stove-pipe for it. They set this stove in a large shallow box filled with sand, and ran the pipe out at the back of the cabin, where an elbow supported on a forked post turned it upward, and two more lengths carried it above the roof. They did not run it through the roof, for fear of causing a leak.

At last, on the Saturday afternoon of the first snow-storm, everything was finished, and the boys sat around their rude home-made table on all sorts of stools and boxes, with Ben Archer at its head in his fine barrel arm-chair, thoroughly enjoying the warmth and coziness of a house that they had built all by themselves. Bob Archer made a pot of coffee on the sheet-iron stove, and as they drank it they formed plans for all sorts of good holiday times that they hoped to enjoy here during the winter.

## THE PHARAOHS.

THE Egyptians called their kings Pharaohs. The first Pharaoh was Menes, about 3000 or 4000 B.C. He built the city of Memphis, on the banks of the Nile, and turned the river from its course to make a foundation for it. Around it ran canals and basins of water, and embankments of earth and sand, to protect it from the annual floods. The city rose to great splendor. The Pharaohs adorned it with immense temples, long rows of sphinxes, obelisks, and vast pillars of stone. Behind rose the pyramids, the most enduring and the most useless of buildings. Memphis was for many centuries the finest city in the world. It decayed slowly under the Roman rule; the Saracens pillaged it of its stone and marble to build Cairo; and now the position of the great city can only be traced by its ruins. Only the pyramids and some huge sphinxes and lions remain unchanged.

The next famous Pharaohs added to the splendor of Memphis. But a later dynasty removed the seat of their government to Thebes. This splendid city grew up on both banks of the Nile. It was even more magnificent than Memphis. Its temples, Luxor and Karnak, are the largest ever built by man. Their vast and ruined ranges of columns are well known to all who sail up the Nile. Not far off is the famous statue of Memnon, that was said to utter musical notes at the rising of the sun. One famous Pharaoh, Amenemhat III., built the Labyrinth, a palace with three thousand rooms, which is described by Herodotus. Thothmes I. made war in the East. A woman reigned as Pharaoh, and clothed herself in a man's dress; her name was Hatshepu. She was the Queen Elizabeth of Egyptian history, and surrounded herself with fine workmen, architects, soldiers, and sailors. Her fleets went on voyages of discovery on the Red Sea and along the African shore. Thothmes III., her younger brother, was the conqueror of the East. His name is carved on some of the finest of the obelisks, temples, and countless stones and gems. He is called the greatest of the Pharaohs.

Ramses I., about 1400 B.C., was the founder of a famous family. His son Seti made war on all sides, and was victorious. He built splendid temples at Memphis and other cities, and burdened his people with taxes. His more famous son, Ramses II., completed Seti's works, and showed the purest love and reverence for his father. Ramses conquered all the East, and in his reign Moses was probably born. On the banks of the Nile, in some humble cottage, the famous Jewish lawgiver first saw the light. He led out his people, perhaps, under Meneptah II., and the reign of the cruel Pharaoh must have been disturbed by plagues and civil wars. Another famous Pharaoh, Ramses III., plundered all his neighbors, and lavished his wealth in building new temples in the cities of the Nile. The family of Ramses reigned many years; their names constantly appear on the tombs and statues.

But Egypt now began to decline; powerful states grew up around it; civil wars divided its people. The Assyrians invaded the wealthy country, and the Kings of Assyria became the Kings of Egypt. Sheshonk I., the first Assyrian Pharaoh, has left his name carved on many monuments. Next the Ethiopians invaded the unfortunate land, captured Thebes, and drove off the Assyrians. From about the year 1000 B.C. the country knew little repose. The great cities were full of sorrow. Cambyses and the Persians, who conquered Egypt about 527 B.C., ruled with severity. The great bull Apis, who was the Egyptian god, died about this time, and Cambyses was said to have killed him.

Once more the Egyptians drove off the enemy, and were for a short time free. The last Pharaohs ascended the throne of Thothmes and Ramses the Great. But Egypt was soon conquered by Alexander. The last Pharaoh died; his name was Nektnebef. His descendants are probably to be found among the dusky beggars who crowd around the American traveller on the Nile. The Pharaohs are passed away. But the pyramids, the sphinxes, the Memnonium, Karnak, Luxor, and countless tombs and monuments record their memories.

The troubles in Egypt recall their history. Egypt is now powerless and fallen. It is burdened with heavy debts, and foreigners control its principal affairs. The European has long been the superior of the Egyptian. Once the Egyptian taught and conquered Asia and part of Europe; but the Egyptians became vain, insolent, refused to learn anything new, and sank into indolence. The Europeans and Americans build railroads and bridges instead of useless pyramids and decaying temples.

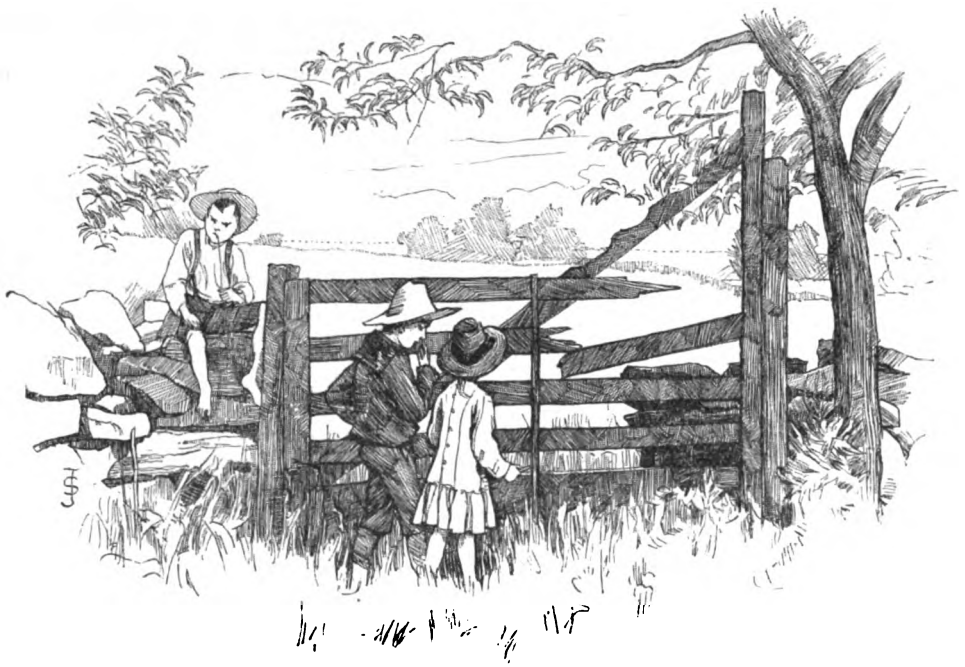
## WHAT A SNAKE DID.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

CHARLIE CURTIS and Jim Olin were two boys of the same age, lived in the same village, went to the same school, and had about the same fondness for tops, kites, marbles, and molasses candy. There was, however, a difference between them.

Have you ever taken a Sedlitz powder? Do you know the taste of that part which is in the white paper, and the very acid flavor of the blue paper's? and have you not watched the bubbling and foaming when the two are dis-

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"CHARLIE HUNG HIS HEAD IN SPITE OF HIMSELF."

solved in one glass? Well, you will understand, then, why I compare these two boys to a Sedlitz powder. They never came together without foaming into some sort of a squabble.

One had a slow, soda sort of temper; the other was very cream-of-tartarish; and though they got along well enough when apart, they never seemed to do well together. But somehow they were always coming across each other.

It was in a tree that they had their worst time one day, for Jim was determined to get a nest which Charlie had been watching with much interest, expecting to find the young birds hatched every day, and wanting to secure one robin, as soon as it should be old enough, to tame; for his neighbor, Miss Watkins, had one which fed from her hand, perched on her shoulder, and flew in and out of his cage as if he had never been wild, and he was sure that if he were as kind and patient as she had been, he should be able to secure a pet for his little sick cousin Emmie.

So when Charlie found Jim bent upon getting those eggs it not only was a disappointment, but it made him angry that a boy who knew better should do so mean a thing. Up the tree he mounted after Jim, and many were the hard and sharp words that passed, and in their excitement a branch gave way, down tumbled both boys, and the old gate of the pasture field, which had weathered the storms of thirty or forty years, saved them from breakage, but was badly damaged itself.

This pasture field belonged to the father of Jim, but Charlie had always gone through it whenever he liked, just as did the squirrels and woodchucks; but Jim was now so angry that he declared if he ever caught Charlie in that field again he would thrash him "within an inch of his life"—whatever so absurd an expression might mean.

Bruised, out of temper, and more than ever vexed with each other, they both went home. Charlie was just a little afraid of Jim, and that threat of being "thrashed within an inch of his life" sounded in his ears for several days, keeping him away from the pasture field, and, more to his regret, away from the robin's nest which he had been watching so long. But one bright morning all these recollections were quite forgotten as he bounded gayly along the road which led to the old mill. It was one of those days that make you happy without your knowing the reason why. Charlie ran and skipped and jumped in the sunshine till his eyes shone and his cheeks were like two rosy apples. Just as he was about to take a leap rather longer than any he had done, he saw a long slippery black snake glide across the road, and at the same moment he heard a child cry. Quick as wink he seized a stone, smashed the snake on the head, and then turned his attention to the crying child.

"Why, Bessie Olin, what is the matter?" he asked, going to the little girl, who was sobbing piteously.

"That dreadful snake!" was all she could utter.

"Did it bite you?"

"No."

"But it frightened you?"

"Yes."

"Well, it is dead now, so don't cry."

"No; it won't be dead till night."

"Oh, that's all humbug!" said Charlie.

"I won't go past it; I can't," cried the child, trembling with terror. "And see! I've run a thorn in my foot."

"Sit down and let me try if I can get it out," said Charlie, kindly; and he placed her upon a mossy stone, took up her little foot on his knee, and with his knife, which fortunately had one blade with a point left, drew out the thorn.

"Now, then, see if you can walk."

"Yes, I can," said Bessie, limping a little; "but I will not go past that snake. See! it quivers."

"They always do that; it's the 'lectricity or something that's in them. But he's dead as a door-nail."

"Please come this way with me," pleaded Bessie.

Charlie turned to go, but suddenly remembered it would take them through the pasture field. Yes, and away in the distance there was Jim sitting on the stone wall by the old gate. Should he go on, or should he turn back? Bessie looked up to see why he paused. Charlie remembered the promised thrashing.

"Please come," urged Bessie.

"Can't you go alone now?" asked Charlie, but, without waiting for an answer, the thought came to him that it would be cowardly to leave his timid little companion, and without more ado he walked on.

Bessie soon was all smiles, and prattling away about everything she saw. As they neared the old gate she espied her brother somewhat sulkily chewing a straw. "Oh, brother Jim," she called out, "you ought to have seen the horrid snake Charlie just killed! and he took an awful thorn out of my foot. Wasn't he good?"

Charlie hung his head in spite of himself; he had not expected this defense, and his little champion went on to say so much that before he knew it they were over the gate and in the pasture field. Presently there was a loud halloo. To tell the truth, Charlie jumped; he expected that thrashing; but, instead, Jim called out,

"The robins are hatched; don't you want one?"

"Yes," replied Charlie, "I do."

"Well, come get it, then."

So Cousin Emmie got her bird, after all, and it was the tamest, prettiest little thing you ever saw, and brightened the sick-room wonderfully.

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# THE FANCY-DRESS BALL.

**WE mean to be stately;**
**And even though small,**
**We'll step quite sedately**
To open the ball.

Just hark to the music!
It flies from the strings
As if every measure
Were fitted with wings.

There's a jolly old fiddle
That keeps out of view;
Its notes are such madcaps
They're laughing at you.

And quaint as a picture
Stepped forth from its frame
Is each haughty noble,
Each beautiful dame.

Queen Bess has a gown of
The rustlingest stuff,
And her eyes twinkle archly
In spite of her ruff;

And proud Lady Mary,
With plume and with fan,
Will flirt and coquet
Just as fast as she can.

There's a wee tot from Holland,
A beauty from Spain,
And a lady from Normandy,
All in the train.

Prince Rupert is here,
And the bonny Prince Hal;
And Roger, their Squire,
Has come to the ball;

**While dainty Priscilla,**
**As prim as a pink,**
**Eyes bent on her slippers,**
Scarce knows what to think.

And grave maiden Margie,
With bag on her arm,
Is blushing so brightly
It adds to her charm.

I wonder, to-morrow,
Will Daisy and Jack,
Our Chris and our Arthur,
Be wishing it back,

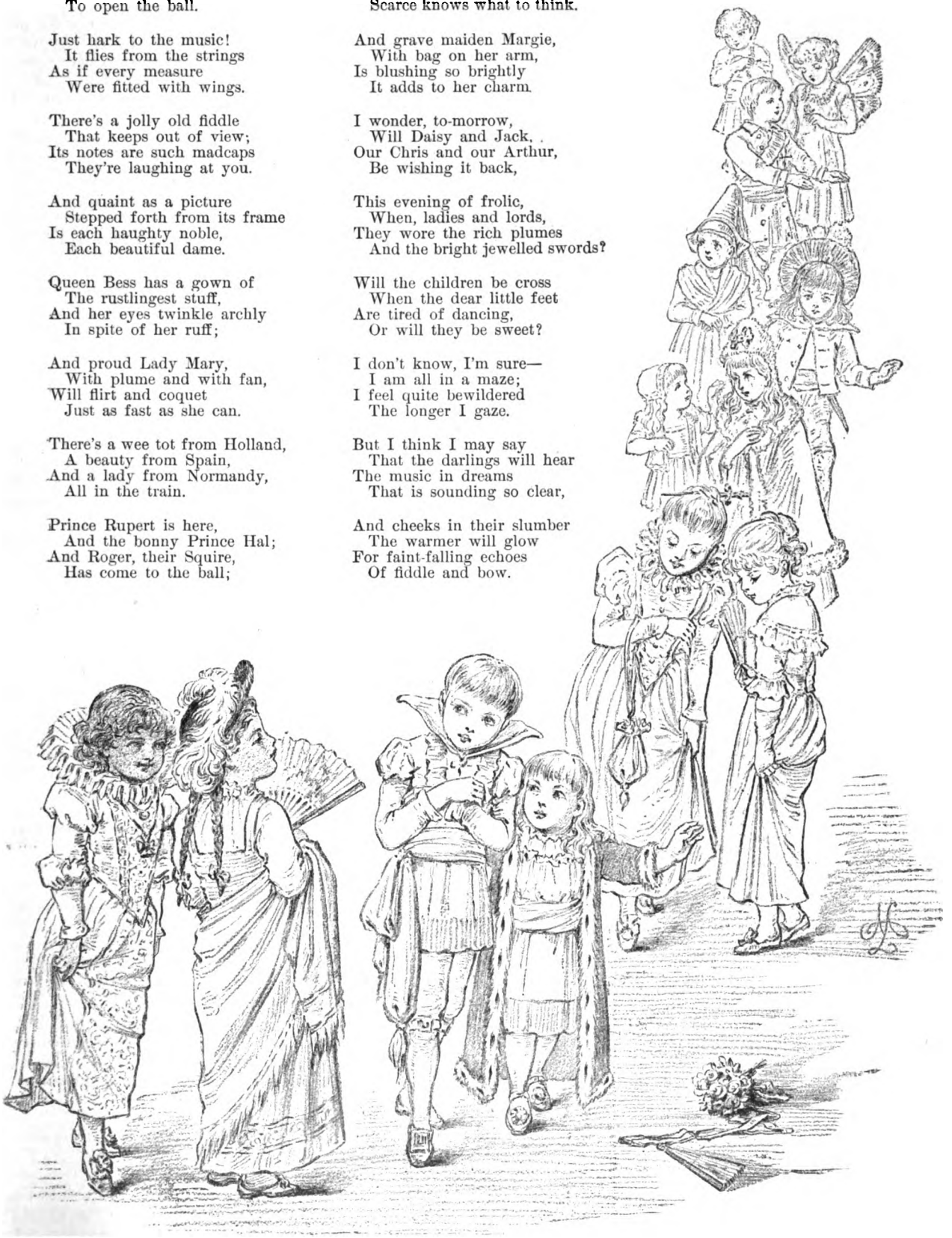
This evening of frolic,
When, ladies and lords,
They wore the rich plumes
And the bright jewelled swords?

Will the children be cross
When the dear little feet
Are tired of dancing,
Or will they be sweet?

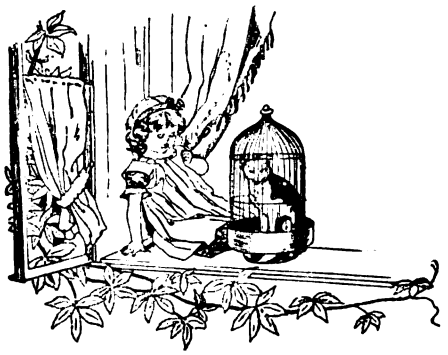
I don't know, I'm sure—
I am all in a maze;
I feel quite bewildered
The longer I gaze.

But I think I may say
That the darlings will hear
The music in dreams
That is sounding so clear,

And cheeks in their slumber
The warmer will glow
For faint-falling echoes
Of fiddle and bow.



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IN STRANGE QUARTERS.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

A MONTREAL lad has the honor of being our first correspondent this week:

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—The citizens of Montreal recently held their third Winter Carnival, and I think perhaps you would like to know something about it. The Carnival opened on Monday the 26th of January. In the evening of that day the Ice Lion was unveiled. The lion is made up of a large number of small blocks of ice, which were modelled into the form of a huge lion, about twice life size. It was placed on a large ice pedestal in Place d'Armes Square.

Tuesday evening was the time allotted to the Tuque Bleue Toboggan Club to hold their annual opening. At 8 P.M. "Jumbo" and "The Baby," two huge toboggans that will seat ten or fifteen men, shot down the brightly illuminated chute, or hill, and at the same time the slide was lit up by burning different colored fire-works, which were lighted as the large toboggans flew past. The hill was brilliantly illuminated by four electric lights, many Chinese lanterns, and several large gas-lights at the head and foot of the slide. The Tuque Bleue is entirely an artificial slide. The chute, which is forty-five feet high and about one hundred feet long, is situated on the Montreal Lacrosse Grounds. The entire length of the slide is about six hundred yards.

I have been describing tobogganing to you, but perhaps you do not know what a toboggan is. I will tell you. It is made of one or more pieces of hard wood about one-third of an inch in thickness, from two to ten feet in length, and from fifteen to twenty-five inches broad. The front end is bent back and fastened by a cord, and across the toboggan, at intervals of about fifteen inches, are placed wooden slats, which are likewise fastened by cords. On each side are put small wooden bars, and the whole toboggan is covered by a cushion.

Each evening the Ice Palace was brilliantly illuminated by the electric light, but on Wednesday at 8 P.M. the crowd that had collected to witness that most beautiful of all the sights to be seen at the Carnival, the "assault" on the Ice Castle by all the snow-shoe clubs, were fully paid for coming out in the cold (thermometer fifteen degrees below zero). The projectiles used were Roman candles, rockets, etc., and the castle was garrisoned by about one hundred and fifty volunteers and twenty-five firemen. After the siege the snow-shoers in costume, each one carrying a lighted torch, marched up the mountain, and the sight was one never to be forgotten.

WILLIE M. B.

Now, having enjoyed Willie's graphic letter, we will peep at the Exposition through the rose-colored spectacles lent us for the purpose by a bright young friend in New Orleans:

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

As I live in New Orleans, I thought you would like to hear about our Exposition. I have been up there four times. There is a place called Minnehaha Falls; it is real water, going over what looks like real rocks. In the Dakota section they have three Sioux Indians—Chief Big Gall, a squaw, and a pappoose; a big circle with grass and bushes, which they call Dakota Park; in it there are stuffed animals and heads of skeletons. In the Wyoming exhibit they had crape for the death of Governor Hale, of that State. In Nebraska everything is made of grain. In one of these States they give you little bags of wheat. In Mississippi there is a case full of stuffed birds, made to tell the story of Cock Robin. He is in a little coffin, and Jenny Wren has a black veil on and a little handkerchief at her eyes. There are the Sparrow, and Parson Rook, and many more.

Louisiana's exhibit is very fine. They have a pillar of salt that looks like crystal, and they have made a man and woman out of cotton, and a cat and dog; it is called King Cotton. I passed Harper's Department, and their papers and magazines looked very natural, for we have two of them always and sometimes the others. All the spools have departments, and such a noise! for they all have machinery at work.

The magnolia hams are represented by two pigs dressed in satin and sitting at lunch. At nearly every place you get picture cards. In one place you look into a big barrel, and there you see a picture of the beer establishment and all its buildings.

In the Horticultural Hall there is a big fountain, which throws the water very high, and keeps the place cool. As soon as you go in you smell apples. There are several Mexican plants and some beautiful paroquets. Besides this hall there are the Main and Government Buildings, the Machinery and Stock Building, the Art Gallery, and a good many more.

I would like to see some of your subscribers, and when the boys and girls come to the Exposition, if they will come to 374 Prytania Street, after school, my sisters and I will be very glad to see them. FRANK L. RICHARDSON, JUN.

Frank's mother, in a cordial note, indorses this pleasant invitation. "After school" means after 3 P.M. and all day Saturday.

ARDSLEY, NEAR WAKEFIELD, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I knew you wanted letters from some English children, so I thought I would write one. I have three brothers and one baby sister who is not six months old, and we live close by the railway, where about five hundred trains pass every day. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it has been published in England; I like to read the letters, and mamma reads them to my brothers. We have four rabbits, five birds, two cats, and a goat, but our poor little dog Tiny got killed the other day, and I am very sorry, because it was such a great pet. I go to school, and I am in the highest class, which is called the Seventh Standard. If I write any more, my letter will be too long, and I do want to see it in print. So I remain, with love to the little letter-writers over the water and to the Postmistress, ADA C. S.

STONEHOUSE, THANET, KENT, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am an English girl, and I thought I would write a letter. I have only just begun taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE myself, but an American friend used to send it to us. I have five brothers and four sisters. The youngest is a baby boy two years old; his name is Christopher. I have no pets except a pair of game bantams, and I am going to have three fantail pigeons. I live by the sea. It is so interesting to watch the ships; there was one burning in front of our windows last October. If this letter is printed, I will write again and tell more about the burning ship. Would you please guess how old I am? Good-by. RUTH S.

Is Ruth somewhere near her twelfth birthday? And will she remember her promise to write again, and finish this letter by telling how the ship came to be on fire, and all about it?

LEITH, SCOTLAND.

I have never seen any letters from this place, so I thought I would like to write to you. I have two brothers and two sisters, all younger than myself. We have a news-agent's shop, and sell ever so many papers. My sister and I are great readers, but we like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE better than anything else. We have no pets like the rest of the readers, but we see plenty of faces when we are keeping the shop. We have had it eight years, so we all know something about it. We have a fine harbor and docks, and the Duke of Edinburgh's Dock is the newest, and not quite finished yet. I think I must close now. Please tell me about the Little Housekeepers, and I will try and organize a club. CHRISTINA MCP.

All readers of the Post-office Box, whether girls or boys, may belong to the society called Little Housekeepers if they choose. They must promise to do something every day to make their homes happier, for the Little Housekeepers must be little sunbeams. They are to learn to cook nice dishes for people who are ill and for those who are well, to sweep, to dust, to put rooms in dainty order, and to do their part in *keeping the house as pleasant as possible*. When a club is organized, its members should hold a meeting at least once in two weeks, and the president and secretary will please send their names to the Postmistress.

LISMORE, BROUGHTY FERRY, SCOTLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—All the children send letters about their pets, and we have a very curious cat—that is, he has some very funny habits—so I thought I would tell you about him. He has beautiful silky fur, and he is very large. He is called Captain Wag, because he is always wagging his tail. We shall have had him two years in April. When he was a wee, wee kitty he was always running away, but he would never think of running away now. However, I will tell you of the present, not of the past. He will hardly take unboiled milk, and he is very fond of raisins. When he wants to come into a room, instead of mewing like a sensible cat, he scratches, and when he wants to go out again he stands on his hind-legs and pats the key about till he succeeds in making a noise. He is very unsociable. The other day he took it into his head to run, and he scampered and tore about like a mad creature. He can beg like a dog, and also jump. Besides the cat, there are a hedgehog, a toad, and a frog, but they are not allowed to enter the house. This place is just three miles east of Dundee, and it is very pleasant in summer. MABEL L.

GENEVA, NEW YORK.

If Gracie M. wishes to make a really pretty pen-wiper, let her try this one, which will look like a parasol when done. First cut from any pretty cloth or felt eight pieces shaped like a triangle, three inches from point to top, and say two inches wide at the top. Instead of having the top straight, round it a little, notch this edge with small notches, and with silk of some contrasting color work a feather-stitch about half an inch below this notched edge. Then, from an old glove or bit of chamois leather cut pieces a little smaller than the cloth ones; put one inside each, and sew the edges together from point to top, so that each piece will look like a cornucopia. Then take a slender pencil, point the end, and put your eight pieces all around the pencil, which is to be the handle of your parasol. If it has an ivory top, all the better, but put the points of your cloth about an inch or so from the point of your pencil, and where the pieces come together at the top drill a hole with a hot needle through your pencil and so securely fasten your pieces in the proper place. At the small end put a small circle of cloth, notched and neatly fastened, to cover the ends of your divisions, and at the handle put either a very narrow bow of ribbon or a tiny cord and tassel made from sewing-silk. When Grace begins to cut out her pieces she will see just how they go. DAISY C.

Write again, Daisy, and tell us how to make other pretty articles.

SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN.

I will tell you about our "branch" of the Little Housekeepers' Club. Our first meeting was held November 20, 1884. There are four girls, Lydia, Tillie, Nellie, and myself. I am to be the president for six months. We all go to the same school, and live in sight of the grand Lake Superior, though we are separated from it by a beautiful bay of the same name.

A piece about the pitcher-plant in your magazine last summer reminded me of something that really happened a year ago to my brother and his friend. They went out to hunt for deer south of the lake, and on their way they took the wrong track, and passed the shanty where they had intended to spend the night. They had provisions with them, but were too troubled to feel hungry, yet they did feel very thirsty. They wandered about many hours before they found any good water. Suddenly, on the second day, my brother's friend happened to see something glistening on the ground. He stooped down and picked it up, and it proved to be a pitcher-plant filled with ice. On looking around they found the ground was covered with these plants, and each little pitcher was a complete ice-house in itself. They very soon had a fire, and emptied dozens of these pitchers of ice into a cup, which they carried in their pack, and then made a cup of tea, which they said was the best thing they ever tasted. Good luck followed them, for soon after they heard a train of cars, miles away, and by listening intently for the whistle they knew what direction to take to reach the train to come home. We had been anxious, because they were gone so long. Your friend, GERTRUDE E. G.

This is a charming letter. The incident is worth preservation in the Post-office Box. I wish you had said a little more about your club.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and go to Newton Street School. It is next to the largest school in the city; there are seventeen teachers, and nearly one thousand scholars. I am in the Third Grade Grammar, and in two years after this one I hope to be ready for the High School. I am now studying arithmetic, geography, spelling, language, writing, drawing, and physiology, and am reading in history. Every Friday afternoon those who have been good through the week may read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which our teacher takes for us. It is very nice, and I am quite sure every one in our class likes to read it. I do. If you ever come to Newark, I wish you would visit our school. EDNA S. S.

Thanks for your kind invitation, Edna.

GRAND MOUND, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it began; I enjoy reading it very much. I live twenty miles south of Olympia, the capital of the Territory. I have a great deal of fun hunting deer along the Chehalis River. Papa came to this part of the country in 1852. I expect we will begin ploughing before long. We raise from forty-five to fifty bushels of wheat per acre; hay, from three to four tons per acre. We have school in our house now. I have lots of sheep-driving to do, as we are shipping some every week or

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two; we have about twelve hundred to ship before long. Papa is Assessor this year, and I have to work the farm myself. Good-by. S. D. J.

You are a man of business. Is your name Sydney, or Samuel, or Sylvester, or Stewart? I would like to know, for I want to put you down in my note-book.

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ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

I am eight years old. I wrote once before, but the letter was not printed, so I thought I would write again. I wish Jimmy Brown would write in every paper. I like this paper better than any other. I have neither brothers nor sisters. I have a pug-dog who sits on a music-box of mine and tries to sing, and he succeeds a little; his name is Romeo. I have a book case full of books; most of them are the "Elsie" and the "Mildred" books, all of Miss Alcott's, and *St. Nicholas*. I like the "Elsie" books best. MABEL F. T.

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TOLEDO, OHIO.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; I am reading "Rolf House," and am so glad to hear something more about Nan. I was seven years old the day after Christmas. I had a little party, and ever so many pretty presents. Mamma gave me a lovely doll with long golden curls; she is dressed in pink, and looks like my little cousin Elizabeth, in Cincinnati. I have one sister, named Elise. We go to dancing-school on Saturday.
NETTIE B.

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ROME, ITALY.

I am an American girl, and have been in Europe almost two years. This is the first letter that I have written to the Post-office Box. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE only a short time. We have taken HARPER'S BAZAR, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S MONTHLY for some time. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; papa sends it to me every week, and I am always glad to get it. All the family are over here except papa; he came with us as far as Paris, but when we reached there he was obliged to go back on account of business, and we have been away from him so long that we are anxious to go home and see him. We are going home in the spring. I have three sisters, all older than myself, and no brothers. I am thirteen years old, and I study the violin. Last winter we spent in Florence, and I went to boarding-school, where I studied Italian and French. I like Florence very much. We shall stay in Rome this winter, and when spring comes we will go to Naples, and then home. My home is in Brooklyn. This summer we travelled in Germany and in northern Italy, and we stopped in Paris several months; we had a very nice trip. I like studying, and will be glad to get back to school again after so long a holiday. I take my Italian lesson this afternoon with a new teacher, and I think that she is a very nice one. I think that I have written a long enough letter for the first one, so I will close. BESSIE E.

It is a pleasure to have Bessie among the Post-office Box friends.

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NEWTOWN, LONG ISLAND.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have a little sister Daisy, and a little brother "Toby Tyler." Daisy and I go to school every day; I study reading, writing, and arithmetic. Mamma teaches me French at home. Daisy and I each have pet cats; hers is named Muffie, and mine Nappie. Don't you think they are funny names? My brother has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number, and we all think it is a very nice paper for little folks. I have made a crazy pillow for my doll's sofa. I have eight dolls. We live by the water, and have good skating, and we slide down-hill on our sleighs. In the summer we go out rowing on the bay. I like to read the little letters from England. I wrote this letter all by myself. FLORENCE J.

It is a very good letter. Muffie and Nappie have original names. I hope the kittens behave as good kittens should.

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RIDER'S, MARYLAND.

My little sisters and I have been reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for over a year, and though we take special interest in the letters, we do not remember to have seen one from our immediate neighborhood. We live the year round on a high hill about nine miles from Baltimore, and we think we should feel smothered in town. I am ten, and my sisters are eight and five and a half years of age. Somebody, we do not know who, sent us a beautiful parrot at Christmas. It says "Pretty Polly" in a low, sweet voice, and whistles most beautifully. The bird-man from whom he was sent says he is from the East Indies, and his age is unknown. A parrot in the Zoological Gardens, London, is said to be one hundred and twenty-five years old. We have also a beautiful cat, white, with a jet-black tail. The other day he came in with blood on his mouth, and we found that he had climbed up into the pigeon-house and eaten a beautiful white pigeon, all except its wings. The country in our neighborhood is very beautiful, with hills and valleys, and Lake Roland, which is an artificial lake for supplying Baltimore with water, and nearly five hundred acres in extent, makes a pretty picture in summer in the midst of its green surroundings. It is now all frozen over, and we think often of the beautiful story, "The Ice Queen," as we look at it. A. D. P.

It is very hard to forgive a cat when he devours a bird, yet the cat only follows his natural instinct when he becomes a hunter and eats the game he kills.

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NEW YORK CITY.

A gentleman made me a Christmas present of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I enjoy it very much indeed. Every evening papa reads an hour to me out of it when he has time. My mamma has been away, and so I had to sit at the head of the table and pour out papa's tea and coffee. She is coming home to-day, and I am so glad! I have a little sister two years old, and she is just as sweet as can be. I like the letters very much, and the ones about Timothy Tiggs and Timothy Toggs and the cat that liked to be held up by his tail made us both laugh very hard. Hoping I may be one of your little friends,
MABEL CHRISTINE P.

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POTSDAM, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eleven years of age, and as a friend of mine and myself were composing puzzles for our own amusement, we thought we would send them to you, thinking they might be worthy of a place in your Post-office Box. I have written to you twice before, but have failed to see my letters in print, but I am not discouraged, for I know you receive a great many letters, and some of the young folks have to be disappointed in having their letters published. I liked "Left Behind," "Our Little Dunce," and "The Ice Queen" *very* much, and I think that "Rolf House" is just *splendid*. I attend the Normal School, and am in the Intermediate Department. My teacher is Miss R., and we are all very fond of her.
MABEL C. D.

Here, dear, is your letter, for your patience and sweetness deserve to be rewarded at last, and your enigma, for which I thank you, is in the column of Puzzles from Young Contributors.

---

CARILLON, CANADA.

I attend a French convent this winter. I don't like it very much, but papa wants me to learn French. The girls laugh at me when I try to speak it. I am very glad that "Rolf House" is appearing, for I like Mrs. Lillie's stories ever so much, but I like "Nan" best of all thus far, and I hope "Rolf House" will be as nice. I told you in my last letter that I lived in barracks on the Ottawa River. The house has a black hole in it; it is very dark inside, and full of old rubbish. The garret away up at the top of the house, above all the rooms, is splendid for playing hide-and-seek, because there are a great many funny little holes in the walls.
Your little friend, DAISY B.

The girls at your school are rather impolite to laugh at you. You must make haste and get a good accent. In the mean time, never mind them.

---

GRIFFIN, GEORGIA.

I am a little boy nine years old. My sisters have just subscribed for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I attend school at the Sam Baily Male Institute. I have no live pets, but have a tool-box, a train, a parlor rifle, and a drum. I have a brother and two sisters. My sisters have a beautiful canary-bird. JOE D. B.

---

SANDUSKY, WISCONSIN.

I have two sisters and four brothers. I have a little brother nearly three years old, and his name is Homer. I have a dear aunt living in Syracuse, New York, who very kindly sends us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. We all enjoy it very much. I think the stories are so nice. I am not old enough to read very well, so my mamma reads to me. There is a large stave factory right in sight of our house. I like to see the clouds of steam coming from the pipes. Every day there are large loads of stave bolts going by. We have a beautiful spring of water on our farm. I wonder if some of the children in New York city would like to see it. I suppose the Indians used to camp around here, because we find so many arrow-heads.
ARTHUR G.

It is not silly to write about cats or other pets, but I am always very much pleased when a boy tells me about the work which is carried on near his home. Arthur has written a very bright little letter.

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BLOOMFIELD, MISSOURI.

I am a girl twelve years old, and have no pets except a little cat, which belongs to my sister and me; but I take care of it, and she does not like it much. My only sister, who is eleven years old, is quite a musician, but I am very fond of books and my studies. We have a very nice lady here who is going to stay with us and teach us while papa and mamma are gone to New Orleans. I do hope the Postmistress will publish this, for if it is not printed I shall feel discouraged. I should like to belong to the Little Housekeepers, but I can't cook much; still when I am not in school, I help mamma with the house-work. May I join? I don't know of any receipt to send except ice-cream, which we have tried and found delicious; I will put it in at the end of the letter. We have been having some real cold weather here; the thermometer was five degrees below zero last night. I am going to surprise my teacher and brother Charlie with this letter, and papa, if I can. Here is the receipt:

ICE-CREAM.—A cupful of snow, half a cupful of cream, sugar, flavoring to taste, and the white of an egg. Boil it, and then freeze it. GENEVA C.

It would be good without boiling.

---

LITTLE NECK, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy ten years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the 13th of January, and like it very much. I have four pets, two bantam hens and two bantam roosters. I also have a large goat named Billy. T. H. C.

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**Austin H. P.**, Hartford, Connecticut: Your inquiry was referred to Mr. W. C. Prime, author of "Another Chat About Coins," and he has kindly made the following note upon it:

"The Connecticut coppers were struck under a grant from the State in 1785, to certain persons, of power to establish a mint, etc. The coppers were issued in 1785, 1786, and 1787, and bear severally those dates. The coiners made a great many dies to strike these coppers, and these dies vary more or less. There are some of each year with head facing to right and some with head facing to left."

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

FISHES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A luminary and a member of the animal kingdom. 2. An abbreviation of street, a verb, and a preposition. 3. A streak of light. 4. A color and a plant. 5. A weapon. 6. A vehicle and a consonant. 7. A consonant and a card. 8. A fisherman. 9. A large body of water and a quadruped. 10. A consonant, the French for thee, and something very nice to eat. 11. A color and a temptation. 12. A consonant and an exclamation.
FRED P.

### No. 2.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—My first in apple, but not in fruit.
My second in trigger, but not in shoot.
My third is in nine, but not in eight.
My fourth is in early and also in late.
My fifth is in waltz and also in dance.
My sixth is in Europe, but not in France.
My seventh is in rope, but not in twine.
My eighth is in Lulu's, but not in mine.
My ninth is in shoe, but not in boot.
My whole is my papa's favorite fruit.

2.—My first in delicate and dainty.
My second in wine and witchery.
My third in mimic and dramatic.
My fourth in Polly, Puss, and Patrick.
My fifth in laughter and in loving.
My sixth in weariness and weeping.
My whole goes dancing in and out,
And never yet was in a pout.

### No. 3.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A consonant. 2. A sailor. 3. An early discoverer of America. 4. The smallest kind of deer. 5. A consonant.

2.—1. A vowel. 2. The close of day. 3. A kind of soap. 4. An age. 5. A consonant. MONA.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 276.

No. 1.—Water. Haydn. Babe.

No. 2.—
J
C A T
J A M E S
T E A
S

No. 3.—"Be sure you're right, then go ahead."
Good. Heer. Rust. Bee. Hegira. Hub. You.

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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Mary May, Titania, Howard W. Taylor, Freddie G. Hale, Roscoe Denny, Gussie K., Louise H., William Holzman, Temple Perry, Ethel S., Cockade City, Sadie Emma Lee, Gertie Pyle, Frank A. Musgrove, Walter F., Anna Putnam, Lizzie K. M., B. D., Estella I., Archibald M., Donald Campbell, Maggie Larkins, Georgie Banyard, Ellen Emmons, Thomas Kissam, Louise McLeod, Johnnie Blauvelt, Teresa Van Santvoord, A. C. B., and Charlie Davis.

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[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH THE FASHION.

## GEE UP, NEDDY!

BY FRANK BELLEW.

A TOY which will serve to amuse young children, and which we have named "Gee up, Neddy!" or, "The Donkey Race," can easily be made in the following manner:

Trace or copy on a large scale the accompanying figure on thick writing-paper or card-board, and following the white cir-



cular line with a sharp knife or pair of scissors, cut out that part of the donkey on which the boy sits. You will then have three parts—the head and fore-legs, the middle with the boy on it, and the hind-quarters. These can be arranged in a variety of attitudes, to resemble kicking, rearing, buck-jumping, etc. If several of the figures be cut out, they can be ar-



ranged in procession to resemble a race, as shown in the picture. The figures may, of course, be colored to suit the taste of the manufacturer.

By coloring both sides of the donkey it may be so turned round as to make the boy sit with his face to its tail, as boys sometimes do in donkey races at fairs and rustic festivals.

## WHO WAS HE?

HE was born December 9, 1608, in Bread Street, London. His father, who was a scrivener, and had considerable property, was a well-educated man, and gave a good deal of his time and attention to music.

He had one sister older and one brother younger than himself. His sister's name was Anne, his brother's Christopher. He was devoted to his books, and even before he was twelve years old he often sat up until after twelve o'clock to study. When he was twelve years old he was sent to St. Paul's School, where he remained until he was seventeen. When he left St. Paul's he entered Christ College, Cambridge, where he remained until 1632. He devoted all his time to his studies, and was considered one of the best scholars of his time. He became proficient in Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, and understood some Hebrew. When he was fifteen he wrote several poems, which are the earliest of his writings that have come down to the present day. While he was at Cambridge he composed a number of poems. His father had intended him for the Church, but he decided to devote himself to literature. His father was at first much disappointed at the change, but later gave his consent.

For nearly six years after leaving college he lived with his father, who had retired to a country house near Horton. In 1638 he made a visit to the Continent, and spent a year in France and Italy. He had intended to visit Sicily and Greece, but the news of the civil war brought him home. After his return he acted as tutor to his two nephews, the sons of his sister Anne, and had several other pupils besides.

In 1643, when he was thirty-five, he married Mistress Mary Powell. His domestic life was very unhappy. His wife soon left him, but returned after two years, and died in 1654, leaving three daughters. He had been a strong supporter of the Commonwealth, holding an important position under Oliver Cromwell, so on the restoration of Charles II. he was obliged to go into hiding, and remain there until the Indemnity Act was passed in August, 1660. For several years his eyesight had been gradually failing, and now he was totally blind and quite poor, and his daughters, with whom he had not been happy, left him.

He soon afterward married a third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, who took excellent care of him. In 1667 was published his principal poem, which some critics call the greatest monument of human genius. During the next few years he wrote a number of other books. He died November 8, 1674, of gout. He was buried in the chancel of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, London.



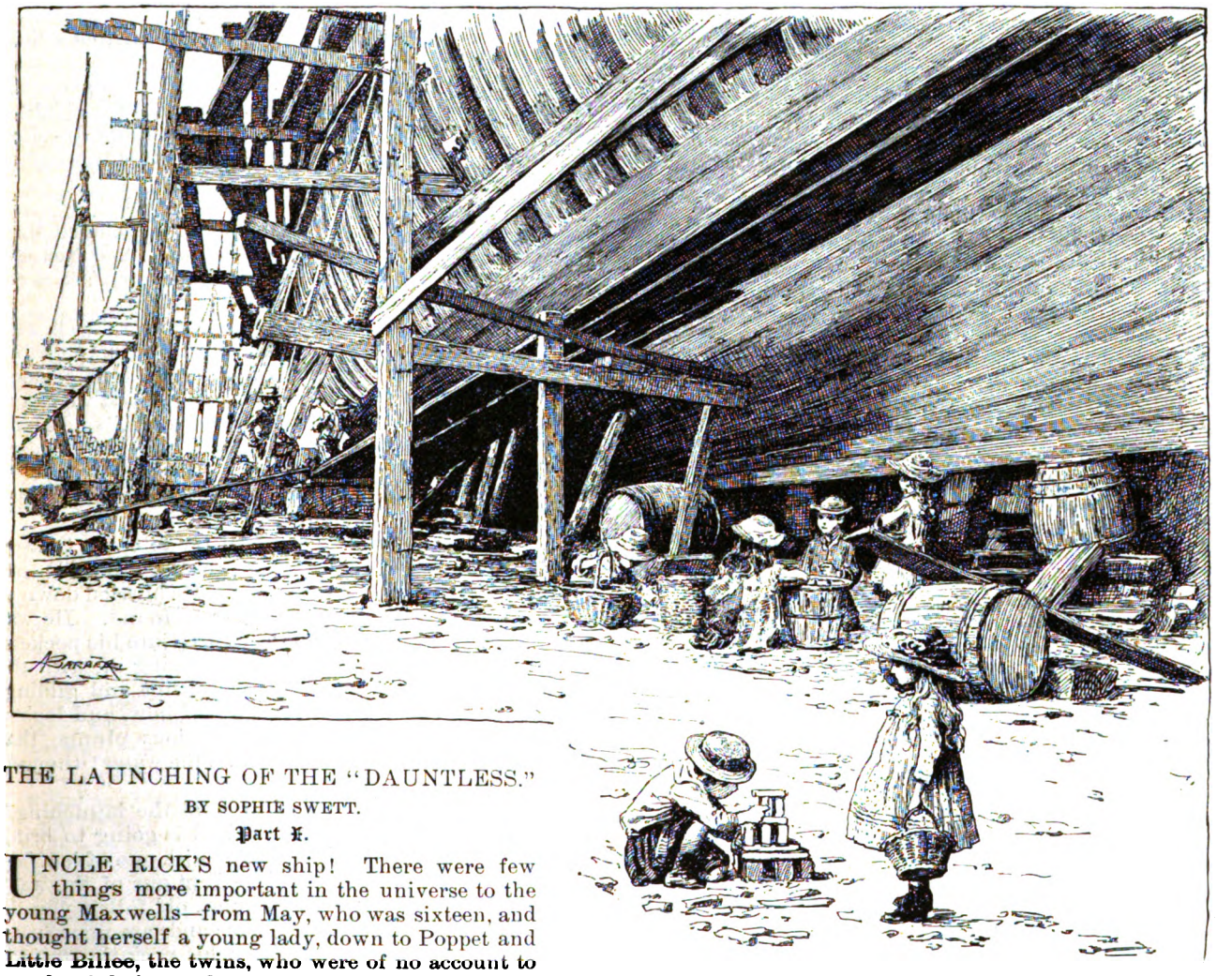
A QUESTION IN NATURAL HISTORY.
"I wonder if Polly cut her Teeth before she could speak?"

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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 280. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1885.
Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



## THE LAUNCHING OF THE "DAUNTLESS."

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

Part I.

UNCLE RICK'S new ship! There were few things more important in the universe to the young Maxwells—from May, who was sixteen, and thought herself a young lady, down to Poppet and Little Billee, the twins, who were of no account to speak of, being only five or six, or something of that kind. They all talked of it by day and dreamed of it by night. And even Ned, who was in college, wrote letters home inquiring about it.

From the time when the keel was laid—farther back than that, from the time when the timber was cut—the little Maxwells had watched with eagerness and delight the building of Uncle Rick's ship. Even the timber had been cut in their own woods; the very trees that they had played under were sacrificed.

Their beautiful rock-maples went to make the keel; the great oak that had tossed acorns into their laps every fall made the ribs, stout and strong; their pines, which made such mysterious murmurings and whisperings—they, with all their secrets torn from them, and cut and sawed and planed, made the decks. The very tallest pines were used for the masts; even old Daddy-long-legs, who had stood at the cross-roads, like a sign-post, for so many years that everybody was as well acquainted with him as with the church steeple—even he had to go for the mainmast of Uncle Rick's ship. But he could still stand upright, and

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needn't bow his head to anybody, which might be a comfort to him, the children thought.

The ship-yard was always the most delightful and fascinating of places. It was on the bank of a wide, blue river, where vessels were always going up and down, and rafts of logs, with jolly lumbermen singing songs, and, in summer, merry little excursion boats with crowds and music, and, three times a week, a stately steamer from Boston.

But the "teeters" were, after all, the best fun. There were innumerable piles of boards, and their heights varied so that the size or courage of all could be suited. It was but a moment's work to place a long board across the top of a pile, and then, with a plump little body at each end, what a delightful seesaw it would make!

If the ship-yard was fascinating at any time, it was tenfold more so when Uncle Rick's ship was on the stocks. Every nail that was driven in her was an event. To see her growing day by day, tall and grand and shapely, the largest vessel that was ever built in Browton, and by far the handsomest, was an unfailing wonder and delight. But it was very hard that in those last June days, when she was being finished, school *would* keep; the little Maxwells thought it ought to close at least a week earlier than usual to allow them to attend personally to the finishing touches, such as the painting and gilding around the prow, the flags, and the name: they were in *such* a state of uncertainty about the name! Uncle Rick had said that Grandma should name the ship, but they were all anxious to help her think of a name. Poor Grandma! if she didn't go raving distracted before that vessel was named, papa said, it would be a wonder. The children came home from school every day shouting names loud enough to deafen one; Polly woke in the dead of the night and thought of a name, and ran and screamed it through Grandma's keyhole, and frightened her so that she almost fainted, and Bob offered to give his five-dollar gold piece to the heathen, and be good for a month, if she'd let him name it.

When May came home from class-day she thought the ship ought to be named the *Handkerchief*, because she had met a young man who had a yacht of that name. All the boys thought that was a silly name.

Polly wanted it to be the *Golden Fleece* or the *Argonaut*. Ned wrote that he thought it ought to have a family name; it might be called *Kenneth Maxwell*, after their grandfather. Dick wanted it named *Norombega;* that was an Indian name, and belonged to the State of Maine. "Then she would show, wherever she went, that she was proud of being a 'down-Easter.'" Dick was noted for his patriotism. Bob said if Dick wanted an Indian name, the *Tomahawk* was better, but he thought it ought to be called the *Captain Kidd*, or the *Red Hand*, or something stirring like those.

Even Poppet and Little Billee had their own opinions with regard to names. Poppet thought it would be appropriate to call it *Lilybell*, after her wax doll that melted and ran to nothing, all but its eyes; and Little Billee was in favor of *Silver Heels*, which was the name of a vessel in his fairy-book that could sail through moonshine just as if it were water.

After listening to all these names, and at least fifty others, Grandma calmly announced that the ship was to be called the *Dauntless*. It seemed that Grandma's father, when he was a poor young man, had owned a little coasting vessel of that name, which had earned for him the small beginnings of a fortune. So Uncle Rick's fine ship was to be named for the little coasting schooner; and, after talking it over, they all felt very well satisfied, for it was a name that *meant something*, and that, after all, was the main thing.

The launching was to take place on the first day of July. Uncle Rick had made that announcement at last, after being questioned and cross-questioned and coaxed and teased until he would certainly have lost his patience if it had not been quite inexhaustible. The 1st of July! that would just suit everybody. School would be over; Ned would be at home; the *Farmers' Almanac*, which Grandma was sure wouldn't make a mistake, said, "Expect—pleasant weather—about—this time," all the way down the July page from the beginning; and Uncle Rick was going to have the band to play; everybody in the town would turn out, to say nothing of crowds of people from up the river, and down the river, and across the river, and away back from the river. It would "beat the Fourth of July all hollow," Bob said.

Two days before the great event May received a note from Ned.

"Ned is going to bring home two of his friends, Miss Edith Amory and her brother, to the launching!" exclaimed May, as she read the note. "He spoke last week of inviting them here, but I didn't think of his doing it so soon. He thinks the launching will be quite novel to them; and Walter Amory is his great friend, and his sister is very nice; they invited me to their house to dinner. Oh, such a beautiful house in Boston!"

"Swells, I suppose—real howling swells; that's Ned's kind," remarked Dick, with scorn.

"They are *very* nice people," said May, with great dignity. "And, mamma, there are so many of the children, and they're always doing or saying something dreadful, and Ned thinks they had better be kept out of the way on the day of the launching."

"Well, if he hasn't got cheek!" began Dick.

"They talk slang like that, mamma!" exclaimed May, interrupting him. "It is really dreadful. And Ned says that in well-appointed households the children are never seen. They are always kept in the nursery."

"I don't think we could manage that very well with only one nurse, who has her hands full with the baby; and as for the launching, the children have been looking forward to it so long. But we must do the best we can to make things pleasant for Ned and his friends," said Mamma, who held the reins of the household in a pair of weary and rather feeble little hands.

Dick walked off, looking savage, with feelings too deep for utterance.

"But I don't think Mr. Ned will try to come that on *me!*" he said to himself. Dick was twelve, and didn't mean to allow himself to be imposed upon. He hurried down to the ship-yard, where Bob was sure to be found. He was standing there with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, gazing at the ship. She was worth gazing at, with the sunshine lighting up her bright new paint and gilding. She was being raised on to the "ways" now, and looked impatient to be gone. What a glorious plunge that would be off the high steep ways into the water! thought Bob.

"I say, Bob, you ain't going to be at the launching," said Dick's voice behind him. "Ned is going to bring some friends home with him—a swell girl, one of 'em is—and he's going to have the children kept out of the way. It *is* pretty hard lines; but you know, old feller, you do talk an awful lot of slang, and your hands are never very clean, and a feller ought to have his neck-tie straight sometimes, and the worst thing is what nobody would expect of a boy of your size, you do suck your thumb."

"Ned thinks he can boss the whole world, but he'll find he can't boss Uncle Rick's ship!" exclaimed Bob. "Who wants him here, with his old girl, anyway? Meanest kind of a mustache he's got. Uncle Rick don't believe it 'll ever be any bigger; and now he's got a girl, has he? I knew that was just as much sense as he'd got. I shall just see what Uncle Rick says about a lot of strange people crowding out the ones that the ship belongs to. If it were only the youngsters, now—Little Billee is continually turn-

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bling down and roaring—he roars at nothing—and Poppet is always sticky; but *me!*"

"Perhaps you'll be allowed to stay round in the crowd and see her go, but you won't go in her, and I shouldn't wonder if you should be sent with the youngsters out to Aunt Priscilla's to spend the day," said Dick, who might not have been quite so provoking if he had not been inwardly disturbed by doubts as to what was to become of *him* on the day of the launching.

To Aunt Priscilla's, to spend the day with Poppet and Little Billee! Never would he submit to such ignominy as that. It was unjust, it was cruel. He would see what Uncle Rick would say to it. Uncle Rick was very busy superintending the raising of the vessel when Bob rushed up to him.

"Ain't I going to be on board of her when she is launched, Uncle Rick? Can Ned bring home a lot of friends and a *girl*, and say we're children, and make us stay away?"

Uncle Rick knit his brows. He was thinking how many more people than could be accommodated on board the ship *ought* to be invited.

"I hope there'll be room enough: of course we must make room enough for Ned and his friends," he said, absently. "Run away now, Bob; I'm busy."

Bob turned away, with a feeling of blank dismay. Uncle Rick didn't seem to think it was of much consequence whether he went or not. When Uncle Rick failed him, what was a boy going to do? He ran home as fast as he could go, and up into Grandma's room, where she was sewing buttons on to a small jacket.

Poppet and Little Billee were up in Grandma's room playing menagerie, with the lame chicken for a giraffe, the spotted kitten for a leopard, and the feather duster for an ostrich. When they were in everybody's way, and the baby was asleep in the nursery, they were always sent to Grandma's room, and she would let them do anything.

"Grandma, sha'n't Ned be put a stop to, bringing girls and things here, and saying I ought not to go to the launching?" cried Bob.

"Why, Bobby, surely you want your brother to come home and bring his friends?" said Grandma, reproachfully.

"He needn't say I'm children, and ought to be kept out of the way!" grumbled Bob.

"Oh, I don't think Ned would say you ought to be kept out of the way. Certainly not if you behaved—"

Bob didn't want to hear his misdeeds rehearsed again, and he very impolitely interrupted Grandma. "He thinks I ought to be sent to Aunt Priscilla's to spend the day with Poppet and Little Billee," he said.

Poppet and Little Billee were listening, and this caused them to neglect their menagerie. The giraffe gave the leopard a vicious peck upon the nose; this aroused the leopard's breast to wrath, and he seized the giraffe by the neck. A tragedy might have resulted if Grandma had not sent Bob to the rescue. Amid the squawks of the giraffe, the growls of the leopard, the roars of Little Billee, and the loud objections of Poppet, Bob withdrew the leopard from the scene of action, and restored him, by Grandma's direction, to his mother, Tabitha.

Bob went and lay down flat on his face in the orchard grass, and made up his mind what he should do. Meanwhile the hearts of Poppet and Little Billee were deeply stirred by what they had heard Bob say.

"Us not go to the launching! Us go to Aunt Priscilla's to spend the day! Us *won't* go!" exclaimed Poppet, as soon as she and Little Billee, sent to restore the giraffe to the bosom of his mother, were alone.

Little Billee began to roar—his usual manner of expressing himself.

"Don't be silly. We must *do* somefing," said Poppet, with a little stamp of her foot. Poppet ruled and guided her twin brother, who was considerably larger than she, by force of moral superiority, in a manner to delight all advocates of woman's rights. But Poppet was considered a remarkably bright child—Grandma was really afraid she would not live to grow up—while Little Billee was remarkable for nothing except growing like Jack's bean-stalk.

"I don't w-w-want to see the old calf at Aunt Priscilla's; I want to be l-l-launched in Uncle Rick's ship," roared Little Billee.

"If you make that great noise," said Poppet, "we shall get carried to Aunt Priscilla's anyway. Sit down on that door-step with me and let me think."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SIR ANTONY VANDYCK.

MANY, many years ago a number of young men, assembled in the studio of the famous artist Rubens, suddenly found themselves overwhelmed with horror. The morning's work was finished, and, according to his habit, the master had ridden forth into the country freshness for his daily amount of exercise. Before starting he had locked the studio, giving the key, as usual, into old Valreken's keeping. But in their master's absence the young artists liked to study into the secrets of his method. Making short work of wheedling the key from the old serving-woman's untrustworthy pocket, they were wont to enter the forbidden sanctum whenever they chose.

On this particular day, however, there seemed every prospect of their paying pretty dearly for their stolen pleasure, for in some rough play with one another young Meister Diepenbeck was pushed against a freshly painted picture, and oh, horror! his sleeve as neatly wiped out the chin and throat of the principal figure as though the painter had never intended anything else.

No wonder a terrible silence fell upon the little group. But at last up spoke a brave youth. "Comrades," said Jan Van Hoeck, "there are still three hours of daylight. We must do our best to repair the mischief, and, if possible, avoid discovery. Antoon Vandyck, thou art the fittest among us for the matter."

There was no time to waste in foolish objections. With a beating heart the youth sat down to his work, and before the daylight had altogether vanished had finished his task.

When their master seated himself before his easel on the following morning, you may think what a quaking there was among the students. With the utmost care and deliberation he examined the canvas before him. At length he looked up, smiling. "This throat and chin is by no means the worst piece of painting that I did yesterday," he said.

The class heaved a big sigh of relief, then confessed their misdeeds; but Master Rubens was so pleased with the evidence of such skill among them that he speedily forgave the deceit, and the whole affair ended in the happiest manner.

Antony Vandyck was born in Antwerp, March 22, 1599. His father was a manufacturer of silks and wools, a Flemish burgher of considerable wealth and position, and, indeed, since his family numbered twelve sons and daughters, he had need of both. The mother's name was Maria Cuypers. She was a gentlewoman, famed in those days for her wonderful skill in needle-work, making more clever pictures by patient stitching than many an artist with his brush. She is said to have been very fond of her little artist son, and from infancy to have directed his studies; but when he was eight years old she died, and after that he worked under sterner teachers.

From the first it had been decided that his life should be devoted to art, and he made such good progress that by the time he was fifteen he was admitted to the studio of the most famous artist in Belgium. Moreover, as the story you have just heard will show, before long he had become the first and favorite pupil of that great painter.

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A DAUGHTER OF CHARLES I.—After a Portrait by Vandyck.

They tell another story about him when he was twenty-one, and had gone out into the world to seek his fortune. Passing through Haarlem one day, he called upon an eccentric brother artist, Franz Hals. Hals was out. Vandyck, always fond of fun, announced himself as a wealthy gentleman wishing to sit for his portrait, but having only two hours to spare. In wild haste Hals was summoned from the tavern. He began his work, and the two hours had not quite expired when he showed the picture to this noble art patron, finished.

Vandyck praised it highly, and professed great astonishment at the rapidity with which it had been done. "But," said he, "doubtless painting is an easier thing than I thought. Let us change places, and see what I can do."

Hals soon saw that this man was no stranger to the brush. In vain he tried to guess the name of his visitor; but when the second portrait was finished in less time than the first, and yet was every whit as good, he sprang to his feet in amazement. "The man who can do that must be either Vandyck or the Evil One," he cried.

Vandyck travelled much in his short lifetime. He visited England, Holland, and France, and spent three years in Italy, studying Italian art while pursuing his work. Passing from one city to another, he won both honor and riches in no stinted measure. To this day you may see many a portrait from his cunning hand hanging upon the walls of many a faded old palace in Genoa, Florence, and Rome.

Unhappily, however, Vandyck possessed the true artistic temperament. If he gained much gold in Italy, he spent much also, and went home at last almost as poor in pocket as when he went away.

At length, Rubens going into foreign lands, the field was left open to less fashionable artists. The art patrons flocked to Vandyck's feet, and orders were fairly showered upon him. For five years he worked in Antwerp. At the end of that time, becoming disgusted with the jealousies of some brother artists, he turned his back upon them, and went to England, where he was soon in high favor with both King and Queen, besides many other great folk of the land. The English found "his conversation brilliant, his manners delightful, and his person handsome." No wonder his studio became the resort of fashionable crowds. His brush was kept constantly busy, and the King knighted him.

Still, in spite of this, his prosperity was short-lived. His old fondness for luxury and splendor ruined him at last. Determined to live in the style of the wealthiest Englishmen whom he entertained, he spent more money than he could earn. To make up for his losses he was obliged to work so incessantly that his health broke down. What was worse yet, cruel times suddenly shut down upon Merry England. In all the troubles of his country unhappy King Charles the First had no time to remember his favorite painter, and there was no money to pay for the pictures that had been so freely ordered by both the King and Queen; so, disappointment meeting the poor artist on every hand, all his energy for battling with the world forsook him. He became very ill, and though the King sent his own physicians to attend him, he never rallied, but died on the 9th of December, 1641, and was buried in old St. Paul's Church in London.

# ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

Author of "Nan," "Mildred's Bargain," "Dick and D," etc., etc.

## Chapter XIII.

### "THE BOY" HAS AN OPINION.



UNCH was no sooner over than Bob followed Nan and Betty into the schoolroom, and, as soon as the door was closed, said, angrily:

"Now let me know what you've done with my dog, Nan Rolf. You needn't think I am going to let you off easy either."

Nan looked at him very quietly. "He wasn't your dog," she answered. "I found out who he really belonged to, and gave him back. His name is Beppo," she continued, calmly, "and he belonged to three little girls in Gramercy Park. He was stolen from them, and I *think* I know who was the thief."

"Do you mean to say," he exclaimed, between his set teeth, "that you think I stole it? Since you've found out so much, you meddlesome Matty, let me tell you it was Jim who gave him to me. There!" he added, with a triumphant laugh, "I told Jim Powers I'd be even with him for taking my rope away from me. How did you find all this out? You're a pretty sort of sneak. If you were a boy in our school you'd get paid off well. As it is, I'll get even with you some day—see if I don't."

And Bob, too angry to wait for a reply, dashed out of the room, banging the door after him, and followed by Betty, who was curious to know whether he intended to tell Jim of Nan's discovery.

Bob's rage had to find its vent somewhere, and Betty was right in conjecturing that he would go at once to the

* Begun in No. 272, Harper's Young People.

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"'DID YOU EVER COME ACROSS SUCH A PAIR OF LITTLE DEMONS?'"

stable, and give Jim the benefit of his state of mind. Betty dared not follow him too closely in his present humor. When he went into the stable, she lingered around outside hearing the loud voices of both boys in angry dispute, but unable to catch the meaning of what they said. Nan's name uttered angrily, and followed by some threat, from Jim, she did distinguish, and flew back to the schoolroom to let her cousin know of it.

Nan was sitting by the table, tired and dejected after her experiences of the morning. Bob's coarse language had made her shiver with disgust, but she was not afraid of him, and it did not occur to her that she need have anything to fear from Jim. Even when Betty, with great unction and some embellishment, related what she had heard, Nan felt too wearied to care, and begged only that Betty would say no more on the subject. To quiet her, she gave her cousin a full account of what she had done that morning: of the benevolent society, the curious meeting with Mrs. Floyd, and the journey with Beppo to his old home. But to her great astonishment Betty answered, quite calmly:

"Oh, Nan, I don't believe it! You've just made that up. Now do tell me *really* what you did do with the little dog."

"Betty," cried poor Nan, thoroughly out of patience, "I want to tell you, once and for all, I don't tell stories. I don't know what you and Bob can be thinking of, as you seem to imagine nobody tells the truth."

"Well, people don't—much," said Betty, sullenly. "Then it is true? Well, if I were in your place, I'd try to make Jim forgive me."

"Forgive me!" cried Nan, proudly. "Indeed, I shall do nothing of the kind. It is he who ought to be thankful that I make no complaint about him. I am sure he can't hurt me. There isn't anything he could do, and," she continued, wistfully, "I shall be going home very soon."

But the "very soon" seemed to Nan, in the days that followed, a long way off. Mrs. Farquhar was now evidently bent upon her little guest's remaining as long as she could keep her, and the very day after Nan's adventure with Beppo she was summoned to Cousin Mary's room for a long talk, which ended in Nan's subscribing liberally to various charities in which Mrs. Farquhar was interested.

It troubled and perplexed her sorely; for although Aunt Letty had left things of the kind largely to her niece's discretion, Nan felt certain that this was neither the method nor the spirit of doing good which she desired her to have.

A certain date came, however, when Nan had to send in her account to Miss Rolf, and to draw the money for the disbursements she had made, and which Mrs. Farquhar had advanced. Nan wrote a letter to her aunt, giving her, as usual, a general idea of her own doings, and then explaining that the list of charities to which she had subscribed were, Mrs. Farquhar thought, very good ones. But when they were written down Nan had to confess to herself that they looked rather formidable.

Things had not been any too comfortable for the little girl, in spite of her fine room and Cousin Mary's attentions, since the affair of Beppo. Bob had maintained a sullen silence toward her, and even Betty seemed afraid to be very companionable. She had missed a call from Miss Vandort and Dr. Barlow, but the expedition to his poor children's establishment had not been given up: that very afternoon she was expecting them to call for her again, and felt certain this would be an occasion where money might be judiciously expended.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A WELCOME VISITOR.

NAN, on her return from a second visit to Brightwoods, found the children in a state of extreme although half-suppressed excitement. Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar, it appeared, had unexpectedly gone to New Haven.

"And we're to have a party to-night," Betty announced—"a real party, all of our own. Bob's gone out to ask his boys, and I'm going for Fanny Moreton to ask the girls."

Nan enjoyed the prospect of the fun the occasion promised. At the same time she thought it an impromptu sort of an affair; but then, as Betty said, the children "wouldn't mind," and Nan was willingly pressed into the service.

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When she went with Betty and Bob to purchase the refreshments, their choice of viands struck her as somewhat peculiar, although the same reasoning applied again. A great deal of molasses and pea-nut candy, mince and cocoanut pies, chocolate eclairs, licorice drops, figs and raisins, chewing-gum and oranges, were mingled with orders for ice-cream and Charlotte Russe.

By six o'clock the table was spread for this unwholesome feast, and half an hour later the children began to arrive. There being no grown persons present, the greetings were noisily carried on, and the informality so complete that Nan could hardly feel a great deal of surprise when she saw two boys, within ten minutes of their arrival, turning back somersaults over the wide blue satin sofa, while three or four of the girls began waltzing around without partners, and Tina appeared, after an absence of five minutes, with a large quantity of molasses candy, which she deposited on an embroidered ottoman, previous to inviting her own special friends to share it with her.

Nobody paid particular attention to Nan, who had resolved upon enjoying herself, and tried to make friends with different girls and boys in the company, but by eight o'clock it was useless to think of anything so reasonable. One noisy game had succeeded another; the supper had been half eaten in the dining-room, half in the parlor, and the appearance of both rooms may be imagined. One of Bob's friends had upset the lemonade, which was in a soup tureen, and Betty had used all the napkins within reach in mopping it up; and as the servants had refused any assistance, these, wrung out, with bits of pulp and seeds of lemon sticking to them, decorated the front balusters, "to dry."

Bob had lighted a saucer of alcohol at one end of the table, and putting salt into it, stood behind the lurid flame, making terrible faces, which sent Tina into fits of terror, and Nan had to be summoned from the parlor to subdue her. One little boy who had eaten enormously of the varied delicacies on the supper table was reposing on the blue sofa, with despair in his expression, when suddenly there came a loud peal at the front-door bell, and, while the hilarity was at its height, Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar and a strange gentleman appeared.

Nan, who was still holding the frightened Tina in her arms, knew by the consternation on every face around her that the party had been given contrary to Mrs. Farquhar's commands; and she knew, also, that for once Bob and Betty had gone too far.

A silence disturbed only by the heavy breathing of those who had been most actively employed when the interruption occurred, now reigned in the disorderly rooms, and Mr. Farquhar was heard saying, in a voice full of suppressed anger:

"I don't know who is to blame for all this—Betty, no doubt. However, these children had better go home as soon as possible. I will see to Bob and Betty afterward."

And then, during the frightened scramble which ensued, Nan suddenly recognized in the strange gentleman her old friend Dr. Rogers, of Beverley.

Oh, the joy of seeing a home face! Nan had scarcely realized how entirely uncongenial her surroundings were until this moment, and putting Tina on the sofa, she sprang forward with an exclamation of delight.

"Nan," said Mr. Farquhar, in his harsh tone, "this gentleman has called with a message from your aunt. You had better take him to the library."

Nan was only too delighted to accept this suggestion, and hurried her old friend across the hall and into the one room not invaded by the harum-scarum company.

"Well!" was the doctor's first exclamation. "So these are your fine town relations! My dear, I think we do better by you in Beverley."

Nan began to laugh, and then almost to cry at the same time.

"Oh, Dr. Rogers," she said, hurriedly, "don't you think I could go home? I want to *so* badly! and it only wants a week of the month I was to stay. Couldn't I go back with you?"

"Why, that's just it," said the kind-hearted Doctor. "Your aunt had a letter from you which rather troubled her, and as I had to come on to New York, she asked me to call, and, if I thought best, bring you back with me to-morrow morning. Could you get ready?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," cried Nan, joyfully; "of course I could."

"Now I'll tell you," said the Doctor, lowering his voice confidentially, and glancing over his shoulder in the direction of the parlor, "that's what I call bedlam let loose. What a set of youngsters they must be!"

Nan laughed again.

"And what's the matter with you, child?" he continued, taking her chin in his hand, and lifting up her face to look at it critically. "Where are your roses and your round cheeks?"

Nan was very pale, but she tried to smile as she answered:

"I don't feel very well; but I guess it isn't anything. My head aches most of the time, and I get tired easily. But it seems ridiculous for me to say I am sick, doesn't it?"

"Humph!" the Doctor's fingers were quickly on her pulse. It beat with sharp, feverish strokes.

"You'd better get ready to come home with me," he said. "Train leaves at 6 A.M. I'll make it all right with these Farquhars, and be here to-morrow morning for you at half past five."

Nan needed no second bidding. She flew back to the parlor, deserted now by the giddy company, but occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar, Betty and Bob, the latter two talking loudly and violently, each blaming the other and endeavoring to implicate Nan.

At any other time Nan would have been troubled by this, but she was too full of the permission to go home to care what was being said of her, and she quickly explained Dr. Rogers's intention.

This created a diversion certainly welcomed by the children, and Mrs. Farquhar hurried upstairs with Nan to see that Louise assisted in her packing, and Nan was glad to have the subscription money for her cousin's charities, which Dr. Rogers had been commissioned to bring. She did not think it necessary to tell Cousin Mary that Miss Rolf had been troubled about her, nor that she was not feeling well. Her whole heart was full of her return to Beverley, the only regret being that there was no chance for a good-by to Annie Vandort. The fact that she was going away so early in the morning created quite a stir among the children when it was communicated to them. Tina immediately began to cry and to cling to Nan, until roughly ordered into the nursery by Louise. Betty was interested to know all about Dr. Rogers's visit, and why Nan had been sent for, and Bob, full of glee over the party, in spite of his father's unexpected return, tormented and teased his cousin in a most jubilant manner, only sobering down long enough to warn her not to tell "those Rolfs" about the dog, "for," he said, vindictively, "you haven't heard the end of that yet, miss. Jim and me haven't made up our minds yet just what we will do, but it will be something or other."

At daybreak Nan was awakened by the pressure of a little wet cheek against her own, and opening her eyes, saw Tina standing beside her with an offering of some molasses candy saved from the entertainment of last night. That it had seen hard service in many hands, and was reduced to the stickiest of lumps, made it none the less a tribute of the child's affection, and Nan accepted it with the most elaborate thanks, and promised Tina she would beg permission for her to come next summer to Beverley.

And so Nan was presently whirling away in the cars,

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and with Madison Avenue and her visit there a confused sort of nightmare in her mind, she found herself talking happily to the Doctor about Brightwoods and Miss Vandort.

"I'm glad you've made a friend of *her*," was the Doctor's comment. "But, great heavens! what a set of youngsters those Farquhars are! Miss Rolf hasn't an idea of it. Why, Mary was her father's favorite, and I'm not at all sure but she means to leave them very well off. Good gracious! what would she have said to that house last night? Those damp things strung all down the balusters; that boy grinning over the plate of alcohol; those screaming, dancing dervishes of children, and rackety music! And those are Mary Rolf's children! Well, well, time certainly makes great changes."

## Chapter XV.

### COMING HOME.

It was eleven o'clock when Nan, in the Rolf House carriage, entered the well-known gate, welcoming with all her heart the sight of the dear old mansion, its hospitable doorway, its look of friendly good cheer sending a thrill of delight through her heart.

Joan, her face in a thousand puckers of happiness at beholding Nan again, dashed out and nearly crushed her cousin breathless in the ardor of her embrace, and as they entered the hall she explained that Miss Rolf had gone with Phyllis and her father to Ramstollora on business.

"They had to go to-day," explained Joan, as she and Nan stood before the fire in the black-walnut room, Joan helping Nan off with her things, and uttering little groans of satisfaction from time to time. "You see, it was about a house that Cousin Letty thought of buying. She wanted her lawyer and papa to see it first, and to-day was the only day they could all go, but I was to tell you that Laura and I could spend the day here, and they will be back by five o'clock."

Mrs. Heriot hurried in with a luncheon tray daintily prepared for her darling, and Nan sat down, with Joan opposite her, a feeling of the most intense relief coming over her as she realized she was indeed once more at home.

"And now," said Joan, with a most important air, "tell me what you think of those Farquhars? Did you ever come across such a pair of little demons?"

Nan put down her knife and fork to laugh merrily. "Oh, Joan," she exclaimed, "how often I thought of you and what you would say if you were there!" And Nan gave a rapid sketch of certain things and events belonging to her visit; but she shrank from criticising too strongly people whose hospitality she had just received. Joan, however, understood that her cousin was keeping back far more than she said.

"My dear," she remarked, calmly, "you needn't be afraid to say just what you think. There isn't *anything* you could tell me which could in the least degree make me think worse of them."

"I never saw any children left so entirely to themselves," Nan said, quickly.

But Joan only sighed deeply, with an air of wishing Nan to understand that she regarded the Farquhars as entirely beyond the pale of charitable consideration. Then Nan told about the party and the wild antics of the company, making Joan laugh till she cried over the picture the balusters and the parlors presented when Dr. Rogers arrived. Joan said it was a comfort to think *he* had seen it, for then perhaps he would tell Cousin Letty just what they were really like.

"For, to say the truth," said Joan, "I live in dread of their being asked here next summer."

After Nan's lunch the two girls were joined by Laura, who had just come in, and the morning passed quickly enough, Nan opening her trunks, but feeling soon tired, and glad to lie down upon the sofa while her cousins put away the things.

A long time afterward the three girls tried hard to recall even the most trifling events of that day; but they could only remember that the hours passed swiftly and with a delicious sense of quiet happiness in all being once more together. Nan remembered how, as she lay upon the sofa in her pretty room, Joan and Laura, bending over the trunks, lifted out her dresses, shaking them, and with now and then some comment on the color, or trimming, or cut of them, hung each one in the wardrobe; Laura recollected thinking from time to time that Nan looked very pale and tired in spite of her readiness to talk and laugh; and Joan's memory was keenest over the bits of talk now and then as to what they would do for the Christmas holidays, when it was devoutly hoped Lance would be with them once again. Certainly the general impression was of happy contentment. They dined merrily together at three o'clock, Laura calling attention to the fact that she was getting strong enough to eat very heartily, and then Joan had to tell of a witticism of Alfred's. "But you mustn't laugh at him much," interposed Laura, good-humoredly. "Phyl says that Joan is spoiling him."

Laura, it seems, was taking a tonic called Elixir Pro, and when some one calling at College Street had inquired what the Doctor was giving her, Alfred remarked, "*He licks her three times a day.*"

After dinner the girls went out across the wintry garden to the stables, carrying apples and some sugar to Dandy and Jim. Nan could always remember just the look of the leafless trees, the dank beds, the old sun-dial at the end of the garden, and the cheerful warmth of the harness-room, where, sitting in front of the fire, they found David Travers busy over something for the use of the gardener; and then followed many questions and answers about his mother, the Blakes, all of Nan's Beverley friends. David told her of the winter flowers he was potting for Miss Rolf.

"She said, Miss Annice, that you wanted a stand of them in the staircase window."

"Oh, so I did!" cried Nan. "Dear Aunt Letty! how good of her to remember it! and I shall like to have you do it, David," she added, smiling.

They all remembered that while they stood there talking the stable clock struck four, and David, jumping up, said that he had promised to tell Peter, who was down in the garden, when that hour came, as he was to drive to the station for Miss Rolf. The girls turned to go away. Nan could remember later how they stood a moment looking across the garden paths at the house, with the wintry sunlight shining on its many windows, on the ivy clustering about the end with the gambrel roof and the gables. Probably they had done the same thing and had the same thoughts twenty times before; but what happened just at that moment made everything more sharply defined when they came long afterward to think over that day.

"Who is that?" Joan said, suddenly. It was Miss Rogers, the Doctor's elderly maiden sister, and behind her was the figure of Mrs. Heriot wringing her hands. The two came down the central garden path, Miss Rogers, as was her habit when anxious or excited, clasping and unclasping her nervous hands.

"What can be the matter?" Nan said, darting forward to meet them. But Mrs. Heriot could not speak. She could only take Nan in her arms, exclaiming over her again and again, "My dear, my dear, what will become of us?" It was Miss Rogers who, in a stifled sort of voice, told the news.

"There has been an accident," she said, in a hushed, awe-stricken voice. "You must all try to be very brave, and not frighten anybody or each other. We do not know yet just who is hurt or how it is. My brother has driven over to the place with other doctors, but we are afraid"—

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"NAN LAY DOWN UPON THE SOFA WHILE HER COUSINS PUT AWAY HER THINGS."

the good lady's voice trembled, and tears were running down her cheeks—"we are afraid that perhaps Miss Rolf and Phyllis are very—badly hurt. Perhaps we ought to be ready for the very worst."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A TALE OF TWO DOUGHNUTS.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

THREE boys lay stretched out upon a high rock in a pasture just back of the little village of Trueburg. It was a sunny, October-like day, though the almanac said that the season was well on toward the middle of winter.

"I wish," said Charlie Knight, "that there'd be some skating, or sliding, or something for fun, pretty soon. Here's a whole Saturday, and no nuts, nor much of anything."

"Well, it 'll break me up if we don't have some ice pretty quick," said Will. "I didn't have half a chance to use the new skates I had last winter."

The beautiful Saturday proved to be what the farmers called a "weather-breeder," and the next day was cold and stormy, while the whole week following was full of genuine winter weather. Before the next Saturday snow lay piled two feet deep all over the ground, and on Thursday and Friday nights the rivers and lakes froze solidly.

The favorite skating place in the village was Libby's Lake, a widening of the river, which was about two miles across and somewhat longer than broad. The lake was not so apt to freeze as some other parts of the river, for a swift current ran through it, and it was really more like a succession of deep rapids than like a lake. Several mountain streams entered it at this point, and in the summer there was not a more beautiful spot for miles around than Libby's Lake. Directly in the middle of it stood up a pile of ragged sentinel-like rocks of peculiarly picturesque shape. On one side of these rocks—the side opposite the village—the water was glassy and quiet to the very edge, from which rose abruptly the almost perpendicular side of Old Feathertop, the principal hill in the neighborhood, whose sides were darkly clothed with pines and hemlock, while its summit was crowned with a growth of white birches, which gave it its name.

Libby's Lake was now entirely frozen over, and the boys had a merry day. Then came a thaw—not enough to spoil the skating, but sufficient to make it a little soft. The air was really balmy, and the boys felt as though Providence were smiling particularly upon their holiday pleasures.

"I say, fellows," exclaimed Pem Morse, "let's take next Saturday and have a regular adventure. I'm tired of doing the same old things every holiday."

The other boys, the same who had been with Pem in the pasture—for they were always together—agreed to this sentiment heartily.

"But what shall we do?" said Charlie.

"I'll tell you," said Pem, suddenly. "Let's play we're arctic explorers, De Long and the others, and build us a hut out here by the Stook."

"Good!" exclaimed Charlie. "That's the best yet. But what 'll the folks say?"

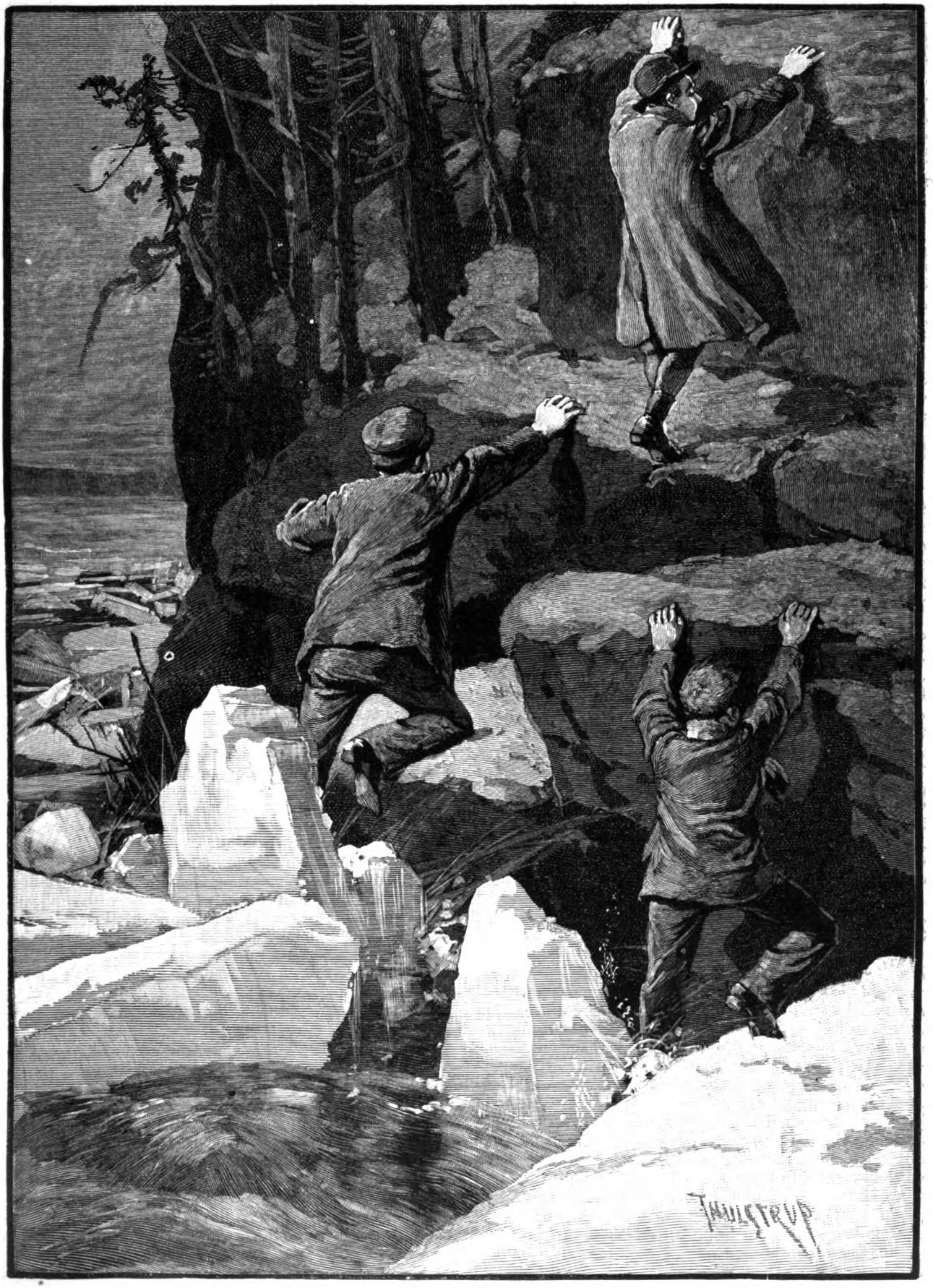
"I think we'd better do it on the quiet," suggested Will, after a moment's deep thought on the part of each boy.

"All right—mum's the word," said the others. "We might as well be getting ready now."

They went to work at once. At the end of an hour more they had dragged down a great many dead branches and old logs from the shore at the foot of Feathertop, and had arranged about the signal of distress which was to flutter from the top of the Stook after they were once fairly settled in their new abode.

Day by day the preparations for the hut grew. The branches and other materials which the boys collected were carefully hidden in the snow among the intricacies of the Stook rocks; a lantern was carried over, an old kettle, some matches, an unused buffalo-robe, Pem's father's old gun (it never would do to take his best one, for he would be sure to miss it), two pairs of snow-shoes, some old spoons and knives and forks and broken crockery, a good deal of rope, and a hammer and nails; and the other boys almost exploded when Pem, who was of a neat and

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"A TALE OF TWO DOUGHNUTS."—THE RETREAT TO THE STOOK.

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orderly turn, gravely deposited a broom in the shadow of the early twilight beside the highest pinnacle of the Stook.

"The fact is," Pem said, "we might as well keep the hut going all winter if we can keep it from the other fellows."

"But we can't," said Charlie. "They want to know now what under the sun we're lugging so many bundles over here for, and I saw Tim Ricker climbing on the rocks here with his skates on, and poking around. We've broken up the snow so, they know there's something going on, no matter how still we creep over here after dark."

"Well, De Long had a good many men," said Charlie. "I don't know but we really ought to have more."

But they finally concluded that they would not admit any more into the secret unless they had to. The others might come and envy and admire, after the hut was built, all they wanted to.

Saturday morning broke warm and bright, and the boys, having brought all their plans to a happy conclusion, crept joyfully over the ice, with their pockets full of such eatables as they had been able to obtain, to their "arctic hut."

Hollowing deep into the snow between the high rocks of the Stook, they had laid in their pine branches with considerable success, one above the other, nailing a few others above the top, three or four feet above the ground, and heaping snow abundantly over the whole.

Now, just in front of the "door" to this establishment, they built a roaring fire, hung over it the kettle—at present containing nothing but ice and snow—on a pole laid across two crotched sticks, and having planted a high staff, which they had provided for the purpose, on the loftiest pinnacle of the Stook, hung out a white banner with "DISTRESS" painted on it in black letters, they proceeded to lay out their breakfast. They made some coffee in an old coffee-pot, and drank it without any milk, and were just going to lay into their big kettle a slice of ham which Will had brought rolled up in a paper, when their proceedings were brought to a sudden and unexpected termination.

It so chanced that about two miles above Trueburg a great manufacturing concern had built a big dam. The owners of this great factory had been running it at a loss for some weeks, and they had announced that on a certain day they would "shut down" for at least a week. It happened that this was the very morning on which they had let out the water in their pond, and thus had greatly increased the volume in the bed of the river above Libby's Lake. In ordinary cold winter weather this would have been of little consequence, but the steady thaw of the last few days had honey-combed the ice all along the stream, and had made it ready to "give." Accordingly, when the water was let out from the big raceway at the factory, crack—snap—whish! went the ice all along the river, and the commotion finally extended to Libby's Lake.

The boys were so busy with their cooking and other operations that they did not notice the more distant sounds. It was about nine o'clock in the morning, and only one or two skaters had yet shown themselves upon the river. These suddenly began to scream and yell at a furious rate, and then the boys heard pop—pop—cr-r-rack! They looked at each other in dismay, and Pem peeped around the corner of the Stook to where the village lay. There he saw a sight that made him quail. The river was rushing madly along the central channel, while the ice was breaking up closer to them. He turned pale. At the moment the ice beneath their feet began to quiver strangely.

"Get up, boys," he shouted, hoarsely. "Quick! It's going. Hurry, I tell you!" as Will, trying to snatch the ham from the kettle, and to pick up something else with the other hand, slipped and fell. The ice began to move down the river—pop—clang—crash!—all around them. They tugged at Will with both hands, and, trembling like little touch-me-nots, they scrambled up the Stook. Now the water was at their heels; still it was rising. Down went Pem's new seal-skin cap, and off it danced on a wobbling cake of ice; but they must climb for their lives, whatever became of their caps. At last, on a little ledge nearly at the top of the Stook, they clung together and stopped. Bang—bang—bang! came the mighty pieces of ice against the rocks below them, while the dark water, which had risen many feet, was far up above their little hut, and almost near enough to them, high as they were, to touch it. The day was cloudy, but still, and there were no indications of a storm. The boys never thought of the big dam, which had been built only the spring before, and they could not understand it at all. Whence came this rush of water? What tremendous power had been exerted to break up the ice so suddenly?

The water stopped rising, but still it flowed on, full of ice, between them and the village, a rushing, impassable torrent, while between them and Old Feathertop was a rough-packed swaying ice-field, with black water showing here and there.

The village people by this time lined the bank of the lake all along. The poor boys waved their handkerchiefs to them in vain distress. They knew their parents were not aware of their whereabouts, but they knew that Parson Fryatt would soon bring his spy-glass and discover their retreat. But how were they to get home? Would the ice ever stop flowing by in these creaking, tossing masses?

The day wore on, growing steadily darker and colder. The mothers wrung their hands. Had their boys got to pass the night on the Stook? The ledge they were on was not very broad. They could not safely go down to the mass of rocks below, which was covered with freezing water, and if they fell asleep they might pitch headlong into the hopeless flood of ice and water below.

Meanwhile the boys were hungry and cold and forlorn. This was surely playing arctic sufferers with a vengeance. They had mostly emptied their pockets in the hut, but a careful search revealed the fact that they possessed between them only two doughnuts and a half-dozen crackers. They divided the crackers for dinner. Two round doughnuts seemed hard to distribute evenly. But they were wretchedly hungry before four o'clock. As they sat there Will Barber had been thinking over their whole plan and its beginnings, and their conversation in the pasture had recurred to him—how nobly some of the real arctic sufferers had gone without food when the others had seemed to need it more. The two doughnuts were in his pocket, and now he brought them out.

"Here, boys," he said, "you each eat one of these. Father 'll get to us before very long. I ain't hungry."

Pem Morse, who looked pitiful enough, with no cap, and his woollen comforter tied around his head, took a doughnut eagerly. Then he paused. "What!" he said; "ain't you going to have one, Will?"

"No," declared Will. "There ain't but two, and I ain't hungry."

"Oh, go 'long!" said Charlie. "Let's make an even thing of it—that's fair."

"No," said Will; "you boys need them most. I sha'n't touch them. Pem there's as weak as water. He hasn't been right since he had diphtheria last winter."

"Oh, I'm all right," declared Pem, catching the spirit of the occasion.

"And I'm strong as a horse," insisted Charlie.

"Well, anyhow, I sha'n't touch them," Will persisted.

"Then I sha'n't," said Charlie, firmly. "You eat 'em both, Pem; you need 'em, and it's little enough."

But Pem wouldn't, and so the two doughnuts lay untouched in Will's pocket, though nobody but themselves knew how hunger was gnawing at those cold stomachs.

It grew very dark. There was no moon. The boys could see the agitated movements of lanterns upon the shore. At last they heard the sound of a boat cutting through the ice on the side next Feathertop. But could

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anybody ever climb over the ice that lay piled about the Stook? Yes: there come figures clambering uncertainly over the great fragments, which rested firmly on each other, now that they had frozen together.

Then Pem was snatched to his father's heart, and Will and Charlie were carefully helped down by loving hands into the boat far below them. They were pale from hunger, fright, and cold, but their young hearts were very brave.

Up, up the stream, far above the village, rowed the boatmen with steady strokes till they were out of Libby's Lake, and till the masses of ice—now held in place by the thin crust which had formed since the wind changed, and liable to bear right down upon them if too suddenly liberated—grew infrequent. But there were plenty of lanterns, and a prudent man at the rudder, and little by little they worked their way slowly over to the village shore, where warm sleighs were waiting to receive them.

The mothers cried, and poured warm tea down the boys' throats, and the whole village population waited in the streets to hear all about how the boys came to get caught so, and how they had stood it. The next morning, all of them being assembled at Will Barber's house, Will drew out from his overcoat pocket two rather dry doughnuts.

"Why, did you have these?" cried his mother. "Why didn't you eat them?"

"We—we couldn't agree," stammered Will.

"You see," put in Charlie, "Pem needed them the most, but he wouldn't eat them."

"I didn't," said Pem, stoutly. "I didn't need them any more than the others."

"You darlings!" cried their mothers, bursting into fond tears, and hugging their big boys, who yielded a little unwillingly to their caresses before so many of the neighbors; and Mrs. Barber added, "I'm going to preserve those two doughnuts as long as I live—in sugar and spice and everything nice!" And she did.

## ANTS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

ANTS are considered the most highly developed of the insects. Indeed, none of the lower animals possess such remarkable instincts. They show great wisdom and ingenuity in building their nests and in reaching any desired point. They make roads for themselves by carefully removing any obstacle. They also dig tunnels of considerable length, sometimes resorting to this method for crossing broad rivers. They protect their nests, fight battles, gather food, tend their young, take care of domestic animals, and possess slaves. Their industry is not excelled by the bees and wasps. They work all day, and, when there is necessity, even at night.

Ants live in families, consisting of males, females, and workers. At first the young males and females are furnished with wings, and they fly from the nest to select their mates. Immediately after this first and only flight the males die, and the females strip off their wings, and do not leave the nest again.

The workers are much more numerous than the other classes; some of them serve as soldiers, others, which are generally smaller, serve as nurses. All the labor of the colony falls upon the workers, and they attend to their various duties in the most orderly manner.

Ants do not all build their nests in the same way. Some species heap up a mass of small sticks and pine leaves; some bore into the trunks of old trees; but most ants make holes in the ground, with a little mound of earth around the entrance, which we speak of as an ant-hill. These nests are carefully contrived, with passages and avenues leading to many chambers, as you will see in Fig. 1. The entrances are closed every night, and opened in the morning. If it rains they remain closed, and the ants are confined within the nest.

The eggs, which are scarcely large enough to be visible, are not deposited in any especial place by the females, but the nurses take possession of them immediately, and are henceforth devoted in their attentions. The tiny eggs are carried to some favorable place, and are constantly licked and cleaned, and their position frequently changed.

From the eggs are hatched little white grubs, which are entirely dependent upon their nurses for food. Every day they are carried into the sunshine, or at least to the upper chambers that have been warmed by the sun, and toward evening they are all taken back to the bottom of the nest, where there is no chilliness. Just think of the labor—each one of those thousands of larvæ carried separately in the mouth of a faithful nurse! If a shower comes on, or if the young family is threatened with danger, they are quickly taken to some safe place.

When ready to enter the pupa state the larvæ cover themselves with a sort of web (Fig. 2), and are still carried back and forth by the nurses, who continually clean them. Sir John Lubbock, in his recent work on ants, states that when the pupæ are ready to leave their cases the nurses help them to escape. "It is very pretty," he says, "to see the older ants helping them to extricate themselves, carefully unfolding their legs and smoothing out the wings with truly feminine tenderness and delicacy."

Ants not only keep their homes neat, but they are careful of their own personal cleanliness. Their little feet are covered with hairs, which form good brushes, and no particles of dust are allowed to remain on their bodies. They may often be seen rubbing their feet together to clean them, as flies do. The antennæ of ants (Fig. 3) are bent like an elbow; with them the active little creatures examine every object they meet.

In one nest there may, perhaps, be four hundred thousand or more ants. Notwithstanding these immense numbers, a stranger upon entering the nest is immediately attacked, which shows that all the ants in the community have some power of recognizing each other. They even know members of their own family after a long absence, and welcome them back to their own home.

If an ant has discovered a good feeding ground, it seems to spread the news, and often returns with a troop of its fellows to share the feast.

An interesting case of this kind once occurred, in which a number of ants were found in a jar of molasses. After taking out the ants, the jar was suspended by a string from the ceiling. One ant happened to remain in the jar, and, climbing up the string, it worked its way back to its nest. In less than half an hour a great company of ants climbed the wall, crossed the ceiling, and crept down the string until they reached the jar. Here they fed, one line running up the string while another came down. Such facts as these seem to indicate that ants possess some kind of language which is understood among them.

You have probably noticed the little ants that burrow under the pavements in our streets and door-yards, and have wondered why they choose situations so exposed that many of them are trodden under foot, while their little hillocks of earth are swept away by the broom.

We may rest assured that there are good reasons for this singular choice, and that the situations are not undesirable, or the ants would seek others.

In the first place, the ants must have a care to supply their growing family with food, and where could they fare better than near the homes of man? The tiny crumbs dropped by the children are treasures to the economical ants, whose sharp eyes see many chances for feasting upon things we have thrown aside as useless.

Then, too, the bed of fine gravel which the bricklayer smoothes so carefully to lay his bricks on is a fine place

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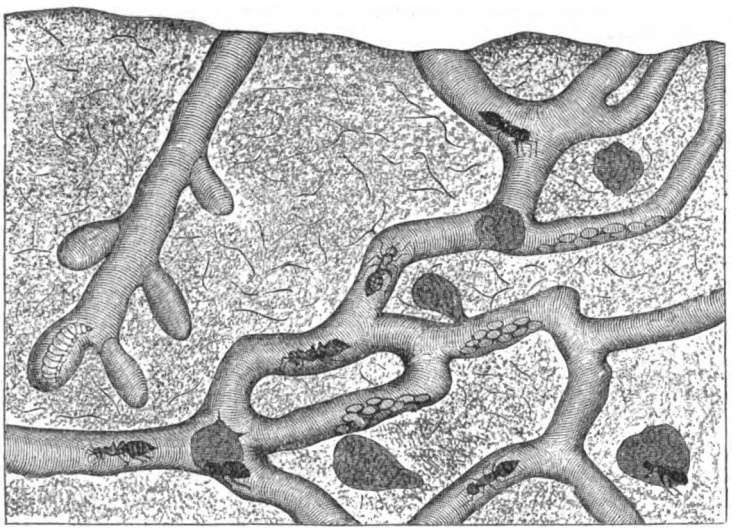


Fig. 1.—Ant Nest, with Under-ground Passages.

for the ants to burrow in. The sun, shining upon the bricks, heats them, and also the earth beneath. Here the ants may put their larvæ when they are brought up out of the nests.

You know how common it is, on turning over large stones, to find the ground beneath covered with the white larvæ of ants, which are quickly carried away and hidden. The stones become heated during the day, and retain the heat long after the sun has set. Ants, no doubt, select these spots that they may secure a safe, warm place in which to hasten the development of their larvæ and pupæ.

Ants feed upon insects, killing great numbers of them. They also eat honey, fruit, and almost any sweet substance. This liking for sweets has led them to form singular relations with our common green plant-lice, the aphides. The plant-lice secrete a sweet liquid called honey-dew, of which ants are very fond. The ants obtain the honey-dew by tapping the lice with their antennæ. Charles Darwin was of the opinion that the lice even retained the fluid until the ants were ready to receive it.

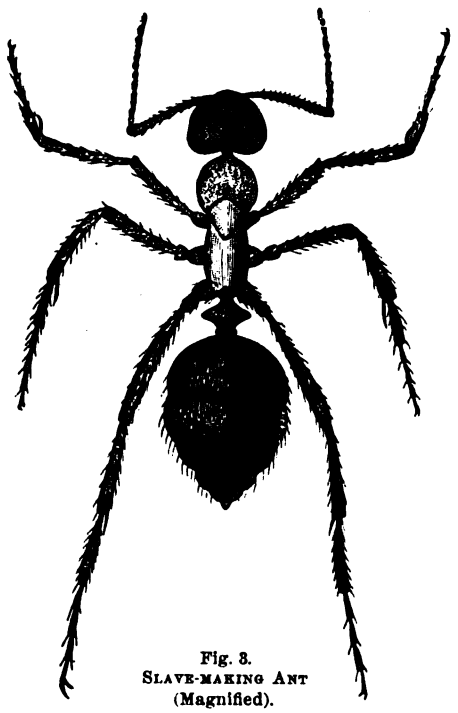


Fig. 3.
Slave-making Ant
(Magnified).

Some species of ants ascend into bushes in search of these lice, and, having found them, watch over and defend them from attacks by other insects. Sir John Lubbock says that the ants take care of the brown eggs of aphides during winter, carrying them to the lower chambers when the nest is disturbed. In the spring, when the young aphides hatch, they are brought out and placed on tender shoots of plants.

Fierce battles are fought between different colonies of ants, especially for the sole purpose of capturing slaves. This instinct is so strong with the common red ant that it is spoken of as the slave-making ant. It frequently in-

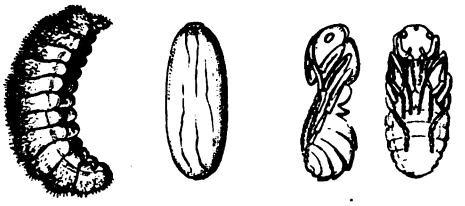


Fig. 2.—Larva, Cocoon, and Pupæ of Red Ant
(Magnified).

vades the nests of black ants, and fearful struggles follow.

When about to attack the enemy, red ants leave the nest in full force, and march directly to the battle-field. It is not a general warfare, but each red ant seizes upon some black one, and makes a desperate effort to kill it. After the battle the victorious red ants enter the conquered nest, and carry off the larvæ and pupæ, which they bring up as slaves. The young slaves enter at once upon a life of toil, and make no effort to escape.

It has been noticed that this system of slavery has a degrading tendency among ants, as it is well known to have among men. Some of the slave-making ants are so accustomed to being waited upon that they have lost the art of building and of caring for their young, and are entirely dependent upon their slaves for these services. They have even lost the habit of feeding themselves, and, although surrounded by food, they will starve unless fed by others.

The harvesting ants of Texas clear a circular space, ten or fifteen feet in diameter, around the entrance to their nests. Within this space nothing is allowed to grow but "ant rice"—a species of grass, the seeds of which are carefully gathered by the ants.

Many species of ants in hot countries hunt in large packs. The driver ants of Africa hunt in this way, and render valuable service in clearing away decaying animal matter that might otherwise cause disease. The dread of visits from these ants compels the inhabitants to keep their dwellings clean. These hunting ants are said to be blind, and go out chiefly at night.

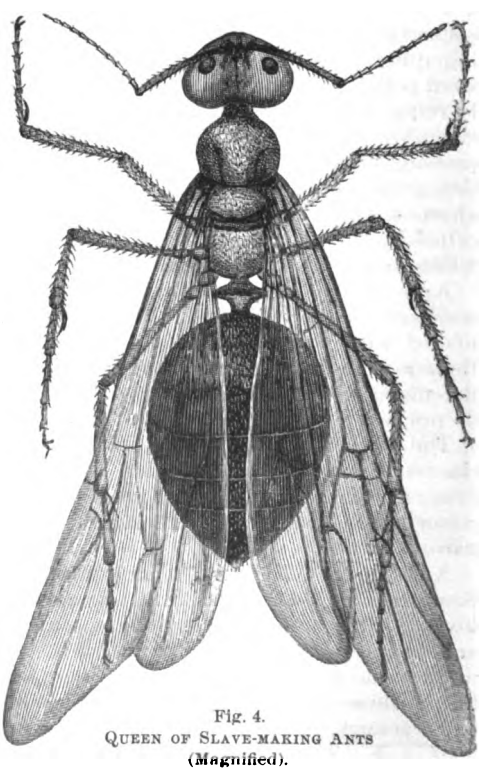
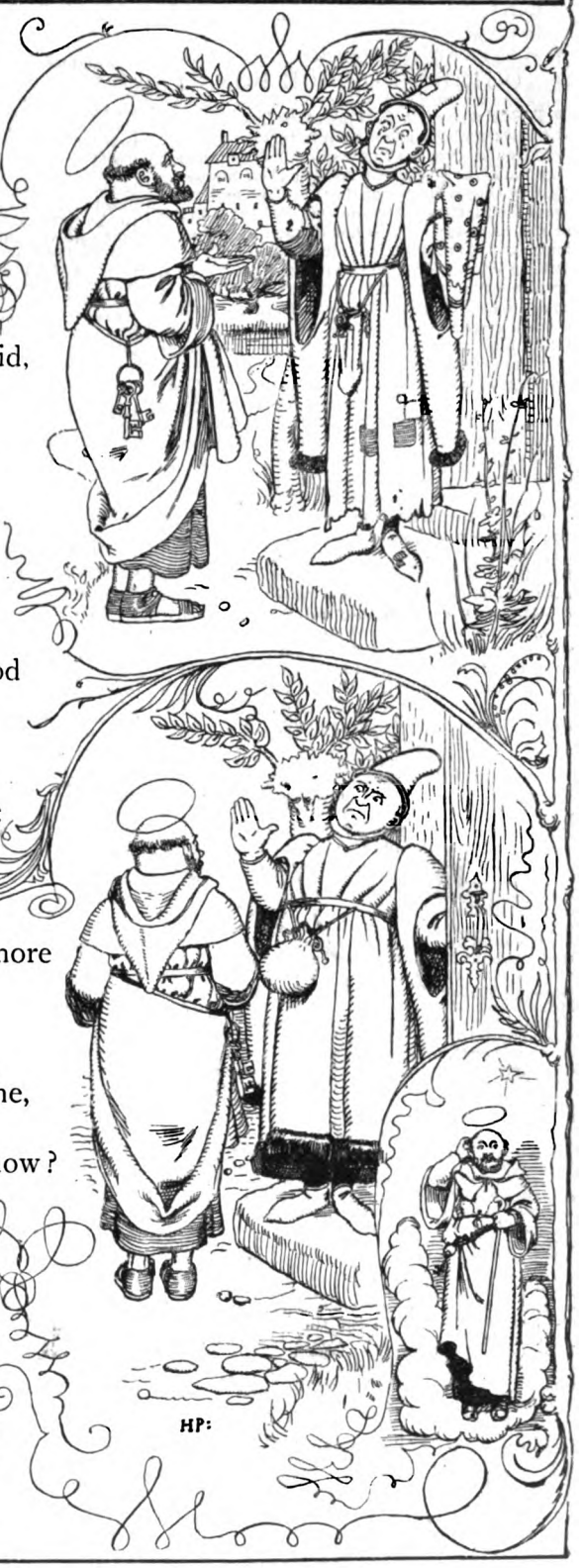


Fig. 4.
Queen of Slave-making Ants
(Magnified).

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# Profession & Practice.

ONCE, when Saint Swithin chanced to be
A-wandering in Hungary,
He, being hungered, cast around
To see if something might be found
To stay his stomach.
Near by stood
A little house, beside a wood,
Where dwelt a worthy man, but poor.
Thither he went, knocked at the door.
The good man came. Saint Swithin said,
"I prithee give a crust of bread
To ease my hunger."
"Brother," quoth
The good man, "I am sadly loath
To say" (here tears stood on his cheeks)
"I've had no bread for weeks and weeks,
Save what I've begged. Had I one bit,
I'd gladly give thee half of it."
"How," said the Saint, "can one so good
Go lacking of his daily food,
Go lacking means to aid the poor,
Yet weep to turn them from his door?
Here—take this purse. Mark what I say:
Thou'lt find within it every day
Two golden coins."



Years passed. Once more
Saint Swithin knocked upon the door.
The good man came. He'd grown fat
And lusty, like a well-fed cat.
Thereat the Saint was pleased. Quoth he,
"Give me a crust, for charity."
"A crust, thou say'st? Hut, tut! How now?
Wouldst come a-begging here? I trow,
Thou lazy rascal, thou couldst find
Enough of work hadst thou a mind!
'Tis thine own fault if thou art poor.
Begone, sir!" *Bang!*—he shut the door.

Saint Swithin slowly scratched his head.
"Well, I *am*—humph!—just so," he said.
"How very different the fact is
'Twixt the profession and the practice!"

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PLAYING SCHOOL.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

LITTLE writers in the Post-office Box often say that they hope to see their letters in the paper next week. Perhaps they name the day on which HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE reaches their homes as the day they will be counting until the mail shall bring their letter—oh! wonderful delight!—in the bright, clear type. I do not blame any child for longing very much for this pleasure. I have been writing letters for many years, and have seen a great many of my words in print, and I feel just as much interest in the matter now as I did when I was a girl like some of you.

But, boys and girls, let me explain to you that it is never possible to publish your letter in the next number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. That number is probably in type when you drop your letter into your post-office at home. Then the Postmistress must read it, the compositor must set it up, and the big printing-presses must strike off thousands and thousands of copies of it. All this takes time. Remember, too, that hundreds of other writers, as eager and as welcome as yourself, are always in advance of you, and must have their turn before yours comes; so wait with patience. But do not be discouraged, for your turn will come. And though all the letters can not appear, because, if they did, you would never have a serial, nor a short story, nor a droll sketch from Jimmy Brown, nor any of the other good things which crowd HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, yet the Postmistress herself reads every letter, loves each little writer, and tries very, very hard to be perfectly fair to you all.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I like the Post-office Box better than any other part of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, though I like the whole paper so much that it is hard to form a choice. "Wakulla" is a splendid story, and I hope you will allow a boy to pay his regards to Nan, as the girls do. I liked the first story as well as did the girls for whom it was written, and "Rolf House" seems to be just as good, or better. I was almost afraid Jimmy Brown and his friends had emigrated, until his latest letter told us about Mr. Martin's sad adventures. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has been a constant visitor at our house ever since the first number was issued, and we have every number from that time till the present. I agree with Amy W. that the writers to the Post-office Box ought to mention their ages, for then we seem to be better acquainted with each other. Mine is thirteen years and eleven months. Will Amy and our other English cousins please write to the Post-office Box, as the American boys and girls like to hear about old England? At our school they have been taking a collection for the purpose of rebuilding, in Carthage, New York, a school which was burned down; our class gave more than any other in the school. A few months ago the pupils were asked to give books toward raising a library in Sweetwater, Texas—a scattered district, where one post-office is all they have for fifty miles around. A splendid collection of books of every kind was given, and probably the Texans now have their library well under way. I am in the fourth class of the Grammar Department, but to-morrow I shall be promoted into the third. My average per cent. is 94. CHARLIE W. T.

I shall always be delighted to hear from you, Charlie, whether there is room for you in the Post-office Box or not. You have something to say, and you say it well. Your school is doing unselfish work, and I like to hear of it.

BERLIN, GERMANY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl ten years old, and I am over here with my two sisters, aged eleven and thirteen, studying music and German. My sister Miriam takes your delightful paper, but I like to read the stories to myself or aloud to mamma. My sister Katy takes *St. Nicholas*, and I take *Youth's Companion*. I think that "Wakulla" was a lovely story. I hope that this letter is not too long to be printed, as it is the first letter I have ever written to you.

NANNIE P.

SHEMLAN, MOUNT LEBANON, SYRIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I will tell you about the Christmas tree of a Lebanon Sunday-school in the village of Sûk-el-Ghurb. It was in the afternoon, and the windows of the church were darkened by hanging large maps over them (there being no window-blinds), and the lamps were lighted. Christmas hymns and anthems were sung in both Arabic and English, Commandments recited by girls and boys alternately, and texts prophesying the Saviour's coming were recited. A pine-tree had been planted in a barrel, and the branches were hung with presents and candy bags. Around the bottom of the barrel were four rows of oranges and pine cones. The room was also decorated with branches of oranges and their leaves and evergreens. After the recitations the candles on the tree were lighted and the presents distributed. The boys received books, pencils, knives, balls, oranges, and candy bags; the girls received sewing implements, candy bags, and oranges; and the little ones had dolls and toys. The superintendent and papa talked to the children, and they were dismissed. There was one Bedouin boy in the school, dressed in the Bedawa costume. The Sunday-school is composed of pupils from the boys' training school and from the day school of boys and girls. One hundred and fourteen received gifts, and they were all very happy, for children in this country do not have many toys and receive no Christmas presents in their own homes.

I have a pet partridge; he was given to me quite young. He was brought to me in a shabby cage, so I made him one; it had to be made quite large. He is very tame and pretty; he is a bluish-gray on the back, wings, and tail, and the lower part of his body is white, with blue and black stripes, while his neck is ornamented with a black stripe on a white collar; his legs and beak are red. The partridge is mentioned in the Bible.

THEODORE H. P.

I am always very glad indeed to hear from my Mount Lebanon correspondents. Although Christmas lies far behind us now, this letter is very interesting.

HIGHER CRANMERE, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a boy thirteen years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since it began in England. My brother brings it to me from Liverpool. I like the paper very much indeed. I go to school. I have two brothers and one sister, all older than myself. My eldest brother teaches me Spanish. I want to go to sea, when I think Spanish will be useful. I like to read in the Post-office Box the letters of the boys and girls in America. I have read a good many books by W. H. G. Kingston, R. M. Ballantyne, and Jules Verne; I think Kingston's are the best.

W. H.

BARNSTAPLE, DEVON.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I see a lot of letters from girls and boys in America, and so I thought I would like to write also. I am a little girl ten years old. I live in England, and have numbers of cousins in America whom I have never seen. I have several dolls, and one of them is a very big one; it is a boy, but I think I am too old to play with them now. I have a kitten, which is my great pet. One day the servant put three spoons on the table, and when she came for them she could not find them, and after a little time she found one under the sofa and two under the mat, and the kitten had put them there. She jumps up to the handle of the door and rattles it when she wants to come into the dining-room. I have two sisters and one brother; they are older than I. EMMIE L. L.

ALL-SAINTS' VICARAGE, NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I got a copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE yesterday at the station, and I liked it so much that I mean to take it in always. I am a little English boy aged twelve, and I live at Northampton, Northamptonshire. I take in two magazines. I think the best magazines I have ever seen are HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and *St. Nicholas*. I read about poor Eddie Smith, and feel very sorry for him. I hope there will be some more Jimmy Brown stories. I should like to come to America very much, and if you print this letter, which is my first, maybe I'll write again and tell you what good times we have in England. Yours truly, C. H.

CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

I am writing you a letter about Cheltenham to put in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. It is a very beautiful place, with all the green fields and the avenues round Pittville, and in other places too. I have several pigeons; two of them are named Mr. Greedy and Mr. Well-bred. I have also another bird called a canary, which sings very loudly. There is a cosmorama at Pittville with some very pretty views, and if you go on the top of the dome you will see Tewkesbury Abbey, All-saints Church, Trinity Church, and St. John's, and the Leckhampton Hills, and Cleevehill too.

E. L. K.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

I am eight years old, and go to school. I study the Second Reader, arithmetic, writing, and spelling. I like it at school very much, and I have a school-mate whom everybody thinks is my sister. I want to tell you about my dolly that I got for Christmas in a trunk with ten dresses. She is about seven inches tall, and she has brown eyes and yellow curls. I have a pet chicken that has had its feet frozen. We brought it into the house, and it became very tame. I have a canary-bird named Dick, and a little black dog named Spotless, and he is seven years old. When he wants anything to eat he stands on his hind-legs at the table. RUTH ADELE R.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I expect to go up to the country in a couple of weeks to see my little nephew. He is a very mischievous little boy. When the carpenters were working in his father's house he took some of the large nails and tried to drive them in the little dog's ear. He also made a great many holes in his nursery wall. How old do you think I am, from this letter? GEORGE WHARTON D.

Well, George, I think I'll ask you to excuse me from guessing your precise age. I am sure you are a manly little fellow.

MILLERSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have not written to you before since my sister has been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am in the school-room now; I study reading, mental arithmetic, history, geography, and spelling, and Mr. B. teaches me writing. For pets I have only a colt, which I call Dolly, but we have a beautiful shepherd dog whose name is Bob. I was reading the Post-office Box this morning, and among the letters I saw one from Mary A. Barr, who was at Go-Bang, which is mentioned in "Wakulla." It is very cold weather here.

LUCY H. B.

RUTLAND, VERMONT.

I am a boy eleven years old. We have a nice time sliding down-hill. I am making a toboggan. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. This is the fourth year I have taken it. I like "The Talking Leaves," "The Ice Queen," "The Cruise of the Canoe Club," "Raising the 'Pearl,'" "Toby Tyler," "Nan," "Left Behind, or Ten Days a Newsboy," and "Wakulla." I go to school, and study geography, grammar, spelling, and reading, and I am taking lessons on the piano. I have a brother and a sister. I must stop now.

JOHN M. S.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little boy nine years old. I have a pet canary. He has many tricks. He bites at my finger, and only sings when I am around. I have a pet dog. He is six weeks old. He can go up and down stairs. I will tell you in my next letter about a black cat. C. LOUIS D.

AURORA, ILLINOIS.

As I have never written to you before, and I have seen so many letters in the Post-office Box, I thought I would write too. I shall tell you about an accident which befell my friend Gertrude and myself. We were upstairs in the bedroom, and near the bed stood a little table, with a bottle of blacking on it. As we were a little careless, the bottle tipped over and spilled a great deal over the sheets and carpet. We used ivory soap to see if it would take the stains out, which it soon did. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly three years, and I like it very much. I am reading "Wakulla," "Rolf House," and "Archie's Adventure"; I think they are all very interesting. I must close.

Your little friend, ETHEL M. B. G. (age 13).

## A STORY OF THE DWARF AND THE GIANT.

A giant and a dwarf met one day, and almost got to fighting. The giant made the dwarf very angry, and at last the dwarf said he would see by to-morrow.

"See what?" said the giant.

"I don't have to tell you," said the dwarf.

"If you don't, I'll cut your head off with my sword."

"Well," said Mr. Dwarf, "I am going to cut down your house with my axe."

"No, you won't; I live there, and I shall cut it down myself before I let you."

Then they both went home.

The giant had a house that covered seventy-five acres of land, was three hundred feet high, and the front door was sixty-five feet high. And the poor little dwarf lived in a log cabin about ten feet square and three feet high; his door was a very little one, and he was only twenty inches high. The giant's sword was thirty-five feet long, while the little tiny fellow's axe was only like a hatchet.

Next morning the dwarf got his axe and went to the giant's house. He began to cut at the cor-

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ner of the house, and said, "It will take me my lifetime, but I will do it all the same." So he chopped and chopped, until he made a hole a foot deep in the wall. Then he thought he heard the giant coming.

When the big fellow saw the little one, he ran after him, and all at once lost sight of him, so he ran on until he saw the dwarf's house, and then lost sight of it. All at once he stopped, and found he had stepped over the house and the dwarf without seeing them. This made him very angry, and he started back in great rage. As he ran he stepped on the house and the poor dwarf. The house was smashed in, and the poor little dwarf killed. The cruel old giant ate the dwarf up at a few bites, and burned the destroyed house for kindling-wood. FRANK K. (11 years old).

Here is a charming letter, which explains itself:

UNION CITY, INDIANA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—We have been receiving this nice paper for some time, and wish to tell you how much we enjoy it. There are a great many of us—about sixty. Now we know you are very anxious to hear who we are. Well, we are School No. 5, at the Public Building here. We have a good library, but as we wanted something to read besides our books, we decided on HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. We have a splendid plan, and as some other school may wish to try it, we will explain how we arrange about our paper. We each brought five cents to our teacher, and she sent for it. Every week when it comes we pass it from one to another, letting each have it half an hour; it just gets around by the time a new copy comes. Isn't that nice? Our teacher intends to read "Rolf House" aloud to us. In the library of this department we have thirty books —all of the "Rollo" series and "Walter's Tour in the East" series. We have a sand-box, too, for moulding maps. It broke down yesterday, because we have used it so much. The carpenter is to mend it for use again. Our picture charts we made by cutting out interesting pictures from other papers and pasting them on large squares of Manila paper. Stella V. and Joey T. are our secretaries; they read reports every morning, and tell us what we did the day before. One of our school-mates died a short time ago. We all felt very sad, and sent some lovely flowers to lay on the casket. We hope you will find room for our long letter.

PUPILS OF NO. 5 GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

PROSPECT HARBOR, MAINE.

I live in a small village. We have one church and a lobster factory, also a large ice-house. They are now cutting ice to fill it. I began taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE with the Christmas number, and I think it is a very nice paper. I like the continued stories, especially "Rolf House," in which I am very much interested, and I also delight in reading the letters. I study reading, writing, geography, grammar, and spelling, and write compositions. I like to go to school very much, and seldom miss a day, although I live half a mile from the school-house. I have a piano, and have taken some lessons. My father takes HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and has taken the WEEKLY, and likes them both. I am twelve years old.

MYRA B. D.

WALNUT SPRINGS, TEXAS.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since August, and like it very much. I have one sister nineteen years old; her name is Alta. I have three little brothers younger than I—Tommy, George, and Charley. The baby is a year old the 10th of this month; he is a sweet little fellow, and everybody loves him. My darling papa has but one arm. I have a large wax doll that my sister brought me from the city. CORA D. H.

BLACKFOOT, IDAHO.

There are five boys in the family, and we take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. We took it for two years, and then stopped, and started again about three weeks ago. I have two cows and two yearlings. JAMES J.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

I thought I would write to you and ask you to let me join the Little Housekeepers' Club. I enjoy reading the little letters so much! I am twelve years old, and I go to school to Miss M. A. C., and I love her ever so much. ETTA M.

POLO, ILLINOIS.

It is very good sleighing now, and I hope it will stay this way a long time. I was very sorry when "Wakulla" ended, and I am going to begin "Rolf House" soon. It snowed all day yesterday, but has been very pleasant to-day. Yesterday my brother Fred and I hitched up one of our horses to our two little hand-sleds, and took a ride up and down the road, and it was real fun, and to-day mamma, Aunt Lou, Fred, and I took a ride in the big sled, and we went six miles, and I wish you could have been here to go with us. I have two brothers—Morillo and Fred; Morillo is sixteen and Fred is fourteen years old. I have three pets, two dogs named Fannie and Shep, and a cat named Pet. My brother Fred is a very droll fellow, and teases me a great deal. I am twelve years old, and live in the country, and go to a country school. Most girls of my age write better than I do, but mamma wants me to write a great deal, so as to learn how. May I join the Little Housekeepers? CORA L.

You write very well. You may join the Little Housekeepers, and so may our next correspondent.

COVELO, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE three years, and think it has no equal. I like most of the stories, and think Jimmy Brown very funny, but I like the Post-office Box best. I have three brothers, all younger than myself. My birthday was last Monday, and mamma invited some of my playmates to spend the day with me. Papa took the carriage and went for them, but they didn't tell me they were coming, so it was a surprise. I had eleven presents. For pets I have a Spanish canary named Dickie—he sings very sweetly, and will take seed from between my lips; I take the entire care of him—also a dear little baby brother one year old. He can't walk a step, because he is so little. He can talk a little. The first time I ever went to school was in June, and I could not form a letter. Our school closed in October, so I study at home this winter. Please may I join the Little Housekeepers? I made the ready-threaded-needle case for my mother. I hope my letter is not too long to print. So good-by, with much love to the Postmistress. DORA H.

SANDY HILL.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little boy nearly nine years old. I have been an invalid for nine months, and unable to leave my bed. I had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE sent me as a Christmas gift, and it is my delight to watch for it every Tuesday; it is a lovely book, and we all enjoy it. I have a pet kitten named Daisy; she wears a silver collar with her name on it. We have lovely sleighing up here, and if you were only near enough I would give you a ride up to Lake George. I hope you won't think my letter too long to publish. I shall watch to see, and maybe will write again.

Your little friend, WILLIE G. B.

And very glad indeed we shall be to have another letter from you, Willie. I hope you may soon be a great deal stronger.

FRANKFORD, PHILADELPHIA.

I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the new year; it was a Christmas present from my aunt for one year. I like it very much. I have not been going to school very long, so I can not read very well yet, but my papa reads a little to me every evening. EDDIE D. R.

OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I went out to see an oil well shot. We got into a carriage and rode into the woods. We came to the place where the well was. When we got there the men were putting the glycerine into the well. Soon they got all ready, and a man put a squib into the well, and the squib went off, and there was a sound down in the ground, and the oil shot out into the air, and went all over everything. It went a good many feet above the new derrick. My mother was afraid, and she ran. Our driver said, "Holy Moses!" and *he* ran.

BERT B.

I suppose the driver did not know any better than to say "Holy Moses!" but I am sure *you* would never use such an expression, no matter how astonished you might be. It is a great pity that some people can not talk without using slang, or, as in this case, taking the name of a very great and good man and putting it in the wrong place.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

I wrote to you before, but the letter was not printed, so I hope this one will be. I have no pets, but my brother has a dog called Davie. He is about twelve years old. Is not that old for a dog? I went to the country last summer, up near the mountains, and I enjoyed myself very much indeed. I have two volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE bound; my father gave them to me for Christmas gifts. I liked "Wakulla" very much. The last letter was quite long, so I will make this one short. ARTHUR S. J.

I hope you will be equally delighted with "Rolf House."

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

I take this beautiful paper, and every Thursday look forward with great interest and delight to its coming. Among my numerous pets are a sleek white kitten, a pretty black pony, and a little pug-dog; but the best pet of all is my little baby sister, one of the sweetest and prettiest babies in the world. I always read the letters, and enjoy them very much; it is so nice to hear what the boys and girls in different parts of the world are doing, and I enjoy the remarks of the Postmistress, as they are instructive and amusing. My mother, father, and sister Bertha (two years older than I) are across the ocean, but I will tell them in my letters how kind you are if this shall be published. I went to the Exposition, and would like to tell you about my funny times there, if you would like me to. BLANCHE H.

Of course we always wish to hear about the funny times, and the journeys, and everything else that is pleasant.

I don't know what to think about the next letter, but it is said to come from a cat, and was taken down by the cat's little mistress, so here it is:

POTTSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I like your paper very much, because it has pictures of kittens in it, and kittens, you know, are the prettiest things in the world. I am a big, fat, black and white kitty, and I live in a house where there is a little dog named Snip. I like him very much except when he has a bone; then he is snappy, and as I am the older I box his ears. I am very conceited and can strike attitudes just as well as a person can. Good-by. KITTY H.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

THREE DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. Obscure. 3. Separate. 4. A character in Shakespeare. 5. To imagine. 6. A mountain often mentioned in ancient history. 7. A letter. MAY DE F. IRELAND.

2.—1. A letter. 2. A droll animal. 3. A fruit. 4. A tree. 5. A letter. L. M.

3.—1. A letter. 2. A seat in church. 3. The deck of a vessel. 4. An iron instrument used by a glass-worker. 5. A taster of tea. 6. One who perverts. 7. To impede. 8. A doubtful abbreviation. 9. A letter. NAVAJO.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In bad, not in good.
In hat, not in hood.
In ocean, not in sea.
In joy, not in glee.
In low, not in high.
A musical instrument am I.

No. 3.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. A shoot. 2. To succeed. 3. A pronoun. 4. A letter. HARTFORD.

No. 4.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

1. A continent. 2. An immensely important city, with a very interesting history. 3. A country in Europe noted for profound scholars. 4. A country in South America. 5. A very beautiful river. 6. One of the United States. 7. A large river in South America.

The initial letters read downward give a country in the north of Africa. F. H. LITTLE.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 277.

No. 1.—

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          S
        T H E
      M O A N S
    T O G G L E S
  S H A G E A R E D
    E N L A R G E
      S E R G E
        S E E
          D
```

No. 2.—

As I was walking up the street.
A dear old friend I chanced to meet.
I shook his hand, and he shook mine;
Then we walked on, as the day was fine.
We parted after a little while,
But upon my word we had walked a mile.

No. 3.—

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  D R E A M L A N D
    E A R A C H E
      T A R E S
        A R T
          I
        N A N
      I N G L E
    E N T E R E R
  S A N D S T A R S
```

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Lily Crandall, L. Sims, Laura Wallis, Augusta Emrich, Cockade City, S. Herbert Lund, Sydney L. Killiam, Ethel Pusey, Roberta F. Freeman, George M. Harden, F. Roy Rutter, Inez Converse, Agnes Bostwick, Ella Havens, John M. Dallas, Dayton P. Marks, Lulu P., and Theodore Knox.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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"DON'T YOU FINK YOUR LITTLE GIRL'S AWFUL GREEDY, MA'AM? I NEVER 'LOWS MY CHILD TO EAT SO MUCH."

## A NATURAL BIRD-TRAP.

A TRAVELLER in South America tells of a "queer trap" he found in that country of a different character from those described in Mrs. Sophie B. Herrick's article in the last number of YOUNG PEOPLE, but fully as deadly to such unfortunate birds and small quadrupeds as happened to get caught in it.

It was the crater of a small extinct volcano, and was full of black matter, hot and sticky, of about the thickness of molasses. Floundering on the edge of the hole the traveller found two small birds, which were entangled in the sticky substance, and which the travellers hastened to release from their uncomfortable position. But the kind intention was of no avail; for so firmly had the sticky stuff seized the plumage of the little captives that both feathers and skin were torn from their bodies as they were being released, and the travellers were obliged to kill the poor creatures in order to put an end to their sufferings.

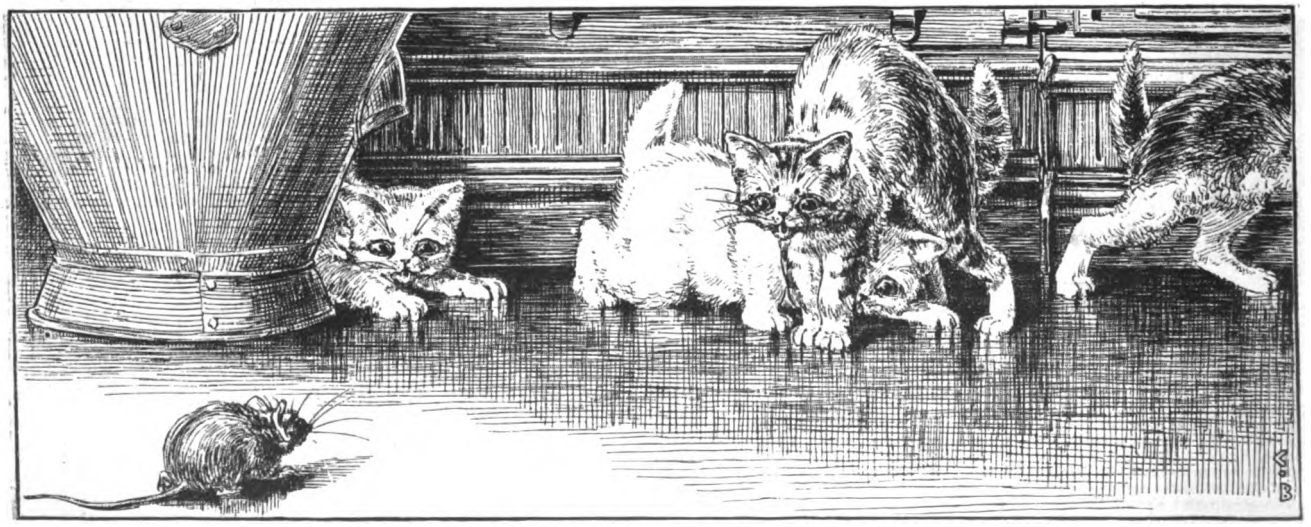
Supposing that these were not the first victims of the fatal snare, they searched around the edge, and found the skeletons of many unfortunates, which had doubtless been attracted to the pool by the expectation of finding worms or other similar food, or perhaps for the purpose of drinking.

Another live captive the pool held. This was that unpleasant animal the skunk, and he being hopelessly entrapped, and not a grateful creature to rescue in any case, was promptly and mercifully dispatched by a bullet from a revolver.

## A TIGER SIEGE.

NOT long ago an English government agent in a remote district in India reported that the inhabitants of the district were panic-stricken and helpless under an actual siege of man-eating tigers. The siege had lasted five months, during which time over forty persons had been devoured, men, women, and children. People could not stir out after dark. In daylight groups of persons had to keep together to work or walk. The fields had gradually been neglected, and the whole country-side was being depopulated by degrees. A man and his wife were carried off by two tigers, almost at the same moment, from their own door-yard and in broad day. Three constables lost their lives. As for cattle, there was hardly a head left in the neighborhood. The secret of the situation was the want of any fire-arms, or Englishmen to organize a hunt.

The affair was becoming unbearable, so, in despair of raising the siege by the unaided efforts of the natives, the English agent applied to the government for assistance. At last the government sent men and arms to the suffering district. As Mr. Tunner, the agent, says, "It is horrible to contemplate the feelings of a poor laborer going out for his day's work to a field, a few hundred yards from his house, with the knowledge about him that there is an even chance of his being carried away from the side of his plough, or that his wife may be seized when she is bringing him his midday meal."



THE KITCHEN RANGERS IN THEIR FIRST ENGAGEMENT.

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 281. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, MARCH 17, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




THE LAST COAST OF THE SEASON.—AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE B. WOOD.


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## CHARLES DICKENS WITH HIS CHILDREN.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

MANY of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have doubtless already begun to enjoy the wonderful stories of Charles Dickens, whose pages make people laugh and cry, and whose characters seem almost to be living persons, and not mere puppets of the author's fancy.

The eldest daughter of Mr. Dickens has lately given, in an English magazine, some interesting recollections of her father's life at home, with his own little ones around him.

He was very fond of his boys and girls, and took special pains with them, writing little prayers for them, as soon as they could speak, giving them prizes for good behavior, for perfect lessons, and for clean and neat copy-books. Indeed, many of you know that the charming *Child's History of England*, which is a favorite with thousands of young folk, was written by Mr. Dickens for the delight and profit of his children.

Mr. Dickens was always bright and merry at home, and the children were never so happy as when they were with him. They were taught to tiptoe past papa's study, and to speak softly when in its neighborhood, because papa was not to be disturbed when he was writing. But when work hours were over, papa was their most delightful playmate, coming out strongly in the telling of funny stories and singing of funny songs, with a child on each knee, and the rest clustered closely around him.

Charles Dickens was very fond of acting, in which he excelled, and he often arranged little plays for his children, with parts adapted to each, himself teaching and training the little company, until every member understood his part perfectly. Sometimes he would perform for them as a conjurer, and again he and his friend John Leech would dance with the little girls, who had taken immense pains to instruct their tall partners in the art of dancing the polka.

If papa promised one of the children a present, punctually to the hour and the day the gift for that child would arrive. Once a little daughter had been told to expect a watch on her birthday, and when the day came Mr. Dickens was ill and in bed. But the child was sent for, and from under his pillow the kind father, having wished her many returns of the day, drew forth a case containing a gold watch with an enamelled back, and the little girl's initials thereon.

It was almost a passion with him to surprise his children with some rare pleasure. Not to speak of drives, and walks, and rambles to gather flowers, when the furnishing of a house or a room was in question, Mr. Dickens took great pains to please the taste of each occupant, not forgetting the children. Thus, on the removal to Tavistock House, the two daughters were promised a very lovely bedroom, for which they were allowed to choose a bright wall-paper with a pattern of wild flowers, while they were not allowed so much as a peep at the apartment until it was entirely ready for their use. When ushered into it at last there were two little beds, two little tables, two, in fact, of everything, just the right size for children, and all as dainty and delicately finished as could be found in London.

The Dickens household was fond of pets, and had them in great variety. A canary named Dick was a privileged character, permitted to hop about the breakfast table and eat from people's plates as he chose. He would even give Mr. Dickens's cheek a friendly peck now and then. Dick loved his mistress dearly, and would come to her on call from any part of the room. Sometimes, when she had been away on a visit, her first act after her return would be to open the door of the room in which Dick's cage hung and put her head in. This was always observed by the bird, which would immediately fly to the corner of his cage and sing his sweetest song.

When poor Dick died he was buried under a rose-tree in the garden at Gadshill, and Mr. Dickens wrote his epitaph.

THIS IS THE GRAVE OF
**DICK,**
THE BEST OF BIRDS.
Born at Broadstairs, Midsummer, 1851.
Died at Gadshill Place, 14th October, 1866.

After Dick's death a white kitten, which was called Wilhelmina, came to Gadshill, and took a fancy to the master of the place. She particularly liked his study, and seemed determined to stay there. After a while she outgrew her kittenhood, became a motherly and sedate puss, and continued to show her good taste by bringing her kittens and laying them at her master's feet. Kittens in the study were not to be thought of, but puss persisted, and finally she and her family were fairly established there.

Another cat, which followed Mr. Dickens about with dog-like fidelity, was one evening so jealous of his master's attention to his book that he put up a paw and put out the candle. This was repeated until the famous author ceased trying to read, and, taking the cat on his knee, stroked and played with his Majesty the remainder of the evening.

In the sick-chamber no one else had the quietness, the tenderness, the skill, of "papa." In all the partings, little or great, in the troubles and the joys, every one went to him for sympathy, and no one went in vain.

## THE LAUNCHING OF THE "DAUNTLESS."

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

Part XX.

LITTLE BILLEE obediently sat down on the door-step, wiped his eyes on his apron, and gazed in wonder at his superior, while that mysterious process was going on inside her small head.

"Felits Adustus likes me. He finks I'm *very* nice. The ship belongs to Felits Adustus almost as much as it does to Uncle Rick—and more! Let's go and find him!" said this small diplomate, rising and extending her hand graciously to her humble follower.

Felix Augustus was a young colored man who had served Uncle Rick as steward on several voyages; when he was on shore he made himself generally useful about the house and grounds, and the children were all very fond of him, but Poppet was his especial pet.

They found Felix Augustus hurrying off to the shipyard, and called him back to the gate.

"Felits Adustus, you would feel dreffly if I shouldn't go to the launchin', wouldn't you?" demanded Poppet.

"Bress yo' heart, chile, couldn't be no launchin' widout Missee Poppet! If dey done try it, de ship go down in deep black hole and never come up no mo'."

"Perhaps she would," said Poppet, seriously. "But they may fink that Aunt Priscilla's new calf want to see us *very bad*—they do, sometimes. If they do send us to see him, you'll come after us and carry us to the launchin', won't you, Felits Adustus?"

"For sho!—if I *can*," said Felix Augustus.

"If you *can't*, you must!" said Poppet. "And now remember you've promised!"

The next day, when the steamer from Boston came churning and whistling up the river, May was down at the wharf in her bravest attire to meet Ned and the expected guests, and Dick and Bob were there too.

There was Ned, whom they hadn't seen for half a year! He had grown to look like a man, and his mustache had grown. He wore gloves, and carried a very small cane. Bob surveyed him with gloomy scorn.

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The "girl" had pink cheeks, and her nose turned up a little bit at the end, and she showed all her teeth when she laughed, and she wasn't dressed up so much as their May always was, and her hair was down her back in a long braid, and she looked as if she might call a "teeter" a "teeter," and like to get on one. *She* wasn't so bad! But her brother! he was ten times worse than Ned, for he had on knickerbockers, and a veil around his hat.

"*He's* a heavy feller, with his legs like a small boy and his head like a girl!" remarked Bob. "They'd better get him into the carriage soon, or he'll have a crowd after him. Hear those boys shouting circus!"

"I should think Ned would have those things on, too. It would be just like him," said Dick.

"It's a wonder he hasn't got a lace parasol!" said Bob.

As the carriage containing May and Ned and their guests rolled away, Dick and Bob came out of their hiding-place, and walked, with melancholy looks, toward the house.

"I ain't going to let Ned think I'm scared of 'em," said Dick, with determination, walking boldly in at the front door. Bob just then espied a friend in the distance, whom he very much wished to see. He took his whistle from his pocket—a real watchman's whistle that was the envy of all the boys—and blew an ear-piercing blast.

"Oh, there's Bob and his whistle! I did hope they could have been suppressed!" he heard Ned say.

Bob thought that was a pretty mean thing for a fellow to say, when he hadn't seen his brother for six months, too. He really had to swallow a lump in his throat: nobody seemed to think he had any feelings, but he had.

What Bob was attending to this day was a plan to go to that launching, whoever might try to keep him "out of the way." And as he thought the surest way was always the best, he went on board the ship, and when nobody was looking, he stowed himself away under a sofa in the cabin. He found his quarters close and far from comfortable, but there he was determined to stay until just before the ship made her grand plunge. Cramping and painful and *very monotonous* it might be to stay there, but it was better than to be sent to Aunt Priscilla's to spend the day. He should be on board at the launching, and that would pay him for everything.

It was little past the middle of the afternoon when Bob went into his retreat, and though it seemed hours to him, it was in reality only a little while, before he went to sleep. Bob was used to roughing it; he camped out every summer, and he had spent weeks in the lumbering camps away "up river" in the winter, and he could sleep if his bed was not soft. He slept now soundly and long.

When he awoke it was night, and the hanging lamp was burning dimly. Felix Augustus was there talking to himself; it was his voice that had awakened Bob.

"Dis nigger better min' what de capt'n say, an' not 'low no pusson on board dis ship. Dem fellers come foolin' 'roun' 'ticin' a po' nigger to drink."

Alas! Felix Augustus signed the pledge regularly every six months, and regularly broke it. It was evident that he had broken it now. He staid on board the ship as a watchman every night, and some fellows from the village often visited him "to keep him from being lonesome." Uncle Rick had given orders against his having visitors on board the ship after dark, but it seemed they had been disobeyed.

"Just de leastest pull out ob de bottle. Who would 'a tought 'twould fotch me down like dis?" muttered Felix Augustus, who was with difficulty disposing himself on a mat before the door of one of the state-rooms.

It struck Bob as being rather strange that Felix Augustus should go to sleep in the cabin on a mat, but it was evident that he was not altogether responsible for his actions just now.

Bob decided that he might as well go to sleep again, but he had slept a good many hours, and he found himself very wide awake. He thought it would be quite safe to come out of his hiding-place, and try a more comfortable position on the sofa, as Felix Augustus's sleep was evidently very profound.

The sofa was an agreeable change, and with the sense of comfort a feeling of drowsiness seized Bob. He was fast yielding to it, when something aroused him suddenly, and made him start to his feet. It was a pungent odor that had come to his nostrils—the odor of *burning!*

Bob thought he might have been dreaming, but no! there was no doubt about it; something was on fire. A fire in the ship-yard was no small matter.

Bob rushed to the cabin door; it was locked, and there was no key in the lock. He shook Felix Augustus, and demanded the key; kicked him, and shouted fire! fire! in his ear. It was as useless as to try to awaken the dead. Bob felt in all Felix Augustus's pockets—no key. The smell was growing stronger, and the air was full of smoke.

He took his whistle from his pocket, by a kind of instinct, for he was too bewildered to think, and blew an ear-splitting blast. Felix Augustus slept quietly on, but—was that echo that answered?

"If I ever did hear Little Billee roar!" gasped Bob. Then came a pounding on the door of the state-room near Felix Augustus's head.

Bob dragged Felix Augustus away, and opened the state-room door. Poppet's angelic head was put serenely out; behind her stood Little Billee, roaring.

"How in the world—" began Bob.

"Felits Adustus bringed us, 'stead of carrying us to Aunt Priscilla's. I *maked* him. If I wasn't at the launching, the ship would go down in a great black hole," said Poppet.

Bob groaned. Locked in the cabin with this drunken man and these children, with fire apparently surrounding them, what was he to do?

Fortunately in the upper half of the cabin door were two long panes of glass. If one of them were knocked out, the aperture would be wide enough for him to put Poppet and Little Billee through; he might possibly squeeze through himself.

He wound the table-cloth around his fist, and knocked out the glass. He had to spend a good deal of time in getting the glass all out, so that it was safe to put the children through, and the glass cut through the cloth, and his hand was badly cut and bleeding; but it was done at last, and the children dropped on the other side, Little Billee's roars hushed by the novelty of the proceedings, and Poppet facing the situation with the calmness which never forsook her.

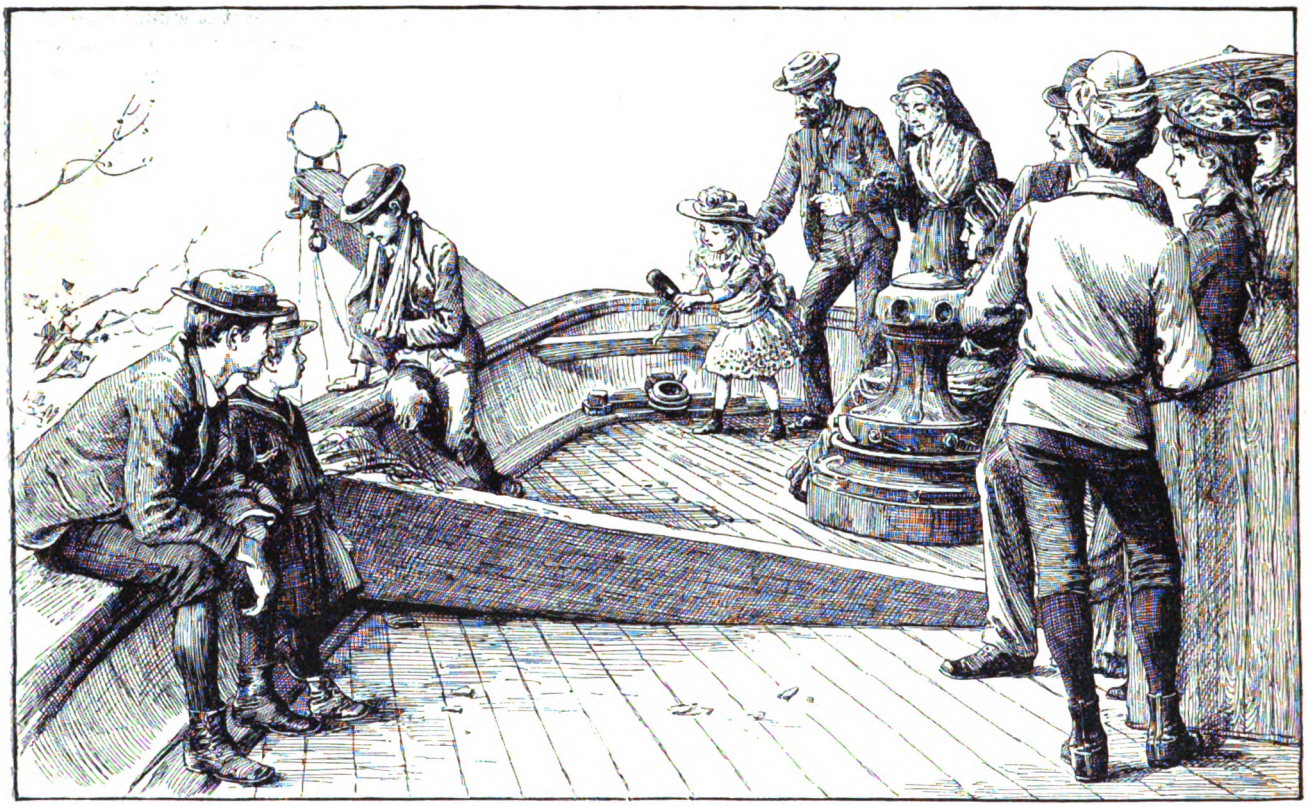
By dint of great struggling and squeezing Bob managed to get through himself. The smoke was suffocating and almost blinding. Bob blew his whistle frantically, and shouted "Fire! fire!" He made his way to the after-part of the ship, from whence the smoke seemed to come; he lifted the hatchway, and a dense volume of black smoke rushed up; the fire was in the hold of the ship.

Bob found some buckets and ropes—where he could never afterward remember—and from the bow he let the buckets down into the water. He poured two bucketfuls of water into the hold, and the smoke seemed to be suppressed; it was only for a moment, however, and now Bob caught sight of a red, eager tongue of flame.

He blew his whistle, and shouted "Fire!" more madly than ever; he had not ceased to do both even while he was getting the water; but there was no sign that he had aroused anybody.

Then he remembered the children. He found them near the cabin door, where he had left them, and led them to the stairs that led down the ship's side to the ground—fortunately an easy flight, with a railing, which Uncle Rick had had placed there in preparation for the next day's festivities.

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"POPPET BROKE A BOTTLE OF WINE ON THE SHIP'S BOW."

"Go down the steps carefully; then run home. You know the way, Poppet, and when you get there, scream, ring the bell, pound like fury, and tell them the ship's on fire. Wake them *quick*. Don't be afraid."

"No, there are no boogermen, and we shall come back to the launching when you have put out the fire," said Poppet, who always took a hopeful view of things.

What they thought and felt at home when, in the dead of the night, the door-bell rang furiously, and Poppet and Little Billee were discovered, the former announcing in her calmest manner that "Uncle Rick's ship was on fire, but Bob was putting it out," may be imagined. The house was astir in a moment. Dick declared, sleepily, that he "had been hearing Bob's whistle for a long time, but Bob was *always* blowing that whistle."

While the women were questioning and kissing and scolding Poppet and Little Billee, the men started for the ship. But before that time Bob's whistle had aroused the sleeping town. It seemed to him that hours instead of minutes had gone by, and that everybody must be dead. The fire was increasing in spite of all his efforts; it took him a long time to get the water, and it was too little to have much effect on the flames, and, moreover, his wounded hand was sorely bruised by the ropes, and he could not use it much longer.

The blessed sound of answering shouts came to his ears. Then the more blessed sounds of the engine bell and hurrying feet. After the first sound of life it seemed as if the whole town were in the ship-yard in a minute.

And in less than three minutes from the time of its arrival the engine had extinguished the fire.

People came trooping around Bob to hear all about it, among them Uncle Rick and Bob's father, Ned and Dick and "that fellow in knickerbockers." Bob was pale and a little faint now—though he wouldn't acknowledge it—from the pain in his hand, and his hands were covered with blood. People seemed to get the idea that he was a hero, though Bob couldn't see what in the world he had done more than any boy would have done in his place, and the firemen were calling for three cheers for him, which were given with a will.

Uncle Rick laid his hand on Bob's shoulder.

"If you hadn't been here, Bob!" That was all he said, but his voice shook, and someway Bob felt prouder than at all the cheering.

Then Bob remembered poor Felix Augustus, who, he was afraid, must be nearly suffocated by this time. And then "that fellow in knickerbockers showed that he was *some*," as Dick remarked, for he burst open that cabin door with one blow, and picked up Felix Augustus and carried him out as if he were no more than a baby. As he did so, out of the folds of the mat dropped the door-key, which Felix Augustus, with a confused idea that the children would be safer, had hidden there.

Felix Augustus was so thoroughly frightened by the narrowness of his escape from death, and by the awful danger in which he had placed Poppet and Little Billee, that he made a solemn vow never to "let de debble cotch him again;" he runs as fast as he can go from the sight of a bottle, and has kept his pledge for more than twice six months. Everybody wondered how Bob had happened to be spending the night on board the ship, and at last Bob confessed that he meant to be sure of being at the launching, and hadn't the least desire to see Aunt Priscilla's new calf. And then they all assured him that nobody had so much as thought of sending him to Aunt Priscilla's, and Uncle Rick said that he would not have had the vessel launched without him.

For if Bob hadn't been there— When anybody said that, Mamma seized Poppet and Little Billee, as if she didn't dare to have them out of her arms, and said she should never trust Felix Augustus with those children again. Uncle Rick had a large force of men at work on the ship at daylight the next morning, and the launching was postponed only three days.

Uncle Rick said he thought it was highly appropriate that Bob should christen the ship, since if it had not been for him there would probably have been no ship to chris-

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ten, but Bob, who was looking pale and like a hero, with his arm in a sling, said he "thought a lady ought to do it, and"—with a nice little bow in just the right place—"he should like to have Miss Amory do it."

"Upon my word, the little beggar has manners, too!" Ned was heard to remark in an under-tone.

And Dick reported that he heard Miss Amory say to Ned the next day, "You must be very proud of your brothers and sisters."

And Ned looked as if it were a rather new view of the case, but he pulled his mustache thoughtfully and said he was. And he added: "The small-fry *did* come gallantly to the front last night."

After all, it was Poppet who christened the ship. Miss Amory insisted on deputing the honor to her.

The ship was just as good as if she had never had a cruel fire trying to devour her, and gay with bunting and flowers. The day was perfect, and there was such a crowd as Browton had seldom seen. There was a fine collation, and a band that played *Pinafore* music, and "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and "Yankee Doodle," and other inspiring airs, and all the little Maxwells were there, every one, and nobody thought of complaining that they were in the way. Nobody said that Bob's hands were not clean, or that Poppet was sticky. And oh, what a glorious plunge the ship made from those lofty ways into the great blue river! "She just dipped like a swallow," Polly said.

And Poppet, a seraph in a white dress and a big sash—if seraphs may be supposed to wear big sashes—broke a bottle of wine on the ship's bow, and christened her the *Dauntless*.

## THE ENGLISH MADRIGAL.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

IN a former paper we have seen the progress made in the art of singing during crusading times—how the troubadours and the Minne-singers, the sirventes and minstrels, came and went. All nations from time immemorial have had some kind of song music, but, as you have seen, it was difficult to harmonize this until there was some system of notation—some method of writing down the songs which were handed from one to another like tales told from generation to generation. The "people" of all times and places will have their own songs, and so in the sixteenth century the French had what they called their *Chansons*, the Italians their *Canzonetti*, the Germans their *Volkslieder*. When the spirit of the troubadours died out a strong interest in singing was already felt in the Netherlands—the Low Countries, as they were called, which in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were rich and prosperous.

Jacqueline, the beautiful and daring daughter of William IV., Duke of Holland and Hainault, was one of those who gave every aid to the perfection of the madrigal, and as in the reign of Henry V. she fled to England for protection from the tyranny of her husband, it is more than likely she introduced into the English court some of her favorite music. The first madrigal of which we have any distinct record was composed by Willaert, a Netherlander, and Philip of Burgundy, Jacqueline's rival, continued to encourage this form of song writing and performance.

Jan Okeghem and his pupil, Josquin des Pres, became famous writers of these songs. Their music, simple and melodious, followed all the then known rules of what is called *counterpoint*, and they undoubtedly encouraged what was best in other countries.

But the first authorities have decided that the oldest known school of vocal music is the so-called "Early English." Although in the Netherlands it was more perfect, in the England of the same period a distinct form of song had been permanently established.

We are not accustomed to think of the court of Henry VIII. as a very musical one, but that bluff monarch really delighted in harmony, and gave every encouragement to the singing of the madrigal, as a certain form of song was called; and as it laid the foundation of English choral singing, and was the first distinct form of ballad or independent song, it is well for all young people interested in the art of music to understand its origin and nature. There is an old picture somewhere which represents Henry VIII. seated in a hall with some courtiers near him, while opposite a band of youths stand singing. "Madrigals for the King" is the name of the old print, and looking at it we seem almost to catch the sweet notes, to follow the wandering capricious air, to hear the quaint words of this early song. Sometimes Henry himself joined in such music. We know he had his daughters carefully instructed, and Anne Boleyn was said to have a "fair voice in a madrigal" when she was a girl first at court.

The meaning of the word is not definitely known. Some writers think it was from "sheep-fold," because so many madrigals were of a pastoral or rural character, while others agree in saying it is derived from the Italian *madre*, as many of the first madrigals were addressed to the Virgin. However that may be, from the thirteenth century it was a known title for a special kind of song, and by the sixteenth century many famous composers were employed in writing music according to the madrigal law. The first one was published in 1590, and was written by King James's chapel-master, Thomas Weekles, but long before that manuscript madrigals were in vogue, and not to understand them or the art of singing them was considered



*"Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong, and doubly sweet a brotherhood in song."*

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almost boorish. Sight reading was very generally studied, and in Queen Elizabeth's day no "damsel's" education was considered "fair" if she could not read her part in a song.

The madrigal is sung without any accompaniment, and consists of some one theme or subject, which is taken up first by one voice, then another, the original idea in the music being carried along through a series of changes or variations, and what are called "imitations." It is well to understand fully what this term "imitation" means, as it is applied to all kinds of music, being specially used in fugues and suites by Bach, Mozart, etc.

To begin with, a fugue means a flight, and is so called because, as in the case of the madrigal, the principal idea is chased or pursued by the music that follows, the same suggestion being carried out in every possible way, so that as long as the composer's ingenuity lasts he can keep it up. Now the imitation consists of repeating one phrase or idea. Supposing a line is sung by one voice in one key, taking the chord or notes up the scale, the next voice repeats the same in some other key, or going downward, making a perfect harmony, although the idea is the same, and it becomes the task of the composer to make such variations agreeable to the ear, and at the same time strictly according to the rules of art. Sometimes it is allowable to make an imitation not quite exact, that is, not at precisely regulated intervals; but when the rule is distinctly adhered to, the madrigal or music is called a canon. The earliest known madrigal is in this form, and is preserved in manuscript in the British Museum. It is supposed to be of the thirteenth century, and is entitled "Summer is i-comen in."

At all public festivals, court entertainments, and gay doings in the houses of the great, singers were employed to entertain the company by their madrigals, frequently celebrating the occasion by specially written words and music. So some of the most famous part-songs were composed to honor Queen Elizabeth, who was an excellent musician, and in spite of her severities, frequently to be touched, moved to compassion or regret, by the sweet strains of music in her court.

Hitherto the instrumental parts had always followed the melody or the voice, but now in Italy and France and in England a more careful arrangement of chords in accompaniment was thought of. In Italy the musical dramas were very popular, and began to be called *oratorios*, from the name of the halls where they were performed, and in England the part-songs and madrigals were extended to something more dramatic in character, although they were very different from the simplest opera or oratorio of our day, being chiefly, as I have told you, for the purpose of celebrating some special day or honoring a noted individual. Still the love of song grew, and naturally singers appeared, and fine voices were developed. We hear of one youth, a lad of fourteen, at King James's court, whose duty it was to open a banquet with a song, in which he was supported by a double chorus, and Queen Mary of Modena had her special "madrigalists," who came at the Queen's bidding "to disarm melancholy" with their dulcet strains.

Milton, in his room "hung with faded green," used to sit hours at his organ, singing sacred music; but from the first the love of simple ballad and madrigal songs remained with the English people, and the very first musical association in England was formed in 1741, under the name of the Madrigal Society. Their object was to promote a love of this kind of music, and to improve it. They met around at different places, and were certainly very industrious; but looking over their rules, we have to smile at the contrast between such a society in 1741 and in 1885. Their meetings were called in various places, and we read in the old books of the society that "all musical performances shall cease after ten o'clock, unless some of the members shall be cheerfully incited to sing catches, in which case they shall be indulged half an hour, and no longer."

# ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### NAN HEARS "EVERYTHING."



IT was Laura who of all the little group in the Rolf House garden seemed to be most resolute, and who knew best what to do. Nan had been stunned into silence, and was staring blankly before her, white as death. Joan sank down upon the bench at the stable door, and only Laura seemed to feel that something had to be said or done.

"Hurt — Phyllis — Cousin Letty," she murmured. And then, in a braver voice: "Oh, Miss Rogers, they will be bringing them back, and— See! see Nan!" for Nan's strength had failed her utterly, and they carried her, only half conscious, into the quiet house.

Perhaps it was a mercy that Nan had to be put to bed; that all sounds or knowledge of that sad day's trouble were kept from her. Afterward she said it seemed to her that she slept nearly all the time, knowing in a vague way that Dr. Rogers and Joan and Laura and Mrs. Heriot came softly back and forth; that cooling drinks were given her; that when her head ached, soft hands were laid on it; but of what had happened she knew nothing clearly for many days.

She had been dimly conscious on one day of an unusual sound of moving in the house—feet going back and forth and up and down stairs. Then there had been a long quiet afternoon, with Laura sitting near the fire trying to read a book; but Nan in her dreamy way remembered that she saw tears fall on the open page; and then the scene in the garden came back to her mind, and she fell asleep again to dream that old Miss Rogers was crying over her, and that something strange was being said of Phyllis and Aunt Letty.

So, although little Nan did not realize it, all of this was a preparation for the sad news that she had to hear one clear crisp December morning when for the first time she was lifted out of bed, and sat up in the big easy-chair before the fire. The shock was broken; but, oh! how hard it was to feel that Aunt Letty was gone, for they had carried the dear old lady into Rolf House for the last time on that November afternoon, and when her little niece came back, as it were, to conscious life, she had been three weeks at rest in the old church-yard of Beverley. But the household in College Street had suffered even more. Mr. Rolf had been instantly killed, with Mr. Jeness, the lawyer, in the railway accident that sad day, and pretty, graceful Phyllis, to whom no one had ever thought such a thing could happen, though fast gaining strength, was to be, they feared, a cripple for life.

Well for the large desolate party of young people that they had the vitality and hopefulness of youth; and Nan did not know how much she had to be grateful for in her illness. The physical weakness made it harder for her to realize what Rolf House without Aunt Letty would be; and then—sore at heart, bitter as were her tears—before she was able to move about, a certain familiarity with the

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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sad change had come upon her, and her anxiety every day for news of Phyllis gave her a certain interest in life and every-day occupations.

And during this time how wonderfully Laura had developed! It was she who had stepped into Phyllis's place with a gentle, orderly rule, which excited Joan's admiration and the obedience and loyalty of the boys in the most surprising way. Phyllis lying in her bed, not suffering a great deal, but almost helpless; the two servants downstairs; Joan and Alfred and Dicksie—all were looked after successfully and thoroughly by the very member of the family whom they had thought of the least consequence; and even Dr. Rogers, who had feared the young girl was doing too much, was brought to admit that this necessity for action. this sense that others depended upon her, was the very thing that Laura Rolf had needed to improve her health and "wake up her character," as he phrased it.

Between Laura and Joan, Nan was rarely left alone, but it so chanced that one afternoon she was dressed and lying on the lounge before the fire, with closed eyes, and Laura, who had been sitting near, fancied her asleep. She heard the Doctor's step in the next room, then his sister's voice, and, half waking, half sleeping, Nan heard the murmur of the voices and the mention of her own name.

"There is no hope, I am afraid," the Doctor was saying. "Laura here has been very brave about it, but—they said I might tell you—it is certain Miss Rolf died without a will. She must have destroyed any that she made, as poor Jeness's father says the very week before her death she came to the office to see Jeness about making a new one. Every search has been made, but we all know that Miss Rolf was too methodical not to have put her will in the right keeping."

Then, dreamily, Nan heard the other voice say:

"And so poor little Nan has nothing, and will have to leave Rolf House?"

"Yes; there are a few hundreds in her name, given to her out and out, and in the bank, but not a penny besides. We must think of what is best to do. Poor girls! they are very badly placed, for Arthur Rolf, their father, was no sort of business man, and he died very much involved. Mr. Field and I and Mowbray, Jeness's partner, are doing all we can, but I doubt if we'll save five hundred out of the whole estate."

Nan for a moment lay perfectly still, but roused in every nerve of her body by what she had accidentally heard. Of course they would have to tell it all to her very soon, and it might be this was the best way to hear it; but how strange, how bewildering it seemed! To leave Rolf House forever! That was Nan's first agonizing thought. And then came a crowd of other feelings, other recollections. Oh, what would they *all* do—not only she herself, but Phyllis, the younger ones, Lance away in Paris, and then her own protégées, the many people she had begun so happily to cheer and keep? It was not possible just then to bear it calmly. Nan was, after all, only an impulsive, warm-hearted, strong-natured little girl, who had begun to live her life after a very happy inspiring plan, and now it was all to be snatched from her—not only the loss of her dear loving aunt, but all her power of helping and doing good.

Some tears forced themselves from under her closed eyelids, and in brushing them away, she moved, turned her head on the pillow, and looked pitifully at Laura.

The older girl had heard all that was said. Nan read that in a glance.

"Lollie," she said, "what *are* we going to do?"

Laura tried to look very cheerful. "Oh, Nan!" she said, coming up and kneeling by her cousin's side, "we expect you to be the brightest and bravest of us all, and Phyllis has plans already. The first time you are allowed to come to College Street, we are to talk it all over. Dr. Rogers thinks you can go by next Monday."

There was an uneasy movement outside of the door, and Joan's head appeared, her big dark eyes looking unnaturally solemn.

"Come in," said Nan, with a watery smile. "I know *all* now," she added, as Joan sat down on the sofa, and, folding her hands, looked unutterably despondent.

"All," she echoed, in a hollow voice. "Does she know—you know what?"—she pushed Laura with one foot.

"No," said Laura, slowly. "You don't know who is to have Rolf House and everything."

"Who?" queried Nan, eagerly.

"Who!" cried poor Joan, with a hysterical sort of gurgle in her throat. "Oh, Nan, *those Farquhars!*"

And unable to witness the effect of this announcement, Joan rushed from the room, a passion of tears relieving her feelings as soon as she was alone.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### PLANS.

ABOUT ten o'clock one morning, a week after Nan's fate had been disclosed to her, Joan called Laura up to the spare room in the College Street house to inspect her preparations for an important visitor.

"Nan said everything at Brightwoods was so lovely!" said Joan, regarding her work in rather a doleful way.

"Never mind," said Laura, cheerfully. "That looks very nice, Joan, very. I'm sure you're doing famously. Miss Vandort won't expect anything half so nice. Nan will be here very soon with Dr. Rogers," she added. "Won't you see that she doesn't come upstairs too quickly, and we must try to make her and Phyllis laugh when they meet; otherwise it 'll be doleful all around."

A glance of amusement shone in Joan's face. "Oh, shall we!" she exclaimed. "That's nice; I'll see to that." And she darted off, leaving Laura to go into Phyllis's room for some final touches before the company arrived.

Phyllis had been moved to the sofa, and save for the meagre outline of her pretty cheeks, a certain brilliancy about her eyes, and the pallor, only now and then relieved by a feverish pink not to be desired, no signs of her accident were evident, and Laura, always fond of what was bright and pretty, had succeeded in making her sister's room very cheerful, and giving her the air, as she said, of quite a "coquettish" invalid. The Rolfs' mother had been a Quakeress, and she as well as her husband had distinctly condemned the wearing of mourning, so that the only difference made in the dress of the young people at College Street was that all gay ribbons and furbelows were laid aside; but Phyllis's seclusion, her being condemned to lie still all day upon her lounge, seemed in Laura's eyes to warrant something soft and pretty—the white wool dressing-gown she wore relieved with swan's-down—and altogether, when her bright wavy hair was arranged, when the rare winter flowers were disposed of in a vase on the table near her, Phyllis on her sofa, for all her sickness, looked very attractive and cheerful.

She smiled pleasantly as Laura came in, rolling a low easy-chair near the lounge.

"For Nan is it?" she inquired; "that is nice and thoughtful of you, Lollie. Dear me, I hope the little Dame Durden will like our project! I'm so glad Annie Vandort approves, and that we have got over thanking everybody for all their offers and suggestions."

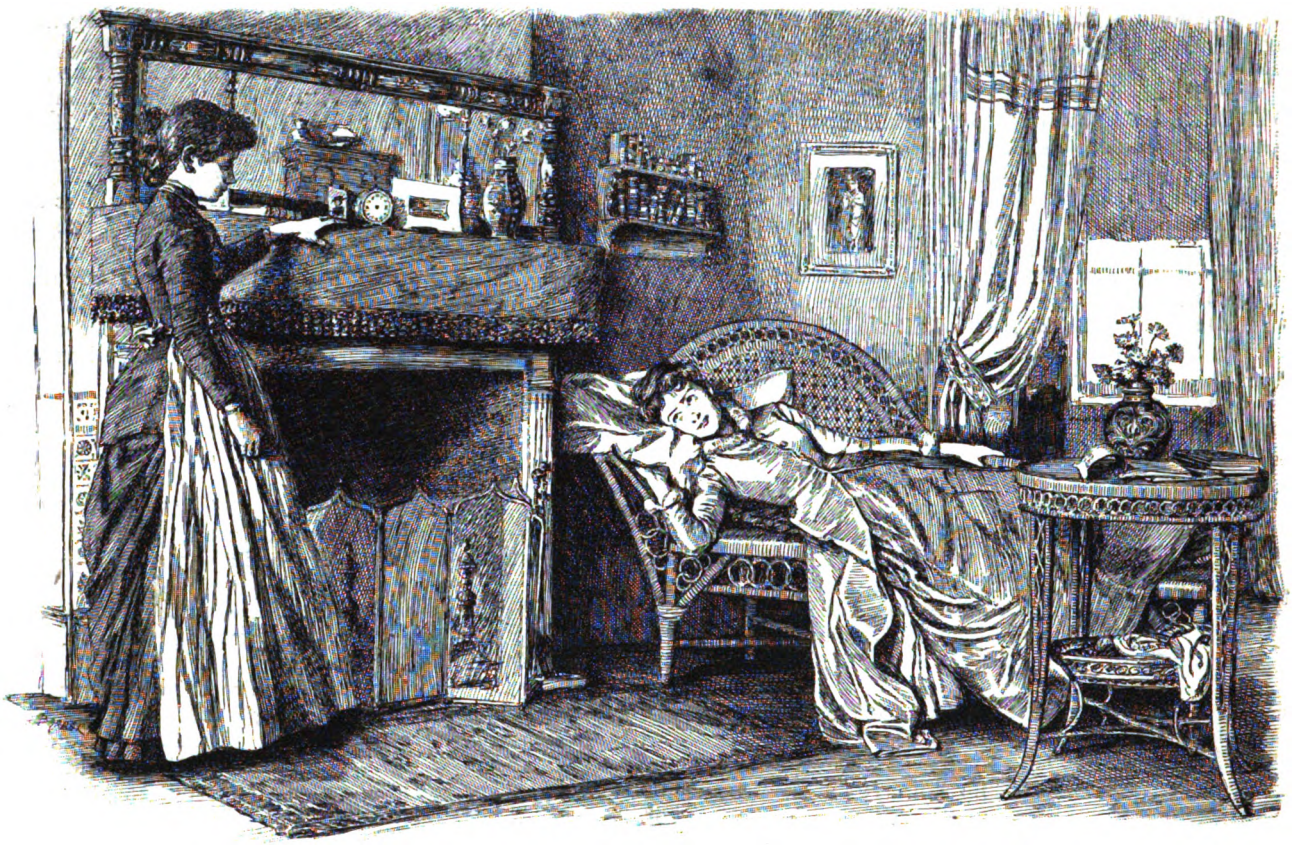
"Yes, indeed!" was the answer. "I wonder how you thought it out, Phyl, lying there suffering so much, too."

Phyllis looked grave a moment. "Why, I shouldn't have thought it possible," she said, presently, "if I hadn't known what a rock of common-sense and *working* sense Nan is, and if I hadn't seen how splendidly you were managing, Lollie."

Laura's cheeks colored with satisfaction.

"Oh, Phyl," she said, in a low tone, standing looking

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"'OH, PHYL, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GLAD I AM TO HAVE YOU FEEL THAT WAY.'"

down into the fire, "you don't know how glad I am to have you feel that way. It's so long since I felt I could be or do anything for anybody! But oh, how I've wished to show you what I might do if I had the chance!"

"Dear Lollie," Phyllis said, tenderly, "the 'chance,' as you call it, always comes to us, if we deserve it, and ask Him for it; and yes, you have yours now, dear little sister!" and Phyllis held out her hand and drew Laura toward her, kissing her in a quiet though deep-hearted way.

"There are the wheels! Is it Nan or Annie Vandort? Oh," added Phyllis, with a sudden exclamation, "I forget I can't move! Shall I ever learn that I am helpless?"

It was Miss Vandort, whom they had invited to share in their councils at this critical time.

Laura and Joan were fascinated by her at once. The tall young lady of Brightwoods seemed just as much in her proper element here, where, for all of Laura's activity, the little household was rather disjointed, and the fact that for two years past Mr. Rolf's affairs had been growing more and more involved was apparent in the shabbiness of the furniture, the many deficiencies throughout the whole house; but in five minutes, as Joan said later, they saw she was one who "didn't mind." She stood before the fire in the parlor pulling off her gloves and laying aside her seal-skin cloak and toque, talking with Laura and Joan as if she had known them for years, and before the party reached Phyllis's room the sound of pleasant voices and laughter floated in to the invalid, making her feel that Annie Vandort had made good her welcome already.

Leaving the elder girls together, Joan rushed down to wait for Nan, whom Dr. Rogers was driving over from Rolf House, and who, in her eagerness to see the College Street party once more, had quite forgotten to be dismal over the fact that they were, to quote the now witty Alfred, "honest and well-meaning paupers." Without telling her of Phyllis's plan, Dr. Rogers had explained already to Nan just the state of affairs. The Farquhars were eager to take possession of their new property, and it was needless for him to say they intended to do nothing for any of their young relations. The Doctor never told any of the girls of his long letter to Mr. Farquhar, suggesting that between them they might place the little family in better circumstances, for it had been answered by a few curt lines of such definite refusal that the honest Doctor's blood boiled with indignation. Phyllis would not be talked into his doing more than give counsel and such help as they needed in deciding and arranging their future.

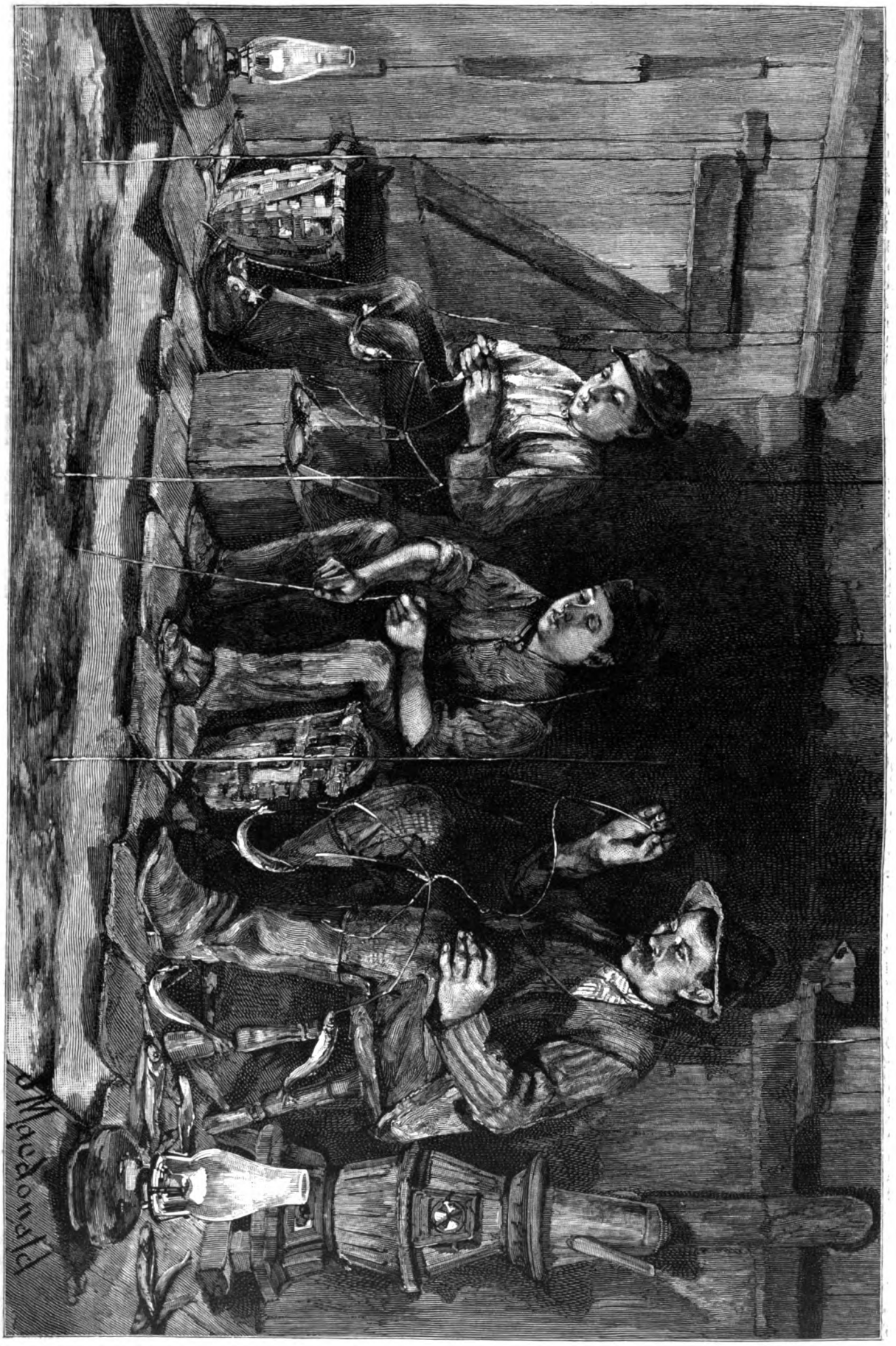
Then came in Mrs. Vandort's prompt and loving offers—made through Annie. Brightwoods was offered as a home for Phyllis, and schools were talked of for the others; but again Phyllis had been grateful, but firm. "Let us *try*," she had pleaded with her old friend, the Doctor; and he had gone home to his six-o'clock tea to declare to his sister that perhaps Miss Rolf was wiser than they thought. "For," he said, "it's wonderful what a stock of bravery those girls are showing. I'd always regarded Phyllis as rather vain and consequential, or, that is, apt to hold that pretty, dainty head of hers too high; but here she is actually forgetting all her fine-ladyism, and coming out the true blue."

What he wanted to impress upon Nan chiefly, as they drove along the wintry road, was just how the money matters stood. The College Street family would have about seven hundred dollars, and five hundred remained to Nan's credit in the bank.

"And I suppose, little woman," he concluded, as they drew up before the door, which Joan opened at once, "you will think best to join forces here; but remember one thing, childie, sister Amy and I wanted you to be with us, and any time our door stands open for you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE FISHING CAMP.—SEE "BOYS' WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA," PAGE 314.

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## BOYS' WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

### II.—SMELT-FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

ANDRÉ THIBAULT'S liking for Ben and Bob Archer was increased rather than diminished as he became better acquainted with them, and he spared no effort to keep the promise he had made, while they were building the log cabin, to teach them something of woodcraft, and to try and make their first Canadian winter a pleasant one.

During the Christmas holidays, when all the other boys of the school had gone to their homes, the young Archers, who for the first time in their lives had no home to go to, were beginning to feel a little lonely. So when, on a certain Thursday, André said to them, "Boys, how you like go fishing, eh? stay all night, help me catch heap l'éperlan for Friday?" Ben answered, "Of course we should like it," and Bob, who was always ready for anything, exclaimed, "Yes, indeed; it 'll be jolly; but what's l'éperlan, André?"

"Feesh—leetle feesh—vat you call smelts," answered the good-natured Canadian, laughing.

"And where are we going to stay all night?"

"Out on river, in shanty—my feesh shanty. Plenty warm, plenty eat, plenty sleep, plenty feesh," was the reassuring answer.

Mr. Dubois readily gave his consent to their going, for he knew André to be a trusty fellow who would take good care of them, and the boys at once began their preparations.

One of the light toboggans that in Canada take the place of sleds was loaded with blankets and a bountiful supply of provisions, warm clothing was put on, and skate straps were examined; for they were to go down the river on the ice, from which the wind had blown most of the snow, and soon after dinner everything was in readiness for the start. André dragged the loaded toboggan, while the boys took turns at a second, on which were two large empty fish baskets and a light axe.

Going directly to the river, they all put on their skates, and were quickly off for a long race over its frozen surface. The St. Lawrence was here about five miles wide, and presented only a vast white surface that glistened in the clear sunlight as far as the eye could see. For a month the weather had been intensely cold, the mercury often falling twenty and thirty degrees below zero, and the ice was several feet thick. On this day the thermometer registered a few degrees above zero, and the boys soon became thoroughly warmed with their splendid exercise, though the cold was still so great as to cause the thick ice to crack every now and then with sharp, startling reports.

"How far are we going, André?" asked Ben.

"Six—seven mile—au Point Poisson."

"But how on earth are we going to fish with the ice three feet thick is what I can't understand," said Bob.

"Cut hole, my shanty, you see," said André, who never wasted words.

So the boys skated on without asking any more questions, and in less than two hours they reached a little rough board shanty that stood all alone on the great white plain of the river, about half a mile from the outer end of a long, heavily wooded point of land.

Quickly unloading the toboggans, and placing the things they had brought with them inside the shanty, they started for land to get fire-wood for the night. The short winter day was nearly ended, and the sun had already set when they returned to the shanty, dragging the toboggans piled with sticks of dry birch cut to the size of stove wood.

As soon as they stopped exercising, the boys began to feel the bitter chill of the night air, and they were very glad to see André light a fire in the little old stove that stood in one corner of the shanty. Besides the stove the shanty contained several boxes, a dilapidated chair without any back, a large can of oil, two lamps, and in one corner a pile of balsam boughs, over which were thrown a couple of buffalo-robes. On the opposite side of the room from this rude but soft and sweet-scented couch was a hole in the floor, about three feet wide, and extending nearly the whole length of the shanty. Through it the boys saw that the ice beneath differed from that outside by being smooth, black, and apparently but a few inches thick.

André explained that this was his fishing hole, and that the ice over it was thin because it had already been cut out several times that winter. He also told them that he kept his shanty on shore during the summer, and dragged it out to the channel as soon as the ice was strong enough to bear a team of horses in the winter.

After getting the fire well started, he produced a tin pot, some tin plates and cups, knives, forks, spoons, a piece of bacon, a package of tea, and some maple sugar from one of the boxes. The boys lit the lamps, and spread out the cold lunch they had brought with them, while André made a steaming hot pot of tea, and fried the bacon. Then they had supper, and with appetites sharpened by their active exercise in the clear cold air, it seemed to the boys that nothing had ever tasted so good.

At last the meal was over, and while the boys cleaned and put away the few supper dishes, André chopped out all the ice that showed through the big hole in the floor. When he had finished, and it had all been carried off by the current, a clear space of dark water, that gurgled with the flow of the tide, lay at their feet.

Then André set the lamps on the floor, one at each end of this open space, so that it was brightly lighted up by them, and from another of the boxes he produced six fish-lines. Each of these had a four-pronged spreader of wire made fast to one end, and to each of these prongs was attached a small hook, about the size of those used in catching brook-trout.

The six lines, two for each of the fishermen, were made fast to nails driven into a beam overhead, the twenty-four hooks were baited with small pieces cut from a fresh hog's liver that André had brought with him, and which he said was "vere tough an' good for l'éperlan," and the spreaders were thrown into the water.

They had hardly sunk when, with a quick exclamation, Ben, who sat on a box next to André, began to haul in one of his lines. Two beautifully silvered little fish, that André said were smelts, were drawn to the surface, and Ben felt very proud at having caught the first. Then Bob pulled up four at once, and for the next ten minutes all three were kept busy catching the hungry little fish as fast as they could haul them in. Suddenly they seemed to have left that part of the river, and for a quarter of an hour not a bite was had.

"Some big feesh chase l'éperlan away," said André.

After a while they came back again, attracted by the glare of light on the water and the smell of the bait, and, after that, business was brisk for several hours, until André said they had all the fish they could possibly carry back to the village.

Then all three of the fishermen lay down on the fragrant balsam couch and slept until morning as peacefully as though they were in their own beds at home, instead of away out on the frozen St. Lawrence.

The first peep of daylight found André up lighting the fire and making coffee. After breakfast, just as the sun was flooding the frozen river with its first rays of red light, they closed the little shanty, and, leaving it again to its lonesomeness, started with their heavily laden toboggans for Beauvoir.

They reached home by nine o'clock in the gayest of spirits, André being happy because he had so many smelts to sell, and the Archer boys delighted with the novel experience through which they had just passed.

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# How Dame Margery Twist saw more than was good for her,

BY HOWARD PYLE.

DAME MARGERY TWIST, of Tavistock town, was a good, gossiping, chattering old soul, whose hen never hatched a chick but all of the neighbors knew of it, as the saying goes. The poor old creature had only one eye; how she lost the other you shall presently hear, and also how her wonderful tulip garden became like anybody else's tulip garden.

Dame Margery Twist lived all alone with a great tabby cat. She dwelt in a little cottage that stood back from the road, and just across the way from the butcher's shop. All within was as neat and as bright as a new pin, so that it was a delight just to look upon the row of blue dishes upon the dresser, the pewter pipkins as bright as silver, or the sanded floor as clean as your mother's table. Over the cottage twined sweet woodbines, so that the air was laden with their fragrance in the summer-time, when the busy yellow-legged bees droned amidst the blossoms from the two hives that stood against the wall. But the wonder of the garden was the tulip bed, for there were no tulips in all England like them, and folks came from far and near only to look upon them and to smell their fragrance.

Now this was the secret of the dame's fine tulip bed: the fairies dwelt amongst the flowers, and she often told her gossips how that she could hear the fairy mothers singing their babies to sleep at night when the moon was full and the evening was warm. She had never seen the little folks herself, for few mortals are allowed to look upon them, and Dame Margery's eyes were not of that nature. Nevertheless she heard them, and that, in my opinion, is the next best thing to seeing them.

Dame Margery Twist was the best nurse in all of Tavistock town. She was always ready to bring a sick body into good health again, and was always paid well for the nursing.

One evening the dame was drinking her tea by herself with great comfort. There came a knock at the door. "Who is it?" said Dame Margery.

"It's Tommy Lamb, please, ma'am," said a little voice.

"What is it you want, Tommy?" said the dame.

"If you please, ma'am, there's a little gentleman outside, no taller than I be; he gave me this box, and told me to tell you to rub your eyes with the salve, and then to come out to him."

The dame looked out of the window, but never a body stood there that she could see. "Where is the gentleman, dearie?" said she.

"Yonder he is, with a great white horse standing beside him," said Tommy Lamb; and he pointed with his finger as he spoke.

The dame rubbed her eyes and looked again, but never a thing did she see but the green gate, the lilac-bushes, and the butcher's shop opposite.

"Well," said Dame Margery to herself, "this is strange, for sure! I see no little old gentleman in green." Then she opened the box that she held, and looked into it, and saw that it was filled with a green salve. "I'll rub some of it on my eyes, at any rate," said she; whereupon she did so. Then she looked again, and, lo and behold! there stood a little old man no taller than Tommy Lamb. His face was as brown and as withered and as wrinkled as a winter's crab-apple left on the bare tree when the frost is about. He was dressed all in green from top to toe, and on his head was a tall green cap with a bell at the peak, which tinkled at every movement of his head. By his side stood a great, tall, milk-white horse, with a long tail and mane tied with party-colored ribbons.

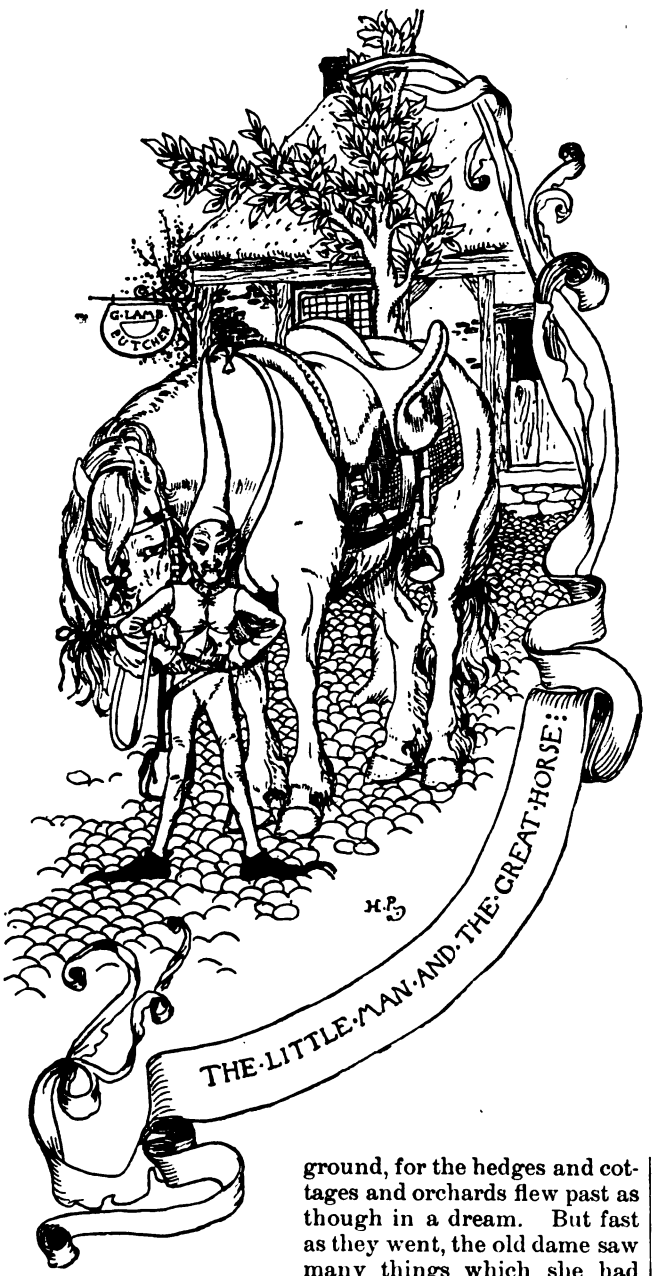
Dame Margery went out to the little old gentleman in green, and asked him what he would have with her. He told the dame that his wife was sorely sick, and that he




wanted her to come and nurse her for the night. At this Dame Margery hemmed and hawed and shook her head, for she did not like the thought of going out at night, she knew not where, and with such a strange little body. At last he persuaded her to go, promising her a good reward if she would nurse his wife back into her health again. So the dame went back into the cottage to make ready for her journey. After this she came out again, and climbed up behind the little man in green, and so settled herself upon the pillion-saddle for her ride. Then the little man whistled to his horse, and away they went.

They seemed to fly rather than ride upon the hard

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ground, for the hedges and cottages and orchards flew past as though in a dream. But fast as they went, the old dame saw many things which she had never dreamed of before. She saw all of the hedge-rows, the by-ways, the woods and fields, alive with fairy folk. Each little body was busy upon his or her own business—laughing, chatting, talking, and running here and there like folks on a market-day.

So they came at last to a place which the dame knew was the Three-tree Hill; but it was not the Three-tree Hill which she had seen in all of her life before, for a great gateway seemed to open into it, and it was into this gateway that the little man in green urged the great white horse.

After they had entered the hill, Dame Margery climbed down from the pillion and stood looking about her. Then she saw that she was in a great hall, the walls of which were glistening with gold and silver, while bright stones gleamed like so many stars all over the roof of the place. In the corner of the room was a bed all of pure gold, and over the bed were spread coverlets of gold and silver cloth, and in the bed lay a beautiful little lady, very white and ill.

The dame nursed the fairy lady all that night, and by cock-crow in the morning the little woman had ease from her pain.

Then the little man spoke for the first time since Dame Margery had left home. "Look 'ee, Dame Margery," said he, "I promised to pay you well, and I will keep my word. Come hither." So the dame went to him as he had bidden her to do, and the little man filled her reticule with black coals from the hearth. After this she climbed up on the great horse again, and behind the little man, and they rode out of the place, and home, where they were, safe and sound, ere the day had fairly broke. But before the little man had left her, he drew out another little box, just like the one that Tommy Lamb had brought her the evening before, only this time the box was filled with red ointment. "Rub your eyes with this, Dame Margery," said he.

Now Dame Margery Twist knew butter from cheese, as the saying is. She knew that the green salve was of a kind which very few people have had rubbed over their eyes in this world; that it was of a kind which poets would give their ears to possess, even were it a lump no larger than a pea. So when she took the box of red ointment she only rubbed one eye with it—her left eye. Her right eye she pretended to rub, but in truth she never touched it at all.

Then the little man got upon his horse again, and rode away to his home in the hill.

After he had gone away, Dame Margery thought that she would empty her reticule of the dirty black coals. So she turned it topsy-turvy, and shook it over the hearth, and out tumbled—black coals? No; great lumps of pure gold that shone bright yellow like fire in the light of the candle. The good dame could scarcely believe her eyes, for here was wealth enough to keep her in comfort for all the rest of her days.

The next night was full moon, and Dame Margery came and looked out over the fine bed of tulips, of which she was very proud. "Heyday!" she cried, and rubbed her eyes, in doubt as to whether she was asleep or awake, for the whole place was alive with little folks.

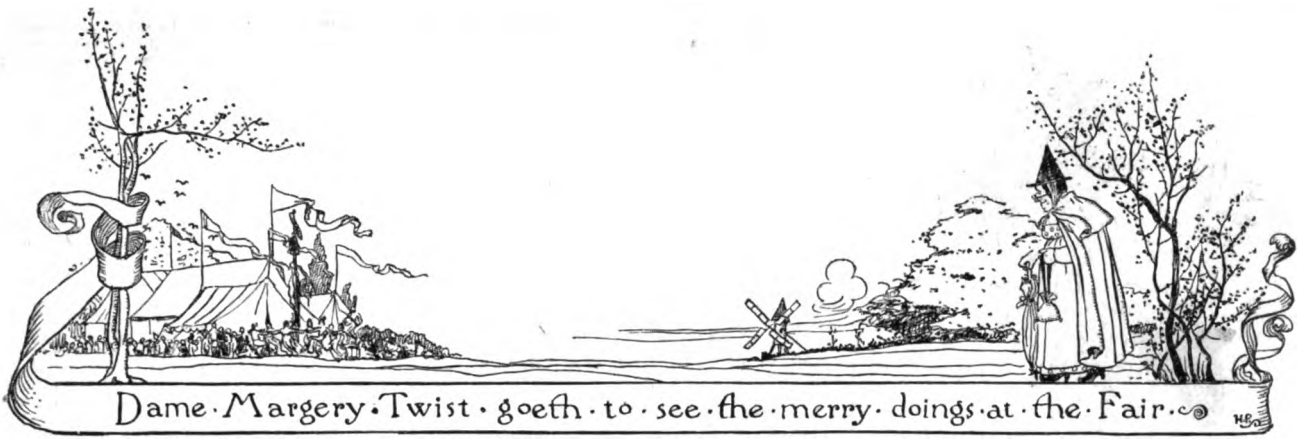
But she was awake, and it was certain that she saw them. So the dame leaned out of the window, watching them with great delight, for it is always a delight to watch the little folks at their sports.

After a while she saw where one hid himself under a leaf, whilst the others, who were to seek him, looked up and down and high and low, but could find him nowhere. Then the old dame called out, in a loud voice, "Look under the leaf, Black-cap."

The words were no sooner out of her mouth than, whisk! whirr! off they scampered, out of the garden and away—fathers, mothers, children, babies, all—crying, in their shrill voices, "She sees us! she sees us!" For fairies are very



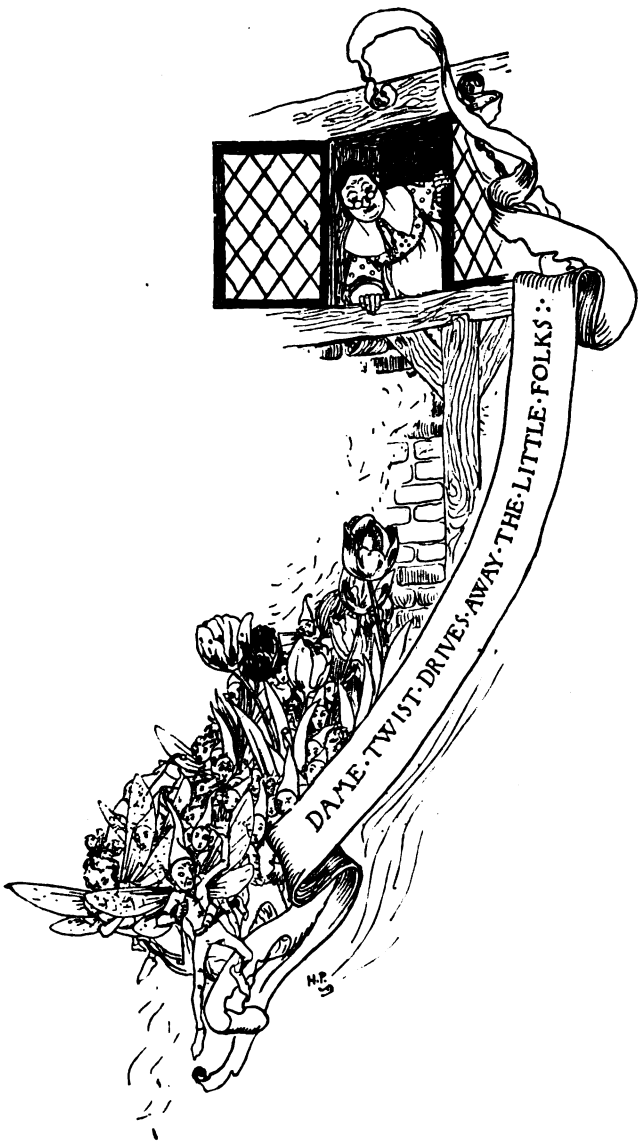

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timid folk, and dread nothing more than to have mortals see them in their own shapes.

So they never came back again to the dame's garden, and from that day to this her tulips have been like everybody else's tulips.

Now, about twelve months after the time that the dame had nursed the fairy lady, the great fair was held at Tavistock. All the world and his wife were there, so, of course, Dame Margery went also. In the great tent the country people had spread out their goods—butter, cheese, eggs, honey, and the like, making as goodly a show as you would want to see. Dame Margery was in her glory, for she had people to gossip with everywhere; so she went hither and thither, and at last into the great tent where these things of which I have spoken were all spread out for show.




Then, lo and behold! whom should she see, gliding here and there amongst the crowd of other people, but the little man in green whom she had seen a year ago? She opened her eyes mightily wide, for she saw that he was doing a strange thing. By his side hung a little earthenware pot, and in his hand he held a little wooden scraper, which he passed over the rolls of butter, afterward putting that which he scraped from the rolls into the pot that hung beside him. Dame Margery peeped into the pot, and saw that it was half full; then she could contain herself no longer.

"Heyday, neighbor," cried she, "here be pretty doings, truly! Out upon thee, to go scraping good luck and full measure off of other folk's butter!"

When the little man in green heard the dame speak to him, he was so amazed that he nearly dropped his wooden scraper. "Why, Dame Margery, can you see me, then?"

"Aye, marry can I, and what you are about doing also. Out upon you, say I."

"Which eye do you see me with?" said he.

"With this eye, gossip, and very clearly, I would have you know;" and she pointed to her right eye.




Then the little man swelled out his cheeks until they were like two little brown dumplings. Puff! he blew a breath into the good dame's eye. Puff! he blew, and if the dame's eye had been a candle, the light of it could not have gone out sooner.

The dame felt no smart, but she might wink, and wink, and wink again, but she would never wink sight into the eye upon which the little man had blown his breath.

Dame Margery Twist never greatly missed the sight of that eye, but, all the same, I would give both of mine for it.

All of these things are told at Tavistock town even to this day, and if you go thither you may hear them for yourself.

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## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

SHIMLAN, MOUNT LEBANON, SYRIA.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Our school is in a large room. From one window we look down to the Mediterranean; from the other, to the top of Lebanon. Our teacher wears a cap and spectacles, and sits in a rocking-chair before her table. There is a large table for the first class—that's Jennie; a desk for the second class—that's Theodore; a low table and little rocking-chair for the third class—that's me. I study geography and history, Common Things, French, and arithmetic. I am reviewing fractions, and so many rules are very bothering. Friday afternoon we learn poetry or write compositions. Saturday we draw from copies. I like to draw from fancy, not from lessons. Sister Jennie gives me music lessons. Jennie and Theodore have Latin with papa every other day. In one corner is a little two-story play-house for the fourth class—that is Elsie; but she does not come here often in school-time, though she knows her letters, and can make some of them on her slate. She has another play-house in the nursery. I could write a whole letter about Elsie, she is so cunning. We have Bible lessons and hymns and catechism with mamma, and she reads to us history and travels and biography. We have just finished Ole Bull, and now we are reading Mrs. Somerville. We do not see any Frank children for six months, and we have nowhere to go evenings, and no one to come in, so we read aloud, and do fancy-work, and have nice games. We keep Christmas and all of our birthdays, and are very busy making presents; that is the way we learn to sew and do many kinds of work, and there is fun in surprising each other. I will be nine on my birthday next June. Last week we had a birthday, and we children gathered sixty-one roses to put around the cake. Last summer we had Arabic lessons. Of course we talk it fast enough, but to read it is like another language, for the book words are very different. When I have practiced more I will send you an Arabic letter. I send you a card of ferns and one of daisies, which I mounted, and Theodore sends you one of anemones, which he made. I send you a picture I drew of Jennie on her pony and of me gathering flowers, and one of the little carriage I would *like* to have, now that the carriage road to Shimlan is finished. I send you some Arab bread; you can eat it with olives or with sour orange and salt. Next time I will write you about our plays and fun out-doors and in the house.

Your little friend, EDITH M. P.

Possibly some of my little readers may be puzzled to know just what Edith means by the phrase "Frank children." Let me explain it. The term Frank is applied by the Turks, Egyptians, and other people of the East to the Western nations—the English, French, German, Italian, and others—and of course to Americans. Long, long ago, as you who study history remember, a race of Germans called Franks conquered France and settled there. From the word Frank we get franchise, which means free. No American or Englishman would part with the franchise, or his privilege of sharing in the government of his country. But perhaps this is too deep for some of you.

The Arab bread was very nice—something like a wafer in its brittleness. I wish there had been enough to go round the whole Post-office Box circle. And the beautiful pressed ferns and flowers and the little drawing were graceful additions to your letter, which is very welcome to thousands of children. I'm a wee bit afraid to have you send me an Arabic letter, dear, for I haven't had your advantages, and it would be necessary for me to return it and ask for a translation.

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CARLISLE, CUMBERLAND, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Among your numerous correspondents I see there are some who are nineteen years old, so I thought you would not object to my writing a letter although I am that age. I am very much interested in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. My little pupils (for I am a governess) take it in, and they are very fond of reading it indeed, especially the letters.

I am going to tell you about some little swallows (do you have any in America?) that built in a long passage by the side of our house at home two springs back. They only had a very small space to fly in and out of at the top of the door, and they became so tame that they would fly quite close to our heads, but if they heard a strange voice in the yard they seemed to know directly, and would not come in or go out till they were quite sure that everything was quiet again; they evidently knew us perfectly well. Sometimes a stray swallow invaded their nest, and they would make such a noise, twittering and fluttering about, and would, I believe, have killed the poor unfortunate little invader if we had not got a ladder and removed it. Last year we are almost sure the same birds came back; they seemed to know where to go in and out, and were quite as tame as the year before. Many little swallows migrate to other countries, but some of them spend the winter in Europe, and hide themselves under-ground in marshes (damp, grassy places) and bottoms of rivers, where they remain firmly attached to each other. It is surprising what instinct they must have.

An aunt of mine has a very clever parrot; it says almost anything. Sometimes in the summer, if the hall door happens to be open, it will whistle dogs in, and frequently it has made horses gallop away. It always seems to know meal-times; it can ask for its breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, and generally commences asking for them by saying, "Poor Polly is very hungry"; he wants his dinner," or whatever meal it may be. It was very ill a short time ago, and auntie gave it some brandy, which did it a great deal of good, and ever since then it has been so fond of her, and will sit on her finger or let her do anything she pleases with it, but it will not allow any one else to touch it. I do not think it would be at all particular about biting any one else, but it would never think of touching auntie.

EVA S. P.

Many thanks for your kindness in writing about the swallows. Yes, we have them in America. Among my earliest recollections is the finding of a brood of swallows in the parlor one morning. They had a nest in our chimney, and a violent wind blew it down, with the whole family, and there we children discovered it on the hearth when we came down to breakfast.

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PAISLEY, SCOTLAND.

I am a little boy ten years old. I have just begun taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and think it is very nice. I have one pet, a little dog; it is a very good one. Our first dog was run over. I would like to see this in print, but I must stop, as it is tea-time. I am sending you an enigma that I have made myself. D. C.

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I thought I would write to you for the first time. I had two pets, but one died—it was a blackbird. I have one still, and that is a kitten. I am nearly ten years old. We have several dogs. I go to school, about two hundred yards from our house. My sister takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we both like it very much.

FRANK AITCHISON A.

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BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little boy seven years old, and I have been to school only three weeks, and my papa says you couldn't read my writing, so he is writing for me. I know how to read little stories, and I can do very easy addition. I don't know why all the little boys and girls like "Wakulla" better than "Rolf House"; I like "Rolf House" best. I had a dear little birdie, but my kitty ate it all up. This is the first letter I ever sent, and I hope it won't be too long to print. May I write again? CHARLIE B. S.

Yes, you may.

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PULLMAN, ILLINOIS.

I have just received HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and turning to the Post-office Box, saw a letter from William A. B., of Norwich, New York, who had been in Pullman. I live in that city, and I thought that perhaps a description of it might be interesting to the many readers of this delightful paper.

There was a model of Pullman, fourteen feet long, sent to the World's Exposition at New Orleans; perhaps some of the readers have seen it. A little more than three years ago the ground on which this pretty little city now stands was only a marsh. It borders on Lake Calumet, a small lake connected with Lake Michigan by the Calumet River. My father says he has been here duck-shooting when people thought the land of little value. But a stock company thought this a good site for a town, so they drained the marsh and built the town. Mr. George M. Pullman being president of the company, the town was named for him. It is built entirely of brick, and is often called the "City of Brick." Just on the borders of the town are the brick-yards where all the brick is made. In the "City of Brick" are the Pullman palace-car shops, where most of the residents of Pullman are employed. The principal buildings in the city are the Arcade and Market Building, where most of the business is carried on, and the hotel. On the first floor of the Arcade are the stores, post-office, etc.; on the second, offices and bank, library; and on the third, the theatre and lodge-room. In the Market Building, on the first floor, are meat, vegetable, and fruit markets, etc., as the grocery stores are allowed to keep no fruit or vegetables; above is a hall for entertainments, etc. The hotel is a fine building in the centre of one of the parks; it is named for Mr. Pullman's daughter—Hotel Florence. Near the centre of the town is a water-tower, from which water is conducted from Lake Michigan all over the place. In the eastern part of the town are fine ball grounds, and still farther east is a small island in the lake, on which are the Pullman athletic grounds and boat-house. The rest of the town is composed mainly of residences, all furnished with water and gas. The streets are nicely macadamized, and are named for the four inventors Fulton, Stephenson, Watt, and Morse. A stranger on looking at the town would think it only a small place, but it is built very compactly, all the residences being in blocks, and it contains from seven to eight thousand inhabitants. It is very pretty in summer, with its green parks and terraces, and is kept remarkably clean. The whole town is governed by the Company, and no man is allowed to own a foot of ground in the place. I forgot to say that there is a fine church, built of a green stone from Pennsylvania, and called the "Green-stone Church." There is also an artificial lake, the water of which comes from the exhaust-pipe of the Corliss engine, and is so warm that it never freezes in winter.

DAISY (12 years old).

This letter is quite a model in style, and is a credit to a girl of Daisy's age.

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CHELSEA, S. W., LONDON, ENGLAND.

I have read the letters in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and now I think I should like to write one too. I have two sisters, both younger than myself, and a baby brother. One Saturday my father brought home HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I was so delighted with it that I asked him to buy me the back numbers, which he did, and I have taken it in since. I like "The Lost City" very much. I am afraid there will be not enough room in the Post-office Box for this letter if I make it too long, so now I think I must end it, as I want to see it printed.

JOSEPH S.

I hope Joseph will some day tell us about his school life, and his games when out of school.

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Now for a child's composition:

### THE VIOLET AND THE BROOK.

BY ETHEL C. (AGED 9 YEARS).

One day a violet peeped out from its green mantle. The sun was shining brightly, and all the world looked beautiful. As it looked, the violet's eye fell on a brooklet, which was babbling merrily over the stones. The violet looked at the brook, and then at its own radiant dress. "Ah! poor thing!" it said, "you drudge your life away, while I lead a life of gayety." "You are mistaken, I think," modestly replied the brook, "for I have a free life. I flow through the land, and all welcome me with pleasure. The flowers bow to me, and nod their pretty heads, the sun smiles on me, and the cattle drink my

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waters; so I am very happy." The brooklet babbled on, and the days went by, but where was the violet? A maiden had plucked it and laid it against her shining hair, and there it died, pining for the sunshine and the merry breezes of the meadows; but the brook went on brightening life and making pleasure.

*Moral.*—It is far better to devote life to making others happy, than to spend it in self-pleasure and vanity like the violet.

Ethel has written this wonderfully well, but as the violet is one of my favorites, I feel a wee bit sorry that she chose that modest little flower as an illustration of vanity. Few girls of nine, without help, could have written so well, however, and an older friend assures me that Ethel had no assistance in this effort.

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BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have only taken it in a very short time. I like "The Lost City," and especially the Post-office Box. I have five brothers and two sisters besides myself. I always like to get the new number, which I have on each Saturday. I am ten years old, and I go to school, and I am in the Fourth Standard. I study reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, geography, history, dictation, and grammar. I like school very much. EDITH J.

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ENFIELD, NORTH CAROLINA.

My brother takes your paper, and we like it very much. I think "Wakulla" and "Rolf House" are the prettiest stories. I am eleven years old. I have five brothers and three sisters. One of my sisters is married, and has two little boys named Frank and William. They are very sweet. I live in the country, nine miles from Enfield. Mamma went to Washington city and Baltimore this winter, and enjoyed herself very much. When she returned she brought me a book called *Tales from Shakespeare*, which is very interesting. Christmas I received candy, nuts, raisins, a cup and saucer, doll, work-box, card, and a package of pop-crackers. Mamma teaches my brother and myself. I have no pets. One morning, two or three winters ago, one of my brothers went down in the field and found a little young lamb almost frozen. He laid it down by the fire and gave it some milk, and after a while it got up and walked about. He gave it to me, but it died in three days. It was the only pet I ever had, and I was very sorry to lose it. My brother has a little black dog named Rab. It seems to me that you receive so many letters that some may not be welcome, but I hope this one will. Lovingly, your little friend.

KATE DEANE P.

Indeed, dear, all are welcome. I hope your next pet may live and thrive.

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MARIETTA, OHIO.

I have written to the Postmistress before, but my letters have not been published, so I thought I would try again. We are having splendid coasting now, and go very fast down-hill. We start at Fifth Street and go to Third Street. The boys have put water on the street, and it is frozen, and of course it makes us go all the faster on our sleds. We have five double-runners on the track, and sometimes there are a dozen or more persons on one double-runner. I go to school every day, and study reading, spelling, geography, and German. I can speak German, but not very well. I am eleven years old now, and will be twelve in September. BLANCHE N. L.

Your fun in the snow is over for this year. What are your summer sports?

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HOPEWELL, PENNSYLVANIA.

I do not think my papa could have given me a nicer Christmas present than HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it very much. I have been getting it for seven weeks. I like the Post-office Box very much. I count the days from Tuesday to Tuesday for the paper. The stories almost always leave off at the most interesting places, and then we have to wait a whole week before we know what is coming next. I am nine years old. My papa is the minister here. We have lived here three years, and will have to move away this spring. I go to the High School here. I think it was a nice little girl who wrote "Silverhair's Journey"; I liked it very much.

FOSTER P.

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PALMYRA, NEW YORK.

This is the first time I have written to you. I think I could not do without HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. The older people seem to enjoy it very much, for grandma and auntie and mamma read it every week. Did you ever see a dog climb a tree? My uncle has one that can run away up in the branches of a willow. He learned this trick by chasing squirrels. I enjoy reading the Post-office Box very much; I find from it what Harper's young people are doing, not only in this country, but across the water. I have a little five-year-old sister, whose name is Catherine, and we call her Sweet. I am eight and a half years old, and go to school. It has been so cold this winter that I have had to stay at home several times. FRED A. C.

What an astonishing dog! Kiss Sweet for me, please.

---

### KITE-TIME.

A hurry, a scurry, a rush, and a flurry—
It's real March weather; let nobody worry.
It's a bit of a snow-squall, a dash and a splash,
As the rain strikes the pane, and the wind shakes the sash.
Hurrah for old March! though he bluster, he's jolly.
To make a great fuss when the wind blows is folly.

Who cares for his clatter? it's no such great matter;
He has days when the sun-rays sweet May-time would flatter.
And the boys have their joys; they are full of delight
When March sets each fellow to flying his kite.

---

SIMCOE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

I am a little boy eight years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years. I have no pets to speak of, but my brother has a little dog named Ruby. I have three brothers and three sisters. One of my brothers is in Montana. I go to a private school where there are twenty pupils; I study reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. My teacher has a dog named Pike, and a cat named Harry. RODERICK M.

---

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl nine years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I have no pets except a black cat which belongs to my aunt. I had a pet chicken, but it got lost. I have quite a number of dolls; one is as large as a two-year-old child; it has a wax face, blue eyes, and dark hair. I go to school, and cipher in division and study geography and Third Reader.

BESSIE G. B.

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BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I am a very little girl four years old. Brother has a donkey, which sings, and I have a parrot that talks, and thirty dolls. Don't you think that is a great many? Now I must stop. I have stopped. FRANCES S.

This letter was printed in very large letters by very small fingers.

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BRIDGETON, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl ten years old, and as I never saw a letter from this place, I thought I would write one. I go to school, and take geography, arithmetic, reading, spelling, map-drawing, drawing, and grammar. I have a brother thirteen years old, and a sister eight. I have four dolls, whose names are May, Abbie, Jennie, and Lucy, and I have also a cat. I am making a chair tidy of crazy-work, and have just begun it; my sister Bessie is making one too. Mabel H., Florence E., and myself have a club; its name is T. G. P. C. Can you guess it? Good-by. EMMA G. R.

You will have to tell me, I fancy.

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**Carleton C., Baltimore:** We have an article on the subject you mention, which will soon be published.—**Vernie C. W.:** Blossom is a very poetic name for a kitten.—**Nellie B. McC.:** If the stories "left off," as you say, in places which were not interesting, it would be much worse, would it not?—**Stevie H. McC.** and **Louis R. L.:** You are good boys to write to me.—**Curley:** I prefer dogs which say "Bow-wow" loudly to those which howl and whine; do not you?—**Mabel D., E. Aubrey R.:** Thanks to you both.—I think roller-skating rather dangerous, dear.—**Blanche R.:** I was pleased to hear of your girls' club. What do you do at the meetings?—**Estelle N.:** You wrote a very nice little letter.—The puzzle sent by **Andrew** and **Della K.** shall soon appear. I am sorry you had such trouble with the pretty brood of chickens, but nobody is secure from disappointment, and you have a great many pets. Won't you write again?—**Sophie** is the possessor of a collie dog, and has a canary also.—**Allen K.:** Bless the boy; didn't know when my birthday came, but sent me a pretty card to keep for the occasion. It happened to arrive very near the right time. Allen is an admirer, I trust not an imitator, of that queer youth Jimmy Brown.—From Blackfoot, Idaho, **Fred, James, Will, Francis,** and **Charlie J.,** five brothers, write that they have a great deal of fun and no end of noise in their home, which is on a cattle ranch fifteen miles from the nearest town. They have seventy-five head of cattle to care for, and are kept busy. A lady teacher has been engaged to instruct these boys, and I am sure they will form a guard of honor to protect her from danger.—**Annie L. P.** has a precious little sister named Alice, and has several pets besides.—**Maudie E. C.:** Do not feel sorry, dear, that I can not find a place for your letter. I am very glad you like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE so much.—**Stella L. D.:** Tell mamma no, not yet, but the author of whom she inquires may publish a book on that subject after a while.—**Lillie C. C., Lulie S., William H. B., Walter M. F., Anna N., M. Eugenia P., Ralph H., W.** (what a good hand you write!), **Mabel V., Sallie M., Helen D., Beatrice C., Lillian F., Harry M., Maud M. P., Ora D., Arthur J. B., Julia B., Azalea B. C., Jessie F., Lillie M. S., Nellie S., F. B. L., Charles S., Harry Holroyd S., Arthur C., C. H. C., Mary K. T., Josephine F., Ellen W. C.** (write a letter, dear, describing the pleasantest journey you have ever taken), **Ida S., Edith F. W., Lillian N. W., Willie H. S.** (what does your Polly say?), **Mary D.,** and **Katie H.** will please accept thanks.

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

REVERSIONS.

1. Reverse to dwell, and leave calamity. 2. Reverse space, and leave a marsh. 3. Reverse a period, and leave to send out. 4. Reverse to feast, and leave a mechanical power. 5. Reverse a small pond, and leave a noose. 6. Reverse a swift and graceful animal, and leave a musical instrument.

JAMES CONNOR.

### No. 2.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—My first in fawn, but not in cringe.
My second in paint, but not in tinge.
My third in use and in abuse.
My fourth in let, but not in choose.
My fifth in tea and also in toast.
My sixth in sea, in shore, in coast.
My whole, alas, we all possess,
Yet few are willing to confess.

LENNIE M. H.

2.—First in pear, not in fruit.
Second in shoe, not in boot.
Third in Nat, not in Sue.
Fourth in color, not in hue.
Fifth in house, not in hut.
Whole is sweeter than a nut.

H. H. WELSH (eight years old).

### No. 3.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. To settle. 3. Sunrise. 4. A portion of the year. 5. A fertilizer. 6. A Latin word meaning four. 7. A letter.

SYDNEY L. KILLIAM.

2.—1. A letter. 2. A dainty. 3. A stream. 4. A fish. 5. A letter. C. F. SWETT.

### No. 4.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of eight letters, and am a city of Japan.
My 1, 6, 3 is a horned beast.
My 5, 8, 7, is part of a pig.
My 2, 5 is an interjection.
My 6, 5, 4, 1 is an expression used by sailors.

N. H. SWAYNE.

### No. 5.

TWO SQUARES.

1.—1. A wharf. 2. One of the United States. 3. A vessel for liquids. 4. Scarce.

2.—1. Part of a ship. 2. Partly open. 3. A grain. 4. A city. ALFRED B.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 278

No. 1.—
C
P O P
R E A R S
P E L L E T S
C O A L I T I O N
P R E T E N D
S T I N T
S O D
N

No. 2.—Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Brown. Rat. Heart. Eliza. Tie. Bin. Brag. Ten.

No. 3.—O-pen. M-ode. C-ore. S-pare. C-lark. S-tone. T-rust.

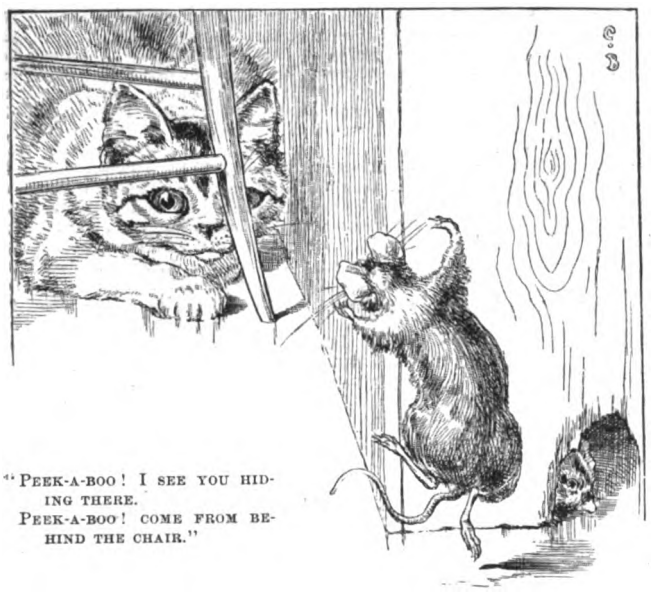
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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Willie H. Abbey, Nora E. Barnhart, Cora and Nelly Swan, Helen W. Gardner, C. F. Swett, George Edward Smith, Willie Austin, S. H. N., Frank C. Lander, Imogene Church, Ida Craig, Willie De Mott, Bertie P., Tamsin Edwards, Eliphalet C., Don G. Lawton, David Hale, D. T. R., Rose Anson, Eddie Pritchard, Charlie A. O., Carlton Stannard, Susie E. Bigelow, Anna Jasper, Linda Chester, and Jack D.

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[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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"PEEK-A-BOO! I SEE YOU HIDING THERE.
PEEK-A-BOO! COME FROM BEHIND THE CHAIR."

## "BOBBING" UNDER PROTECTION OF THE LAW.

SINCE our cousins in Canada instituted their famous Ice Carnival, winter sports all over the country appear to have taken a new lease of life. Tobogganing is now almost as familiar a word in the United States as coasting, and although toboggans may not be as numerous here as they are on the other side of the St. Lawrence, American boys and young men are rapidly pushing the bob sled to the front as an American institution.

Last month the Common Council of Albany, the city of hills as well as the capital of the Empire State, passed an ordinance making it lawful to use, every evening after half past seven, certain streets within the town limits for bobbing or coasting. Therefore doth the heart of the young Albanian rejoice to know that now, instead of running the risk of being arrested for indulging in his favorite pastime, the once-dreaded police are detailed to clear the track for him.

The deepest snow of the season lay on the ground the week this marvellous change was wrought, and every night the favored streets echoed to the shouts of the happy "bobbers" and to the clanging of their gongs of warning.

A "bob," we may here explain for the benefit of some of our readers, is simply a long board set on two independent runners. The picture on the front page of this number shows one of the ordinary kind. The sleds of the Albany boys are provided with appropriate names, such as *Avalanche*, *Polaris*, *Dynamiter*, etc. The largest, called the *Brooklyn Bridge*, measures twenty-nine feet in length, weighs over five hundred pounds, and will carry thirty-three persons. When it is remembered that some of the Albany hills are ten and twelve blocks long, the speed which a "bob" of this description will attain can be imagined. Already, and in spite of every precaution, several accidents have occurred, some resulting fatally. The streets devoted to the sport are lined with spectators, and the horse-cars on a route crossing the favorite avenue are withdrawn early in the evening. On the other hand, many of the citizens are in favor of repealing the law, and it is probable that the privilege of bobbing under legal protection will not last as long as this winter's snow.



A CHANGE OF OPINION.

"See! it don't hurt to hold it up dat way. De old cat allers—"

"Oh yes, it do hurt—yes, it do!"

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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 282. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1885.
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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"THEY FORMED IN PROCESSION OF SINGLE FILE, AND STARTED OVER THE MOUNTAIN."

## MRS. COX'S GARRET.

### A RAINY DAY STORY.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

"RAIN! rain! rain! Oh, bother, boys, what *shall* we do?" said Allan McGregor, stalking restlessly up and down the wide piazza of the comfortable country house where he and his comrades, the Bunker boys, were spending their vacation. Allan was not cross or lazy, nor disposed to find fault; on the contrary he was eager, active, and pleasant-tempered; but the rain had poured unceasingly for many hours, and every one who liked to be out-of-doors was longing for it to stop. Tennis, croquet, and boating had been abandoned for chess, checkers, and "logomachy," till Ned Bunker said his head ached. Louise Bunker was poring over a story-book full of pictures of knights and squires and damsels of "ye ancient time," her yellow hair falling like a veil about her, but she pushed it back as Allan paused near her, and said to him:

"Why don't you dress up, as we girls do, and have a tilt, or a tournament, or something?—just as we have tableaux, you know?"

A little scornful smile appeared upon Ned Bunker's

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brown face as he whistled a waltz and danced with an imaginary partner; but Allan said, quite affably,

"What shall we dress in—our best clothes?"

"Oh no; in costumes; knights and squires and pages, like these pictures. Bessie and I will help make armor, and Mrs. Cox will let us go up to the garret and see what we can find. She has a glorious old garret, full of curious things. I've been there, and seen spots on the floor which are said to be blood-stains from the wounds of Revolutionary soldiers."

"You don't say so! Come on, boys! let's go root around and see what we can find. Three cheers for you, Louise, for your suggestion."

Permission from Mrs. Cox—who was very kind—was soon obtained, and presently the whole troupe, Allan and Rob McGregor, the three Bunker boys, and Louise and Bessie Bunker, were mounting the narrow stairs which led to Mrs. Cox's garret, full of the spirit of exploration and discovery.

The Cox farm was an old one, and the house, though partly rebuilt and added to, had still a look of antiquity about its stone gables, and the date 1756 might be dimly seen carved upon one of its doors.

Many generations had come and gone from under the old roof, and of course left traces of their tastes and habits, so that the Cox garret had become quite famous for its relics, none of which the present owner had been willing to part with, esteeming them of more worth than the paltry sums which covetous bric-à-brac collectors had offered in vain.

"If there's one thing I value more than another," said Mrs. Cox to the children, when she had given them permission to examine her treasures, "it is that fine flowered silk of Grandma Winslow's. She was married in it. Don't take that off the peg, whatever you do; just look at it where it is. I'm so busy making pies I can't go up with you; but you're welcome to all that's in the east end—that's all rubbish, and no good but to play with; but the Dutch clock and the spinet must not be touched; they're on the boundary line 'tween the chimney and the closet."

The children promised to disturb nothing forbidden, and kept their word, looking reverentially at the old faded and time-worn objects, and then setting to work with paste-pot and scissors to construct helmets, visors, shields, and greaves, for Louise had stirred their imaginations, and they were all eager for a fray—all but Allan, who, now that he had satisfied his curiosity, felt as if the work they were engaged on was rather small for him. In truth, he was a big boy of fourteen—older than any of the rest, who ranged from eight to twelve. But he kindly kept his thoughts to himself, and cut and clipped to the satisfaction of all.

"Wouldn't it be nice to do some really heroic deed?" said Louise Bunker, half divining Allan's thought, as she pasted some strips of gilt paper on blue muslin.

"Yes," said Allan, "more than nice; but there's no chance nowadays."

"Not much, to be sure, though I suppose the lady who wore Grandma Winslow's flowered silk had frequent opportunities, such as rescuing prisoners and saving lives and helping the good cause along."

"I haven't seen that dress; is it very quaint?"

"I saw it last year, but it does not seem to be here now, nor several other things—an old sword and a curious old pistol. I think it is strange, and I had better tell Mrs. Cox that I can not find them. Just put this helmet on Regy while I run down-stairs."

By the time Louise returned with Mrs. Cox, whose busy hands had little leisure, all the boys were arrayed in their motley garb, and were brandishing wooden rapiers and battle-axes, while Allan led them through sundry manœuvres supposed to be knightly.

Mrs. Cox looked over her treasures with visible agitation.

"You're not playing tricks on me, I hope," she said, as she opened a chest of drawers, "for there's more missing than Grandma Winslow's gown."

"No, indeed," cried all the children, indignantly. "We haven't touched a thing you told us not to."

"Oh, dear me! then I've been robbed," sighed the old lady. "Who could have been up here? Why, Uncle Peter's snuff-box is gone; so are his silver buckles, and that sword and pistol. Why, I'm sure they were all here yesterday, or was it last week? I forget, and I am so confused that I can't remember."

"There was a man here early this morning," said Bessie Bunker, "begging for something to eat. I saw Minerva give him a piece of pie, and I told her afterward it was wrong to give anything to tramps, but she said you never let anybody go hungry from your door."

Mrs. Cox looked blankly into the eager, sympathizing faces about her, and said, with a long sigh:

"Well, well, well, it's a poor reward for kindness if *he* has taken anything of mine. He used to live in our village, and I knew his father and his grandfather before him. I shall have to see Mr. Green about this. Well, go on with your play, and forget all about it. I must go to my work again." So saying, she turned wearily away and left them. But there was no interest in anything now that could compare with what had transpired, and all turned to Bessie with rapid inquiries.

"What did he look like?" "What kind of eyes?" "What sort of a nose?" "Was he short or tall?" "Stout or thin?"

They were all agreed that the man was a suspicious person, and that he must be dreadfully ferocious, for Bessie said he was ugly and dirty, and wasn't that enough? Besides, she didn't hear him even say "Thank you" for the food given him.

"How I wish I could find out something about him!" said Allan.

"Why don't you try?" queried Louise. "Isn't this just what you and your squires ought to do? Bessie can tell us which way he went. The rain is stopping—just look at the blue sky. You must march on after the enemy, and we girls will go too. Which way did he go, Bess?"

"Right over the mountain."

"Come on, then, boys," said Allan, rising with enthusiasm; "let's go after him."

Down the stairs they all scrambled, and scampered over the wet fields to the narrow lane through the woods, which Bessie said was the path the man had taken. Here Allan paused and organized his motley band.

Ned Bunker was to be first lieutenant, Rob McGregor second, and Teddie and Regy Bunker were non-commissioned officers, the girls being the main body of troops; but suddenly they remembered that these titles were not quite in accordance with their Middle Age armor, and concluded that Allan should be their knight, Ned his esquire, and all the rest faithful retainers. This matter settled, they formed in procession of single file, and started over the mountain, with the intention of making their first halt at a little ruined cottage used as a place of shelter by woodmen during storms.

The supply department had been thought of by the ever-hungry Bessie, who had a store of cookies in her pocket. The woods were very wet, and rained down moisture upon them, and the ferns and mosses drooped and dripped on every side. Not a bird whistled or chirped, and the silence of the forest was made more dismal by the croaking frogs in a distant marsh.

"What shall we do if we come upon him suddenly?" whispered Ned to Allan; "and what are we going to do anyhow?"

"Leave that to me," said Allan, loftily. "I have a plan."

"Hush! I heard something," said Teddie.

They paused, their eyes growing larger, and their faces perhaps whiter, under their pasteboard visors.

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"I think you had all better stay here, while Ned and I make a recon— What do you call it?" said Allan.

They were approaching the little hut as he spoke, but they all gladly hung back—all but Ned and Louise, who kept stoutly beside Allan. A turn of the road now placed them where they could survey a distant opening and the curling smoke from a farm-house. Perhaps this gave them more courage, for all pressed on again—only to stop, however, with a thrill of horror, at the sound of a voice, rough, coarse, and full of malice.

"Into the woods, quick!" commanded Allan.

A slouching form was seen to emerge from the little hut; a man with a big bundle under his arm turned from where the children were hidden, and passed on toward the space where the farm-house could be seen.

In breathless silence they watched his heavy, lumbering tread, not daring to speak till he was out of sight.

"Where's your plan, Al?" asked Ned, provokingly.

"My plan is to give information, when we have any to give, and I think that time has arrived," said Allan, proudly; "but first let us examine the hut."

They crept cautiously up and peered in the little window. What was their surprise to see, lying on some boughs of hemlock, a boy of their own age, pale, thin, and evidently ill.

He looked up with a frightened stare. They certainly were queer in their rudely constructed helmets and visors.

"Who are you?" said the boy, rubbing his eyes.

"We are knightly foresters," said one of the girls, quickly, "come to seek stolen treasure."

The boy shivered perceptibly, and put up a thin hand with a cowering motion.

"I didn't take anything; I told him I wouldn't, and he said I might starve, then. I'm awful hungry, but he's left me here with a broken leg, and I can't move."

The words ended in a sob, and the children looked at him in pitiful amazement. They had all crowded into the hut. Bessie now drew out her cookies, and said, gravely,

"We can not let you starve, but you must tell us who the man is, and where he has put the stolen treasure."

"He will kill me if I do," said the boy, shrinking away.

"No, he shall not," said Allan, boldly; "he would not dare to. Just you eat something, and then you'll feel stronger. If you are honest, we will take care of you."

The boy, thus encouraged, stifled his sobs and ate like a famished wolf. Bessie's cookies soon disappeared. He then told them that his father and mother were dead, and that he had lived with a laborer who worked on the railway; that one day a man came along who urged him to go to the city with him, promising him work and wages, but he had proved to be only a common tramp, who wanted him to beg and to steal, neither of which he was willing to do; that he had broken his leg, and the man was so angry that he had left him there alone.

"Are you sure he won't come back?" asked Regy.

"I don't think he will, but I don't know."

"And has he got a beautiful flowered silk and some silver buckles in his bundle?" asked Louise.

"I can't say," said the boy. "I saw something shiny, but he was so mad at me I didn't dare look twice. Oh, please don't leave me."

The children held a consultation, and agreed it would neither do to leave the boy alone nor let the man escape.

"I'll tell you what," said Allan: "let's make a chair and carry him home. Ned and I can take turns, with Rob, Regy, and Teddie to help. What is your name, boy?"

"Tim Murphy. What's yours?"

"Oh, no matter. We are knights and esquires. Just you put an arm around our necks, and we'll lift you. So—there. Don't mind a little pain, Tim. Now come on. Forward!—march!"

It was a curious sight that met Mrs. Cox's wondering eyes as she stood at her kitchen door, over which the morning-glories bloomed so luxuriantly. The sun was shining brightly, though every blade and bough glittered with the lately fallen rain, when from the woods emerged the little band, bearing in their arms the woe-begone and wretched little wanderer. Every young face beamed with satisfaction and glowed with the ardor of knightly enterprise. Helmets, greaves, and visors having proved annoying, had been cast aside, but not the spirit of heroic adventure which had prompted their errand. Their tale was quickly told. A man was sent off on horseback to Mr. Green, the nearest magistrate, as well as for the surgeon. Tim was washed, fed, and put in a clean and comfortable bed. His story was told and retold, each child having to give his and her version. Then the surgeon came and set the broken leg, and by night the tramp was arrested and lodged in the village jail. Tim's story proved to be true, and Grandma Winslow's bridal gown, the buckles and snuff-box, the sword and pistol, were recovered.

"That was the best rainy day's fun I ever had," said Allan McGregor to Louise Bunker when they met the following summer, "and I guess Tim thinks so too. See how he works for Mrs. Cox; and he's not at all lame, either."

"No; thanks to your knightly deed, he is a strong, healthy boy, and is learning to read as well as to hoe and plough."

"Thanks to you would be more just," said Allan, politely, "for you gave us the happy thought which led us to rescue Tim."

"Thoughts and deeds go hand in hand," said Bessie, "especially when hands have cookies in them."

## ODD FISH IN THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

I MUST begin by telling you that these "odd fish" are very little fish indeed, so small that you could not make out anything about them unless you used a magnifying-glass. But if you do, you will be rewarded by seeing some very wonderful things.

Let us go out into the yard; it does not make much difference whether it is a great country garden, with beds of vegetables edged with flowers and threaded by pleasant walks, or a little narrow, paved, cooped-up city yard; you will be pretty sure to find what we want. Every water-butt and horse-trough, every little puddle left by the rain (if it has stood long enough), is sure to be swarming with one kind or another of these curious little creatures. If you have no such collections of water, look, and perhaps you will find in the shady corner of your yard a wet, slimy green moss coating the bricks. This you will find to be made up of thousands and thousands of little green cells. Each one of these is one of our odd fish, coiled up and asleep. I call them fish, because they live in the water and go swimming about seeking for food, every now and then settling down to the bottom as if they were tired and wanted to go to sleep.

One of the commonest of these—it has a long Latin name which means "first berry"—is also one of the most interesting. The first time I ever saw it I remember my astonishment. I dipped about a tea-spoonful of water out of a little stagnant pool that the rain had left in the garden, and poured it into the crystal of a watch. I put it under my microscope and looked at it. The little round watery world under my eye was all alive with busy creatures darting here and there and everywhere. Among other things I found my queer little "first-berry fish." He was long and pear-shaped, and moved small end foremost. I could not see how he managed it, but I knew where to look to find his swimmers (Fig. 1). Coming out from the two little peaks at the small end there were, I knew, two fine threads, called *cilia* (*d*), meaning eyelashes, because of their shape. With these he whipped through the water,

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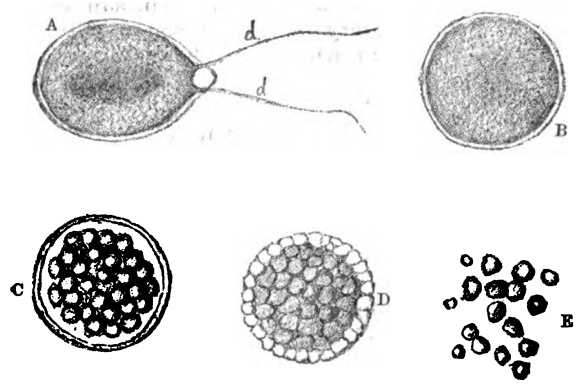



Fig. 1.—First-Berry Fish.
A, Moving; *d*, *d*, *Cilia*; B, Still; C, Multiplying; D, Red Snow Plant; E, Baby Berries, swimming freely.

moving himself along just as you do with your arms when you are swimming.

For a while I could not see the lashes, they were moving so fast, but after a long time one of the funny little fellows seemed to get tired; he "slowed up," and then the eyelashes could be seen. You see in the picture (Fig. 1, A) the berry fish moving; *d*, *d*, are his eyelashes. At B he is coiled up at rest. If you were to keep them and watch them every little while for several days, as I did, you would see a change taking place inside the still cell, B. The whole inner part divides in two, then each of these halves divides again, and so on until the inside jelly is divided up into smaller parts; each one of these parts rounds up until the whole inside of the berry looks like a cluster of small berries (Fig. 1, C) inclosed in the outer shell. Finally the old shell softens and melts away, and then instead of one mother berry you have a whole flock of baby berries that scatter themselves, and soon go lashing about merrily through the water like fish again.

In the same figure, D is another member of the family of berry fish, only he lives in the snow in Greenland and other far north countries. Instead of being green, this snow plant is red, and millions of them scattered through the snow give it a bright red color. I think you must have read something of the wonderful *red snow* in the arctic regions. Now you know the reason why it is so.

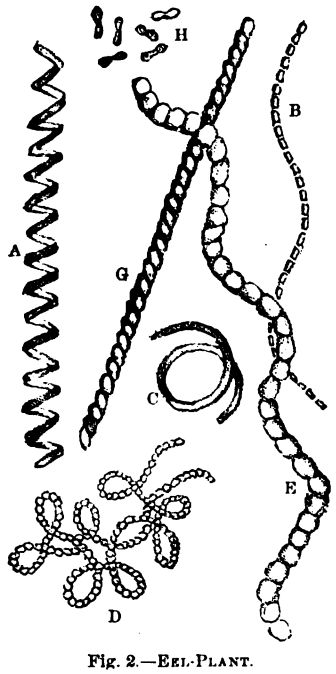



Fig. 2.—Eel-Plant.
A, D, Vibrios; B, C, E, G, Spirillums; H, Bacteria.

In the same little spoonful of water you may be so fortunate as to find another moving thing that looks like an eel as it goes wriggling about among the other fish. These are really stiff spirals, like a furniture spring, only longer and narrower, and move in several different ways: some move one end backward and forward like the pendulum of a clock, others wriggle. The movement that seems to be wriggling is really the turning round and round of the spiral, just as a spinning top turns. Try the movement with a corkscrew held in place at tip and handle and quickly spun around, and you will see for yourself. A great many of them at once turning round in this way

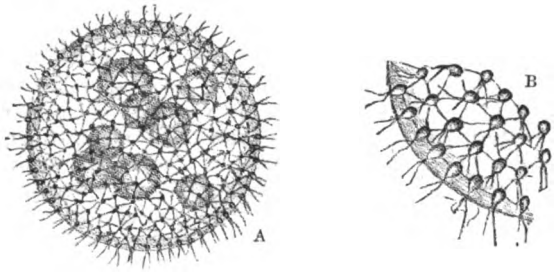



Fig. 3.—A, Colonies of First-Berry Fish; B, Part of the same magnified.

naturally get tangled up into lumps. When one of these is placed on a sheet of paper, the separate little wrigglers often form a star-shaped figure which is very pretty.

Some of the forms here (Fig. 2, H) are the little mischief-makers that get into meat and make it decay and spoil. Bacteria they are called.

If you have ever spent any time at the sea-shore, you must have seen queer lumps of jelly in the sand, and been told, if you were interested enough to ask, that they were

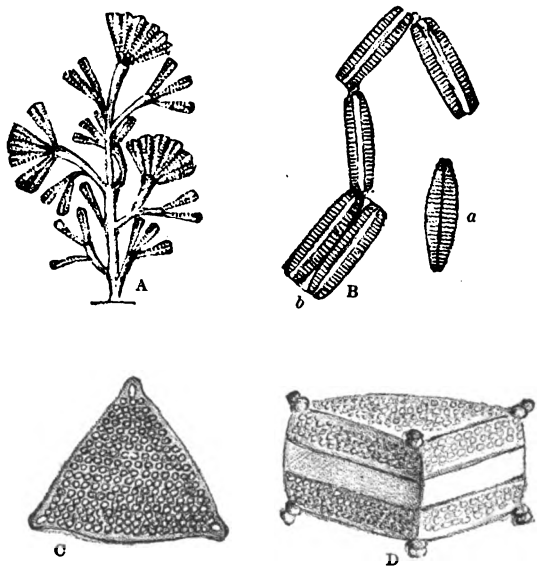



Fig. 4.—Vegetable Shell-Fish.
A, On Stem; B, Fastened by Corners; C, Top of new Box; D, Side View of Box.

jelly-fish. The vegetable world has its jelly-fish too. Sometimes floating on ponds, sometimes on damp or mossy ground, lumps of a clearish jelly will be found, very curious to look at and very mysterious in their coming. They are really a kind of water-plant. All through the mass are rows of round cells, like strings of beads, coiled up in great masses, and held together by the jelly that oozes out of them. A new colony is formed by the jelly's melting up enough to let the strings of cells get free; they

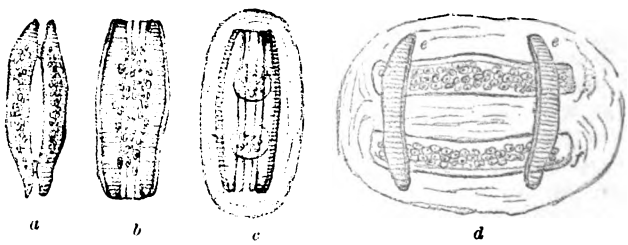



Fig. 5.—Vegetable Shell-Fish.
*a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, Successive stages in the formation of Seed Shell.

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keep on wriggling until they get out of the jelly prison, when they grow and spread, and finally make a new colony like the one they came from. Sometimes a quantity of the dried-out jelly will be lying on a brick walk or some such place. No one would notice it in this state. With the first rain, however, the cells all swell up, and a lump of jelly appears as if by magic. These are sometimes called "fallen stars" by country people, who think they must have fallen from the sky.

The pond in your watch glass may perhaps contain another form, which is interesting to watch without a magnifying-glass, but far more interesting with one. It looks to the naked eye like a little globe, not so large as a pin's head, of nearly clear green glass, with tiny specks of a deeper green through it. It goes rolling over and over and around in the water, not very fast, but pretty much all the time. Now let us put him under the microscope and see what he looks like. We see globes of a deep green inclosed in a lacy net-work of a beautiful pale green color. (Fig. 3, A; B shows this net-work still more magnified.) You can see without my telling you that the net-work is made up of hundreds and hundreds of our little berry fish fastened together by clear bands of a jelly-like material. The smaller and greener balls within the net are new colonies growing up to full size. When this happens, the outer globe bursts and sets the inner globes free, each globe having globes within it like a Chinese ball puzzle.

I wish I could give you a peep through my large microscope at the last kind of fish I am going to show you. These are a sort of vegetable shell-fish, and are found in all kinds of water, salt, fresh, and brackish. In the mountain brooks around West Point they grow in such multitudes that the beds of the streams are covered about one-quarter of an inch with them. Every stone and stick and twig is glistening with them. In other places they have been found in such quantities that the beds of rivers and the mouths of harbors have been choked up with them. The numbers you may get some idea of when I tell you that it takes sixteen millions of some kinds to fill a box one inch each way, and these are a large kind.

Nothing in nature is more wonderful and beautiful, when magnified, than these shells. They are of the purest glass, of every imaginable shape, and ornamented with the most delicate patterns. No drawing can give you an idea of their great beauty. Here are a few of the shells. Some of them grow on stems (Fig. 4, A); some are attached together by their corners, and live in long chains (B); others are free. They are of all sorts of queer shapes. Like the "first berry," they move about, but their movements are a curious jerking advance and retreat.

Now look at Fig. 4, C and D. You see it looks something like a three-cornered box; the upper half-shell is fitted over the lower, just as the lid of a pill box fits over the lower part. Inside is the jelly-like body of the plant. Like others of this family, the plant grows by the living cells enlarging and then dividing up into two. This is easy enough in soft cells, but of course if it were done as we saw it done in the "first berry," the beautiful glass shell would be broken to pieces. Now pay close attention while I try to explain how these curious little things manage to grow and save their shells too. The jelly inside gets bigger; that pushes the lid up and partly off the bottom of the box. To keep any of the jelly from being unprotected, a band like a flat bracelet of glass covers the edges, and grows wider as is needed. All this has been very carefully watched under the microscope. The jelly inside divides into two parts, and then one part of the jelly takes the old lid and the other the old bottom for new lids, and inside the band each builds itself half a new shell. (See Fig. 4, B, *b*.) So two new shell-fish are made out of one; when this is done, the band falls off, whole or in pieces, and leaves them each ready to begin this over again.

Sometimes two of the shells come near to each other and surround themselves with a kind of jelly. After awhile in the midst of this jelly appears a curious-looking shell (Fig. 5, *a*), entirely different from the ones it comes from. This is the seed of new shell-fish plants like those which produced it. The figure gives the changes in this from *a*, where the two shells come together, to *b*, *c*, and *d*, where new seed shell is forming; *e*, *e* are the old shells, *f*, *f* the two new ones.

In the ages long ago these little plants had a good time of it. They grew in such quantities that their shells have made great beds of earth. The city of Richmond in Virginia is built upon such a bed, and millions and millions of them can be found in a handful of the common earth.

## GHOSTS.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

WE have a ghost in our house. He has been there for nearly a week, but we haven't seen him yet.

Ghosts live in old houses, and you scarcely ever find them in a new house. They live in the wall, just like mice, and never come out in the daytime. You might stay in a house that was full of ghosts, all day long, and you wouldn't see one, but just as soon as it gets dark, and everybody has gone to bed, and the house is still, the ghosts come out.



A SOLO ON DE 'CORJUN.

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A ghost can get through a hole that a mouse couldn't get through. This is because a ghost is made of something like fog, that can be squeezed up into almost nothing. Sometimes a ghost will squeeze through a hole in the wall not mornanich wide, and after it gets out it will swell up and look as if it was six feet high and as thick as a fat man.

Mr. Travers says that when once ghosts get into a house it is impossible to get them out again. You may stop up all the holes in the wall, but the ghosts will make new ones, or else hire mice to do it for them. It doesn't do any good to put poison in the holes, either, for a ghost is dead before it gets to be a ghost, and it can't be killed any more. There was once a man who lived in a house that was just swarming with ghosts, and he thought he would give them phosphorus paste, such as people give to mice to make them come out and die on the floor. So he put a lot of phosphorus paste near all the ghost-holes, and in the middle of the night he woke up and saw three or four ghosts that were all shiny, like a magic-lantern picture. You see, the ghosts had eaten the phosphorus paste, and they were so thin that it shone right through them, and didn't hurt them the least bit.

Ghosts can't be caught in traps any more than you could catch a piece of fog in a trap, and there is no use in setting cats to catch them, for a cat is awfully afraid of a ghost, and when she sees one, runs away and puts up her back and uses dreadful language. The only kind of animal that isn't afraid of ghosts is a Scotch terrier. Mr. Travers knew a man who was troubled with ghosts, and who bought a Scotch terrier to sit up with him at night for company. The very next night a tall, thin ghost came out, and the dog went for it, and got it by the small of the back and shook it. For about five minutes the man couldn't tell which was the ghost and which was the dog, for the two looked like a bundle of wool in a fog. After a while the dog felt sure the ghost was killed, so he dropped it on the floor and came up to the man wagging his tail; but the ghost sprang up and vanished through his hole without being any the worse for his shaking.

Mr. Travers says that he thinks ghosts could be driven out of a house by sprinkling carbolic acid—which is something like my bad medicine—in their holes, but I know better. How would that hurt a ghost that was in another part of the wall where the carbolic acid couldn't touch him? When ghosts get into a house there is no way to get rid of them but to tear the house down. Once there was a house in England that was so full of ghosts that nobody could live in it, and the Duke who owned it couldn't rent it even if he offered to pay a man to hire it. So one day he got angry and ordered it to be torn down. About four hundred men with big clubs stood all around the house, which was a big castle, ready to hit the ghosts in case they should run. They found six ghosts' nests in that castle, most of them in the place between the ceiling and the floors of the upstairs rooms; but no sooner did a workman drive out a lot of ghosts than they disappeared, just as the flame of a match does when it goes out, and the men with clubs didn't hit a single one.

As I was saying, we have a ghost in our house. It lives in the wall close to the head of my bed, and makes a noise at night just as if it was creaking and needed to be oiled; and sometimes it sighs, just as Sue does when she has trouble with her young man. I told our cook about it, and she said she knew it was a ghost, and she don't dare to go into the room, but I'm not the least bit afraid.

I've found a little hole in the wall, just down by the floor, where the ghost comes out, only, of course, I can't see him when I am asleep. I'm going to settle that ghost in a way that will surprise him; but I shall have to put off telling about it until it's done, for I don't want anybody to know anything about it. When people find out that I've invented a way to get rid of ghosts, perhaps they will begin to think that I'm of some use, after all.

## HOLD ON!

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

ONE day in March two blunt green leaves
Pushed through the hardened ground,
And though the wind was grumbling still,
Looked cheerily around.
And ere a week had passed, a bud
Came shyly after them,
And hung like tiny fairy bell,
Upon a slender stem,
When suddenly the sky grew dark,
The snow began to fall,
And from beneath the ground the bud
Heard little voices call.
"You were in too much haste," they cried,
"Your pretty dress to don,
And now what will you do?" She said,
"I mean to just hold on."
And drooping low behind her leaves
Of green she hid from sight,
While down the snow fell all the day,
And down it fell all night.
But when it stopped next morn, the birds
Sang greetings to their kin,
And bright and warm the sun came out
To welcome April in.
Then quickly ran the snow away,
And soon as it was gone
The bud her leaves of white uncurled—
She had indeed held on;
And "Sister Flowers," she gayly cried,
"Here I am safe once more,
To show the weaker hearts the way
Some one must go before;
And though I'm such a tiny thing,
I really felt no fear
When forth I started that bleak morn
To act as pioneer.
For well I knew that it was spring
In spite of wintry din,
And that the blossoms on the trees
To grow would soon begin;
And well I knew erelong the sun
The earth would shine upon,
So to myself I softly said,
'Hold on, Snow-drop, hold on!'"

# ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### PHYLLIS'S IDEA.

FORTUNATELY Joan had no need to devise a way of making Nan's meeting with Phyllis cheerful. Annie Vandort's presence had infused new life into all the party, and the cousins met, after their month of separation, in a manner which made anxious Joan draw a sigh of relief. It was really quite a cheerful little party that gathered around Phyllis's couch.

At first every one talked at once, all eager to tell Nan of their projects, to suggest, amend, laugh over ideas, etc.; but it was Annie Vandort alone, on one side of Phyllis, who observed that she was growing pale, and suggested that Laura, Joan, and herself should go off for a while, leaving Nan alone with Phyllis.

For an instant Joan looked confused, darting anxious

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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glances at Laura, who laughed, and said: "To tell you the truth, Miss Annie, we are going to set the dinner table, Joan and I."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Annie. "Do let me help. Then I shall feel sure you're not going to make company of me."

They laughingly allowed her to go down-stairs with them, Joan having insisted on her putting on Phyllis's daintiest apron, and a great deal of genuine fun was the result of the hour's work, Annie declaring she never saw a table so well set, and Laura and Joan laughing over her various mistakes in regard to where the salt-cellars and other small dishes were kept. Joan had had charge of the dining-room a few days past, but Laura declared she had been too deep in *Ivanhoe* to know where she put the dishes when she cleared the table. There certainly *was* an unusual hunt for the steel, and Joan, after reflection, suddenly darted over to the tall secretary at one side of the room, and opening the lid of it, produced the steel with an air of great triumph, which was only brought down by Miss Annie and Laura's peal of laughter over her unconsciousness that a writing-desk was not exactly the most convenient place in which to keep a steel. Finally the boys came in. Joan manufactured a large white paper necktie for Alfred, and sent him upstairs to announce himself as the "new footman."

Phyllis and Nan enjoyed their talk.

As soon as the door closed upon the rest of the party, Nan crept into her old place on the footstool near to Phyl, while Mrs. Heriot, who was assisting in the care of the poor girl, took her sewing into the next room, and then Phyllis opened her "budget" for Nan's eager ears.

"You see," she said, "I went over all sorts of plans before I decided upon this one. It was evident we couldn't sit down in idleness, so the question came up *what could we do?* There were six of us altogether to be provided for. Now don't laugh, Nan. What I finally hit upon was *fancy-work*. I knew you had a genius for it, after the lovely things you did last year; Laura has a decided talent for designing, and you know Kensington-work is my specialty. Well, I wrote to Annie Vandort, and we had a famous correspondence on the subject. I sent specimens of work, and it so happens they are just the sort that is needed. Then there were the powwows with Dr. Rogers."

Phyl laughed as she thought of them. "My dear," she added, with a little wistfulness, "I never knew before what a worthless, light-headed young person I was supposed to be." Nan gave her hand a squeeze, and shook her head in violent deprecation of such a thing. "But at last I talked the Doctor over. Well, all we needed was to discuss it with you. We must look things squarely in the face, Nanette, my dear. The Farquhars will descend upon Rolf House next week. As soon as they dare let me be moved we must leave here, as we can't pay the taxes and mortgage on this house unless we rent it, and the Doctor has found us a tenant who is willing to make the necessary repairs. So my idea is to gather our wits and our forces together as soon as possible. What do you say?"

"Say!" echoed Nan. "Oh, Phyl, you know I'm ready to join you in anything. But Dr. Rogers talks of my having five hundred dollars in the bank. It *isn't* mine, dear Phyl. It was given to me for the Traverses and such people."

Phyllis smiled. "I have thought of that," she answered, "and I quite agree with you. It isn't yours to spend, except for just such purposes; but here again I have an idea. We'll need some person to look after things wherever we are. Mrs. Travers is just the one. Let us take her with us, and then pay her wages out of the money. Dr. Rogers thinks that quite an honorable way. And David could sleep in our house for protection at night."

Nan laughed brightly. "Why, Phyl, you've thought of everything!" she exclaimed, admiringly.

Her cousin looked pleased. "I've had nothing else to do, dear," she answered, softly.

"But where are we to go?" asked Nan, eagerly.

"That's another thing, and it is what hurried dear Annie Vandort on to-day. The Doctor knows of a nice little house at Beachcroft—only five miles from here, and you know how fashionable it is in summer—just the place, he says, for what he persists in calling our 'Emporium.' We are to have a place for a sales-room, you see, and to have a specialty of certain wools and silks, which Annie will see to our getting from New York, and when I am stronger I can give lessons. Oh, what a good thing it is, Nan, that you and I have *one* sort of genius, anyway!"

Nan was enchanted by the novelty and daring of this enterprise. She was silent a moment. Then she said, suddenly, "But Lance?"

"We have written to him," said Phyllis, quietly. "Of course he must come home, but until our new home is fairly started I don't mean to let him know what we are doing. Poor boy! It would be a dreadful blow to his pride. I had a struggle with myself, I assure you, Nan; but I don't feel that way one bit now. Surely it is more honorable than living in debt;" and Phyllis's face showed how she had suffered in the past from her father's easy-going ways.

"Dr. Rogers brought the keys of the house this morning," Phyllis continued, "and I thought you and Joan could drive over in the rockaway with Annie and look at it. It will be nice to hear all about it when you come back."

Certainly Nan was not very much disheartened, so far as she herself was concerned, by the change in their futures. For those who suffered through her she sorrowed truly, and yet with a hope of some day doing better for them. To have dear, dear old Rolf House pass into the Farquhars' keeping made her fairly shiver and groan, and to miss Aunt Letty was a constant grief; but youth will assert itself, and the future did not look all darkness when the party set out in the old carriage, about two o'clock, for a first inspection of their new home, "Emporium Villa," as Alfred, who was driving, insisted upon calling it.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### BEACHCROFT.

BEACHCROFT was a small, rather closely built up village or town, which for years had had a reputation for good bathing, driving, fishing—all the advantages which constitute a summer "resort"; and besides these central attractions there was a place called the "Point"—a strip of land which, with its fine roads diverging from the little town, its villas, cottages, and some pretentious dwelling-houses, gave the place a character of exclusiveness and "fashion." A great many people from New York and other cities had country-seats on Beachcroft Point. Beverley people were given to "running down" there for their holidays, and of late years even lodgings or board in the little town were eagerly sought, so that from May until October there was considerable life and animation in the long village street where were the principal shops, and also all along the pretty country roads and lanes leading to and around the Point.

Alfred had accompanied the Doctor when the latter found the desirable cottage, and so with a great deal of importance he rattled into the town, and turning away from Main Street, with its rows of stores, Post-office, Town-hall, obtrusive photographic establishment, and small hotel, drove down a side street, stopping before a small frame house set back very little from the road, and having two windows on each side of a dark green door, four in the story above, and an attic with a sloping roof.

They all stood in a sort of breathless silence while Alfred opened the door, and then, with a flourish, he exclaimed, "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to show you the famous 'Emporium' as viewed by daylight," and ushered them into a hall, from which cherry-wood doors led into the principal room.

There is always some amusement to be found in in-

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"'THEN WE'RE GOING TO KEEP A STORE, ARE WE?'"

specting an empty house, and on this occasion the girls found it very great fun to roam about, planning where everything and everybody would be. Annie Vandort immediately decided in favor of the room to the left of the hall for the "Emporium." It needed papering; but there was a nice old-fashioned skirting of cherry-wood, and two deep cupboards, and an open-fire-place. Back of this was a smaller sitting-room, which Laura declared just the thing for family use—bright and cheerful, with two good windows looking into the bit of garden; and across the hall was a square room which could be used as a dining-room, and which would be a nice place for the children's lessons.

Nan jotted down notes of it all in a little book she had brought for the purpose. Down three steps a door opened into a good store closet, and then came the kitchen, rather a tiny place, but very convenient.

Upstairs the party went, talking and laughing gayly, planning all sorts of things, from brackets to movable chairs and tables for Phyllis's use. Then the room for the elder sister had to be chosen. The upper hall was large, considering the size of the house, and sunny, having windows back and front. The best room was one overlooking the street, and although in need of some repairs, it yet had an air of coziness about it, fire-place and all.

"Nan's death on open fires," explained Alfred.

A fire-place was what Nan had first looked for on entering each room, and now she was calling upon every one to admire the hearth-place here; but Annie Vandort was admiring the view from the windows, the fields and jumble of streets and houses beyond, and the "Point," jutting out into the water with its air of dignified seclusion, the roads and mansions showing a wintry landscape very finely. Joan was bent on discovering the cupboards, and there were certainly some good ones in the little house, though, greatly to her disappointment, they revealed no hidden treasures; only nice shelves and drawers, the best being those on each side of the fire-places in "Phyl's room," as they already called it, and those in the larger room below to be devoted to the "Emporium."

Before leaving, one more inspection of this important part of the house was made, Annie Vandort and Nan measuring off a space where the carpenter was to build a long table with drawers, and in another part of the room a closet with glass doors, within which "specimens" might be displayed. Joan regarded this with eyes growing bigger every instant, until she relieved her mind by exclaiming, "Then we're going to keep a *store*, are we?"

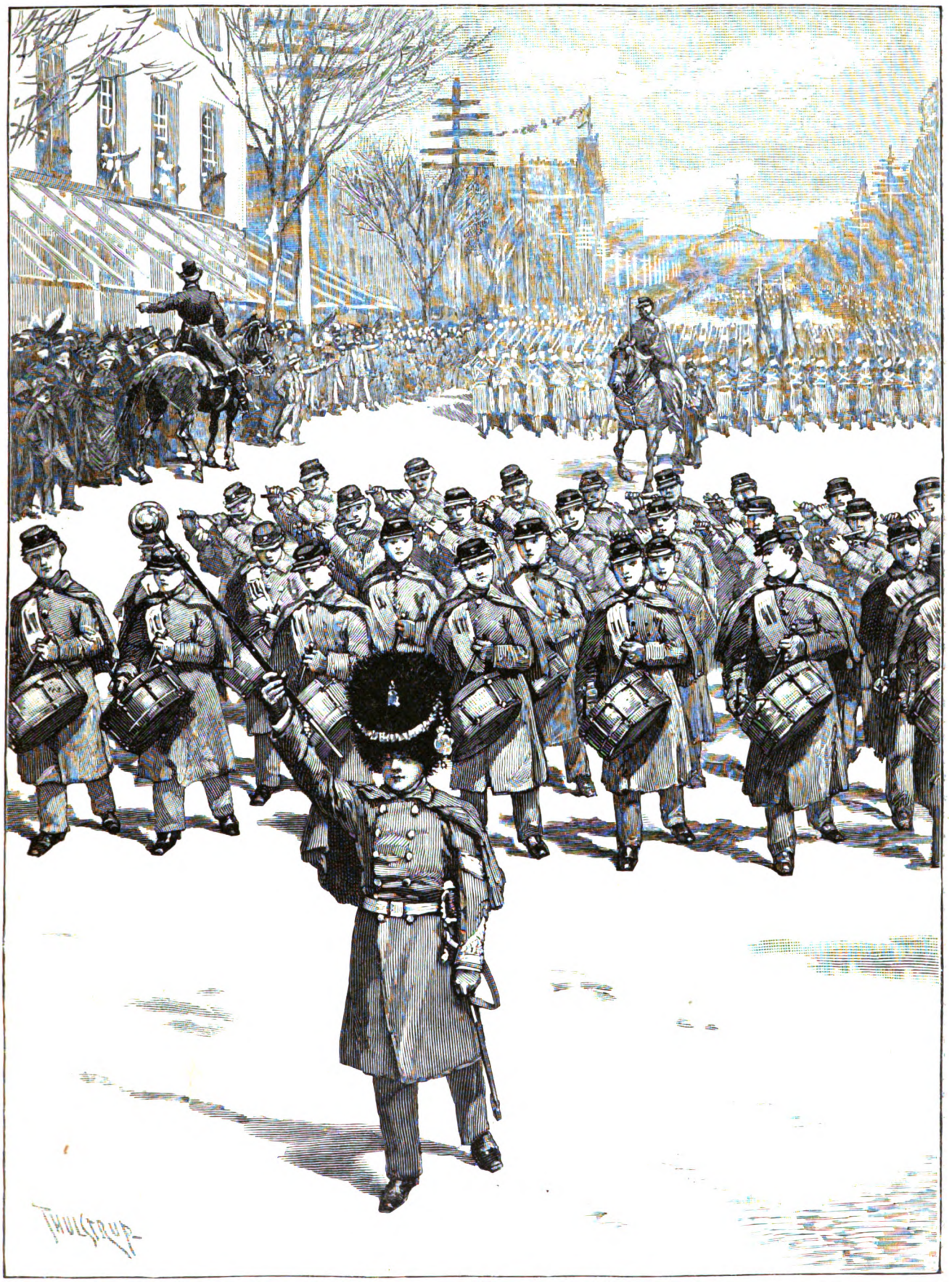
Everybody laughed, and Nan said, quietly, "I hope Phyl will decide to keep wools and silks and patterns for sale. In summer I am sure we would do well with them." And, later, Nan was surprised to find how readily Phyllis, so long the proud member of the family, accepted her suggestion.

The party drove back in a fine state of pleasant excitement. Annie had begun with Nan to calculate necessary expenditure, and as soon as they reached home Phyllis called them into her room for a quiet talk, where, after Alfred's spirits were subdued and the first confused descriptions given, something like a clear account was obtained, and then details were pleasantly discussed. Annie had come on primed with prices, patterns of wall-papers, and cheap "beginnings," and after tea the talk was resumed over Nan's note-book, where very careful proportions and notes had been recorded.

"Cartridge-paper of a nice gray for the 'Emporium,'" Nan suggested, and Annie said, "Excellent," and Phyl smiled, adding, "Cheap too."

"And such a good background for the things," Laura

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INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND—CADETS IN THE PROCESSION.—SEE PAGE 330.

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put in. So cartridge-paper on that room, and a nice little china blue, like one of Annie's samples, for Phyl's room, were decided upon, ten dollars being allowed for both. Alfred undertook to hang it.

Then came a decision as to what could be removed from College Street. Enough was selected to furnish the new dwelling; the rest could be sold, as it was not worth carrying away; the carpets were all too shabby, except the dark red one in the parlor, and this, it was decided, was exactly the thing for the sitting-room at Beachcroft. All the small necessaries of housekeeping could be taken.

"And you don't *know*," said Annie, "what a saving it will be not to have to buy kitchen things and all such. I really think you are very fortunate."

"One would think," laughed Phyllis, "that you had had to consider such questions all your life. Yes, I quite agree with you. And, Nan dear, you can surely have all your own belongings from Rolf House."

Nan nodded.

"Oh, pack them up to-morrow," said Joan, earnestly. "Those Farquhars will be here soon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## INAUGURATION-DAY.

IT is just ninety-six years since the first Inauguration-day. In the recent Inauguration at Washington a larger number of persons were present than on any former occasion. Two hundred thousand spectators, it is estimated, watched the long line of coaches, troops, and civic and military officials. Thirty thousand or more stood around the Capitol front to share in the imposing ceremonies. Regiments of regular and citizen soldiery took part in the brilliant pageant, not the least conspicuous of whom, for steady marching and military bearing, were the companies of cadets.

Washington, one of the most beautiful of cities, is better suited than any American capital—perhaps any European—for one of these striking displays. Its broad avenues lead directly, by a gradual rise, to the top of Capitol Hill. They are lined by parks and gardens; the vista is unrivalled. The waving of countless flags, the glitter of arms, the march of thousands, the music and the cheers, fill the scene with life. Far off, at the end of the Avenue, rises the Capitol itself, seated on its hill, domed and columned, almost a reproduction of the famous Capitol at Rome.

The ceremonies of the day take place at the Capitol. They are brief and simple. The President takes the oath of office on the Capitol. He then proceeds to the platform in front to deliver a short address. He returns to the White House and reviews the procession. It is found that the less ceremony used on these occasions the better.

The first inauguration took place in New York, April 30, 1789. It was the opening of the first Presidency of George Washington. Amidst the universal joy of the people, the Union and the Constitution had been adopted, chiefly by the earnest entreaties of Washington, and now he was to take his oath of office in the presence of his countrymen. The ceremony took place at Federal Hall, a fine building at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets.

New York was then (1789) a small city of about thirty thousand inhabitants. Its buildings did not reach far above the City Hall Park. Broadway was built upon until near Chambers Street; Pearl and Broad streets were in the finest part of the town. The Battery was a narrow strip of green extending from Broadway to Whitehall Street. A few large trees gave it some shade. The first inauguration filled the small city with excitement. An immense crowd of many thousand people filled Broadway. A long procession passed down the streets, with music, flags, guns, and loud applause. Washington drove in his coach of state; he would rather have gone on foot. Adams, the Vice-President, followed; the wheels of his coach grazed the brother of John Randolph, who was then studying in New York. At Federal Hall, Washington appeared on the balcony before the people. Chancellor Livingston administered the oath, and the republic began. From that time New York was to grow with wonderful speed, until its population has spread over the island and the opposite shores. From that time, too, the nation began to spread over the continent, until now the republic of Washington extends from ocean to ocean.

Washington was elected a second time. His inauguration took place in Philadelphia. The second President, John Adams, was also inaugurated in Congress Hall, Philadelphia, but during his Presidency the capital was removed to Washington. It was then a city of a few houses, and public buildings half finished, in the midst of a wilderness. As he entered the White House, then a lonely, unfinished home, he exclaimed, "May none but honest men enter here!" Thomas Jefferson, the next President, was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1801. Like Washington, he disliked show and fine ceremonies, and rode into the new city on his horse, almost alone.

After Jefferson, President followed President with great regularity. The usual ceremonies were kept upon Inauguration-day. As Washington grew to be a considerable city, the crowds of people who gathered there were increased, and the ceremonies grew more striking. When President Jackson was inaugurated, March 4, 1829, the excitement of the people was unusual. The next inaugurations were not remarkable until, in March, 1861, President Abraham Lincoln, that kind and honest man, had been elected. The country was on the eve of a terrible civil war. The President-elect made his way to Washington as if in an enemy's country. The city was full of conspirators. But Lincoln, fearless, stood out upon the platform at the Capitol, and promised to preserve the Union and the country.

Another great and honest man, General Grant, completed the union of the country, and brought it once more peace. Every one who loves freedom is lamenting the sufferings and sickness that have fallen upon him of late, and hopes that he may recover to lend his services and his counsels for many years to his country. His inauguration took place March 4, 1869. Washington was still filled with the traces of the rebellion. General Grant took the oath of office in the Capitol amidst a fine display of citizens and soldiers. Since Washington had sworn to defend freedom and his country at Federal Hall in 1789 never had the country more needed an honest and brave defender. Under General Grant's administration it began to flourish again. Trade revived, new railroads were begun, States were founded, schools built. He was re-elected, and inaugurated again in 1873. Then came, in 1877, the inauguration of President Hayes. It was a soft bright day. The soldiers and the people gathered around the Capitol; peace had come, and Washington shone with all the flags and banners, the light and joy, of a reunited nation.

A sad recollection must always follow the next Inauguration-day. It was that of President Garfield. This amiable and excellent man had been elected by a large majority of his countrymen. He was followed by the good-will of many who opposed him. His inauguration passed off with the usual ceremonies, and the 4th of March, 1881, seemed to promise the continuance of the national prosperity. The 2d of July saw him fall by the assassin's hand. He lingered for many weeks, watched over by the whole nation, almost by the whole world. He died amidst the sorrow of the people. His successor, President Arthur, carried on successfully the government of the nation.

Thus from 1789 to 1885 the Inauguration-days have passed on with perfect regularity. They have never been interrupted. Freedom has flourished in the New World.

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and countless immigrants have hastened from the Old to take advantage of its scenes of plenty. When Washington was inaugurated the poor people of Europe seemed to have no refuge from starvation and the oppression of their rulers. Jefferson and Franklin, when they travelled abroad, were shocked at the condition of the working classes. They soon began to find their way to the American Union. Here they have built up the cities of the East, and covered the wide waste that once stretched from Niagara to the Pacific. Millions of immigrants rejoice on every Inauguration-day.

The most useful and famous of the long line of Presidents are Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Grant. The first founded the republic; the second wrote the Declaration of Independence, and enforced it by his example; Lincoln saved the country in its danger by his rare virtues; Grant restored the Union, and kept it unbroken for the working-men. But all our Presidents have been better and wiser than any line of kings or princes. They prove that the people will choose good rulers, and that a republic is the best form of government. Within a hundred years men have learned to govern themselves.

## JOCKO'S DEFEAT.

BY C. W. C.

"JOCKO! come, Jocko! poor Jocko!" The voice was soft, and had a plaintive accent. On looking out of my window I saw two young Savoyards standing on the lawn gazing anxiously at the roof of the house.

One of them, the taller of the two, was beckoning and calling to his monkey, which had escaped from his arm and fled to the highest point of the roof. There Jocko sat, his paws resting on his knees, quietly meditating, and quite deaf to the entreaties of his master. The younger Savoyard, dressed in a scarlet waistcoat, with a monkey tucked under his arm, was laughing and enjoying the fun.

I was spending a few weeks with my friend Mrs. S——, in B——, a watering-place in the south of England, and it was at her house that I witnessed this amusing scene.

The monkey had now descended to the coping of the front door, and his master, who had been provided by the servants with cakes and milk to tempt the truant down, threw an apple to him in the hope that once having got a taste he would, like Oliver Twist, be craving "more." But, the apple finished, the monkey again resumed his meditations. He was tasting the sweets of liberty, and evidently intended to enjoy them to the utmost.

By this time we were all assembled on the lawn watching him, and a crowd was fast gathering in the street.

Suddenly the little monster stirs. Will he descend? Yes, he slowly moves downward, spreading out his arms and legs like an enormous spider. He comes steadily down; his master advances stealthily, puts out his hand, and just—does not grasp him, for the next moment Jocko, with a mighty swing, is sitting on the chimney-top. A murmur of disappointment passes through the crowd, and all is still again.

At this moment Mrs. S——, who has a kindly heart, was moved to pity for the poor Italian, and determined to help him out of his dilemma. She softly opened a window, cautiously put out her head, and surveyed the situation. Jocko was now sitting on the window-sill next her. She shook a parasol threateningly at him, calling "Shoo!" in determined tones.

Jocko asked for nothing better. He accepted the challenge as a war horse answers the trumpet call to battle. He dashed at Mrs. S—— as if he wished to tear her to bits, snarled, bit, and rent the parasol with such fury that we feared he would do her an injury, and, as Mrs. S—— afterward put it, "showed a most dreadful temper."

At this critical moment another window was opened, and the white cap of Josephine, the pretty French *bonne*, appeared. Josephine was also armed with an umbrella, and had come to the assistance of her mistress.

Jocko rose to the occasion; he divided his efforts with strict impartiality between Josephine and her mistress. He ran with lightning-like rapidity from one to the other, chattering and biting like a naughty little fiend.

The British public, with the justice which has always characterized that nation, cheered every lucky thrust of the parasols, and applauded Jocko when he successfully parried the blows and returned the compliments.

The crowd on the street had increased every moment. We laughed and shouted together. Tears rolled down our cheeks. We would not have missed the fun for a thousand pounds. A party of tourists, loaded with carpet-bags and rugs, on their way to the station, preferred to miss their train in order to see it out. Mrs. S—— and Josephine at length retired, and Jocko was left master of the field.

It was now dusk, and the rain fell in torrents. The unhappy Italian was quite drenched through and discouraged. He told us that he had paid four pounds for his monkey, the day before, in Southampton, and if unable to secure him before night-fall would certainly lose him, as he would disappear in the darkness.

A carpenter who had been engaged in some repairs on the house now volunteered to go upon the roof and seize Jocko from behind, while a cartman, running up the walk with a long whip in his hand, assisted at the capture. The struggle was short; there was a singing of the whip, furious chattering from Jocko, and all was over. The last I saw of the Italian he was walking off in triumph with his monkey tucked comfortably under his arm. Jocko was beaten.

## EGG-SHELL FANCIES.

BY M. W. E.

I KNOW there are many bright little minds amongst the readers of the YOUNG PEOPLE ever on the lookout for new ways to busy their deft little fingers, so I will draw their attention to the manufacture of some pretty little articles, which, sent with love, will serve as bright remembrances of "a joyful Easter." Egg-shells are to be employed, in supplying which the cook must be of assistance to you, so be careful not to offend her majesty, or you may be forced to look for your shells in a less convenient quarter; therefore commend yourself to her favorable notice, and she will readily provide you with all the egg-shells she would otherwise throw away, and at your suggestion she could break the shells, when using the eggs, in such a manner that they would be serviceable to you.

A perfect little pitcher made of an egg-shell is suitable for Easter-tide, and I will tell you how to make it: first procure as large a shell as possible, with only the point lacking, about a quarter down; make the broken edge as even as possible; neatly bind it around with gilt or silver paper with the aid of good boiling glue. Then for the spout cut the paper in such a shape that it will fold so as to form the spout, as shown in Fig. 1, and lining it with thick writing-paper, paste it around the upper edge of the shell in front so that the two points will be either side of the shell's centre, while the spout must be pinched a trifle to stand out as in a real pitcher.

Next comes the handle, requiring but a piece of the fancy paper, lined as before, and pasted at either end so as to project above and out from the body of the pitcher; then the stand must be considered, for it would prove disastrous to our hopes to employ the method of Columbus in making our egg stand erect, so cut the fancy lined paper three-quarters of an inch wide, and long enough to extend around the pitcher, and lap over to fasten with glue, the upper edge cut out in points, and the lower in

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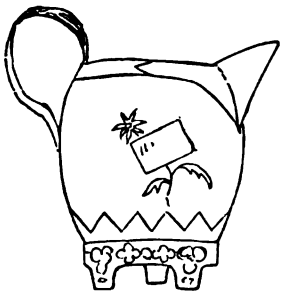


Fig. 1.—PITCHER.

four little feet; then paste on to the base of the egg by the points, and your pitcher is complete.

To give your work its finishing touch, draw some pretty design in pen and ink, or paint some flowers in oil, with an appropriate motto. Then you will have an Easter memento in which a few tiny flowers may rest, and which will be a pleasant surprise to mamma at the breakfast table.

You are all familiar with those quaint and life-like Japanese chicks and storks. They may be employed in the following pretty ways for Easter: first get your chick; then of cloth or flannel make a generous pen-wiper, pinking the edges; sew on the chick by its claws, either in the middle or on one side; then glue half an egg-shell on the chick's back, as though it was just hatched; paint the shell a bright color or gild it, and, inscribed with "Easter love," it makes a useful as well as ornamental article.




Fig. 2.—"WHAT I CAN'T SEE I WON'T BELIEVE."

To illustrate "the doubting chicken," or "What I can't see I won't believe" (Fig. 2), place the "doubter" off from the centre, with the smaller part of the shell on its back, the other half in front of it, and you have a good idea of the picture. Your own thoughts will doubtless furnish you with a greater variety of positions than I can suggest here.

Next for our consideration comes the stork, and with his assistance we will make a match safe (Fig. 3). Procure a pasteboard or wooden block such as is used for winding ribbon upon; paint the circular sides black or red, then cut a stiff pasteboard the exact size of the top; cover the top of this thick with mucilage mixed with coarse sand, in which two or three bright pebbles or shells may be placed; sew on one side your stork, and before your mucilage has time to dry make a little hollow in the sand, opposite the stork, for the shell to stand in, where the mucilage will hold it securely, and then paste the pasteboard fast to the block. The shell used must be almost a whole one, and when colored and decorated with a motto it makes a serviceable match stand, guarded on the side by an ever-watchful stork.

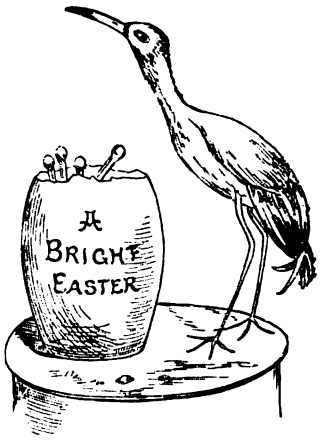



Fig. 3.—MATCH SAFE.

Another idea is to represent a camp fire and kettle (Fig. 4), decorating half of a large egg-shell, and rendering it serviceable as a kettle by piercing at equal distances near the top three holes, through which coarse thread is passed to suspend it by. Then your tripod can be made of any thorny, irregular twigs, bound together at the top, first with fine wire, and finally tied with a neat bow of bright narrow ribbon. The base is made of thick pasteboard well sanded, as before described, into which sand sink the ends of your twigs; then hang the shell over the tripod, not forgetting to put under it tiny twigs and shreds of red and yellow flannel to represent the fire, and soon you can invite all the household to partake of your Easter supper.

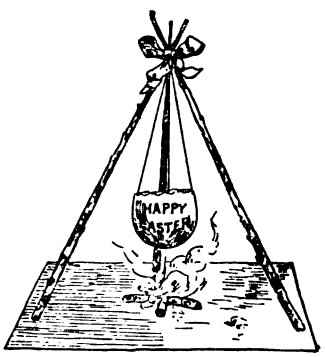



Fig. 4.—THE CAMP FIRE.



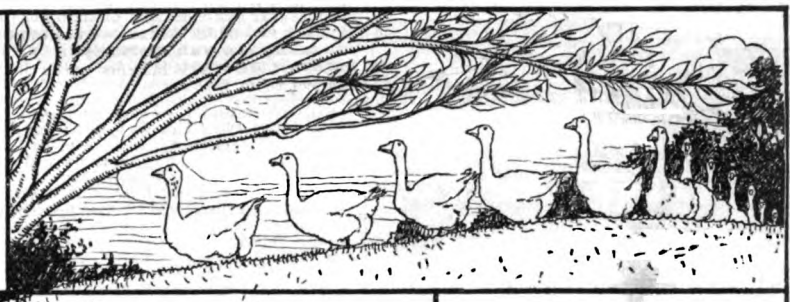

## THE LADY AND THE LADLE.—By MARGARET JOHNSON.

THERE was an old lady whose mind was quite sound,
Who fed her large family all the year round
On soup from a very deep ladle.

"And surely," she cried, "it is much the best way,
For a spoonful apiece is enough for a day,
From myself to the babe in the cradle."

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# A news-paper puff:



TWELVE geese
In a row
(So these
Always go).
Down-hill
They meander,
Tail to bill;
First the gander.
So they stalked,
Bold as brass,
As they walked
To the grass.

Suddenly
Stopped the throng;
Plain to see
Something's wrong.
Yes; there is
Something white.
No quiz—
Clear to sight.
('Twill amuse
When you're told
'Twas a news-
Paper old.)

Gander spoke
(Braver bird
Never broke
Egg, I've heard):



"Stand here
Steadily;
Never fear.
Wait for me."

Forth he went,
Cautious, slow,
Body bent,
Head low.
All the rest
Stood fast,
Waiting for
What passed.

Wind came
With a caper,
Caught same
Daily paper.
Up it sailed
In the air;
Courage failed
Then and there.
Scared well
Out of wits;
Nearly fell
Into fits.
Off they sped,
Helter-skelter,
'Till they'd fled
Under shelter.



Poor geese!
Never mind;
Other geese,
One can find,
Cut the same
Foolish caper
At empty wind
In a paper.

H. PYLE.

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A DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

MITCHELL, DAKOTA.

I was born in Dakota nearly ten years ago. Our town is only five years old, and it has over four thousand inhabitants. When papa and mamma came here there were only about eight families in this county. Our nearest town was seventy-five miles from here. There were no railroads at all then. Mamma says when I was a baby savage Indians often used to come to the house. Once fifteen came at one time. Mamma says they were a grotesque company, with their feathers and paint. They wanted only something to eat. Now we seldom see them, except on the Fourth of July. Nearly every Fourth, White Ghost and a great many others come over to Mitchell from the agencies on the Missouri River. We have two fine school buildings, with an attendance of about six hundred children. We also have six fine churches and a spacious court-house. I have a sister eight years old; her name is Euphrosyne, but we call her Bijou, and very often only Bee. I have one pet, a cat five years old. We think she is very intelligent. She is beautifully striped, like the tiger. When I saw the leopard and tiger at the menagerie I could very easily see they were relations of old pussy. We call our pet Lady Jane Grey. Puss is a great favorite with papa; she is always ready to welcome him when he comes in the evening, and to perform some of her clever tricks, one of which is to take milk from a narrow vessel, using her paw as a spoon, dipping it in and out, and sitting up the while in a very stately manner. I do not go to school. I read a good deal, and am much pleased with HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Seven numbers have arrived, and have given us great pleasure. I wish I had taken it before. I am so large of my age, and am growing so fast, that I am not strong enough to attend school regularly. I can read little stories in the German language, and understand a number of words in French. Mamma teaches me German. When I am a year older she intends to give me lessons in French regularly. I have no time to be lonesome, for when I am not studying I am playing.

CLARE A.

This letter will find many interested readers, especially among the little folk who have never seen an Indian except in a picture-book.

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The boys are invited to read this:

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a boy fifteen years old. Thinking that the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE may like to know how to make a simple little telephone, I send you this. Here are the directions. It is important that any person who may wish to make one of these telephones should read the directions over carefully before trying to make it. First, for the end: procure an empty baking-powder can, and knock the bottom out; then with a small hammer or knife knock the edge of the can out all around, so as to make a small projecting edge around the end of the can; then get a piece of drum-head, or a bladder will do, and soak it in water two or three minutes; then stretch it across the edge of the can, and wrap a piece of cord around it just under the projecting edge; when the head dries it will be on tight. Make a small hole in the middle of the head, put a piece of twine through it, and tie a big knot in the twine in the inside of the can, and the end is done. Now get some eye-screws and a ball of twine; fasten one of the eye-screws in the lower ledge of a window, and tie the end of the twine to it; then cut off a small piece of twine, put it through an eye-screw, and tie the ends. Do this with all the eye-screws except the ones to be used at the ends of the line. Fasten one of the eye-screws, with a loop of twine on it, wherever a support is needed, and pass the ball of twine through the loop that is hanging in the eye-screw. Do this at each of the eye-screws. Then fasten an eye-screw in the lower ledge of a window at the other end of the line, and tie the other end of the twine to it. The line is now complete except the connection of the talking line with the running line. The talking line is the line that is fastened to the tin can. To connect them, first get a stick that is just as long as the window-sash, and about half an inch thick and wide. Cut off about half an inch, and then cut the stick in half. Now take the two halves, and lay them on the window-sill just where the sash comes down, and press the ends of the sticks against the sides of the window. If this is done right, there will be a space between the ends of the sticks in the middle of the window about half an inch wide. Now, still keeping the sticks pressed against the sides of the window, tack a piece of cloth across the space between the sticks, punch a small hole through the middle of the cloth, pass the talking line through the hole, and tie it to the running line. When you fasten the end of the ball of twine to the eye-screw, be sure and fasten the eye-screw so that the line when running from the eye-screw in the lower ledge of the window to the first support will pass directly opposite the space between the sticks.

The line must not touch anything except the loops of twine, or the piece of cloth that is tacked over the hole. ROBERT T. F.

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WEYMOUTH, ENGLAND.

I am nine years old. I go to school. I have a number of pets: a yellow bunting, which some people call a yellow-hammer, a lovely silver-gray cat called Minnie, also a tabby cat called Lady Peter; she has two beautiful kittens, all black. We have named them Smuttie and Blackie. Then we have a fine dog, a water-spaniel; he is brown and white, and his name is Neptune. We also have nine fowls and two cocks; they are black Spanish, and give us plenty of eggs. I live in Weymouth, and like it very much. We have a beautiful beach and sands. I have no sisters, but I have a big brother. MARIAN LOUISE A.

I always think the girls who have strong, kind big brothers are very fortunate indeed.

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KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, SURREY, ENGLAND.

I take a deep interest in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and think it contains excellent reading. At the commencement of this year I determined to take in some paper. I selected one, but being unable to obtain the back numbers, I did not take it in. At last my eye alighted on HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and having ordered the back numbers, which I soon afterward possessed, I determined to have each number. I have continued to take it, and think it contains very interesting stories. At the school which I am attending we have a paper called *The Laurel Wreath*, in which a boy whom we call the editor inserts our original contributions, either by writing them out again or by sewing them in. I am a special correspondent, and my brother is the special artist. HERBERT H.

We are glad to have you as one of our correspondents, Herbert.

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BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

I am a little boy eight years of age, and I have pets—a pair of pigeons named Peter and Nellie. I have a brother, and we both go to school, and study writing, reading, arithmetic, and spelling. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in three months and one week, and like it very much. I can paint. I like the country, and when I go on a visit to my grandma's I enjoy it very much.

BERTIE B.

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DOVER, DELAWARE.

Seeing so many boys writing letters, I thought it might please some one to know of our town. It is the capital and chief town of this State. The first settler was Ezekiel Needham, who received the land from William Penn in 1684. Dover was made the county town in 1694, and in 1700 the State-house was built. Dover contains the State-house, court-house, two banks, a new post-office, and about fifty stores. There are also seven churches, and nine graded schools, besides an academy. The population of Dover is about 3200, and is still growing. ROSCOE N. D.

I am much pleased with this letter, Roscoe.

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BIRMINGHAM, WARWICKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a splendid book, especially the Post-office Box. I should be very much pleased if you could find room for this little tale:

### A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

One day Harold, George, Willy, and Harry went out to spend a day in the country. After going a long way out in the fields, they came to a pretty little stream, and it being a warm summer's day, they took their boots and stockings off and went in. When they had splashed about in the water as long as they wanted to, they came out, put on their boots and stockings, and began to get some flowers. After they had wandered about, picking flowers and not noticing where they were going, they came to a long road, and after going a long distance up it they got lost. Harry, being the youngest, began to cry at every sound; he said he was sure it was a gypsy coming to take him away; but after a while Harold was able to quiet him. It was a long time before they found their way home, but when they did, they were all very glad to find themselves safe there again. GEORGE R.

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WEST GREEN ROAD.

DEAR MRS. POSTMISTRESS,—This is my first letter, but I hope it will be printed. I have one sister—her name is Ella—and one brother, whose name is Edgar. I am eleven years old. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a very nice book, although I have only just begun to take it in. The story I like best is "Milly Cone's Christmas Presents." E. S. B.

This is from a dear little correspondent in England who forgot to give, what we always like to have, her full post-office address.

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Every reader of the Post-office Box will sympathize with the writer of the following letter:

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—For the last two years I have been a constant reader of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and through the Exchange columns and the Post-office Box I have acquired a large correspondence, and have effected a goodly number of exchanges. With your kind permission to use the space, I would now like to state to my friends and those who would have exchanged with me that I am unable to make any further exchanges, having been so unfortunate as to lose my entire collection of curiosities, minerals, stamps, etc., by fire, which occurred on the morning of the 16th of February. I desire to extend thanks to all for past favors, as well as to the dear Postmistress and this charming paper.

ST. ELMO B. G.

I suppose that with true American pluck our young friend will begin to make another collection, and if so, I hope his efforts may be crowned with success.

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ELLENDALE, DAKOTA.

This is the second year I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; my grandma gave it to me on my birthday. I am eight years old. I have lived in Dakota over a year. I have three pets—a bird named Rob, a dog named Don, and a horse named Dick. I have been to New York city twice; next time I will come and see you. KATIE N. T.

Do so, dear.

---

CHELSEA, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I enjoy the Post-office Box very much, and I like to read the little letters the children write. I am a little girl seven years old. I can write a little, but I thought I would ask papa to write this for me, so that you would be at no trouble to read what I say. I go to a Kindergarten, and like the teachers very much. We sing little songs and play little games, and we always act out what we say. If you will come and see me some day, I will sing you a little song about a bird, and then I will flirt my arms like a bird's wings, or I will sing about the farmer who grinds his barley and wheat. I cut out all the nice pretty pictures that I find in the papers, and all the little poems, but I never cut HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and my papa helps me to make scrap-books. I have seven large scrap-books, all full of pretty pictures and poems, and when I can't find a poem to match a picture, my papa writes one. Perhaps I will send you one of the poems some day. MARION D. B.

Do you play "Birdie in the Greenwood" at your Kindergarten, Marion? If I had as many children as the old woman who lived in a shoe, they should all go to Kindergarten, darling, just as you do.

---

FLUSHING, NEW YORK.

I thought I would write and tell you of my trip to Washington. We started on Thursday afternoon, and rode until nine o'clock at night, when we first saw the streets of Washington. The journey there is very pleasant, and in some places very beautiful. There are a great many lovely rivers to cross, clear and blue, and looking very picturesque, with their banks lined sometimes with trees and forests, and sometimes winding round some "white-walled distant town."

That night there was very little to see, for we were very tired and glad of a good rest, but we did catch a glimpse of the Capitol from Pennsylvania Avenue, as we drove from the depot. The next day we went to Mount Vernon. I wish all who have never sailed down the Potomac could have been with us that day. The air was balmy and mild, like May instead of February. Mount Washington, the second landing, is certainly very beautiful, and high above our heads on the hills that rise on either side, a dear little summer-house peeps out. Just before reaching Mount Vernon, the home of the "Father of his Country"

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was announced by the tolling of the boat's bell. Every boat going up or down the river pays this tribute to his memory. The house is perfectly lovely, and the view exquisite, taking in a beautiful lawn and grand old trees, and at the foot the winding, curving river, which looks as if it were holding Washington's lovely old home in its long arms. There was a very funny man there; perhaps the boys would be interested to know that he showed us what he said was the very hatchet with which "George" chopped the cherry-tree.

The next morning we visited the Capitol and Treasury buildings. I never saw anything so grand and majestic as the Capitol of the United States. The view from the dome is wonderful, and the avenues branch off in all directions, like the rays of the sun. The landscapes are exquisite pictures, and the whole is so lovely that I could not bear to come away. In the afternoon we attended a reception at the White House, which is beautiful too. The conservatory is filled with flowers and plants. We saw President Arthur, and on Sunday attended the same church with him. On Monday we saw one of the places I enjoyed most—the Corcoran Art Gallery, full of exquisite statuary and lovely pictures. Also the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum, which we all enjoyed immensely.

I hardly think you can doubt that it was with a sigh for the beautiful things we were leaving that we turned our faces homeward.

EDITH VERNON M.

Such a trip lives in one's memory a long time. I am glad you enjoyed it, Edith.

OKAWVILLE, ILLINOIS.

This is the second year we have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. My brother and I have rabbit traps. We caught eight this winter, and one last winter. The one I caught last winter jumped out of my hands, and I cried bitterly, but it did not help the matter, as the rabbit left me double-quick. One jumped out of my brother's hands this winter, but tried to crawl through the palings, and stuck fast, and, like the fox in the barn, he got killed. The others made nice eating for us. We are living between the old and new town, and my papa has a large park. In the park we have many gray squirrels, and they are very tame and full of fun. In the summer they throw the nuts down on our heads if we go under the trees where they are eating, and then they run higher up and bark or laugh about it. My papa had a lot of boxes put up in the large trees, and the squirrels like them very much, and raise their young ones in and about them. They love to eat corn in the winter, or anything we give them; if we do not feed them, they come to the corn crib and help themselves. They are also good to eat. The quails and other birds come to get something to eat from our barn-yard without being hurt, and they drink water out of the trough. If I write to you again, I will tell you all about the picnics and the nice times we have in the park. FRANK A. H.

My feeling about rabbits, Frank, is so tender, and I think them such pretty, graceful pets, that I do not like to have my boys set traps for them and kill them. Poor Bunny and Lop-ear! Why not treat them as kindly as you treat the squirrels? Perhaps, however, the rabbits in your neighborhood are so numerous as to have become a pest. I am very sorry for the one that could not get away.

NEWARK, NEW YORK.

DEAR "HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,"—We go out to Sodus every summer. My father has a yacht and two sail-boats. There is a nest of snakes up there, but papa does not like to have them killed. We go out fishing, and catch a great many perch and a few bass. My brother goes duck-hunting, and shoots ducks. ARTHUR R. W.

I am glad to have one little boy among my correspondents who is kind to harmless snakes, and does not desire to kill them. The children know that while many serpents are venomous, and must be destroyed, some kinds are not dangerous, and among them, no doubt, are these which Arthur's papa has taught him to protect.

GREENVILLE, NEW JERSEY.

Greenville, where I live, is situated on high ground between Newark and New York bays. It is lovely in the summer. We go fishing, crabbing, and rowing, and in the winter we have fine skating. I have a pet dog named Jip. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; I have been taking it for three years. LEWIS S. H.

MARIETTA, GEORGIA.

I am a little girl ten years old, and I live "'way down in Dixie." You have heard of "the sunny South." You would not think it "sunny" to-day. It is raining, and freezing on the trees and bushes. We had quite a snow-storm this winter; the snow was two inches deep. Last summer I was at the North for two months. I staid at grandpa's, in Leonia, New Jersey. I had a very pleasant time. I have a cousin who lives there with grandpa and grandma. We had a fine time together. I was very sorry when I had to go home. I like "Rolf House" very much; I think Bob was so mean! I have a little brother nine years old; his name is Adrian. Good-by.

Your loving little friend, MABEL C.

For Georgia so deep a snow must have been quite an event. But what would the children in Canada and Colorado and New Hampshire think of snow-storms no deeper than that?

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl six years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE three years. Mamma reads the stories and letters to me. I often hear the boys and girls say their auntie or somebody gave them the paper for a present, so I thought I would tell you how I get it. I earn it by saving the rags. I have two bags, one for the white rags and one for the colored. When the bags are full, I stop the rag-man. The rag money is all mine. I have six dollies; one is a Chinese named Wingy-Wing-Foo, after a story in my paper. My last book is named *Jingles and Joys for Wee Girls and Boys*. I do so much wish you could find a corner for this letter!

Your little friend, JOSEPHINE S. W.

I am very much pleased to find a corner for it, dear. I think you have a very good way of earning the money to pay for your paper.

SAUK CENTRE, MINNESOTA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. It has been very cold here this winter, but it is beautiful in summer. I have no brothers or sisters, like most boys and girls. For pets, I have a canary, a cat, and two dolls. My dolls' names are Pansy and Allie. My kitty's name is Pip. I go to school, and study reading, writing, drawing, history, arithmetic, language, and spelling. Don't you think fractions are hard? I do.

FLORENCE L. S.

YONKERS, NEW YORK.

Seeing a letter from Edinburgh by G. R. H. reminded me of the time, three years ago, when I was there. In visiting Edinburgh Castle the guide put me inside Mons Meg, a famous old cannon. The stone balls are twice as large as my head. It was made at Mons, in Belgium, and is made of thick iron bars hooped together, not cast. It burst in 1683, while firing a salute in honor of the Duke of York. I was in Holyrood Palace, and saw the stain of blood where Rizzio was slain. I am ten years old, and go to the public school. J. AUGUSTUS H.

ECTAWVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I want to tell you about the Exposition at New Orleans. When we first arrived there, of course a great many cabmen hailed us to take their conveyances, and when we reached the Hotel Royale, we found some sailors who had just come off a Mexican ship, with some Mexican soldiers, and a Mexican band playing. The band would play a part of its selection on the instruments, then laying them aside, sing the rest. There was a ball going on there at the same time, and one man was dressed in yellow velvet, another wore a brass half-moon on his breast. We did not get any supper until midnight. On the way to the Exposition we saw orange-trees, with ripe oranges hanging from the limbs. At the Exposition we saw some of the Greely Relief Expedition relics, for instance, a kyack, a very queer-looking boat that can seat only one; a sleeping-bag, in which Greely himself slept; a sledge for an eight days' journey, and another to which some stuffed dogs were harnessed. A man who was showing these things to a lady remarked that he himself had been one of the Greely rescuing party, and that it took three days to extricate Greely from his sleeping-bag. Whereupon the lady said, "Well, you must have used a great deal of concentrated lye" (lie). Another thing on exhibition was a small mountain made of solid silver, worth $114,000—a good bit of money, I think. Another noticeable thing was a big Corliss engine. Rex, King of Carnival, had a very pretty throne. We saw him, after waiting about two hours and a half. The American fleet and a Mexican ship were to salute him when he landed. So when we heard the salute we knew he must have just arrived. There came in before him some sailors and soldiers, all in full uniform and well armed. In the next parade were such well-known characters as Robin Hood and his Merry Men. ECKLEY BRINTON C., JUN.

ELMIRA, CALIFORNIA.

I live in the country with my auntie. My mamma has been dead over three months. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE six weeks; I like the story of "Rolf House" best. I say my lessons to my aunt; I study arithmetic, geography, spelling, history, reading, and writing. I shall be ten years old the 12th of this month. I have two pet kitties. FLORENCE B. R.

Dear Florence, I am so sorry you have lost your mother. Motherless girls have a warm place in my heart.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am going to send you a letter, I see so many nice ones in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. In the summer we go twenty-five miles out of the city to our farm. I have a good many pets. One is a pony that I can ride and drive. At first she would throw me off, but now she is more gentle. Her name is Dolly. She will take sugar out of my pocket. We have two dogs; their names are Curly and Brownie. Curly is a large and curly Newfoundland dog, and very black; he likes to be with us wherever we go. Brownie is a brown setter; and we love them both very much. I had three cats, but papa shot one because it ate all the young chickens and turkeys I tried to raise. In the summer I gather the eggs at five cents a dozen; last summer I made $8 25. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, writing, geography, history, and both kinds of arithmetic. I take music every Monday and Thursday. I have a good many dolls, and lots of nice things for them. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for several years, and like it very much.

BESSIE K. M.

BENSON, VERMONT.

Papa has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us a long time, and we like it more than I can tell. I like the Post-office Box very much, and the stories are splendid. Jimmy Brown must be a funny fellow; I should like to know him. Our school is out now, and I have more time for my pets. I have a blue jay, and feed it corn and meat; it will take its food upon its perch, and hold it with its claws and pick it all to pieces. I have a little calf that I feed every night and morning. I have one sister and three brothers. We live on a farm, and keep cows, horses, sheep, and young cattle. I can not tell you all of the nice times I have.

S. A. G.

Not many children have a blue jay for a pet; but don't you think he would prefer his freedom to your cage and your kind care? I hope he has a very large cage.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

HOUR-GLASS.

1. A medicine. 2. A pipe which is used to make a shrill sound. 3. A fruit. 4. A liquid. 5. A letter. 6. A conjunction. 7. A way of cooking meat. 8. To express sorrow. 9. Given.

Centrals, a sloping grass-plot.

### No. 2.

SQUARE.

1. An animal. 2. Mould. 3. To tie. 4. Two abbreviations. 5. A kind of flint.

### No. 3.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Initials form the name of a country celebrated for gallant struggles against tyranny; finals, its capital.

1. An agricultural implement. 2. A city in Canada. 3. A country in North America. 4. One of the United States. 5. A country in Africa. 6. A natural moisture. LONE STAR.

### No. 4.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead solitude, and leave a French measure. 2. Behead incidentally, and leave one who bites. 3. Behead slack, and leave pains. 4. Behead one, and leave a small egg. 5. Behead to note, and leave a depository. 6. Behead a toy, and leave every one. 7. Behead a French article, and leave a consonant. 8. Behead a rest, and leave a toy.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous discoverer. P. MCDONOUGH.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 279.

No. 1.—Sun-fish. St-urge-on. Ray. Grayling. Pike. Carp. Dace. Angler. Sea-horse. Place. White-bait. Shark.

No. 2.—Pine-apple. Dimple.

No. 3.—

```
      C              I
    T A R          E V E
  C A B O T      I V O R Y
    R O E          E R A
      T              Y
```

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Ruth Nathan, Mabel and Florence Randall, Cora and Nelly Swan, M. L. D., William H. Hansell, Eva M. Heflebower, Nellie L. Powell, L. V. D. Hardenburgh, J. S., Leda G. Prindle, Edith F., W. Holzman, Helen W. Gardner, Gertie Pyle, Harry J. Wickersham, Daisy Saxton, A. D. Williams, Jun., Roscoe Nash, L. H., Emily Jay, Alice Craig, Archie Taunton, Bennie Kissam, and Theodore Pryor.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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"ONE SHOE OFF AND THE OTHER SHOE ON;
DIDDLE, DIDDLE DUMPLING, MY SON JOHN."

## THE HANGING GAME.

BY C. W. FISHER.

AS one might not imagine from its name, this is a jolly round game, in which any number may take part, and which for many an evening has held our young people so interested that bed-time has come all too soon.

One of the party, called the leader, or "Jack Ketch," writes upon a piece of paper the skeleton of a proverb or quotation with which the others are likely to be familiar, as, for example, _ _ _ | _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ | _ _ | _ _ _ _ _ | _ _ | _ _ _ | _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ |, the dashes standing for the letters, and the vertical lines marking the separate words of the sentence.

Each player in turn guesses a letter, and the object of the game is to discover the complete sentence before seven letters which do *not* occur in it have been guessed.

If, for example, the first player calls for an E, the leader, if E is correct, must write it upon the dash which represents it. If the E is incorrect, on the other hand, it is placed in what is called the "jury-box." This is a little rectangle divided into seven squares, thus—

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|

and is drawn by the leader at the bottom of his paper.

The leader has the privilege of writing a guessed letter which occurs more than once in the proverb in any one of the places where it may belong, and so can often mislead a player who thinks he has a clew.

A letter repeated several times must be guessed as many times as it occurs.

The sentences selected should be such as are probably known to all the party, and at first certainly not difficult.

The name is derived from the following feature of the game, which is the source of much merriment: Beside the skeleton proverb is sketched a miniature gallows, with noose and knot all ready for their victim, who is provided in sections by the players who miss. Thus, when the first incorrect letter is placed in the jury-box, Jack Ketch sketches a head in the noose. For the second, the eyes, nose, and mouth of the figure are drawn; for the third and fourth, the two arms; for the fifth, the body or trunk; and for the sixth and seventh, the legs.

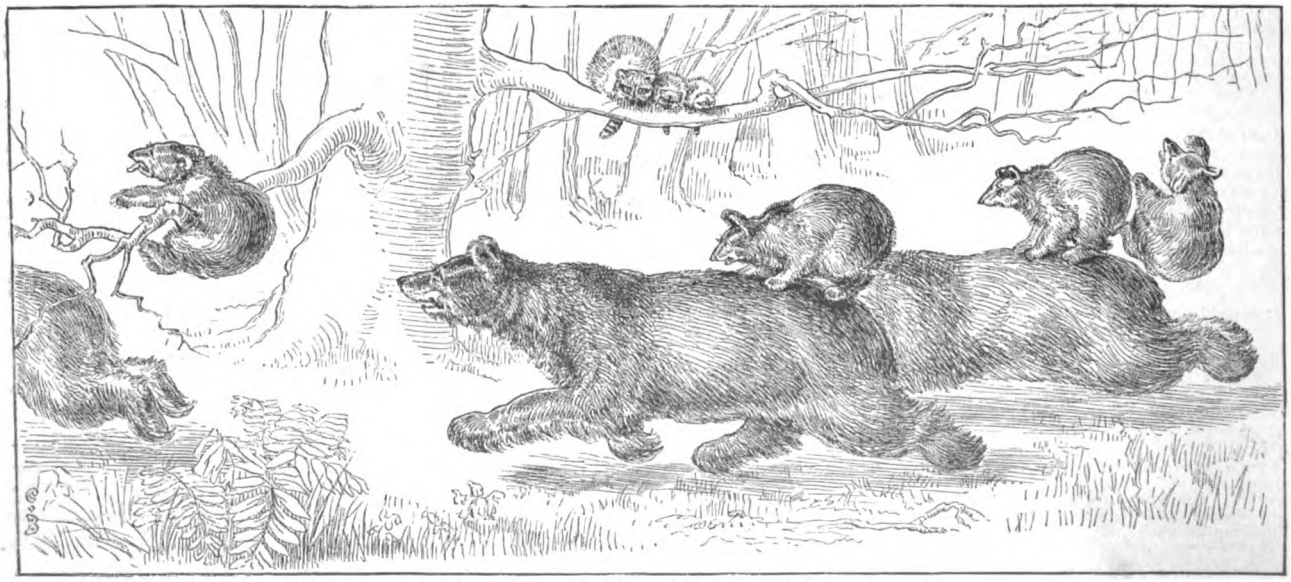
Jack, of course, endeavors his best to fill his jury-box and "hang" the company before they can guess his quotation, and they, on the contrary, strive their utmost to prevent the completion of the little imp who represents their stupidity.

In the construction of the skeleton given above, the leader had in his mind the quotation, "The quality of mercy is not strained." A number of letters were correctly guessed and written in their proper places, but B, P, G, K, V, not being found in the sentence, filled the first five seats in the jury-box, while U and H, which occur but once each, and were guessed *twice*, completed the jury, and Jack had his victim dispatched before any one could find out what the quotation was.

When either the hanging is finished or the saying discovered, the game ends, in the former case the leader giving another, and in the latter the player making the successful guess becoming the leader.

The paper upon which the skeleton and sketches are made must at all stages of the game be in plain sight of every player, for it is only by constantly looking at the letters already guessed that one can find the clew which determines his own choice of a letter when his turn comes.

Many players can guess the quotation from the hint afforded by a single letter, but the keenest wits and sharpest eyes will often find ample opportunity and necessity for their best efforts.



THE CIRCUS SEASON—BEAR-BACK RIDING.

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 283. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




HAIL! THIS HAPPY EASTER DAWN!


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## EASTER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WHEN the bluebird's wing is flashing,
When the silver brook is dashing,
When the crocus forth is peeping,
And the jonquil stirs from sleeping,
When, though still the breeze is chilly,
Blooms again the Easter lily,
Then the happy world is ringing
With a choral sound of singing—
Little children, glad and gay,
Greeting thus the Easter-day.

Then the tiny waves, a-quiver,
Ripple down the laughing river,
Then the pussy willow, flushing,
Sees the shy arbutus blushing.
Something sweet is everywhere—
Sweet the earth, the sky, the air;
And for very love of singing
Thrill the fresh young voices, bringing
Greeting pure and glad and gay
To the Lord on Easter-day.

Winter's reign was cold and dreary,
Spring is blithe and warm and cheery;
Winter froze the garden bowers,
Spring recalls the banished flowers.
In the dear old shady places
Soon will violets lift their faces.
How can children keep from singing,
When the joy-bells all are ringing,
And the world is glad and gay,
On the welcome Easter-day?

## THE WONDERFUL PIGMY TROUPE.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

IN the previous appearance* of the Pigmy Troupe the costumes of the performers were very simple. A more effective entertainment may be given by the introduction of a number of characters from familiar fairy tales and other sources, whose costumes require but little in the way of material, and make but small demands upon the industry of little needle-women.

A platform is first made across the end of the room behind the curtain by means of tables of about the same height, covered with shawls or any other drapery, which must reach to the floor in front. On this little stage the pigmies appear, either all at once to the number of six, or singly, as desired. One may represent a school-boy, one an old lady, another a Chinaman. Simple Simon, Blue-beard, and a baboon may also have places in the line. In fact, almost any personage may be introduced who can wear long robes, which are best for the purpose. Boys or girls of any age may take the parts, and a very tall man can also act when it is desirable to add a giant to the collection. The actors take their places in a row behind the tables, and their costumes are fitted to them.

The school-boy wears very full trousers on his arms, and slippers on his hands; a piece of cloth of the same color as the trousers is pinned around him close under the arms, the front edge of which extends below the table. A waist made full, with a broad white ruffle in the neck, is buttoned around him from the neck to his elbows. The hands are supposed to be in his pockets, and the sleeves of the waist are stuffed with cotton batting, through which a piece of annealed wire is passed, which will serve to keep them in any position in which they are bent.

* See No. 275, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

The old lady wears a black dress of any cheap material, with armholes, so that her bare arms come out from the elbow; the skirt touches the platform, and a pair of shoes are seen under it, which are sewed at the heels upon the trousers of the boy who takes the part, so that they will move when he goes from side to side. A white apron, kerchief, cap, and cane complete the costume, a skein of tidy cotton being sewn into the front of the cap.

The Chinaman has a plain skirt of any convenient shade hanging from under his arms to the stage, over which he wears an over-dress with full sleeves made of cretonne. On his head is a paper lamp shade, from which a pigtail of braided yarn falls over his left shoulder.

Simple Simon has a long checked apron reaching to the floor, a broad collar, and cap with long visor. He holds a pie in his right hand, to which he applies himself with great energy.

Blue-beard wears very full trousers of yellow, with worked slippers sewed into the bottoms. They are gathered at the top into a string, which is tied under his arms, and over these trousers he has a full robe of red, beneath which his arms show to the elbow. A broad white sash about his waist holds a sword made of tin or pasteboard covered with silver paper. A huge turban on his head is ornamented with a large crescent, from which a blue veil is hung to represent his beard.

The baboon is harder, and may be omitted if too much trouble. A boy with his face browned with ochre wears a close brown skull-cap on his head, a tight dress of furry brown Canton flannel over arms and waist; the hands are browned, and a red skirt from the waist to the stage completes the costume.

When all are ready and in position behind the platform, the manager draws aside the curtain, and introduces the pigmies to the audience in words like these:

"Ladies and gentlemen, your delighted eyes will now behold the wonderful Pigmy Troupe collected from many climes without the slightest regard to expense. Your stunned ears will also listen to their dulcet harmonies, the most charming portions of which are considered by all to be the rests which occasionally occur."

He then hands to each of the pigmies a sheet of music, all of whom take it except the school-boy, who shakes his head, saying, "I can not read notes." The old lady adjusts her spectacles, which she takes from a bag which hangs on her left arm, from which receptacle she also draws out a tuning-fork, strikes it on the stage, and all sound the notes. All then bow, and begin to sing some well-known air with great solemnity of face and stiffness of figure. Any nursery air will serve, such as may be found in Elliot's or any book of songs to which the lines here given will go.

Here behold the pigmy troupe, with a greeting to you all,
Who have come from distant climes, far around this worldly ball.
We shall hope with music sweet to delight you every one.
Though our stay will be but short, you will find it full of fun.

After singing, all bow, and wait for the applause, in response to which they may repeat this or any song they know.

The manager then says, "Mr. Ah Fun will now exhibit his wonderful skill." And the Chinaman attempts some simple feats, such as fanning little paper butterflies up and down, balancing a stick on his nose and head, and tossing into the air knives with silver-paper blades, one of which he pretends to swallow by rolling it up inside his mouth.

Simple Simon then dances a jig, and afterward seizes the bag from the old lady's arm when she is looking in another direction. He borrows a large apple from the bag, and proceeds to eat it instead of his pie, which he had eaten before he began to dance. He sneezes violently, and throws down the apple, which is well seasoned with snuff from the old lady's box, which he also takes from the bag, without its cover. The whole troupe then sneeze one at a time in order down the line, after which all sneeze together three times.

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If the actors are able to perform on musical instruments, the manager can hand them a violin, accordion, flute, or horn, and they can play correctly any easy piece, or, if unskilled, they may make any discordant sounds which their taste may approve of, after which all bow as if they had given great pleasure to their hearers.

Recitations, dialogues, or solo songs may follow, and the whole concert may be finished by a chorus, in which all join, using the following words with any common air:

To loving friends we bid good-night, with hopes that we may meet
Again the wise and brilliant ones that we so gladly greet,
With graceful dance and sweetest songs to fill them with delight.
To one and all, both great and small, we bid a sweet good-night.

[*Curtain falls.*



# ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,
AUTHOR OF "NAN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XX.

### AN UNINVITED GUEST.

GOOD Doctor's sister was busy in her neat little store-room putting jelly into a glass jar for Phyllis Rolf, when some one tapped on the door, and then Nan's voice said, "May I come in?"

"Certainly," was the lady's answer, and Nan, paler and thinner than ever, made her appearance.

"I brought Dandy and Jim over," she said, smiling. "Your brother, you know, is going to keep them for us for the winter, Miss Rogers."

"I know, dear," said Miss Rogers, promptly; "and you will find them in good condition whenever you can use them. How are you getting on?—all your packing done?"

"Mostly," answered Nan. Then, as she followed the Doctor's sister into the parlor, she added, trying to smile, "Mrs. Farquhar has come—just for the day—to look after things, she says."

"Humph! and what had she to say?"

"Oh, she's going to make many changes, Miss Amy," said Nan. "I wonder if it's wrong? I felt as if I should scream when I saw her in dear Aunt Letty's little study, finding fault with everything, and saying how she could turn things inside out, and have a New York upholsterer down before spring. She has brought a lady friend with her, who says, 'Yes, dear,' to every remark she makes."

Nan tried to end with an indifferent air, but she did not look very peaceably inclined. Miss Amy took off her eye-glasses and rubbed them vigorously. "My dear," she said, presently, "we must try and think the best of them, and make the best of them. You've always been brave, Nan, and now's your time to show how brave you can be. I battled with Phyl a long time about her Beachcroft plan, but at last I saw that it was the very best thing for all of you. You have no near relations, but you have friends, and you'll make more by setting to work bravely and with the right spirit. Don't think, my love," said Miss Amy, coming up to where Nan was standing in the window—"don't think I do not understand how much you have lost, but I want to see you face the future as I believe Nan Rolf *can*."

And Miss Amy, with one of her sudden impulses, kissed the young girl heartily on both cheeks, and added: "There, now! I felt as near to saying something disagreeable of those Farquhars as I could be, but I put it down."

Nan laughed. "Oh, Miss Amy," she said, "you always comfort just the right way. I know you meant that for a little bit of a scolding, but you always do it so nicely. And I *am* wicked to feel that way. Just think of Phyllis. How patient she is, and so gentle and humble about everything! Who would have believed it possible?"

Miss Amy's face softened. Phyllis Rolf always had been one of her special favorites.

"Yes, it *is* remarkable. You know, as soon as you come over from Rolf House to College Street for good, they are going to have a consultation about her. Poor darling!"

"Oh, is *that* what they are waiting for?" and Nan felt a sudden sense of encouragement and exhilaration, for to all the young people the consultation meant a decision in Phyl's favor. They were very hopeful, seeing how little she appeared to suffer.

"Yes," continued Miss Rogers; "Phyl thought she'd rather you would be in the house that day. The boys are coming over to me, and Love Blake will be with you, and Annie Vandort, of course."

Nan went away from Miss Amy decidedly encouraged to hasten her departure from her dear old home, and on going through the familiar gateway and up the drive she tried not to look around with wistful farewell in her heart and eyes, and ran in at the side door, so bent on thoughts of Phyllis that for a moment she was not conscious of loud and angry voices in the black-walnut parlor. But once at the doorway of the room, she stopped, shocked and bewildered by what she saw.

Mrs. Farquhar was standing by the mantel, looking with scorn upon two excited visitors, no others than Nan's step-aunt Mrs. Rupert, of Bromfield, and her cousin Marian.

On seeing Nan, Mrs. Rupert checked the torrent of words she was pouring into Mrs. Farquhar's ears.

"Oh, *there* you are!" she exclaimed. "Well, I'm glad you had the grace to come back. I'm just a-giving this lady here a bit of my mind. A pretty mess your aunt made of things! To bring you along to your fifteenth year a-makin' us all think as how you was to come in for this property, and then to leave you on *my* hands, I suppose, and taking my Marian and my Philip away from an honest living, and then never leaving them a *cent*. It's what I call sinful, and she *knowed* it."

"Stop, Aunt Rupert," cried Nan, white and trembling with feeling. "I can't hear Aunt Letty talked of in that way. Whatever she did was for the best; we shall know why some day. She was too good, too generous, too kind."

"Oh, was she, then?" cried Mrs. Rupert, freshly exasperated. "You call it good and kind to take the bread out of your mouth, do you, after telling you, as I might express it, you was to expect *cake* all your days—and my Philip too? Got to come home from Paris."

"Then you know," said Nan, faintly smiling, "that it was Aunt Letty who sent him to school and then to Paris."

Mrs. Rupert tossed her head. "And much good it's done him, fooling around some painter's place for no sort o' use, and now he's too old to learn a decent trade. It's what I call dishonest, and this lady here ought to see it in that light, and do something herself."

Nan flushed quickly, and Mrs. Farquhar smiled.

"These relations of yours ought to understand, Nan," she said, in icy tones, "that we take the property through a will very carefully made fifteen years ago, in which your name was never mentioned. It is quite impossible that Mr. Farquhar or I should keep up poor Aunt Letty's absurd charities. We always regarded her as very foolish and weak in such things, and I am sure it is a mercy we came into the property in time to prevent its all being squandered on such objects."

Mrs. Farquhar evidently said much of all this for the benefit of her friend Miss Jones, whose tall, willowy figure and smiling face appeared in the doorway. Nan remained stonily silent.

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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"'MAY I COME IN?' ASKED NAN."

"I must say good-morning now," Mrs. Farquhar continued, bowing to her uninvited visitors, and as she swept out of the room Nan heard her murmur to Miss Jones: "Such vulgarity! Just think of Aunt Letty's folly, doing for such people! That little upstart Nan, too!"

"Aunt Rupert," Nan said, as soon as they were alone, and sitting down near her, "I can't tell you how sorry I feel. I wrote to Mrs. Leigh last week, and she said Marian could just as well stay this year if she liked, and teach a little every day for her own board and schooling. She has done so well, it would be a dreadful pity to have her leave."

"Leave! a pity!" cried Mrs. Rupert, still indignant and excited. "I should think it would be. But who do you suppose, Nan Rolf, is going to pay for the clothes she has to have in that stuck-up school?"

In spite of her feelings, Nan could not repress a smile, for Mrs. Leigh kept one of the quietest, least "fashionable" of schools between Beachcroft and Beverley, and Marian Rupert was one of her six very quiet, well-mannered pupils. But Nan hastened to say, with a great effort to be considerate of her aunt's ruffled feelings:

"Oh, indeed, aunt, that will be arranged. When Aunt Letty died I had still a few hundred dollars of the money she meant I should spend on just such things. You see," she added, seeing Marian was about to interrupt her, "it isn't mine to spend on myself, and I intended to divide the use of part of it between Marian and Philip."

But Marian broke out with, "No, you sha'n't do anything of the kind, Nan; you shall keep it for yourself," and it took a long time for Nan to convince her aunt and cousin that she really was only trustee for the money; and to show that she was in earnest, she insisted upon Marian's going back to school, with fifty dollars in her hands to be placed there to her account.

Whether it was the possession of so much ready money or the conviction that Nan was accepting her position bravely, Mrs. Rupert went away in a calmer state of mind, only being roused to a new burst of indignation by catching a glimpse of Mrs. Farquhar's seal-skin cloak in the hall, and feeling obliged to use some strong language about that "sly woman in the green silk." But the good-byes were, on the whole, exchanged good-humoredly. Nan promised to invite Marian to Beachcroft for a Saturday as soon as they were settled, and Mrs. Rupert expressed her intention of paying them a visit "when the weather broke."

Nan darted upstairs to her own room, where the sight of its empty bookshelves, brackets, dressing-table, etc., gave her a little pang; but, after all, her real sorrow was for Aunt Letty, and for her own inability to help those who so sorely needed it. However, Mrs. Travers was well pleased by the Beachcroft proposition for herself and David. If Nan was her idol and oracle, she regarded Phyllis as the most beautiful young lady on earth, and the fact that she was lying helpless had roused all of Mrs. Travers's rather languid energies, so that she was likely to prove very useful, now that her health was sufficiently improved to warrant such a change of occupation.

At last everything to which Nan could lay claim was packed, with Mrs. Heriot's assistance, and trunks and boxes corded and labelled for College Street. Finding a half-hour to spare, and knowing that Mrs. Farquhar and Miss Jones were closeted in the study, Nan, with a solemn sense that she was saying a last farewell, roamed about the dear old house, memories of her happy life there crowding fast. She lived over again the first weeks, and smiled to remember that she had found them lonely and her life hard to bear. What would she not have given to bring them back! She ran up to the attic, thinking of the day, so long ago, when Joan and the boys had paid their first visit, when here on this very spot Joan, in her funny fashion, had introduced the family. Down to the old black-walnut parlor Nan went slowly, every bend in the staircases, every glimpse from their windows, bringing up some pleasant scene in the past.

"Good-by, dear old room," she whispered, kissing the dark-wood panel of the door, and choking back a little sob.

The carriage was coming for her, and only a few minutes remained for a last look at the gardens, the stables, and the long shed where the gardener worked, and in which she and Joan had so often enjoyed themselves. The stable door was locked, and as Nan was trying to get it open a voice which startled her called out, "Stop there; I've got the key," and running toward her from the shed was Jim Powers, the boy with whom Nan associated so much that was mean and cruel.

He came up smiling with an air of malicious triumph. "I'm to look after things here," he said, "until the family come, and I thought I might as well lock the stable door."

Nan turned away. She could not speak, and was thankful that in ten minutes more the carriage was announced, and after a hurried good-by to Mrs. Farquhar, who tried to murmur something intended to be pleasant, she drove away, straining her eyes for the last glimpse of Rolf House.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## EGGS AND EASTER, AND EASTER EGGS.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

IN ancient Persia, many, many hundred years before the birth of Christ, the people were all worshippers of fire. According to their religion, as communicated to them by their prophet, Zoroaster, there was first a great spirit who had existed from all eternity: from him came the first light, and from this light sprang two brothers, Ormuzd and Ahriman. Ahriman grew jealous of his elder brother, and was condemned by the Eternal One to pass three thousand years in utter darkness. On his release he created a number of bad spirits to oppose the good spirits created by Ormuzd; and when the latter made an egg containing good genii, Ahriman produced another full of evil demons, and broke the two together, so that good and evil became mixed in the new creation. This is the legend of Ahriman and Ormuzd. In memory of it the Persians of the present day, on a certain festival in March, present each other with colored eggs, and it is perhaps from this that we get our similar Easter custom.

But, independently of Persian history, eggs are as full of interest to us as they are proverbially full of meat. They have always been held as symbols of the springing forth of life, and are therefore very naturally associated with the rising of our Lord from the tomb. The festival of Easter, often called the Queen of Festivals, is held to commemorate the resurrection of Christ. Formerly the churches were ornamented with large wax candles, bonfires were lighted, and Christians saluted each other with a kiss and the words "Christ is risen," to which answer was made, "He is risen indeed." In the present time, as you well know, we celebrate the day by going to church and by making presents of painted eggs and Easter cards.

In olden times the festival of Easter was celebrated with many ceremonies, sports, and observances. Chief among them then as now was the giving of colored eggs, called "pasch" or "pace" eggs, which the boys and girls rolled down some grassy hill-side until they broke, the one whose egg held out the longest being the victor, and claiming those of the other contestants. While they were doing this they would sing some ditty with the refrain, "Carland

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parland, paste egg day." In a royal roll of the time of Edward I., preserved in the Tower, appears an entry of eighteenpence (thirty-six cents) for four hundred eggs to be used for Easter gifts. The game of ball was a favorite sport on this day, in which the town authorities engaged with due dignity and parade. At Bury St. Edmunds, in England, within a few years, the game was kept up with great spirit by twelve old women.

In some parts of Ireland there is a legend that the sun dances in the sky on Easter-Sunday morning. In the northern part of England the men parade the streets on Easter-Sunday, and claim the privilege of lifting every woman they meet three times from the ground, receiving in payment a kiss or a silver sixpence. The same is done by the women to the men on the next day. This custom had no doubt originally a religious significance, intended to typify the rising of our Lord on the third day.

In this country it is growing to be the fashion to spend a great deal of skill and expense on the decoration of Easter eggs. Some are adorned with designs in gold and brilliant colors, and not unfrequently artists of considerable repute are engaged to paint on them tasteful pictures. Some of the most expensive of these cost as much as a hundred dollars each, while the merely dyed ones can be bought in the little fancy stores in side streets for a few cents. Home-made Easter-eggs are colored by binding round them slips of colored ribbon or bits of printed calico before putting them in to boil. Another way is to boil some sumac, logwood, or indigo (washing-bluing) with the eggs. When this latter plan is adopted, the initials of any one may be made to appear on the shell in white by writing them in tallow on the egg, and then binding it in muslin, before putting it in the water.

In addition to the real eggs which are ornamented for Easter, cunning artisans make many clever imitations of them out of sugar, glass, marble, alabaster, gold, silver, and other metals. Some of these are represented as broken, with little winged Cupids issuing from the breach. Others are made to open in the middle with a hinge, and contain jewelry, implements for sewing or the toilet, perfume or confectionery. There is a piece of history connected with an egg of this sort.

Once a certain German Princess (I do not know the name or date) had for a lover a certain Prince, who on a certain Easter sent her a present of a huge iron egg. The Princess, enraged at what she took for a practical joke, raised the egg in her hands and dashed it to the floor. The force of the blow caused it to fly open, when, lo! it was all lined with crystal, in which lay a yolk of shining gold. She seized the golden ball, and, to her surprise, that opened too, and revealed a crown of rubies; this in turn opened, and displayed a betrothal ring of costly diamonds. This egg is now to be seen in the Museum of Berlin.

Of eggs unconnected with Easter, how many associations hover round them! Do we not remember how Columbus confounded those who doubted his discoveries by standing an egg on one end? Do we not recall and marvel yet at the roc's egg in the *Arabian Nights*? Do we not still lose our patience now and then when we think of those silly people who killed the goose which laid the golden eggs? You and I, reader, would not be so foolish; and yet there are people who do that very same thing every day. Then there is poor little Humpty Dumpty and his unfortunate tumble. Alas! we are all in one sense Humpty Dumptys, and liable to have a fall, after which no amount of men or horses ever can set us up again. We are all sitting on the tops of walls: let us have a care lest we tumble off.

The egg is one of the sheet-anchors of the cook. The French have a hundred and odd ways of cooking them. Some eggs are more highly prized than others, the guinea-hen's, the turkey's, the turtle's, and, some say, the goose's, being particularly esteemed; but the primest delicacy of all, in the way of eggs, is that of the plover, which generally figures as a dainty dish on the supper tables at grand balls in England. In such cases the eggs are boiled hard and peeled, and laid in a nest formed of strips of jelly, where they present the appearance of beautiful oval opals.

But whatever we may think of our modern eggs, they are as nothing when compared with the monsters of prehistoric times; even the burly ostrich's egg becomes a pigmy by their side. In the year 1850 a Frenchman dug up some eggs in the island of Madagascar which measured thirteen and a half inches in length, and eight and a half inches in diameter. The shells were as thick as the rind of an orange, and the contents equal to eight and a half quarts. Only think what an omelet that would make for the Frenchman! enough to fill a large-sized wash-basin; while, if he had wished to eat it out of the shell, the biggest "stove-pipe" hat would have been scarcely large enough to serve as an egg-cup. One of these monster eggs holds as much as 144 hen's eggs. Fancy seventy-two people breakfasting off the contents of *one* egg!

## THE SWITCHMAN'S BOX.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

IT was a Monday afternoon in February, and Charlie Oakland was on his way back to Hathaway Academy, after his Washington's Birthday visit home. Of the twenty students he was the only New-Yorker, and consequently had no travelling companions. The sun had set, and the brakeman was lighting the lamps in the car.

"Only ten minutes from Hathaway," muttered the boy to himself, looking at his watch. "I s'pose all the other fellows will be back before me. But, hello! we're slowing up. What does that mean, I wonder? Something must have happened."

He was evidently not the only one who thought so. As the train came to a full stop, the other passengers began asking one another the meaning of this halt in the woods, and one nervous lady in the seat behind Charlie declared that they had run over a man. "I'm positive I felt the bump," she insisted.

Two or three of the gentlemen smiled at this, and suggested that the cause of the stoppage was merely a hot box. But the smiles were changed into expressions of intense excitement when somebody learned from the conductor that a man had been struck by the engine. Then a rush was made for the rear door, Charlie being among the first to reach the platform.

About fifty yards back of where the cars had stopped he could see the brakeman holding the lantern, and the conductor bending down over a form stretched out on the snow. A crowd speedily gathered about the group.

"He isn't dead," reported the conductor, "but he ought to have hospital treatment. Is anybody here a doctor?"

No one spoke.

"Why don't that switchman, Dave, come out?" exclaimed the brakeman. He put down his lantern, and started on a run toward the little house that stood near the point where the Korting track branched from the main line.

Charlie saw him try the door, only to find it locked, although there was a light burning inside.

"Dave ought to be back from supper by this time," said the conductor, when informed of the circumstance. "If he was only here, we could leave this poor fellow in his care, and have him put aboard the Korting express when it comes along. It is due here in fifteen minutes. There's a hospital down at Korting. If we take him along with us he can't get proper treatment up this end of the road. I say, Joe"—to the brakeman—"you'd better run and set the switch for the express anyway. It 'll save time."

"And now, gentlemen," the conductor went on, turning to the passengers again, "this man ought to be taken

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to the hospital at Korting, but I can't have my train wait here any longer. We've got to run beyond the cut, so as to pass the express on the double-track division. That switchman ought to be back any minute. Would any of you, who may be going to Hathaway volunteer to stay here with this poor chap till he comes? Our train's short-handed to-night, as it is, or I would leave one of my own men. I believe I took up only one ticket for Hathaway."

A sudden resolve shaped itself in Charlie Oakland's mind. Clearly it was he that was called upon to perform this act of humanity; so he stepped forward and touched the conductor's arm.

"I'm the Hathaway passenger," he said. "If you'll wait till I get my things, I'll stay till the switchman comes."

The conductor looked him over doubtfully. He was only a boy, and it was a very responsible post he was to fill. But nobody else volunteered, time was precious, and so, "Very well, I'll leave you this lantern, and you can tell the switchman to keep it for me, along with my overcoat," he replied at last.

The overcoat had been brought from the baggage-car and spread out on the snow under the injured man.

Charlie ran back to the train, caught up his satchel and umbrella, and then, as he was about to dash off again, inquired: "And if the switchman shouldn't come before the express does, how shall I stop it?"

"Just pick up the lamp, stand out in the middle of the track, and wave it this way three or four times as high as you can," and the conductor lifted his arms and crossed his hands several times above his head. Then he added, "But Dave's sure to be here, and the express 'll be along in ten minutes now. We pass it this side of Hathaway station. All aboard! Come, Joe. Good-by, my boy."

Two jerks on the bell-rope, two toots of the whistle, and Charlie was left alone with his charge.

On returning to the wounded man he found him groaning fearfully and rolling about as if in great pain.

Charlie knelt down in the snow, and made a pillow for the man's head out of his satchel. Whether owing to this or not, the poor fellow lay quite still for some minutes. In rising to his feet Charlie put one hand on the ground, and quickly drew it back again. He had struck it against some article, the sharp teeth of which had almost cut into his finger.

Snatching up the lamp to make an examination, he discovered a saw, hammer, chisel, and other tools scattered about in the snow near where the accident had happened.

Charlie was gazing down at them in a puzzled way, when he heard the injured man muttering something. Bending over to listen, he made out that he wanted to know what was going to be done with him.

"Send you to the hospital as soon as the express comes along," and Charlie pointed in the direction of Korting.

"The express!" exclaimed the man, with a start. "Oh, that's the train I—" And then with a dreadful expression of horror creeping over his face, he soon sank back again into unconsciousness.

A fearful thought presented itself to the boy's mind. There had been a strike of the engineers on this road, and an angry and cruel state of feeling had been excited by it. "This man may be a friend of the strikers, have sawed some of the bridge timbers, and then been run over as he was hurrying off. And now to be told that he is to be put aboard the very train he's planned to wreck!" Charlie shuddered as all these thoughts came crowding into his brain. There was now a twofold reason for stopping the express. And the switchman had not yet returned.

"I shall have to give the signal myself," reflected the boy; "and it must be almost time now."

He took a step nearer the lantern to look at his watch, and at the same instant the injured man made a sudden convulsive movement, his foot overturned the lamp, the glass was shattered, and the light put out.

With the extinguished flame seemed to vanish all the boy's hope of stopping the coming train, and, as he thought, averting a terrible disaster. Perfectly well he knew that he had not a single match about him; nevertheless, mechanically and with fingers trembling from the knowledge of the brief space of time left him for action, he felt in all his pockets, and then, much as he disliked the task, dropped down in the snow and proceeded to search the pockets of the "train-wrecker"; but in vain.

And meanwhile the seconds and minutes were slipping by so fast.

Charlie sprang to his feet again and gazed half distractedly about him. Oh, why did not that switchman come? Must he stand there and see the express go rushing by, and not be able to give warning of the pitfall awaiting it at the bridge?

Suddenly he thought of that patch of light gleaming out through the small opening in the door of the switchman's box. If he could only gain possession of the lamp inside! But how to do it, when even the brakeman had been unable to open the door?

Charlie set his teeth together and ran to the box.

On reaching it he put his right hand in through the hole, which was some six inches in circumference and about five feet from the ground, and exerting all his strength, drew himself up until he was able to see in. Alas! the lamp hung out of reach on the opposite side.

Dropping back to the ground again, Charlie darted another searching look on all sides of him, and then sprang forward, inspired with a new plan.

Seizing hold of a good-sized log that was lying on the outskirts of the woods not far from the track, and once more bringing all his muscle into play, he began dragging it toward the little house. Having dropped it in front of the door, he ran back to the spot where he had left his things, and snatching up his umbrella and the broken lamp, made a dash in among the trees. After finding what he wanted, in a dead vine hanging from a branch, he twisted it loose, and tore back to the switchman's box.

"If I only have time enough!" he kept repeating, as he sprang upon the log, whence he could see through the opening before mentioned.

Through this he now proceeded to thrust his umbrella, and taking a careful aim, broke the glass of the lantern inside without extinguishing the light. Then hurriedly withdrawing the umbrella, he threw it aside and picked up the vine. Just as he extended the latter toward the flame, a locomotive whistle broke the wintry stillness of the night.

"The express!" exclaimed Charlie, with a start. "It must be blowing for the crossing this side of Hathaway. I haven't a second to waste."

But in his excitement his hand shook so that he went wide of his mark, and almost dropped the vine. Then, with another clicking together of his teeth, and an inward determination not to give up till it really was too late, he took a firmer hold, and again reached out with his taper.

This time it came in contact with the flame, where he held it till he saw that it was fairly ablaze, then drew it out as rapidly as he dared. Already he could hear the roar of the approaching train, now growing louder, and now dying down into a faint rumble, as it dashed into a deep cutting or a clump of trees, but all the time surely devouring the distance with savage speed.

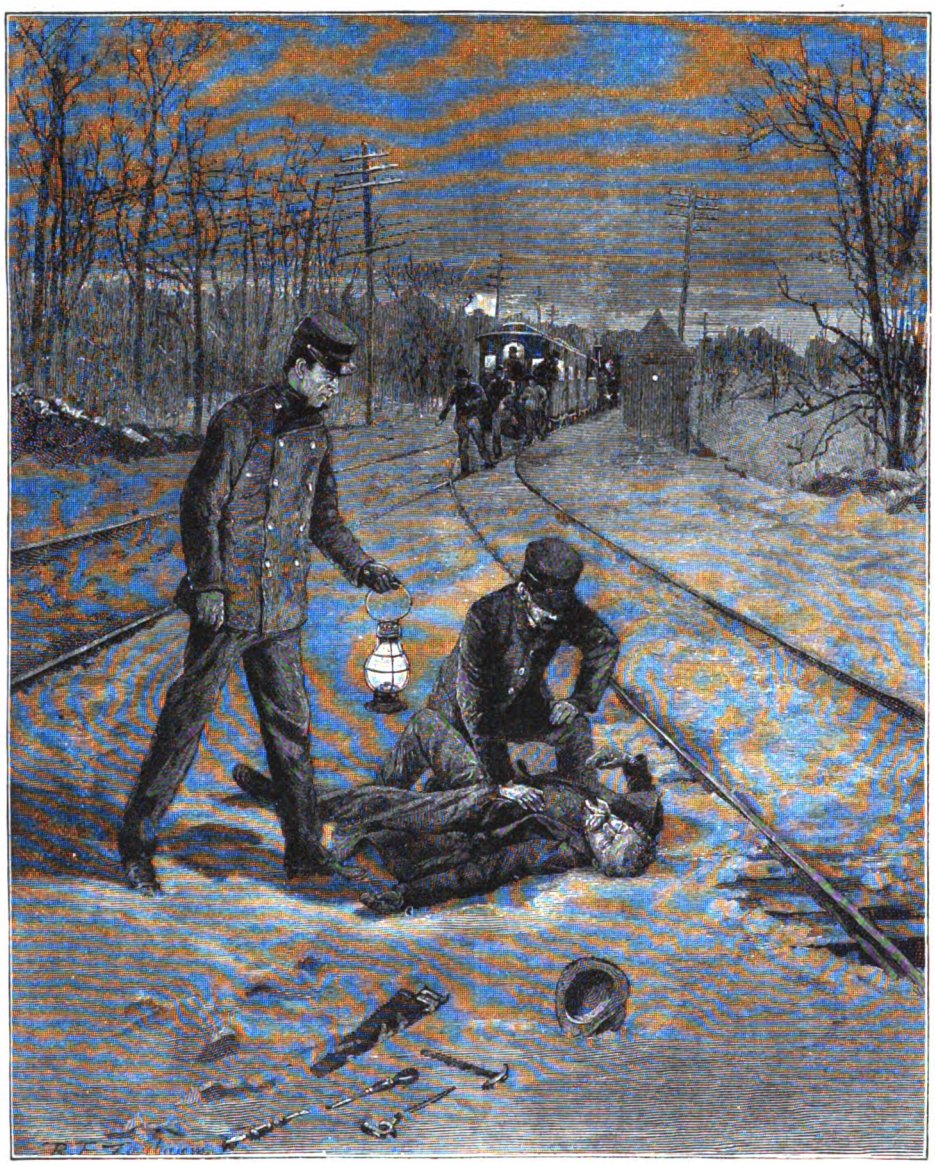
With trembling hands he touched the blazing vine to the wick of the conductor's lamp.

"I'll keep hold of the vine, too," Charlie resolved, and with these two comparatively tiny beacons, one in each hand, he raced off down the track.

But it did not seem to him that he had run fifty feet when a blinding light flashed its rays full in his face. The express was almost upon him.

He raised the lamp in his right hand, the flaming vine

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"BENDING DOWN OVER A FORM STRETCHED OUT ON THE SNOW."

in his left, and crossed them twice above his head, at the same time shouting with the full force of his lungs. Then he gave a quick spring to one side, half a second before the head-light went sweeping by. An instant of suspense, and he heard the welcome "toot, toot" of the whistle ring out clear and sharp, giving the order "down brakes," thus proving that his signal had been seen and heeded.

Dropping the vine, that had now burned down to his fingers, Charlie called upon the train hands to follow him, and ran back to the spot where the injured man lay.

The conductor and brakemen of the express soon came hurrying up, eager to learn the cause of the signal. As rapidly as possible Charlie explained about the accident, delivered his messages, and pointing to the tools, stated his suspicions concerning the condition of the bridge. Then, while the excitement was at its height, he caught up his bag and umbrella, and struck out over the snow toward the academy. He was rather a shy boy, and had a dread of "scenes," such as the making up of a purse for him by the grateful passengers would have occasioned; but at the same time his eyes were still all ablaze and his heart thumping fast as he thought of his adventure, and wondered why that switchman had not come back.

He did not find out the reason until the next afternoon, when he and his chum, Arthur Wolcott, walked down to Hathaway station. One question from Arthur to the ticket agent was sufficient to set the latter off on a detailed account of the affair down by the ravine.

"Last night Dave Kennedy, the switchman," he began, "came home to his supper, and was suddenly taken sick. So his wife asked her brother, who is a carpenter, and lives by himself not far from the fork in the roads, and who happened to stop in on his way home from work—well, she asked him if he'd see to setting the switch for the Korting express. They ought to have sent word here about the matter, but Dave expected to be better in an hour or two, and in fact he was. Well, this Baker (I believe that's the brother-in-law's name), he said he'd attend to it, and hurried off. He must have got down there just as the 'accommodation' from New York came along, got confused at the point where the tracks come together, and instead of stepping *out* of the way to the left, stepped *in* the way to the right, and was knocked down by Bill West's engine. Bill heard him scream, stopped the train as quick as he could, and they went back and found that he wasn't killed, but badly stunned."

At this point the two academy boys exchanged meaning glances, for it was apparent that the ticket agent had no idea that one of his listeners had been an important actor in the occurrences he was about to relate.

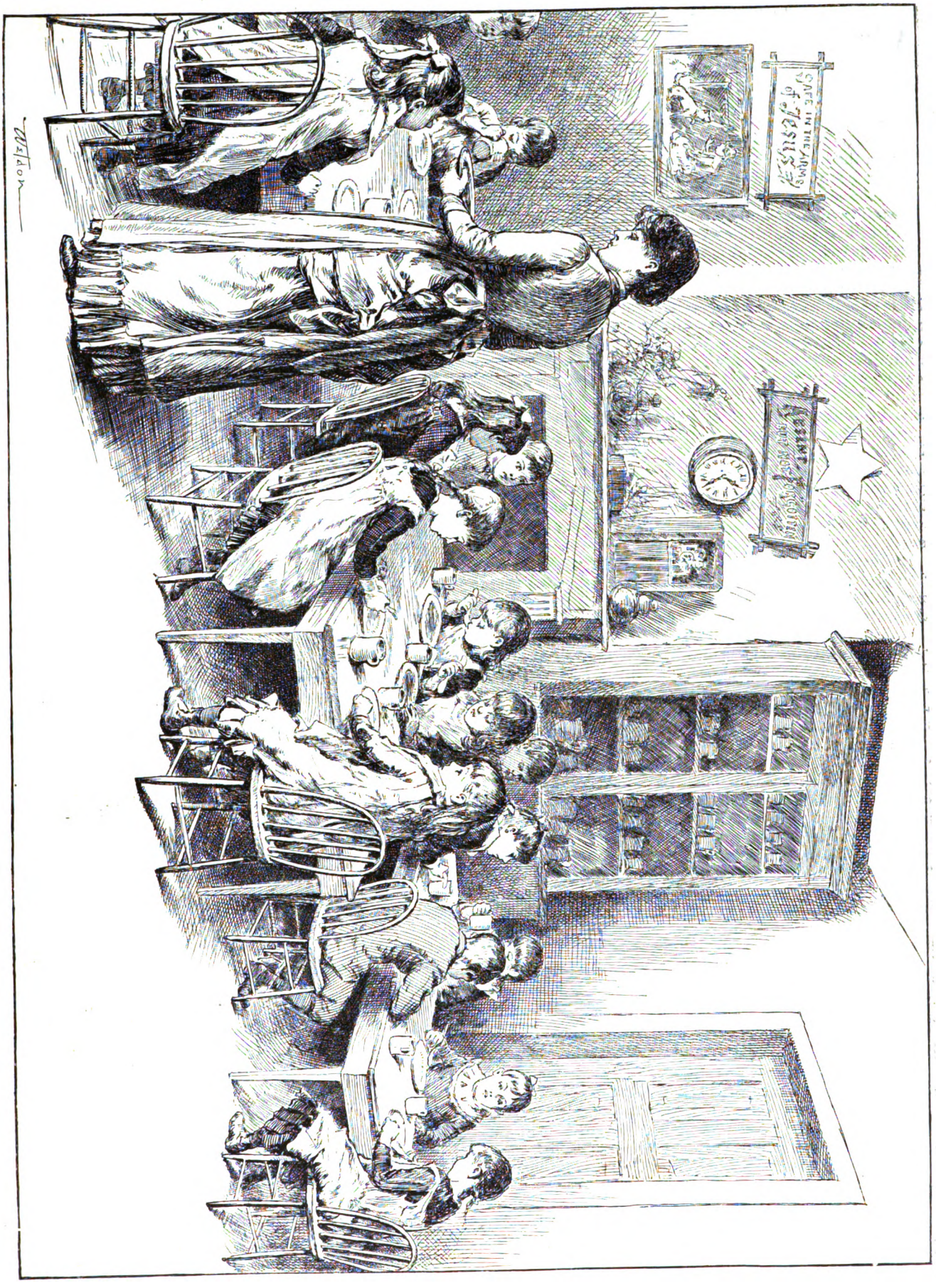
"Well," he continued, "Conductor Drake decided that the best thing to be done was to leave the fellow in charge of the switchman, to be put aboard the Korting express, and sent down to the hospital. But, you see, the switchman wasn't there, and the only Hathaway passenger aboard was a boy, who said he'd stay; and he did, and took poor Baker for a train-wrecker, because he had his tools with him, and told the express folks that the timbers of the ravine bridge had been sawed through. Then, before anybody could thank him or find out his name, he ran off. But he was a brave chap, even if he did send the express people on a wild-goose chase, looking for the sawed timber when there wasn't any. Still, a warning for nothing is better than no warning for something."

"But what made that man Baker look so horrified when I—when he was told that he was to be sent down on the express?" Charlie couldn't resist asking.

The ticket agent eyed him closely before replying, then answered slowly: "He didn't want to leave his post of duty as quick as some folks like to slip off after they have done a big thing. Why, I think that boy—"

But Charlie would not stay to hear any more.

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THE DINNER-HOUR AT BETHLEHEM DAY NURSERY.—See Page 346.

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## BETHLEHEM DAY NURSERY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A FEW steps from Second Avenue, on East Thirty-first Street, New York, a modest sign-board notifies the passer-by that No. 248, the Parish House of the Church of the Incarnation, is also Bethlehem Day Nursery.

The word "nursery" has in itself a pleasant sound. It reminds my little readers of a wide sunny chamber with pictures on the walls, a dainty crib in the corner, a music-box on the table, dolls seated in tiny chairs, picture-books and games on the swinging shelf just within reach of small hands, and, presiding over all, a kind and patient nurse in white cap and apron, or mamma herself, holding baby in her arms. The nursery is the brightest room in the house, and no child is at a loss for something to do there even on a rainy day.

But you must know, Daisy and Tom, that thousands of little people have no nursery like yours, and that in this great city of New York, as in other great cities, the children of the very poor are crowded into dark, narrow, and unwholesome apartments, where in winter they shiver for want of fire, where in summer they suffocate for want of air, and where they are seldom clean, and are always hungry. Their fathers and mothers are forced to work so hard that they have no time to play with the babies, and they are so ignorant that they do not know how to take care of them in the best way. It would make you very sorry to hear how many poor little creatures are hurt by burns and scalds and falls and cruel blows in the wretched tenement-houses which afford shelter to thousands of the laboring classes.

Bethlehem Day Nursery was opened in May, 1883, and is under the care of a board of lady managers, who visit it regularly and attend to its interests. If I were writing for grown-up people, I would say that it is a beautiful and practical charity, which begins where charity should always begin, at the very beginning, not waiting to reform bad men and women, but teaching little children to be good, and making them healthy and happy. However, as I am writing for Daisy and Tom, and I do not want them to skip any part of my story, I will just tell them for whom the Day Nursery is meant and what I saw there.

A great many poor mothers must go out every day to earn their living and to get food for their children. They wash or iron or scrub for people who need to have such work done, and who give them employment. While they are absent their children are, of course, left alone at home. The usual way is for the mother to put the matches somewhere out of reach, set a bit of bread on the table, lock the door, and go away, leaving the babies to manage as they can. No matter how carefully the mother hides the matches, the children often find them and set their clothing on fire, or they fall against the stove, or are injured in some way. Even though no accident happen to them, the day is very, very long and tedious when they have nobody to speak to and nothing to look at for hours and hours together.

The Day Nursery provides a cheerful, warm, cozy place in which mothers may leave their little ones under kind care while they are at their daily work.

I wish you could all see the sweet-faced matron at the Nursery. She has a real mother look in her pleasant blue eyes, and her manner is very winning. The little ones need fear no harshness while they are with such a woman, and it is easy to see that they like to be with her.

When a mother wishes to leave her child at the Nursery, she presents herself to the matron, and if it be her first application, she is sent, with a line of introduction, to a neighboring physician. He examines the child, and if he gives it a certificate of health, it is at once admitted to the institution, and receives a share in its benefits.

This certificate is a necessity, and, in each case, costs the Nursery fifty cents. No child having fever, or skin disease, or sore eyes, or any catching illness is allowed to enter the place.

The mothers pay five cents a day for each child. This charge, as you will see, does not compensate the managers for what the child receives, but it does preserve the self-respect of the mothers, who are thus kept from accepting a mere alms, and who also prize more highly what they partially pay for than they would were it wholly a gift.

The little ones are brought at seven in the morning, and stay until their mothers come or send for them in the evening. Some leave as early as five, while others remain until eight or even nine o'clock at night.

There are babies a few weeks or months old; wee tots of two or three years; sturdy boys and girls of five, six, or seven—children, in fact, of all ages from the cradle up to nine years, at which age they are old enough to attend the public schools.

The first thing in order on their arrival in the morning is to wash faces, necks, and hands till they are daintily clean, to comb and brush rebellious hair, and to put on the children the clean jackets and aprons which are kept for their use while in the Nursery.

Then the poor little things must be fed. If they have had no breakfast, they are given a generous bowl of bread and milk; at the noon dinner they have a hearty meal of beef or mutton soup, with plenty of vegetables, and bread or else rice, oatmeal, or meat and potatoes in abundance; at four o'clock they have tea, which consists of thick slices of bread and butter, with jam or sauce of apples or prunes, and sometimes, for a treat, with oranges or sugar-plums.

Our artist has sketched the little ones in the dining-room. The low tables and chairs are very cute, if I may borrow Daisy's phrase, and the children look very happy as they sit there.

Some of them are so pretty and so plump, too! There is a marked contrast between those who have been in the habit of spending their days at the Nursery and those who come for the first time. The latter often look scrawny and pallid, and—would you believe it?—have to be coaxed to eat the good food provided for them. They sometimes cry, the matron says, for "bread and tea," or still worse, they ask pitifully, "Div me my lager." Think of babies crying for lager!

But they learn to like the nice, well-cooked dishes which are set before them, and of course they thrive on the better diet, and some of them grow rosy and pretty.

The babies are given good milk in nursing-bottles, and are well cared for. When I was there the babies were all quiet, one or two were asleep, one was being fed, and another, a cunning little mite, was sitting in a baby chair, and the scene was very peaceful. "Do they never cry?" I inquired.

"Indeed, yes," was the answer. "Once in a while they all begin to squall at once, and then we have lively times. Fortunately they are generally good."

Daisy and Tom, if you will ask your mamma or your nurse, you will be told that infants who are clean, warm, and well do not cry very much.

The older children would be tempted to quarrel or would grow very weary if they were allowed to spend the entire day in idleness,

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

The managers have met this possible trouble by providing the institution with a teacher. This lady, who is very gentle and kind, keeps school for the children during the morning hours. She uses Kindergarten methods for the tiniest ones, but also teaches reading, spelling, and arith-

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metic to the older ones, and there is a blackboard on which they perform their examples, just as you do in your class-rooms.

A great improvement has been observed since this school-work was added to the other benefits of the Nursery.

In the afternoon the teacher goes about among the poor, visits the homes of little pensioners who are ill, or tries to show some of the poor, tired mothers that kind words and patience would go farther than cuffs and scolding in the management of their little ones. Often when she carries a delicacy to the bedside of a sick child, she sits there to see him eat it, knowing that the moment her back is turned some selfish older brother or sister, knowing no better, would gobble it up if it were left unguarded.

Owing to the bounty of private individuals, and also to a share in the fresh-air funds of the benevolent, the children enjoyed a number of trips to the sea-shore last summer. These were days of gladness. They went under the care of a teacher, nurse, or matron, and were very much better for the outings, which were such rare delights.

Then, too, they had a play-ground in the back yard of No. 248, which, for the city, is quite ample. A thoughtful friend provided a tent which shielded them from the extreme heat of the sun in July and August.

I can see a question in Daisy's brown eyes, and Tom's face, at this point, is a perfect interrogation mark. Well, ask away, my dears.

"Where does the money come from to give the children the dinners and the clothing, to pay for fire and furniture and dishes, and to meet the salaries of the matron and teacher and the other assistants, of whom there are three? It takes money to do this, and, of course, the five cents a day received from each of the children are not nearly enough."

It does, indeed cost money to do so much good. The Church of the Incarnation gives the use of the rooms in its Parish House, so there is no rent to be paid, and each manager makes a liberal annual contribution.

Beyond this, the institution is dependent upon the gifts of those who wish to help along a good work.

Money can not be better nor more safely expended than in donations to the Bethlehem Day Nursery. Gifts of provisions will always be welcome. Clothing for children of both sexes is urgently required, and baby clothing is especially useful, and is always in demand. One of the best things which the Nursery does is the sending out of baby baskets and bundles of clothing to the poor homes in the neighborhood. I saw several such bundles, with tiny slips, shirts, skirts, flannels, etc., all complete. In many households there are stores of unused infants' clothing, as there are suits and dresses which the children have outgrown, and which would assist the Day Nursery in its excellent work of out-door relief.

The institution, in its present quarters, has accommodations for only about forty children at once. From twenty-five to thirty-five are present on Monday and Tuesday, when the mothers go out more regularly than in the latter part of the week to their tasks of washing and ironing.

Strangely enough, many of the poor women do not understand how great are the privileges offered to them here, and have at first to be persuaded to leave their children for the day. But those who once bring them need no inducement afterward to continue doing so. And one very direct way of aiding such an enterprise as this is by giving work to the baby's mother while the baby is at the Nursery.

It is a pretty name, isn't it, Daisy?—Bethlehem, the house of bread, and it makes you think of the Saviour, who was born in Bethlehem, and who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." So, with this dear verse in our minds, we will say good-by to the Bethlehem Day Nursery, No. 248 East Thirty-first Street, New York, a place where, any day and hour, visitors are welcome.

## MR. THOMPSON AND THE TURTLE.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

MR. THOMPSON lay stretched at full length—which was considerable—on the ground under the big elm-tree down near the gate. He was lying on his side, resting one elbow on the earth, and supporting his chin on the palm of his long, thin hand. It must be admitted that this was not a very graceful attitude for Mr. Thompson to assume, but then Mr. Thompson was always ready to sacrifice grace in the pursuit of knowledge, and just at this particular moment he was intent upon studying nature, as represented by a big land-turtle which lay a few feet from him, and absolutely refused to come out of its shell. Mr. Thompson had poked and shaken and tapped the obstinate creature, but the only effect was to make it close its shell tighter than before; so Mr. Thompson lay quietly to see what would happen.

The time passed on, and Mr. Thompson had almost given up the matter as a bad job, when he noticed the shell began to unclose, and cautiously, very cautiously, the turtle thrust out his snake-like head. He looked all around him, and then as his little red eye rested upon Mr. Thompson, he winked.

"I thought you were never coming out," murmured Mr. Thompson.

"*I* thought *you* were never going away," answered the turtle, rather crossly.

Mr. Thompson started. To be sure, he had addressed the turtle, but with no idea that he would answer back. A cold shiver ran all over his body, for he remembered past experiences, and he hardly liked the idea of being transformed into a turtle. He endeavored to raise himself from the ground, but he could not. In the mean time the turtle was gazing at him in open-eyed amazement.

"Hullo! Well, I never!" he exclaimed. "I say, how did you do that?"

Mr. Thompson was greatly annoyed at such familiarity on so short an acquaintance; so he answered, stiffly, "I fail to see that I have done anything so very remarkable."

"Well, you are the first man I ever saw change into a turtle, as a cocoon changes into a butterfly. But anyway, however it happened, ain't you glad?" There was such an honest ring of sympathy and congratulation in the turtle's voice that Mr. Thompson had not the heart to express his real feelings, so he changed the subject by inquiring,

"Which way were you going when I stopped you?"

"Over in the orchard to the sweet pear-tree. Let's go now," answered the turtle.

Mr. Thompson readily agreed to this proposition, and as he strolled slowly along beside his new friend he began, as was his custom, to ask questions about the life of a turtle, which he found his companion only too willing to answer.

"Yes," said the turtle, in reply to one of Mr. Thompson's questions, "our family is a very old one. There are records of turtles in the very earliest fables, and our pictures are to be found on the stamped bricks of Nineveh and the sculptured walls of Ilium. Of course you know the story of the Greek philosopher who was killed by a turtle, which was let fall from a great height by an eagle which mistook the philosopher's bald head for a stone. The Chinese believe that the earth is supported upon two pillars which rest upon the back of a turtle."

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"What does the turtle rest upon?" queried Mr. Thompson.

"That is something I never heard explained," answered the turtle, good-naturedly.

"Well, is it true that you live to such a great age?" asked Mr. Thompson.

"About two hundred years, if fortune favors us. There is an account of an English cousin of mine, who belonged to a bishop, who lived to be two hundred and twenty-eight. The bishop provided for him in his will, and he finally died from exposure to an unusually severe frost. That is what kills many of my family. You know, we sleep all winter in a hole we dig in the ground; and it was customary, when a whaling ship stopped there, to carve the name of the ship and the date on the turtle's great shell. So, after a time, he became a sort of live-register, and all the captains used to look for him, and were very careful not to harm him."

"He was a sea-turtle?" said Mr. Thompson.

"Yes; measured eleven feet from head to tail, and six feet across. Do you know another very funny thing, and that is that those immense turtles, weighing from five hundred to a thousand pounds, are hatched from eggs not much larger than ours. But here comes that horrid young fellow. He says that the next turtle he catches he will mark, 'Adam, year 1'; so you had better look out."




"'I THOUGHT YOU WERE NEVER COMING OUT,' MURMURED MR. THOMPSON."

sometimes the dirt gets disturbed above us, and we are frozen to death in our sleep. But here we are at the pear-tree."

After a few minutes' search, they each found a ripe pear on the ground, and proceeded to eat it up. At last Mr. Thompson's companion raised his head with a sigh of satisfaction, brushed the specks of pear from his mouth with one of his fore-paws, and announced that he had finished his dinner. "How is it," inquired Mr. Thompson, "that we see so few young turtles?"

"In the first place, they are small, and can keep out of the way, and secondly, they grow very rapidly. A turtle is nearly as big at two years old as I am now."

"How old are you?"

"Sixty-five. Of course that 'G. W., 1695,' on my shell is all a humbug; George Washington wasn't born then —*I* know as much as that. The young man who lives down at the house with you cut it on the other day. Why, he marked a friend of mine 'C. C., 1492,' and a fellow picked him up the next day, and called all his friends to see the prize he had found—a turtle marked by Columbus.

"The children took me on the piazza once, where there was an old sea-captain, and he told them that on one of the small islands in the West Indies there lived a large turtle which was known to be over a hundred and fifty years old,

Sure enough, along came the young man, and stooped over Mr. Thompson to lift him. Mr. Thompson just felt his hands on his side, when by a violent effort he broke away, and exclaimed, passionately:

"Go way from me. You have no right to touch me. I will not have 'Adam, year 1' cut on my shell," and Mr. Thompson suddenly realized that he was standing under the old elm, and that the young man who boarded at the house was gazing at him with mingled surprise and amusement.

"I was afraid you would catch cold, so I came to waken you," explained the young man.

"Then what did you want to cut 'G. W., 1695' on his shell the other day for?" asked Mr. Thompson, for he had not yet fully come to his senses, and he was, moreover, suspicious of the young man.

On his part, the young man was perplexed at Mr. Thompson's actions, and circulated the report that Mr. Thompson was violently insane.

Mr. Thompson treated the whole matter with contempt, only making an explanation to Miss Angelina, who told it to the rest of the party under pledge of strictest secrecy, which was the way I heard of it, only, if any of you meet Mr. Thompson, don't tell him that I told you.

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THE FIRST OF APRIL.

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THE AWAKENING.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

MAY I say something to you, dear little writers, about your writing itself—not now about your composition, but just on the subject of pens, ink, and paper? Some of you—and here I must pay a little compliment to my English friends—write beautifully; you form your letters so clearly, and the page looks so clean and plain, and it is so very easy to read what you say, that I feel like wafting kisses and thanks to you over all the miles that stretch between us. Others use very pale ink, write on both sides of the paper, and make such long tails to their *g*'s and *f*'s, and such sharp corners to their *d*'s and *c*'s, that I knit my brow and purse up my lips, and puzzle a long while over the little letters, before I am sure what the writers mean.

After I have read your missives, they go to the compositor, who picks up a tiny type for every letter in every word, and whose eyes have to do double duty when you do not write plainly. When the compositor has finished his part, the proof-reader's turn comes, and he has to go over each letter, which he calls "copy," and compare it with the proof the type-setter has made; and after he has pronounced it perfect, it is ready to go to the great press and be printed.

Now, dears, for the sake of the Postmistress, who loves you, for the sake of the printers and the proof-readers, and because it is right and kind to do so, write plainly, with black ink, on one side only of the paper.

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ROME, ITALY.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for about three months, and I like it very, very much. My papa, who is at home now, in Brooklyn, New York, sends it to me, and I am always glad to receive a new number. I missed the story of "Nan," which I think I would like very much to read, and when I return I am going to ask papa if I may get it in book form. We have been in Europe almost two years, and are going home in May. I have three sisters, all older than myself, and no brothers; their names are Daisy, Bell, and Millie. We all want to see papa very much. He came over here with us, but was obliged to go home again; he left us in Paris in the latter part of August, 1883. I went to school in Florence (where we spent last winter). I boarded there. There were four other boarders besides me, and quite a number of day scholars. The principal was French, and very strict. Last winter we visited Rome for one month, but this year we shall stay till the middle of April. The weather is beautiful—quite warm, and with a soft breeze. Rome is a very jolly city, and I enjoy being here. The Carnival has just finished. I had a very gay time during it, and I kept some of the pretty little fancy things that were thrown at us to remember it by. I am thirteen years old; my birthday comes two weeks before Christmas. I will send you a photograph of mine, so that you may see what I look like. In Florence at school I studied French, Italian, and the violin. When I get home I should like to come and see you and bring you some things to take to the poor darling little sick children at the hospital. Would you object to my coming? BESSIE E.

I shall be very pleased to see you, dear. The photograph is very lovely.

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BRANDON, VERMONT.

I live on a large farm. Our house is about a quarter of a mile from the river. I am eleven years old. We have a little Shetland pony and a pony cart and a little harness. My godfather gave me the pony-cart and the harness for a Christmas present. When there was snow on the ground we hitched the pony up to the sled and had a very nice ride. The pony's name is Vixen. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we like it very much. BELLE R. H.

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PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.

As I have seen only one letter from this place, I thought I would write one to the Post-office Box. We have three canaries, and they all sing beautifully; one is Pat, one is Tipsey, and the other is James G. Blaine. We have had a red squirrel for almost a year; he is very cunning, and runs all over the house when we let him out of his cage. He has been out-doors twice, and did not offer to run away. He jumps up on mamma and hides nuts in her hair. A man found him out in the woods on a stone wall, nearly frozen to death, when only about a week old. He brought him home and fed him milk from a spoon. His name is Shrimp. We have fifteen or twenty chickens; they all have top-knots as big again as their heads. I have two sisters and two brothers younger than myself. I shall be twelve years old on the 25th of next month. My two brothers and I go to school. I study arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, spelling, drawing, reading, and writing. I like "Archie's Adventure" very much. I hope you can find room for this in this paper, for it is the first I have ever written to the Post-office Box.

GERTRUDE H. M.

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RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA.

I live in one of the prettiest places in southern California. It is just like summer here all the year round, and all kinds of delicious fruits are grown here. There is a roller-skating rink here, and I go and skate. Some young men organized a skating club, which meets every Friday evening. One evening, when the club met, an orange was hung in the centre of the rink, and about half a dozen young men were blindfolded. The one who first touched the orange was to have a bottle of perfumery. It was great fun watching them skate around the rink. ELLA J. C.

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BRANDON, VERMONT.

I am a girl twelve years old, and as all the other boys and girls write to you, I thought I would write too. I have no pets, but I have two dear little sisters, whom I like much better than pets, and I have two brothers besides. I like "Nan" better than any story I have ever read, and I like "Rolf House" very much, too, thus far. I go to the Graded School here. I am in the Second Intermediate, and like it quite well. We are having a vacation now of two weeks. Will some of the correspondents of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE please tell me how to make some pretty fancy articles? JENNIE B.

Did you try to make any of Milly Cone's Christmas presents? I think your request will meet attention soon.

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VANCOUVER BARRACKS, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

I am a little army girl, and have travelled about a great deal. My papa made me a camera like the one in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I have very nice times taking pictures. I go to school and take music lessons. My pets are a pony named Daisy, which I love to ride, and a cunning little dog named Frisky. I have a little brother six years old. It is very rainy here in winter, but beautiful in summer—never so warm as it is in the East. We can always see three snow-covered mountains. The highest one is Mount Hood; the others are Mount St. Helen's and Mount Jefferson. I received HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present, and I like it very much. H. L. P.

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LIMA, OHIO.

Yesterday was "Longfellow's Day" in our school. I had a little speech about "Hiawatha's Chickens." It was "potato day" too. In the morning we all took as many potatoes as we could carry, and they were sent to the rooms occupied by the Ladies' Relief Association, and they gave them to the poor. You said I might write about my trip to Washington and Baltimore. I have been thinking a good deal about it lately, for Washington's Monument is finished, and was dedicated a short time ago. We went all through the Capitol, and went to the White House and many other places. I enjoyed the day at Mount Vernon most. I liked being on the river. When we got there we saw that something unusual was going on, and found it was the meeting of the ladies of the association who have charge of Washington's home, and see that it is taken care of. I saw some of the clothes which Washington used to wear, and the room he died in, and the room Martha Washington died in. We saw a great key, that mamma said was the key of the Bastile, a terrible prison in Paris, and there was a little Bastile on a table, just like the great prison, and made from one of the stones which was in the prison in Paris. Each room is under the care of some State. The Ohio room is on the first floor. The old family harpsichord, which looks something like a piano, is in this room. We saw Washington's tomb, and many other things. In Baltimore I enjoyed the park most. We saw a large ostrich. A policeman was teasing it, and it got very angry, and followed him all along the high fence and tried to get over. It made a terrible noise, that sounded like the roar of a lion. I saw a stuffed ostrich in the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington. We came home on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and watched the Potomac River all the way to where it was just a little stream in the mountains. My name and address in this letter is the first writing I ever did with a pen. REX M. B.

You did it very well, and made a capital signature, and this is a charming letter.

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I am a boy nine years old. I have no pets except a cat. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, geography, arithmetic, and writing. A friend of my mamma's gave me on my last birthday a present of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for one year. I like "Rolf House" very much.

GEORGIE C.

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PERU, INDIANA.

I like the paper very much indeed; sometimes it seems as though I could hardly wait until Thursday comes. I like "Rolf House" and "Archie's Adventure" very much. I go to school, and I am in the Seventh Grade. I study geography, arithmetic, spelling, German, music, reading, and writing. My teacher's name is Miss B. We have a horse named Charlie Crowder, a cow named Fannie, a dog named Shep, and two of the cutest little kittens you ever saw, named Grover Cleveland and Thomas Hendricks. I am thirteen years old. I have a little brother ten years old.

SUSIE R.

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PRESTON.

I am a little boy nine years old, and go to the public school. We have fine fun here sleigh-riding and snow-shoeing. On Christmas my brother and I received each a pair of snow-shoes and a sleigh. With snow-shoes we can not wear our common shoes, but must put on moccasins, which my papa brings from the far Northwest, where he explores for the Dominion government. In the evenings he usually tells us stories about the Indians—how they hunt and fish, and what they eat. He had a lot of fun one day with the Indian children. He got up games for them—foot races, throwing stones at a target, canoe races, three-legged races, and some others. The old squaws laughed much. He gave the children prizes in money, which they called *peck-a-tho-ni-as*—a big word. The place where we go sleighing is a very high hill. Sometimes we sit on our sleighs backward, and when we get half-way down we upset. In the summer-time, during vacation, we go camping sometimes on the Grand River, in a wood. JULIUS E. K.

The riding down-hill, backward, is rather dangerous, is it not? I wouldn't try it often. By-the-way, which Preston do you live in, Julius? Do you know that there are twenty towns of that name in the United States?

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CANAAN, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

We live near the water-shed of our State; the streams east of us flow into the Merrimac River; those west, into the Connecticut. We are above the forty-third parallel of latitude. I have one pet, a bird named Bunnie; he was given to me on my seventh birthday. I am ten years old, and shall be eleven next May. It is twenty-five miles to the White Mountains. PAUL H. W.

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NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little boy nine years old. I have lived in New York all my life. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I have four black kittens, which I think are very cunning; they have many little tricks. I will now tell you about a very pretty black dog, which is very young, but is a great pet of mine. His name is Leo. He has black curly hair like silk. I will in my next letter tell you about a dog named Captain, which I got at a dog show. Good-by.

C. L. D.

I once had a dog which had taken a prize at a dog show. It was a lapdog, with the prettiest silky hair, and as white as snow when it had just been washed, but the naughty creature *would* run out and take a roll on the grass immediately after a bath. So, having no patience with such behavior, I gave the naughty pet to somebody who had. Now it is your turn to tell all about your dog.

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GUILDFORD, SURREY, ENGLAND.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for thirteen weeks. I liked the tale of "The Lost City." I have a black cat; his name is Jet. I have a black rabbit too. I have a sister older than myself; I am eight years old. I go to school; I like school very much. I have not been very well; I

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have had a cold. I have had a toothache. I have a garden to myself. WILLIAM ALFRED B.

Toothache is a troublesome companion, dear. I hope you went bravely to the dentist's and showed him the offending tooth. I think a garden of one's very own is perfectly delightful.

WILTON HALL, ESSEX, ENGLAND.

I take your lovely paper, and think it is the best one ever written. I have seen letters from many English girls, so I thought I would write to you. I have a sister Ida and a brother Henry. I have a dear little dog called Flossy and a pair of canaries. I think "The Lost City" a delightful story, and I was sorry when it ended. I do not go to school, but I have a governess. I study reading, writing, French, Latin, German, Italian, music, arithmetic, history, geography, Euclid, geometry, and spelling. I am fourteen years old, and wish I was younger. Please print this. ETHEL R.

SITTINGBOURNE, KENT, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and like it very much. I like "The Lost City" and also Jimmy Brown's stories. I have two brothers and two sisters, and we all delight in reading the letters in the Post-office Box. I am twelve years old, and take music lessons, but do not go to school. I have no pets. I had a canary, but my brother let it out of the cage, and it flew away. It was a beauty, and sung so sweetly! I hope, if you have not too many letters, you will put this in the Post-office Box. LIZZIE L.

15 PYMMES VILLAS,
SILVER STREET, UPPER EDMONTON, ENGLAND.

This is the first time I have written to you. I am twelve years old. I wish the kind young lady who lives in Chicago, Illinois, and who signed herself E. F. D., would write and tell me how to make the straw frames, vases, and umbrella racks, as I am very anxious to know. For my pets I have six doves, which are very tame, and will eat out of my hand. We have a nice garden, and I have a little piece to do what I like with. I must stop now, or it will not catch the post. MAGGIE F.

When next you write, tell us which flowers you planted in your own little garden, and all about their growth and bloom.

KENT, ENGLAND.

I have taken in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for only two months, but I like it awfully, especially the Post-office Box; I think the letters very interesting. You have a great many American correspondents, have you not? I think American children have an awfully jolly time, from the interesting letters they write. I live in one of the prettiest counties in England; some people say Kent is the "garden of England." I have never written to you before. I hope very much you will print this little letter; I should so like to see it in print. I am fifteen, and the eldest of three girls; my two sisters are, one ten and the other seven. I should very much like to know how to make doughnuts. I can not find the receipt in any of our cookery books. I take in a great many children's magazines, but I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE the best. Now, dear Postmistress, I must close my letter, with love from my little sisters and myself. RUBY C.

I will give a lesson on doughnuts to the Little Housekeepers some time soon.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl of eleven years. I go to school, and study Latin, history, grammar, geography, arithmetic, writing, drawing, and spelling. I have a little black pony, whose name is Chloe. I have three dogs, named Rover, Taffy, and Romeo. Last summer I went to stay with my cousin, and we rode our pony a great deal. The school I go to begins at nine and closes at two o'clock. I collect seals and postmarks; I have 273 seals and 110 postmarks. I began to collect postmarks last year, and seals this year. I like "Dick and D." very much; I like "Rolf House;" and I was sorry "Ford Bonner Among the Gypsies" ended so soon. H. L. H.

LINDSAY, ONTARIO, CANADA.

We have organized a club of the Little Housekeepers. Our motto is, "A stitch in time saves nine." Ours is a sewing class. We have red silk badges printed in gold letters. We have a president, secretary, and treasurer. Our object is to have a bazar from the articles we sew. The money which we make will be used for some charitable purpose.

*Officers:* President, Maggie S.; Secretary, Madge H.; Treasurer, Florence N. *Committee:* Jennie S., Mary K., Florence McD., Rose K., Eva N., Daisy D. MADGE H.

LINDSAY, ONTARIO, CANADA.

We have had a great many pets. I have a dog called Tiny. My brother has a black puppy; and he has a cat that is pure black, all but its face, breast, and toes, and he calls it Black Beauty. We have a yellow kitten; it is very pretty. We have a mud-turtle; and last summer a goat followed my sister home, and staid with us two or three days, until a man came for it. Last summer we had two little tiny yellow ducks; they were my little sister's. She forgot to feed one of them; it died; and the other fell into a dish of water and drowned. It may seem funny for a duck to drown, but it was a very small one. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the second volume; I have four volumes bound. I think it splendid; I would not change it for any other paper. I wrote a little Post-office-Box story for it once, a good while ago. I go to a convent school; I like it very much. I belong to a branch of the Little Housekeepers' Club; I am the treasurer. I do not think the pictures of Nan in "Rolf House" are as pretty as her pictures in the story of which it is the sequel. I like both stories. I take music and French. Mamma paints, and teaches me a little. I hope I will be able to write as nice stories as Mrs. Lillie does when I grow up. I have two friends who take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. HELEN N.

Nan is a little older, you see, in "Rolf House" than she was in the first story; still, I think she has not lost her prettiness. Mrs. Lillie is a good model for a little story-writer to imitate.

FLORENCE, ITALY.

I am an American boy, but have lived in Europe about three years. This is the first time that I ever wrote to you. I thought that I would write, seeing that a girl in Rome wrote. I agree with you, Bessie E., about Florence. We came here to spend the winter, and I like it very much. We went nearly all over France last summer, and the year before we spent the summer in England and Scotland, and the winter in Marseilles. We are going to South America, and then home to New York. I like Scotland and England very much, but I like Italy better. I went to Rome, and saw a great many wonderful things. I can speak the Spanish, Italian, French, and English languages; I can play the piano and violin. My sister Mabel and I went to the theatre in Paris, and saw Mademoiselle Bernhardt; she is a very fine actress. We have a villa in Florence and in Marseilles. I am thirteen years old.
HARRY R. W.

SUISUN, CALIFORNIA.

Seeing only a few letters from California in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I thought I would write one. I do not take it, but our school does, and so I read it there; it is very interesting, and so are the little letters. "Wakulla" is a nice story, but I like "Archie's Adventure" and "Rolf House" better. I take *St. Nicholas*. I wish I could take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, for it comes every week, and *St. Nicholas* only once a month. We have very few poor children here, so we do not have a nice club like the Busy Bee that N. L. E. tells about. I have two pets, a canary-bird and a cat. ALICE.

SKALKAHO, MONTANA TERRITORY.

I live in the Rocky Mountains, in a valley called the Bitter Root. There is a large river called Bitter Root, and also one called Skalkaho. The mountains here are very high, and on some of the highest the snow stays all summer. Away up in the mountains is a lake called Como; it is quite a summer resort. There are a number of row-boats on it. I visited it last summer, and we also visited Hot Springs, above there about twenty miles. People bathe in the springs, but the water is too hot for me. There are a good many gold and silver mines here. We have some beautiful specimens. I live on a ranch. I am nine years old. We have a canary and a pet lamb; they belong to sister Bessie and me; but our dearest pet is our baby brother, Earle.
EMMA R.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I thought I would send you a toy which I made the other day, to give to the occupant of our Young People's Cot, if it be a boy; and if not, will you please save it for the first one who occupies it? I do hope it will please the little fellow, whoever he is.

I want to tell you about our club. We have five members, as follows: Charlie D., president; Mattie W., secretary; Mary D., treasurer; Carrie C., and Jennie K. We hold a meeting every week, and elect our officers once a month. We call ourselves B. B. C., and have a constitution and by-laws. We just have grand times making taffy, etc. We each bring a cent every meeting, and we have quite a little sum in the treasury. We are going to get a doll, and dress it, and present it to the Asylum for some little child. Don't you think that is a good plan? Perhaps we shall send the Little Housekeepers a receipt for delicious taffy chips. CHARLIE D.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I hope that you can find room for me in your lovely paper. In the summer I go to a place called Amherst; it is about seven miles from the Connecticut River. I want to tell you about a little society of which I am a member. Its name is "The Literary Society"; it gets its name from a little paper that we issue every month, *The Literary Recorder*. We elect new officers every three months. Our money goes to the missionaries. Last year we fitted out a Christmas box for the poor children in Salt Lake City. Although the society has been organized over a year, no grown person has had anything to do with it.
MARY H.

MACEDON, NEW YORK.

I am a girl eleven years old. I have always lived in the village, but now I am on a farm two miles from Macedon. Papa is the postmaster. I have just begun to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE this year, and I like it very much, and I always look at the letters. My brother Charlie takes the *Youth's Companion*. I used to take *The Nursery*, but I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE better. I have for pets an old cat and two kittens, some rabbits, and a black lamb. I have a good many dolls, and I like to play with them. May I join the Little Housekeepers? GRACIE H.

Yes, dear.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—In spring, not in winter.
In use, not in show.
In spear and in splinter.
In sigh, not in oh!
In youth, not in age.
In wing, not in plume.
In ice and in rain.
In lily, not in rose.
In lilac and in bloom.
In spot, not in stain.
In water as it flows.
Whole a sweet little thing,
Coming early in the spring.
EUNICE B.

2.—In ebb, not in flood.
In light, not in dark.
In urn, not in wood.
In earn, not in mark.
In bathe, not in lave.
In elm, not in willow.
In blithe, not in grave.
In lace and in pillow.
Whole swings, but never rings.
DOTTY T.

No. 2.

CURTAILINGS.

1. Curtail a giver of heat, and obtain a tree. 2. Curtail a dance, and leave a President of the United States. 3. Curtail a walking-stick, and leave a vessel. 4. Curtail a melody, and leave the heir of his father's fortune. 5. Curtail a method of transportation, and leave a serpent. 6. Curtail an old Greek poet, and leave a place of habitation. 7. Curtail a color, and leave the royal part of the human face. 8. Curtail an ornament, and leave a measure. 9. Curtail a little child, and leave a girl's nickname. 10. Curtail a material, and leave a straight mark.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 280

No. 1—

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        M
      D I M                 A
    P A R T S             A P E
  M I R A N D A       A P P L E
    F A N C Y             E L M
      I D A               E
        A

            T
          P E W
        B O A R D
      P O N T E R S
    T E A T A S T E R
      W R E S T E R
        D E T E R
          S E R
            R
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No. 2.—Banjo.

No. 3.—

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C H I T
H I T
I T
T
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No. 4.—

A sia.
L ondon.
G ermany.
E cuador.
R hine.
I llinois.
A mazon.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from H. S. Allen, Titania, Gertie Wilson, Helen W. Gardner, Aida G., N. E. P., Adele L. Le Roy, Helen Kellogg, E. T. N., Clarence E. Simpson, Sally C. Hill, Clara Spitzer, Cockade City, F. De Vere Boese, B. F. Meek, Mollie Henderson, Louise Payne, Emily Fletcher, Fanny James, Ned Beck, George T. Sinclair Jessop, and A. C. G.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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A WARNING TO MISCHIEVOUS BOYS.

JACK. "Jimmy Brown's in the Box. Ha! ha!"

## WHAT ONE TREE CAN DO.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

THERE is a tree in Madagascar of which the natives make their houses. What of that? Well, it is not anything extraordinary, is it? We have several kinds of trees in this country any one of which can be used for making houses too.

But then it is principally of the leaves of this Madagascar tree that the houses are built, and that *is* odd. Indeed, before we have told all about this tree it will be seen that there are few trees in the world half so wonderful as it is.

When it is growing it looks like a gigantic palm-leaf fan. The trunk is bare to the top, from which the enormous leaves all spring. These leaves do not branch out in every direction, but stand up side by side, so that they form a half-circle, and give the fan-like appearance.

It is the middle rib of the great leaf that is used for making walls and partitions of. The ribs are twined together very much as willow is with us in basket-making. The part of the leaf that is left after taking the rib out is used for thatching the roof with. Of course such a house is not a very grand one.

The good tree has not done all it can yet, however. The native of Madagascar likes to have his house carpeted, and so he applies to his tree. He strips off the bark in one great piece, stretches it out, beats it with round stones, and dries it, and, behold! a thick soft carpet, as wide as four breadths of Brussels carpet and from twenty to thirty feet long.

Still the good work of the tree is not exhausted. There comes a long hot and very dry season every year in that part of the world, and the wells refuse to give any water. Then the tree is ready, and the thankful man goes to it. With his spear he makes a hole at the base of one of the great leaves, and out spouts a stream of fresh, pure, and almost ice-cold water. Each leaf has about a quart of water to yield up, and no matter how hot or dry the weather, it never fails.

But even yet the good tree has a service to perform. When the dry season comes around, the houses very naturally become dry too, and then they take fire very easily. Of course there are no fire-engines there, nor any pumps even, and so a fire might easily spread and burn down a whole village if there were not always at hand an extinguisher of some sort. There stands the tree, with its leaves charged with water, and when a fire occurs the men run and tear off the leaves, and with them beat the burning house. The water runs out, and the fire yields.

There, then, is a tree which gives to man his house, his carpet, his fountain of pure water, and his fire-extinguisher. The botanical name of this friend of man is *Urania speciosa*; the common name is "Traveller's Tree"—and a foolish name it is, too, for it is more a tree for the native than for the traveller.

## BOSSY AND THE DAISY.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

RIGHT up into Bossy's eyes
Looked the daisy boldly,
But, alas! to his surprise,
Bossy ate him coldly.

Listen, daisies in the fields:
Hide away from Bossy.
Daisies make the milk she yields,
And her skin grow glossy.

So each day she tries to find
Daisies nodding sweetly,
And, although it's most unkind,
Bites their heads off neatly.



THE FOOLER FOOLED.

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 284. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, APRIL 7, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




A VOYAGE IN THE AIR.—SEE PAGE 354.


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## A VOYAGE IN THE AIR.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"PAUL! Paul! come down—do! The Frenchman has brought his balloon to Mr. Brooks's big lot, and they are filling it from a tank in the shed."

"Is it a big balloon, Walter?" asked Paul, thrusting his head out of the window and looking down at the boy below.

"A monster," replied Walter. "Are you coming?"

"Yes," said Paul, disappearing from the window.

In another moment the two friends were hurrying along the road together. Presently they reached a large grassy field where a great number of people were assembled to watch the filling of the balloon. Placards were pasted on the neighboring fences announcing that Monsieur Le Clerc, for the sum of one dollar apiece, would allow the public to ascend to the height of six hundred feet above the earth.

When Paul and Walter drew near they saw that there was a cable attached to the car of the balloon, which ran over two pulleys, and then around a windlass which was securely fastened into the ground. A horse was standing near, waiting to be attached to the windlass to draw the balloon back to earth.

"That's Mr. Le Clerc," said Paul, pointing out a small man with bright black eyes and a heavy gray mustache, who was busily engaged in examining the cable, pulleys, and the apparatus for filling the great silk bag with gas.

"I know him. He is as nice as he can be. Let us go and talk to him."

Paul, followed by Walter, forced his way to the Frenchman's side, and said,

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Le Clerc."

"Is that you, my little friend?" replied Monsieur Le Clerc, with a pleasant smile.

"Is the balloon almost ready?" asked Paul.

"Almost," said the Frenchman, glancing upward.

"What kind of gas is it filled with?" asked Paul.

"Hydrogen gas," replied Monsieur Le Clerc. "Do you see that pipe running from the neck of the balloon to the shed? The gas is forced from the tank in the shed into the balloon until it is nearly full, then the pipe is taken off, and the mouth of the balloon fastened up."

"And when you want the gas to come out, do you take off the fastening?" asked Walter.

"Oh no," replied Monsieur Le Clerc. "Do you see that cord hanging down in the car? Well, that cord runs through the balloon and is attached to a valve, which is kept closed by a spring. When you pull the cord, it opens the valve and lets out the gas."

"How delightful it must be to float above the earth like a bird!" said Paul, looking at the balloon longingly.

"Would you like to make the trial trip?" asked Monsieur Le Clerc.

"Yes, indeed," replied Paul, "if Walter could go with me. But—"

"But what?" said Monsieur Le Clerc. "It is perfectly safe."

"That is not it," replied Paul. "But I have no money with me."

"Never mind that," said the Frenchman. "I will only send you up a short distance, and use you as a kind of advertisement. You can tell all your companions how pleasant it was. This time you shall go alone; when the balloon takes the full trip I shall be obliged to accompany every party myself."

"Thank you," said Paul. "Walter, will you go?"

Walter nodded his head and smiled.

After this the two boys waited impatiently until the preparations were completed.

They climbed into the little car, and Monsieur Le Clerc gave the order to start. Breathless silence held the spectators for a few seconds, and then, when the monster arose, controlled only by the cable, which unwound as the balloon ascended, they gave a loud cheer.

The boys looked over the side of the car, and saw the people and objects grow smaller and smaller, and they began to feel just a little frightened. But after a short time they grew used to the new sensation, and began to point out to each other distant and familiar objects, such as the school-house, the church, and the small stream that wound in and out among the bushes and trees like a glittering snake. As they were laughing and talking merrily they felt a slight jar, and a yell arose from the crowd below. Looking down, the boys perceived that all were hurrying about, waving their hands as if in the wildest excitement. And they heard the Frenchman shouting, but they could not make out what he was saying.

"What can have happened?" said Walter. "Perhaps the horse has run away."

"Oh no," replied Paul. "But I think Mr. Le Clerc has concluded to let us go higher than he intended to at first, and the people are pleased. Wave your handkerchief, Walter."

"That must be it," said Walter. "Just see how high we are now."

"Who would think that six hundred feet would seem so high?" said Paul, growing puzzled.

"See, Paul, the people look like little ants crawling around," exclaimed Walter.

Paul looked downward steadily for a few moments; then he turned a white face to his companion, and said,

"Walter, what is that floating out below us?"

"The rope, I think," replied Walter.

"But it is not fastened to anything," said Paul.

"Do you think the balloon has broken away?" asked Walter, his eyes growing large with astonishment and fright.

"Yes," said Paul, in a low voice; "that is just what has happened."

The two boys sat perfectly still, and watched the earth below them as it seemed to float swiftly away, although not a breath of air stirred around them. Suddenly everything was shut from their sight by a thick gray mist.

"What has happened now?" whispered Walter, drawing closer to Paul.

"I think we must be in a cloud," replied Paul, shuddering.

"A moment ago I could hear railroad cars and a bell, but now it is dreadfully still," said Walter, beginning to cry.

"Don't cry, Walter," said Paul. "That won't do any good."

"But suppose we never come down again?" sobbed Walter. "We may be miles and miles away from home, and never find our way back."

"I don't care, so that it is earth again," replied Paul. "There must be some way of going down besides being pulled back by a rope and windlass. What was that Mr. Le Clerc said about letting out the gas?"

"Something about a valve and a cord, but I did not pay much attention," replied Walter.

"I remember now," cried Paul. "The valve was on top, but the cord that opened it hung down in the car somewhere."

"There it is," said Walter, looking up. "But you can't reach it."

Paul sprang to his feet, and saw that the cord had in some way become entangled in the net-work which covered the balloon. It was not more than seven feet above their heads, but it was entirely out of their reach. So Paul sat down again, and looked at Walter.

"It is no use to try," said he, with a white face.

After a while they arose above the cloud, and saw it hanging below them, while over their heads the sky shone out a dark and lovely blue.

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"How cold it is!" said Walter, shivering.

This made Paul think of something he had once read of two men who had taken a journey in a balloon, and one of them had become insensible from cold when at a great distance from the earth.

"We *must* get that valve cord!" he said to himself; then he began to look around him and think. Suddenly he cried, "Walter! Walter! I know a way to reach it: I will sling it."

"But you haven't any twine long enough?" said Walter, hopelessly.

"I have the piece I saved from my kite this morning."

Paul then produced several yards of twine, wound on a stick, and tied his knife securely to one end of it; and presently the two boys almost forgot their peril in the excitement of trying to throw this sling into the loop made by the entangled rope. Meanwhile the balloon drifted higher and higher, and farther and farther westward.

After a great many failures, Paul succeeded in reaching the cord. Then they pulled it within reach of their hands.

"Now we are saved!" cried Walter, clapping his hands.

Paul pulled the cord gently, for he thought perhaps there might be danger of letting too much gas out at once. For some moments the boys could not tell what effect this had; but presently the air around them became much warmer, and they were again enveloped in a thick mist.

Walter was in despair. He slipped off of the bench, and, seating himself on the floor of the car, covered his face with his hands.

Presently Paul, who had been earnestly looking over the side, said, "Walter, I think we must have dropped a great distance."

"Why?" asked Walter, trying hard to keep his voice from trembling.

"Because we are in the clouds again," replied Paul.

"Are we?" said Walter, raising his head. As he looked up he caught sight of something under the seat. "Here is a queer kind of anchor," cried he, pulling at a rope attached to a great hook with a number of prongs.

"An anchor!" exclaimed Paul, with some surprise. "What is that for, I wonder?"

"Maybe if we let it over the side the balloon will go down faster."

"I don't think so," replied Paul, glancing down again. Then he cried out, "Oh, Walter, we are below the clouds now. I can see a river with lights on it just below us."

"Then don't let out any more gas, Paul. We shall be drowned if you do."

Paul let go of the valve cord, and the boats seemed to fly away beneath them, and they passed the river in safety.

The balloon had sunk so low that now they could distinctly see the roofs of houses; but it had grown so dark that no one observed the balloon.

The lights and houses grew more and more scarce as they passed over dark fields and woods. They could see the branches of the trees bend, and hear the wind howling among them, and the two boys knew that they were being driven along through the air at a rapid rate.

"If we can not stop the balloon," said Walter, "we shall be torn to pieces by the branches of those trees when we get a little lower."

Just then the little car they were in gave a lurch which almost threw them out. The boys seized the nearest rope, and looked down. They were directly above a thick forest, and one great pine, taller than the others, had almost overturned them.

Paul and Walter stretched out their hands to grasp the branches, but in an instant they were wrenched away, and the balloon rushed on again.

"Perhaps that hook will help us now," said Paul, suddenly remembering the anchor. "I will haul on the valve cord, and when we come to thick trees, you let the hook right down among the branches."

Paul peeped down into the darkness, while Walter held the anchor suspended over the side of the car.

"Now!" cried Paul, and the anchor went crashing down among the crooked branches of an immense sycamore. Then the balloon flapped backward and forward like a great wounded bird, and presently the boys saw and felt the leaves around them, and then the car turned completely over. Both Paul and Walter were thrown out, but fortunately they managed to grasp the branches of the tree, and in a few moments found themselves seated side by side many feet above the ground. The balloon arose again, and dragging the rope and hook after it, disappeared from their sight.

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Walter. "I never want to see a balloon again."

"I think," replied Paul, "if we had not been so frightened, the voyage would have been perfectly glorious."

The boys sat in the tree all night, but at the first glimpse of daylight they climbed down and threw themselves upon the grass, and fell asleep, for they were very tired.

They were awakened from their sound sleep by loud exclamations of pity and sorrow. They sat up and rubbed their eyes. Then the exclamations were changed into surprise and joy, and they found that they were surrounded by a crowd of people; among them were their fathers and Monsieur Le Clerc.

After the excitement of their discovery had somewhat abated, the boys learned how their whereabouts had been found out. Their friends had telegraphed to all the stations west of the town for information of the escaped balloon, and in the morning received answer that an empty balloon had been seen hanging over the woods twenty miles distant. So they hurried as fast as steam could carry them to the spot. When they first saw the boys asleep, they believed them dead.

Paul, Walter, and their friends returned home, where their voyage in the air formed the principal topic of conversation among all their friends and neighbors, and the two boys found themselves the heroes of more than a "nine days' wonder."

## LICHENS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

IT is not uncommon to find among animals a curious kind of housekeeping arrangement by which they live together, each one helping to keep up the establishment, and having equal rights. Oftener, however, we find one animal quietly settling down upon another, expecting to be supported in idleness. This is not only true of animals; it is equally true of plants. Some of the very smallest of them are as proud and independent as the largest; they busy themselves all day extracting their food out of the earth and air, earning their own living in a most praiseworthy way, and ready to lend a helping hand to others. The idlers of the vegetable world are most commonly found among the lower classes—the fungi.

You remember in studying the fungi we found that one thing, the principal thing, which marked their difference from the green plants, was that they are obliged to feed on what has been some time a living substance, whether vegetable or animal. The yeast plant and moulds and mushrooms feed upon dead material—that which is no longer alive; but there are other fungi that prey upon living things.

Have you not hundreds of times in the woods noticed how old tree trunks and twigs, particularly dead ones, were covered with a curious crust, sometimes gray and sometimes greenish in hue? Occasionally you found them bright orange, and again holding up coral red cups to the sun and rain. These are not *mosses*, as you often hear them called. In fact, they have no correct ordinary

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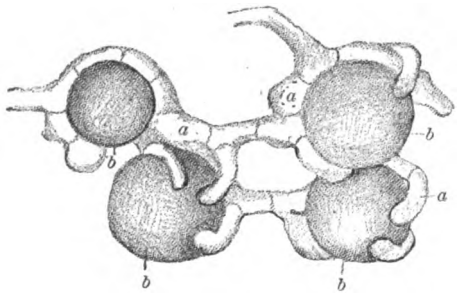



Fig. 1.—*a*, Fungus; *b*, First Berry, magnified.

name, and so get their botanical name of lichens oftener than any other.

Among the most singular things in the study of all kinds of plants are these same lichens, and it took a great many long years of study to find out their ways. They are really a peculiar kind of a fungus, growing on and sucking their nourishment out of a little green water-plant, which manages to support both itself and its

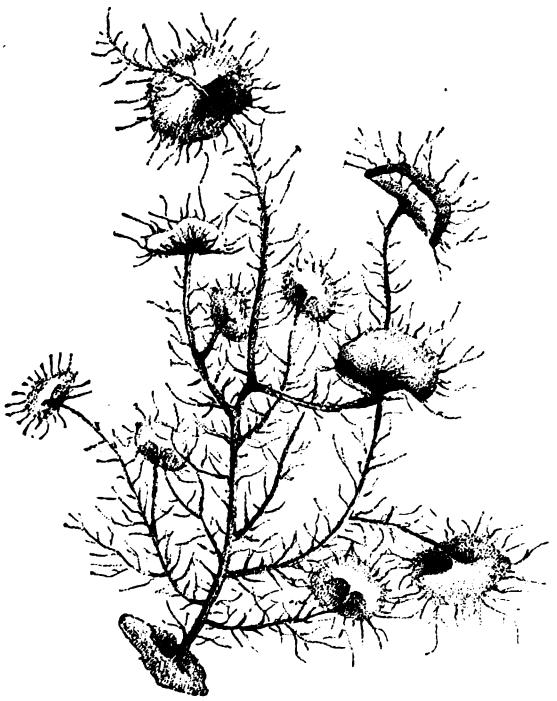


Fig. 2.—Woolly Lichen.

idle neighbor. For a long time the little green cells that flourished so bravely in the clutch of the lazy giant of a fungus was thought to be the fruit of the fungus. After long studying and examining, some keen-sighted botanist saw that the green cells were no more nor less than our little

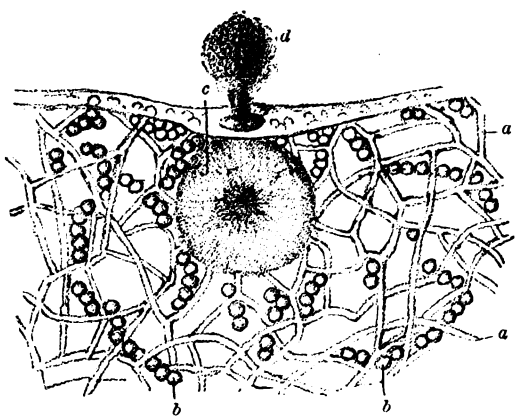



Fig. 3.—Callema sliced through, magnified.
*a*, Fungus; *b*, Host; *c*, Spore Sac; *d*, Ripe Spores escaping.



Fig. 4.—Incrusting Lichen.

"first berry," being eaten out of house and home by his lazy visitor. He collected the green cells of the plant, and, to test the matter, he sowed them, and watched what became of them; they grew apace, and when they came to move about he found that he was not mistaken: they were, sure enough, the "first berry."

You see in Fig. 1 how the twining arms of the lichen (*a*) embrace the "first berry" (*b*), and push their way into the very heart of the cell to take away its food. For some reason it does not overpower and kill its little host; possibly it may in some unknown way pay its board in services; but nobody has ever found it out if such is the case.

All these lower forms of life, including the fungi, "odd fish," and lichens, are called by a Latin name meaning that the plant is all leafy. They have no distinct stems and roots; they all seem to be just something like a leaf. In lichens this leafy crust is called a *thallus*.

The *thallus* creeps on chips of decaying wood, bark, or small branches, diving down into the cells of the green

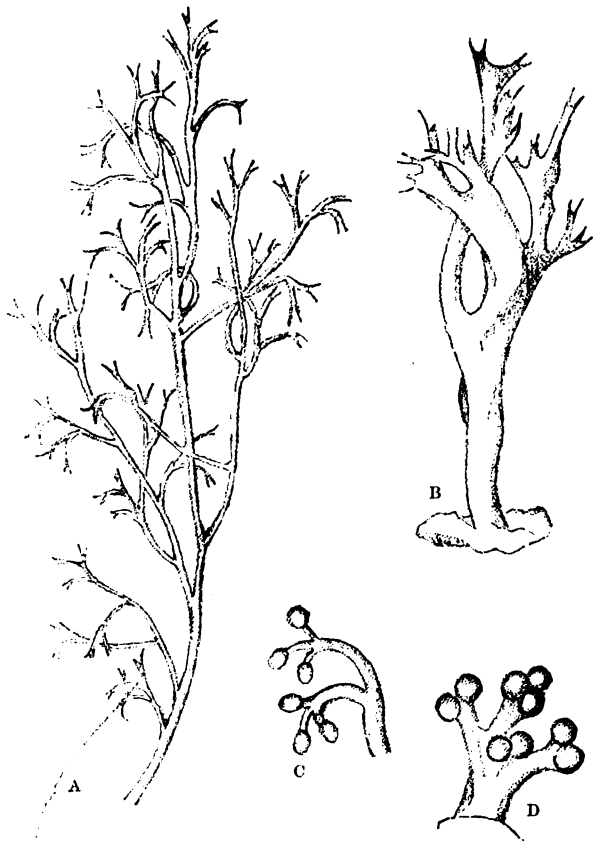



Fig. 5.—"Reindeer Moss."
A, Life size; B, Branch enlarged; C, Branch of Buds; D, Same fertilized.

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plant below to feed itself, and sending up into the air the little cups or heads which are its fruit. Some of the gray woolly lichens that cover twigs growing near the sea-shore or down in moist dells (Fig. 2) have what seem like stems; but they are not true stems; the cells inside are different from stem cells and like those of leaves. We have to learn, in studying nature, "not to judge according to appearance, but to judge righteous judgment." It is by the *lives* of these little creatures, not by their mere outward appearance, that we know their real character.

Lichens are good things to study in winter, for you can find them when other plants are having their long sleep. They grow everywhere, and on pretty much everything that has crevices in which their host can find moisture.

The "first berry" is by no means the only one of the "odd fish" which are hosts to the lichens. The vegetable jelly-fish, the red snow plant, and others answer this purpose. But whatever the host is, you can not help feeling that he is ill used. Sometimes one is almost smothered in the embrace of his ungrateful visitor and guest; sometimes another is fairly sucked dry by these sponges; but the plucky little things manage to live somehow and bear the burden of life.

Some of the lichens contradict the old saying that "beggars must not be choosers," for they will not live on any host but a particular one which suits them. Others are not so particular, and will take to any one which will afford them nourishment. Some of the tiny plants so preyed upon, instead of being hindered in their growth, seem to be rather stimulated by the demand upon them.

Occasionally among the hard dry growths that are the commonest forms of lichens we find a kind that is like cold clammy flesh. It grows in cushion-like masses. In these forms the poor little host is scattered in bunches through the fleshy mass, or runs through it like strings of greenish beads (Fig. 3).

Lichens, like some plants higher in the scale of life, grow from *spores*. These produce new plants as seed do, but they are not seed. Seeds, as you will see when we come to them, are always made by the partnership of two entirely different cells combining together. Spores are more like little buds growing out of the plant, and when they are ripe, getting loose from the place where they grew, and being scattered on the ground by the wind or the rain. They grow usually in some sort of cup, which holds them safely till they are ripe and free. (Fig. 4, and Fig. 3, *c*.) It would not seem that such sturdy little beggars and persistent sponges would be of much use in such a busy world as this; and yet if it were not for them a large part of the world would be without inhabitants. All Lapland, you know, is inhabited by people who only live because of their reindeer. In our climate we can scarcely imagine how people can depend so much upon any one kind of animal. But the people there have nothing else; they eat the flesh, blood, and milk of the reindeer; their clothes are made from his skin; their tools are carved out of his antlers; his sinews supply thread; his bones, soaked in oil, they burn for fuel. Living, he is his master's horse and mule; he carries him and his belongings from place to place. And so the Laplander's whole mode of life depends upon this tiny plant, which is generally, though incorrectly, called "reindeer moss" (Fig. 5). When the reindeer have devoured it in one place, they move where they can find some more.

In the short, hot summers the reindeer can get the fresh shoots of certain trees; but in winter there is nothing but the lichen under the snow. Besides being the only thing they can get to eat, it seems to be necessary to them. When reindeer are brought to temperate climates as a show, it is found necessary to feed them on these lichens, or something of the kind, or they will not keep well and hearty. As food the lichen has another advantage, in that it takes a great while to digest, and a meal will last for a long time, enabling the reindeer to take long journeys over the frozen, snow-covered ground without a fresh meal.

It is these tiny plants, which we scarcely ever notice, that save great regions of arctic country from being a desolate no-man's-land from end to end.

# ROLF HOUSE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "DICK AND D," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### TAKING POSSESSION.

"WELL, thank goodness! that job's done." And Joan leaned against the empty shelves with an air of satisfaction.

"And now for the china," said Nan, looking up from her seat on the floor.

The packing at College Street had prospered finely, and already a beginning had been made in the little house at Beachcroft. The girls had taken turns in going back and forth, and Phyl's room was so nearly finished that she was to be moved on the morrow, Dr.



PACKING.

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Rogers having decided that the consultation ought to take place after she was settled there. Nan was going over with Miss Vandort to see that all was in readiness for Phyllis's coming in early the next morning, and Mrs. Travers and David were already established in the little house.

As might have been expected, Annie Vandort had proved a treasure. Just now she put her head in the library door to remind Nan that they were to take a basket of eatables to Beachcroft with them. "And, above all things," she said, laughing, "don't forget the cookies for Alfred the Great, or our cold ham will be nowhere."

"Now, did you ever see such a girl as that is?" remarked Joan from her seat on the library steps. "I think," she added, with a calm air of reflection, "I would rather be like her when I grow up than any one else, unless it was you."

Nan laughed. Joan was at the age when, to one of her nature, enthusiasms are very sudden, but even such an intense one as she cherished for Miss Vandort had not displaced her ideal. Her admiration continued the same for Nan even under her altered circumstances.

"She's just perfectly lovely! That's what I think," concluded Joan, coming down from her perch and holding up a pair of grimy hands for Nan's inspection. "You needn't bother about the china," she continued. "It's time you and Annie were off."

Miss Vandort, who returned presently, quite agreed with this, and so in a few moments Nan had washed her hands, made a hasty toilet, and, after asking Martha for the hamper, ran up to bid Phyllis good-by.

These days of moving had brought an excess of excitement to the invalid's room in spite of the constant efforts of the little household to keep all such care from her. She had to confess, when Nan came in and taxed her with it, that she felt nervous and tired. Even Annie Vandort's reading aloud from a favorite book had not quieted her. But "After to-morrow," she said, with a little smile, and Nan tried to go away comforted with this reflection, and by feeling that Laura would make the getting off for Phyllis as quiet and as endurable as possible.

It was certainly great fun to take possession of the little house about four o'clock that afternoon, to find that Mrs. Travers had the kitchen fire lighted, the kettle boiling, and enough china and tinware unpacked and arranged in the dressers to give it a cozy and home-like air.

The carpenters' work had begun in the sales-room; rolls of cartridge-paper stood waiting to be hung on the walls, and a large express package from New York filled one corner of the room, not to be opened, however, until a place was ready for its contents.

Alfred, for all his wild spirits, had proved very useful. He had been busy all the morning with David, tacking down the matting in the hall and a dark red strip of felt on the staircase. When Phyllis should be carried in the next day, they wanted her to find at least the entrance and her own room cheerful.

Upstairs in the room designed for her the pretty papering was hung, and a decided improvement both Nan and Miss Vandort declared it to be. It suggested some quaint, old-fashioned pattern on porcelain, and with the woodwork of cherry, curtains of unbleached muslin striped with blue, considerably altered the appearance of the room, which for further furnishing had a comfortable brass bedstead which Mrs. Vandort had insisted upon sending, a large easy sofa covered in cretonne, comfortable chairs, and a low wide table of cherry-wood which Amy Rogers had ordered made especially for the invalid's use.

The two girls had brought with them a whole box of knickknacks, and while Mrs. Travers was preparing tea, they opened it, greatly enjoying their arrangement of them in the room. There were tall vases for each side of the rather high chimney-piece, and in each of these peacocks' feathers looked well against the wall-paper, and the engravings in oak frames, the books for the hanging shelves, the articles for use in writing or reading arranged upon the table, the *tête-à-tête* service of china on a little stand in one corner, a standing work-basket well filled, and a revolving book-stand, all gave to the room its final air of completeness and readiness for the occupant.

"There!" exclaimed Nan, as they surveyed their work; "it really looks lovely; and when David has that hall window full of flowers, and we have a fire lighted, and Phyllis is comfortable on the sofa, how nice it will all be!"

A great many other things had to be done throughout the house before morning: a room adjoining Phyl's to be ready for Mrs. Heriot, who was coming for the first week to take sole charge of the young lady, besides some sleeping-place for those members of the family party who would spend the nights at Beachcroft. Here the little garret came into good service. One or two beds were readily prepared there, and, as Nan said, it would be easier to furnish the rooms below if they did not make use of them meanwhile.

Mrs. Travers was determined to show herself a good cook, they all declared, when she summoned them to tea, all having done their "day's work," Dick with the carpenters, Alfred over the mattings, and Miss Vandort and Nan, as Alfred said, the "la-di-da!" part of the housekeeping.

"La-di-da, indeed!" cried Nan, gayly. "Just wait, my young man, until you see the solid comforts upstairs for dear old Phyl! Is there oil in the hall lamp? We must have a good look at the Emporium after tea."

It was pleasant having their first supper in the kitchen. The fire burned cheerily; the little "place," as Mrs. Travers called it, was neat and cozy, and Annie Vandort declared with a sigh, as she finished her supper, she had never before known what it was to enjoy "eating in the kitchen."

Then came a rush to the Emporium, where a week's work had begun to show very decidedly. Dick, who had turned out, if one of the quietest, decidedly the most practical of the Rolfs, explained that he had been trying to get the "noisy" part of the work done before Phyllis came, and so most of the hammering and sawing was finished.

Midway in the room was the counter with its drawers, some wide and shallow, some deep, and all well handled, and painted a dark mahogany-color. The top was to be covered with a piece of deep-hued crimson satin, on which Nan had been putting a border of darker plush. The standing cupboards with their glass doors were finished, all but the last touches, and the next day Alfred and Dick were to seclude themselves for the purpose of hanging the paper. Altogether it was considered a satisfactory piece of work, and going back to the kitchen, where, as the night was cold, the fire was most acceptable, Miss Vandort and Nan established themselves at the table to work on the hall curtains, while the boys sat at the other end, drawing plans and designs for endless "improvements" in the new home, the whole party talking and laughing so pleasantly that had any one looked in upon them at that moment, a suspicion of their being "in trouble" would not have occurred to the most sympathetic observer.

Nan entertained the boys with an account of her first day at Brightwoods, but in the midst of it she suddenly stopped short to give a little shiver and utter a low-toned "Oh! oh!"

"What's up?" inquired the ready Alfred.

"Oh," answered Nan, "I was thinking of Madison Avenue, and some of the performances there."

She had suddenly remembered Jim Powers and his malicious laugh on finding her at the stable door, and with that came a recollection of Bob and poor little Beppo, and, for what reason she could not say, Nan shivered with a sort of nameless dread.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE NEW BEGINNING.

THE consultation was over.

Phyllis had accomplished the journey very successfully, the busy workers at Beachcroft had everything in pleasant readiness for her arrival, and if she had been too tired to say much, her look of delight and appreciation on seeing her pretty room said more than words.

It had seemed to Nan, who waited in the room adjoining Phyllis's for the Doctors' verdict, that they never would appear, but at last Dr. Rogers opened the door suddenly, and came in upon her with a pale grave face.

"I'm glad I never encouraged her too much," he said, sinking into a chair, and showing by his dejection that his fears were confirmed. "Poor girl, she will not have to suffer much, but I'm afraid she's condemned to lie there a long time."

Nan showed such distress that the Doctor turned sharply, and said: "Nan, Nan, I look to you to cheer her, and she's really wonderfully courageous. You should have seen her face when we told her that she could use her hands as much as she liked, and very soon sit up. Why, you'd think we'd told her she could dance a hornpipe." The Doctor tried to smile, but the tears were standing in his kind eyes as he went on: "She's made of the right sort of stuff, after all, God bless her! I thought Mary Lancelot's child ought to have the true spirit in her when trouble came."

And the Doctor was silent a moment, his thoughts going back to the fair gentle mother of these children. How well he remembered her as a tiny dainty little girl whom he had often carried on his shoulder home from school when the snow lay deep in the Beverley road, and from those days until he had looked at the beautiful tranquil face in its final sleep, how interesting everything about her home had been to him! No wonder the little family setting out to brave the world seemed of deep concern to the tender-hearted, lonely old Doctor.

"She's really almost contented," he continued, "and full of the idea of this Emporium; so you'd better get it to rights as soon as you can, and open that box below. There's no necessity for preventing her amusing herself in a quiet way, but she must have constant care of a certain kind. Now go in and say a word to her, little woman."

Phyllis was lying very still on her pretty sofa, but as Nan entered she held out both her hands, and said, with a smile:

"So you have heard? Well, I don't think I expected anything else." There was the least bit of a quiver about her lips. "And, Nannie, I give you fair warning, I mean to be a most exacting invalid. I shall insist on every bit of news and talk being brought up here. This shall be council-chamber, judge's hall, every sort of thing, and I've even planned a little bell on the door of the Emporium, so that I shall know when we have a customer."

Nan sat down in the easy-chair at the side of the sofa, and nodded her head to all Phyllis's suggestions.

"I think," Phyl added in a moment, "that if you were to read a little while I might fall asleep. But, Nan, first I want you to tell them all down-stairs that nobody is to say a word about me. I mean we are just to forget the Doctors have been here, and begin life in our little home as though, as nearly as possible, I wasn't laid up on the shelf in this sort of way. You understand, dear."

Nan bent down, flung her arm about Phyllis's neck, and kissed her passionately.

"Phyl—Phyl, dear," she exclaimed, half sobbing in spite of her efforts to be cheerful, "you teach us all such a lesson! Oh, why can't I be as patient as you are?"

"Nonsense, my dear," said Phyl, promptly, and smiling as she lightly stroked the curly head on her shoulder. "Don't I tell you how cross I mean to be? But, Nan," she added, in a quieter tone, "I've had lots of time to think this month, for all I am crippled. I don't feel as if I ever really *lived* before. Now let's go on with our reading of *The Initials;* I feel as if I must hear it. Do you know, I read my verse for the day just before the Doctors came, and it was strange, wasn't it, that one about taking the *lowest* place? I never wanted to do that, Nan, did I?"

The reading began, and Phyllis closed her eyes, not to sleep, and only half to listen, for her thoughts went back and forth in many channels. It must not be supposed that she had accepted her fate without a struggle—the sudden and terrible accident which had made her an orphan, and crippled her no doubt for life. Phyllis's ruling traits had been pride and self-confidence, but now the real nobility and sweetness of nature underlying these had asserted themselves.

Lying day after day, knowing just what had happened and what she might expect, she had gone through hours of which no one would ever know, times of depression, of rebellion, calmed by earnest prayer, and the result was what Nan better than any of the others saw and knew how to appreciate: a new spirit of humility and cheerfulness, so much better than languid resignation, for she knew that, helpless as she was, she had a life to lead, a work to accomplish, an example to set, and an end to gain. Perhaps no less a trial, no less a combination of unfortunate circumstances, would have brought out all this in the pretty, self-contented, complacent Phyllis.

Phyllis went back over the day of the accident. It had been so sudden that she could remember only a sense of confusion, of bewilderment, as the train rolled down the bank, and then an awakening to terrible pain in her back and head, and the knowledge that she could not move her lower limbs. After that all had seemed darkness and confusion for days. When consciousness came back, the funerals were over; the facts that Miss Rolf had died, leaving no will since the old one, and that her father's affairs were hopelessly involved, had to be made known to her, and with all her grief she had been grateful for a period of inactivity which had given her a chance *to think.*

The responsibility of the little family she knew must rest upon herself if her life was spared, and no one can tell how deep and earnest had been her prayers for guidance! She, better than any one else, knew the exact position in which her father had left them, for she only had been in his confidence, and knew that during the last year he had made the most reckless investments, swallowing up his capital, and bringing them more than once almost to the need of laying bare the state of things to Miss Rolf. But this had not been done, and now both father and cousin were gone, so swiftly taken from them that Phyllis for some time found it difficult to face minor things with that one overwhelming fact before her. But she had to plan, and, after the younger children, Nan was her first thought. Phyllis knew Nan's worth. There were scenes in the past, never referred to now, but which she remembered only too well, when the little cousin had set *her* an example, and she built her faith in the future on the knowledge of that past. And Laura had proved herself such a comfort! Might it not be that all this seeming misfortune was a blessing in disguise?

"Nan," Phyllis said, unexpectedly, and turning her eyes toward her cousin, "I really am not hearing a word. I think I must be amused some other way. Suppose you see if the boys can't open the box up here in my room?"

Nan flew off, glad to carry such a cheering report of Phyl's frame of mind to the anxious party below. They were all in the Emporium, trying to distract their minds by inspecting the new wall-paper, and Nan's sudden exclamation of delight was approval in itself. It was certainly very pretty, the soft gray harmonizing admirably with the deep cherry-wood and mahogany, and the stained

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THE FIRST EVENING IN THE NEW HOME.

floor looking very nice with the rugs brought over from College Street disposed at proper intervals, and giving color and an air of comfort to the whole room.

"And now for Phyllis and the box!" Annie Vandort said, eagerly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## STRANGE FRIENDSHIPS.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

A WILD animal, when free, seldom makes friends with a different kind of animal; but the most savage beast, cooped up in a little cage, will often become greatly attached to some weak little creature which it would have scorned to notice when free.

Just how animals make friends with each other and make the fact known it is hard even to guess. But they do it somehow, and two strange animals will come to enjoy each other's society so much that they can not bear to be separated. It is often noticed in menageries that elephants will make friends with dogs, and be perfectly miserable without them.

Lions, too, are often known to forget their savage nature, and lavish affection on animals as unlike themselves as it is possible to be. There is a noble-looking lion at the Central Park Menagerie which has only disdain for the men and women and children who stare at him, and indeed which would be only too glad of the chance to eat one of them, but which has allowed his affections to be won by a lot of tiny English sparrows.

If you were to put your hand in his cage to stroke his tawny skin, no matter how good your intentions might be, he would tear it in shreds with his terrible paw; and yet he seems to enjoy having the birds hop all over him. Sometimes the fearless little creatures will perch almost on his very nose, as if they wished to show how impudent they could be. But whatever they do, the royal captive only watches them with a sort of sleepy good-nature that seems to say that the birds may do as they please.

In the Zoological Gardens at Paris they used to have a fierce young lion whose only friend was a poor little dog which had one day sneaked into the menagerie, and, when pursued, had leaped into the lion's cage, where, to the astonishment of the keepers, he was cordially received. Perhaps the lion saw that the little dog and himself had the same enemies in common. However that may be, the lion adopted the dog for his dear friend, and would not allow him to be taken away.

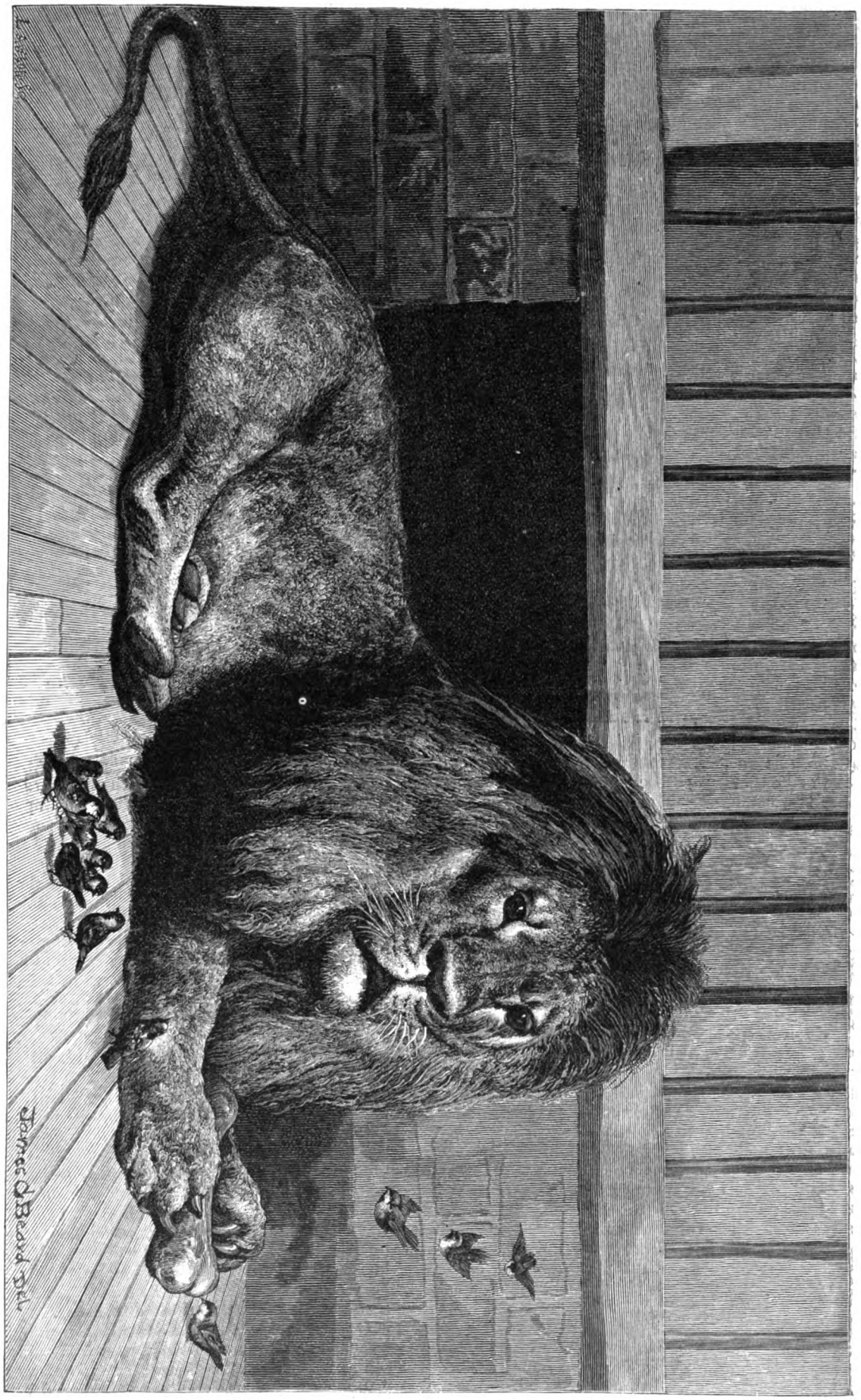
One morning, before any visitors had come, fortunately, the gate of the lion's cage was carelessly left unfastened, and the lion contrived to push it open and spring out. It is easy to imagine the confusion and terror that followed. The keepers fled for safety, and the great beast was truly monarch of the place.

The first thought was to shoot him at once, but one of the more shrewd keepers proposed a plan for recapturing him. This man had noticed that the little dog had remained behind in the cage; so he stole up behind the cage, and, catching hold of the poor little fellow, began to whip him. Of course the dog howled piteously.

At the first sound of the dog's voice the lion, which had been angrily lashing its tail against its sides in front of a tiger's cage, stopped and listened. As the howls continued, the mighty beast bounded savagely toward his cage, and seeing the keeper beating his friend, leaped in.

The gate was instantly closed and fastened, and the lion found that his friendship had cost him his liberty. The

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THE MONARCH AND HIS FRIENDS.

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quick-witted keeper was richly rewarded, and to make up for his beating, the little dog was made a pet of, and fed on the choicest bits of meat.

Sometimes the captive animals will have a strong affection for their keepers or trainers, but as a rule their obedience proceeds from fear, and not from affection. One case of such an affection, however, is worth repeating.

A trainer had a cage of animals, into which he was accustomed to go and perform with the animals—four leopards and a lion. The lion was a fine beast, and well trained, but very surly and difficult to control. One day, when the man entered the cage, the lion was very fierce, and refused to perform. The man spoke sternly, but the lion only crouched in one corner of the cage and growled angrily. The trainer then raised his whip and struck the beast a smart blow. In another instant the angry creature had sprung upon the daring man, and would have killed him had not the four leopards come to the rescue, and bravely taken the lion's attention until some of the keepers came and rescued the fainting man. One of the leopards died from the wounds inflicted by the lion, and the others could never be induced again to perform with the savage beast.

The annals of menageries are full of similar stories of friendships between different animals and between animals and men.

## JACKKNIFE TOYS.

BY C. W. MILLER.

### THE MYSTERIOUS BEANS.

THE beans did not seem to be unusual at first sight; it was the way they appeared and disappeared that was curious. This is a very neat trick, and easily made. The beans are in a small box, and a boy is asked to guess whether the number is "odd" or "even." Suppose he says "odd," you open the box and show him four beans. Tell him you will give him another chance, and of course he will say "even." The box is again opened, and he sees three beans, much to his astonishment; and no matter how many times he guesses, he can never get it right, because you can make them "odd" or "even" just as you please.

There is a catch, of course, and I will tell you how to make the box. Get some thin pine strips, and whittle out two sides the shape of Fig. 1, cutting grooves for the covers at the top and bottom, as the box has a cover above and below. Next whittle out the end pieces, which are square, just like the ends of any box. Nail the sides and ends together, and fit in the covers, which slide in the grooves (Fig. 2). One of the covers has the centre hollowed out, so that a small bean may be glued in the hollow, and slip over the end, when the cover is drawn off, without catching. Put three beans loosely in the box, and close both covers.

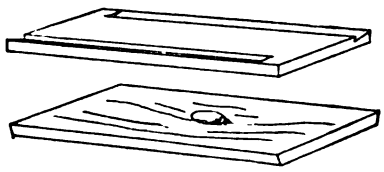


Fig. 1.

The box is held carelessly in the hand, so that either cover may be turned up, and a boy is asked to guess "odd" or "even." If he says "even," turn the box so that the cover with the bean glued to the under side is uppermost, and slide it off, when three beans will be seen in the bottom. If the box is turned other side up, and the cover slid off, four beans will be seen in the bottom, and you may make the number odd or even as you desire.

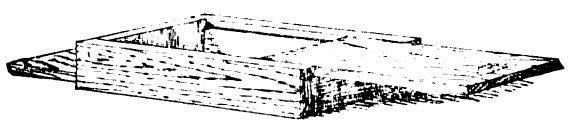
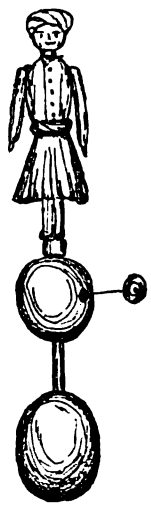


Fig. 2.

### THE WHIRLING JACK.

For this toy you will need a potato and a buckeye, or a horse-chestnut. Cut a small hole clear through the buckeye, and take out all the kernel. Whittle out the spindle, making a shoulder around the middle which will not pass through the hole in the buckeye. Sharpen the lower end, so that it may be stuck into the potato. Whittle from pine an oval body and head, and bore a hole for the top of the spindle. Make the arms and legs of separate pieces of wood, and tie them loosely to the body. Dress the figure in a very loose skirt, and paint buttons, etc., on the body. Cut a small hole in the side of the buckeye, and pass a string through this hole and up through the hole on top. Then raise the spindle so that the shoulder will be about half an inch above the hole, and tie the string firmly to the spindle, so that it can not slip around. Tie a button to the end of the string, and the jack will be ready to whirl.



Turn the figure around until all the string is wound on the spindle inside the buckeye, then hold the nut firmly in your left hand, and draw the string out suddenly and sharply with your right hand. This will make the figure spin round rapidly, throwing out its arms and legs. When the string is all out, slack it, and the momentum of the potato will keep the figure whirling until the string is all wound up. Then draw it out, and so on.

## "VIENNA ROLLS."

BY C. W. FISHER.

ALL of you are familiar with the appearance of those crescent-shaped rolls so often seen upon our breakfast tables. How many, I wonder, have ever heard the curious legend which, it is said, gave rise to their manufacture? Here it is:

A great many years ago there lived in the city of Vienna a worthy baker, whose trade, though small, afforded a comfortable support for his little family.

At the time of our story there was war between the Turks and the Austrians, and the city had been for weeks in a state of siege. Hemmed in on all sides by the Saracen armies, it was impossible to obtain food from without, and the supply within was rapidly failing.

The people were in utter despair. If they did not surrender, they must die of famine; while if they did, they could expect no mercy from the cruel Turks, and would certainly be massacred. Prayers were daily offered in the churches for deliverance, but it seemed as if nothing could avert the dreadful fate that must soon overtake them.

So the days passed on.

One evening our baker was in the cellar kneading the dough (and what a little lump it was!) that was to furnish bread for himself and his neighbors on the morrow. He was intent upon his work, when suddenly he was roused by a slight rattling sound, which seemed to be in the cellar, and to come and die out at regular and short intervals. He stopped his task, listened carefully, and tracing it to a distant corner, soon discovered its cause.

On the floor stood a little toy drum belonging to one of his boys, and upon its tightly stretched head several marbles dancing about produced the sounds he had noticed.

"That is curious," said the baker; and he watched the

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drum closely. Every second or two the drum-head would vibrate, and the little marbles would rattle upon it as if alive. Putting his ear to the earth, he heard what seemed a distant tapping or hammering, and he noticed that at each faint tap the dancing of the marbles repeated itself.

For a long time he could not account for the raps, until it suddenly flashed upon him that they were caused by the steady blows of a pick, and that the Turks were doing what had been much feared—they were undermining the city.

There might still be time to defeat their plans.

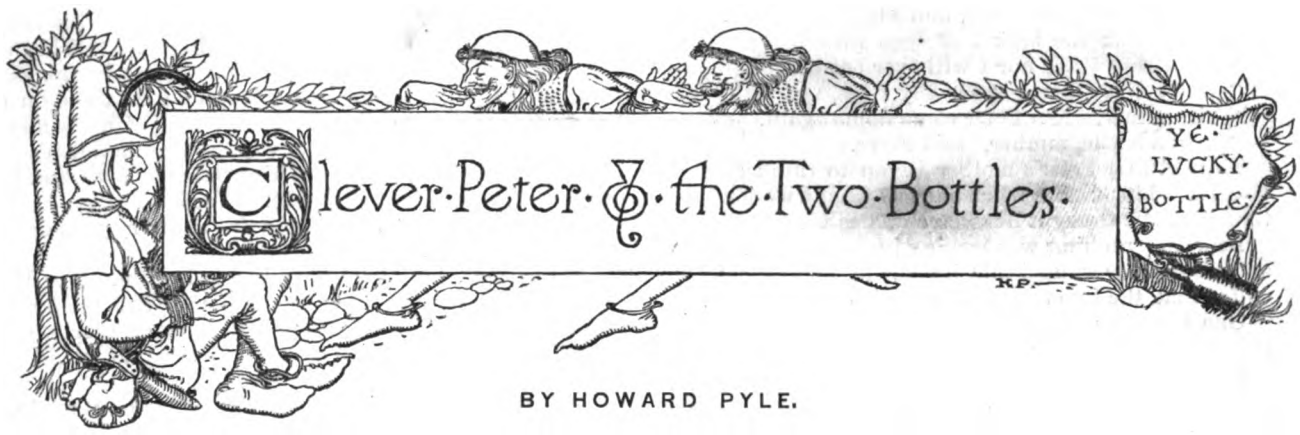
To tell of the difficulty the honest man had in getting the authorities to listen to and believe his tale, of the sneers and mockings he met with everywhere, would make a long story. It is enough to say that his firm belief in his own idea, and the earnest efforts he made to impress this belief upon others, at last reached the General in command of the city, and an investigation was ordered, which proved that the baker's suspicion was correct.

His timely information enabled the Austrians to construct a countermine, which at the proper time was fired and exploded, and the Turks were put to flight. So the city was saved. When quiet was restored, and thanksgivings offered for the victory, the baker was sent for, and ushered into the presence of the Emperor himself.

"My worthy friend," said the Emperor, "we owe our deliverance, under God, to you. Name your reward."

"Sire," answered the baker, as his face flushed with pride, "I ask but one thing. A poor fellow like me is not fit for riches nor rank, and I want neither. Grant me but this one privilege, your Majesty, and I am content: let me, and my children after me, henceforth make our bread in the form of that crescent which has so long been our terror, so that every day those who eat it may be reminded that the God of the Christians is greater than the Allah of the infidel."

The baker's request was granted. An imperial order was at once issued conferring upon him and his descendants the sole right to make bread in the shape of the Turkish emblem, and forbidding any one, under heavy penalties, from ever infringing this right.




BY HOWARD PYLE.

"PETER," said his mother.

"Yes," said Peter; for he was well brought up, and always answered when he was spoken to.

"My dear little child, thou art wise though so young. Now how shall we get money to pay our rent?"

"Sell the eggs that the speckled hen has laid," said Peter.

"But when we have spent the money for them, what shall we do then?"

"Sell more eggs," said Peter; for he had an answer for everything.

"But when the speckled hen lays no more eggs, what then?"

"We shall see," said Peter.

Peter started off to the town with the basket full of nice white eggs. The day was bright and warm and fair; the wind blew softly, and the wheat fields lay like green velvet in the sun. So he trudged along with great comfort until high noontide, against which time he had come nigh to the town, for he could see the red roofs and the tall spires peeping over the crest of the next green hill.

By this time his stomach was crying, "Give! give!" for it longed for bread and cheese. Now a great gray stone stood near by, at the forking of the road, and just as Peter came to it he heard a noise.

"Click! clack!" He turned his head, and, lo and behold! the side of the stone opened like a door, and out came a little old man dressed all in fine black velvet.

"Good-day, Peter," said he.

"Good-day, sir," said Peter.

"Will you strike a bargain with me for your eggs?" said the little old man.

Yes, Peter would strike a bargain. What would the little gentleman give him for his eggs?

"I will give you this," said the little old man; and he drew a black bottle out of his pocket.

Peter said, "It is not worth as much as my basket of eggs."

"Prut!" said the little gentleman. "You should never judge by the outside of things. What would you like to have?"

"I should like," said Peter, "to have a good dinner."

"Nothing easier," said the little gentleman; and he drew

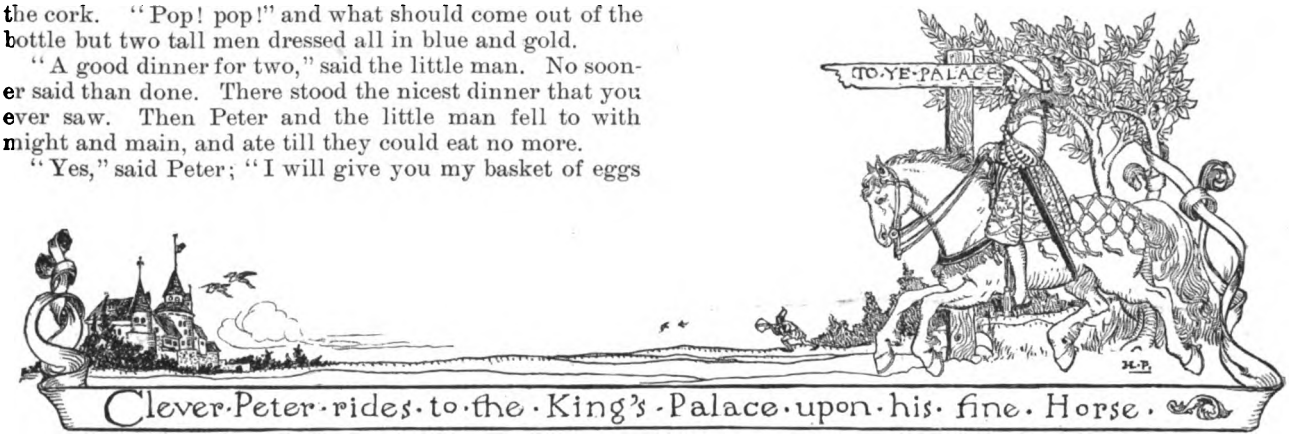



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the cork. "Pop! pop!" and what should come out of the bottle but two tall men dressed all in blue and gold.

"A good dinner for two," said the little man. No sooner said than done. There stood the nicest dinner that you ever saw. Then Peter and the little man fell to with might and main, and ate till they could eat no more.

"Yes," said Peter; "I will give you my basket of eggs




Clever·Peter·rides·to·the·King's·Palace·upon·his·fine·Horse.

for the little black bottle. And so the bargain was struck. Then Peter started off home, and the little man went back again into the great stone, and closed the door behind him. He took the basket of eggs with him; where he took it, neither Peter nor I will ever be able to tell you.

"What didst thou get for thy eggs, my little duck?" said his mother, when Peter came home again.

"I got a bottle, mother," said Peter.

Then at first Peter's mother began to think that Peter was a dull block. But when she saw what a wonderful bottle it was, she thought her Peter was as wise as the moon.

And now nothing was lacking in the cottage. If Peter and his mother wanted this, it came to them; if they wished for that, the two tall men in the bottle fetched it.

One morning Peter said to his mother, "Mother, I am going to ask the King to let me marry his daughter."

So off Peter rode. At last he came to the palace.

"Is the King at home?" said Peter, when the door was opened.

Yes, the King was at home. So Peter went into the parlor and sat down, and then the King came in.

"What is your name?" said the King.

"Peter Stultzenmilchen," said Peter.

"And what do you want, Lord Peter?" said the King.

"I want to marry your daughter," said Peter.

To this the King said, "Hum-m-m!" and Peter said nothing. Then the King said that he had determined that no one should marry his daughter without bringing him a basket full of precious stones.

"Is that all?" said Peter. "Nothing is easier." So off he went until he came to a chestnut woods just back of the royal kitchen-garden. There he uncorked his bottle. Pop! pop! and out came the two tall men. "What will you have, sir?" said they. Peter told them what he wanted, and it was no sooner said than done, for there on the ground before him stood a basket full of all kinds of precious stones; each of them was as large as a hen's egg.

But how the King did open his eyes, to be sure, and how he stared, when Peter showed him the basket!

"Now," said Peter, "I should like to marry your daughter, if you please."

At this the King hemmed and hawed again. No; Peter could not marry the Princess yet, for the King had determined that no man should marry his daughter without bringing him a bird, all of pure silver, that could sing whenever it was wanted.

"Nothing easier," said Peter, and off he went again.

When he had come to the chestnut woods he uncorked his bottle, and told the two tall men what he wanted. No sooner said than done, for there was a bird of pure silver.

Then Peter took it to the palace. As for the King, he could not look at it or listen to it enough.

"Now," said Peter, "I should like to marry your daughter, if you please."

But at this the King sang the same tune again. No; Peter could not marry his daughter yet, for the King had determined that the man who was to marry his daughter should first bring him a golden sword so keen that it could cut a feather floating in the air, yet so strong that it could cut through an iron bar.




Peter·Eats·With·the·King·and·Princess.

"Nothing easier," said Peter; and this time the men of the bottle brought him such a sword as he asked for, and the hilt was studded all over with precious stones, so that it was very handsome indeed. Then Peter brought it to the King, and it cut through a feather floating in the air; as for the iron bar, it cut through that as easily as you would bite through a radish.

And now it seemed as though there was nothing else to be done but to let Peter marry the Princess. So the King asked him in to supper, and they all three sat down together, the King and the Princess and Peter.

After a while the King began to question Peter how he came by all these fine things—the precious stones, the silver bird, and the golden sword. But no; Peter would not tell. Then the King and the Princess begged and begged him, until at last Peter lost his wits and told all about

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the bottle. Then the King said nothing more, and presently, it being nine o'clock, Peter went to bed. After he had gone, the King and the Princess put their heads together, and the end of the matter was that the wicked King went to Peter's room and stole the bottle from under his pillow and put an empty one in its place.

When the next morning had come, and they were all sitting at their breakfast together, the King said, "Now, Lord Peter, let us see what your bottle will do; give us such and such a kind of wine."

"Nothing easier," said Peter. Then he uncorked the bottle, but not so much as a single dead fly came out of it.

"But where is the wine?" said the King.

"I do not know," said Peter.

At this the King called him hard names, and turned him out of the palace, neck and heels. So back poor Peter went to his mother with a flea in his ear, as the saying is.

"Never mind," said his mother. "Here is another basket of eggs from the speckled hen."

So Peter set off with these to the market town, as he had done with the others before. When he had come to the great stone at the forking of the road, whom should he meet but the same little gentleman he had met the first time. "Will you strike a bargain?" said he. Yes, Peter would strike a bargain, and gladly. Thereupon the little old man brought out another black bottle.

"Two men are in this bottle," said the little old man. "When they have done all that you want them to do, say 'Brikket-ligg,' and they will go back again. Will you trade with me?"

So the trade was made, and Peter started home. "Now," said he to himself, "I will ride a little," and he drew the cork out of the bottle. Pop! pop! Out came two men from the bottle; but this time they were ugly and black, and each held a stout stick in his hand. They said not a word, but without more ado fell upon Peter, and began thrashing him as though he was wheat on the barn floor. "Stop! stop!" cried Peter, and he went hopping and skipping up and down, and here and there; but it seemed as though the two ugly black men did not hear him, for the blows fell as thick as hail on the roof. At last he gathered his wits together like a flock of pigeons, and cried, "Brikket-ligg! brikket-ligg!" Then, whisk! pop! they went back into the bottle again, and Peter corked it up tightly.

The next day he started off to the palace once more.

Presently the King came in, in dressing-gown and slippers. "What! are you back again?" said he.

"Yes, I am back again," said Peter.

"What do you want?" said the King.

"I want to marry the Princess," said Peter.

"What have you brought this time!" said the King.

"I have brought another bottle," said Peter.

"My dear," said the King to the Princess, "the Lord Peter has brought another bottle with him."

Thereat the Princess was very polite also. Would Lord Peter let them see the bottle? Oh yes, Peter would do that; so he drew it out of his pocket and set it down upon the table. And then Peter opened the bottle.

Hui! what a hubbub there was! The King hopped about until his slippers flew off, his dressing-gown fluttered like great wings, and his crown rolled off from his head and across the floor like a quoit at the fair. As for the Princess, she never danced in all of her life as she danced that morning.

"Oh, Peter, dear Lord Peter, cork up your men again!"

"Will you give me back my bottle?" said Peter.

"Yes, yes," cried the King.

"Will you marry me?" said Peter.

"Yes, yes," cried the Princess.

Then Peter said "Brikket-ligg," and the two tall men popped back into the bottle again. So the King gave him back his other bottle, and the minister was called in and married him to the Princess.




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DISTRIBUTING THE MAIL.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

### A LESSON IN HOUSE-CLEANING.

THE Little Housekeepers met one bright spring morning, not to cook, but to put May's play-house in apple-pie order. You know, in a properly made apple-pie the slices are laid smoothly one over another, not heaped in as it may happen. That is why we say apple-pie order, I presume, about a very neatly arranged place.

May's Uncle Cornelius had brought her a wonderful play-house from Paris, three stories high, with rooms like a real house, and all beautifully furnished. It occurred to the girls that they would like to give this charming dolls' home a real house-cleaning. So they sent the dolls away on a journey, and with little caps and aprons, and full of energy, they set to work. They wanted to do everything with their own hands, but May's mamma thought it would be better for her maid to give them a little help about shaking the rugs, and this the good-natured Dinah was very glad to do.

Just before the girls were ready to begin, Irene tipped over a bottle of ink on the nursery carpet. "What a misfortune!" "Who had left the ink there?" "The carpet is ruined!" exclaimed one and another. But Dinah flew to the cook for some sweet milk, which she used freely in sopping up the ink, changing it three times, and finally drying the place with a clean cloth, after which she used spirits of ammonia, until there was not a trace of the stain left.

"Cousin Sophie," said May, "the girls want you to tell them how real grown-up housekeepers clean house in the spring. Is there any rule about it?"

"Certainly, my dear."

"Well, where do they begin?"

"Where you can not, my little housekeeper—in the cellar. First always the cellar must be made perfectly clean and tidy, then the attic."

"We have an attic," said Irene, delightedly; and indeed May's play-house had a very good attic, where the dolls were sent to meditate when they were naughty.

"After the attic, the closets; then the bedrooms; then the halls, the stairways, the parlors, the basement, and kitchen; then the front doors, the vestibule, and the areas."

"Dear! dear! dear!" cried the children in concert. "How dreadful it must be to have the whole house upset at once!"

"That is just what no good housekeeper does, my love. I have been in your grandma L.'s house when neither your papa nor your uncle Hervey dreamed that the house had been cleaned; yet it was all done beautifully by degrees, a little at a time, only one room upset, and then put in order before another was touched. There is a beautiful quiet way of managing work, my dears, if the little woman at the head of the house only knows how. But now my lecture is over, and we'll get this dolls' abode to rights."

Which they did before night. It looked perfectly sweet when the dolls came home.

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UTICA, NEW YORK.

I buy this lovely paper every week at the book-store, and you can't think how much I like it; "Wakulla" and "Rolf House" are my favorite stories. I spend nearly every summer in the country, twenty miles from Boston. Do you know where the "Way-side Inn" is which Longfellow mentions? Well, that is the place to which I go. A great-cousin of mine has a mirror which was at the inn, and in which Washington looked at himself. My cousins and I go fishing, berrying, have picnics, sail boats, wade in the brooks, build dams, forts, etc., go "haying," ride on the raft on the pond, and do scores of other things. We spent a delightful week at Nantasket Beach, a day at Plymouth, and climbed to the top of Bunker Hill Monument. One rainy day we cousins went up in the attic to have some fun. Along a beam were hung some blankets, which some days we used for tableau curtains, but on this occasion three of us said we were going to take a trip to the White Mountains in a dog-cart, for which we had a large bureau. After lots of adventures on the way, we came to a river, and started to cross it in the cart; but the bed of the river was rocky, and our cart jolted so that finally the old bureau collapsed, and sent us headlong into the curtains, and, lo! we actually found ourselves floundering in a stream of water which was running all over the floor. I'll tell you how it happened: that morning the hired man found the roof leaking behind those curtains, and put some pans under, and when we pitched into them they were full. Wasn't it funny? We thought so, although we took cold. CLARA W. H.

I think you had a surprise that day, and not a very pleasant one either, but I suppose it did not prevent you all from laughing merrily.

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LULU ISLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Thanks for taking notice of my former letter. Since writing you, winter has come and gone, and here on our lovely island spring's fairy fingers are at work, the trees, shrubbery, and bushes of various kinds showing her delicate touches. Lulu Isle looks smiling, as if glad to be freed from winter's icy chains. The island is dotted here and there with little farms well tilled, and little barns well filled with oats and hay—two of its staple products. Nearly everything can be raised here in time and season. Our vegetable gardens can not be excelled either in quality or quantity. Wild game is abundant; deer, grouse, geese, and ducks of various kinds abound. Speaking of ducks reminds me of a peculiar incident that happened to one of my little friends. One fine afternoon, sauntering leisurely through the woods in search of cows, he saw some ducks feeding in the tall grass near by. Immediately he gave chase, and frightened them so that they were unable to fly; he chased them until, exhausted, they flapped their wings and surrendered. He killed them, and took them home as trophies of his hunt. Was it not a strange manner of getting wild-ducks? If I were an artist I would like to send a picture of Lulu Island, as its beauties are beyond my power of description. A spur of a mountain for a background, and the rolling, turbulent Fraser embracing us, as it were with its north and south arms.

MINNIE E.

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LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

I am a boy of twelve. I thought you would like me to try and write you a letter, so I hope you will put it in. I have some pets—a dog called Prince and a cat called Tommy. I have just begun to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think it is very nice. At the school to which we go, some of us get up paper chases. I have three nephews and one niece. CHARLES L.

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SEWICKLEY, PENNSYLVANIA.

A few of us girls have a little sewing society, which meets every Thursday at our different houses. We are going to have a fair to sell the things we make, and we mean to send the money to the missionaries. We go to school, and study reading, dictation, arithmetic, Cæsar, Latin, grammar, and physical geography. Every two weeks we have compositions and declamations. Sometimes during the recesses we go down into the music-room, and one of the girls plays and the others dance. We like to go to school very much, because we have such nice times.

ANNIE and MADGE.

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MANSE OF PETTY, NEAR INVERNESS, SCOTLAND.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Our house is situated on a hill, and we get the wind very much, and we are quite near the Moray Firth. We have fine bathing in summer. We see Ben Wyvis from our school-room window, and it is quite white to-day. There is a high hill near our house, and we have a beautiful view of the surrounding country. I have been to Culloden battle-field, and it is a very wild-looking place. I saw the well where the dying soldiers went to get a drink, and there is also a large cairn with the date of the battle printed on a stone. I have been at Cawdor Castle, and it is certainly a very romantic place. I cut my initials down in the Hermitage. I have also been in Fort George; it is very large inside. I have five sisters and four brothers.

HENRY F.

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STERLING JUNCTION, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box, so I thought I would like to write one. I live at Sterling Junction, near the Sterling camp-ground. In the summer a great many people come there. Near the camp-ground is a beautiful lake, called Waushacum, and in this lake is an island with trees on it and a small pavilion. Across the lake is a fine park, where there are a great many picnics in the summer. Then there is a small steamer, called *The Zephyr*, on the lake, and I have sailed on it. On the camp-ground there are over three hundred summer cottages. The part nearest the lake is called "Lake View." From this you can see the whole of Wachusett Mountain, a few miles off, in Princeton. The last week in August the Methodists hold a camp-meeting on this ground. I have two brothers and three sisters. I am the oldest, and am eight years old; Howard is almost seven, Fannie is five, Margery is three and a half, Will is two years, and Helen ten months old. Howard and I each have a sled, and we have a nice hill near our house to coast on. We go to Sunday-school and day-school. We have two cats for pets, Stripe and Jimmie. We had a little dog, but he liked chickens so well that papa gave him away. We are glad we are going to hear some more about Nan. We watch for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every Tuesday, although this is my first letter to it. If you should ever visit Princeton and Wachusett Mountain in the summer, as a great many people from New York do, I hope you will visit me. Good-by.

GERTRUDE R. B.

If I ever have that pleasure, Gertrude, you may be sure I will remember your invitation. Thank mamma for her kind note to me. I am very sorry that you and your little brothers and sisters have been ill, as I learn from your mother, and I hope that sunny days will make you perfectly well and strong.

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SALFORD, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.

My papa takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in monthly for my sister and me. We have taken it ever since it began to be published in England. I think it is the nicest magazine I have ever read. I go to school, and am in the Fifth Grade. I study arithmetic, composition, sewing, and other useful accomplishments, and I am going to study music. I have an only sister called Annie. Some of my designs for presents I have copied from "Milly Cone's Christmas Gifts," also from the Post-office Box. I conclude with kind love to the Postmistress. ALICE S.

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NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK.

I thought that I would tell about some of my pets, as the rest of the children do. I have a canary-bird named Sing Me. I think that is a very funny name; don't you? And I have a cat named Major, who sat on the dumb-waiter one day, and it began to go down with him, and he was so frightened that he jumped out and never got in again. My friend Bessie C. and I have great fun in the summer. There are some woods back of our house, where we have picnics, and a little brook, where we sail boats. MILLIE S.

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DERBYSHIRE, ENGLAND.

I am eleven years of age. I go to school, but have not been lately, as I have been ill, and am going to Halifax when I am better. I have no pets, but I have got four sisters and four brothers. Father takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me, and I like it very much. I live in Derbyshire, one of the prettiest counties of England.

TOM C. P.

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MIDLAND CITY, MICHIGAN.

I will tell you something about our town. It is a city situated almost in the central part of Michigan, having about two thousand five hundred inhabitants. We have a High School (a four-story brick edifice), an opera-house, water-works, five churches, and a great many handsome brick blocks. In a few weeks I shall enter the High School, if my work is satisfactory. Next time I will tell you of our pleasures. Give my love to the little letter-writers and keep some yourself. I shall be fourteen in April. GERTRUDE B.

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INGATESTONE, ESSEX, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have begun to take in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. My favorite tales were "Saved by Red Ridinghood" and "The Lost City." My papa brings the paper home for me every month. I have one sister and four brothers; all of them are younger than I. I am thirteen years old; my birthday is Christmas-day. We have three dogs, Bijou, Odds, and Ends, and a dear little Shetland pony named Jumbo. My sister and I study the violin, and we take lessons in French, drawing, and dancing as well. We do not go to school, but our auntie teaches us at home. When HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE comes, I always read the Post-office Box first. My sister's name is Dorothy, and my brothers' names are Philip, Cuthbert, Frank, and Luke. Luke is the baby; he is four years old. Do print this letter, as it is my first; I should so like to see it in the Post-office Box!

KATE MARY S.

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LA CANADA, CALIFORNIA.

We killed a young rattlesnake this morning, and my cousin fried it, and we all thought it tasted like chicken. It has not rained here for a long time, so my little brother and I make the water from a mountain spring run over our garden. Mamma says she likes to see the water

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sparkle and hear the noise as it goes by the kitchen door. Every Sunday we go up a cañon or on some mountain, and have Sunday-school and a picnic-dinner. CHARLEY W.

You rather turned the tables on the rattlesnake, did you not? though I confess I should not care for fried rattlesnake myself. I like your plan of combining Sunday-school with a picnic-dinner.

### DAISY MADE HAPPY.

In a garret in one of the poorest streets of London sat a little blind girl alone. Her mother was a hard-working washer-woman, and had been out all day trying to earn some money that she might buy some food for herself and her child. The child had tasted nothing all day except a dry crust of bread, but she was not thinking of that now. Once some kind ladies had taken her out to the country, and now she almost forgot her hunger in thinking about it. Ah, how she longed to be there again! Directly she fell asleep she dreamed she was in a lovely little cottage out in the country. Her mother did not have to work now. But in the midst of this happy dream she awoke, hearing her mother cry, "Daisy, Daisy, I have found your dear long-lost uncle Alec, and he is going to take us out to the country to live with him!" So Daisy's dream came true.

KATIE O. W.

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

I am a little boy eight years old. I live in the college yard. The name of our college is Concordia College, and my papa is one of the professors. I have one sister, and no brothers. Because all the boys and girls write about their pets, I will also write about mine. I have but one, and that is a dog. He can stand on his hind-legs. His name is Trixie. Isn't that a funny name? I had several other dogs. One's name was Dep; he could stand on his hind-legs, and jump over my foot when I said "Jump!" I know three languages, German, French, and English. I study at home with my grandmamma, and learn French Conversations, arithmetic, geography, spelling, and French composition. ERIK C.

BARTON, MARYLAND.

I live in Barton. We have many kinds of house flowers. I love to care for them in the summer, but I do not like to tend them in the winter. We have a cow. She was sick for a week or two, and we thought she would die. Papa made her swallow two whole codfish, and she is better now. We also have a cat and a dog. The dog's name is Spring; he is fourteen or fifteen years old. We have fifty or sixty chickens. MOLLIE T.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I wrote to you once before, but I do not think you received it, for you did not put it in print. Please print this one. I have two cats, one named Frank, and the other named Floss. I have seven dolls, but I use only five. I received a watch on Christmas, and two dolls, and one on New-year's, and I had four before. I wrote some poetry and a puzzle the other day, but they were not good enough to send to you. We had two canary-birds, but we gave them away. I go to school, and study ever so many lessons. There are only ten pupils in our room. My favorite authors are Lucy C. Lillie, Kirk Munroe, and Jimmy Brown.

Your loving little reader, G. G. S. Y.

OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN.

I am seven years old, and have never been at school, but I can read, and mamma hears me recite in spelling and arithmetic. I have fun this winter playing in the snow. My little cousin and I wrap up warmly, and go and jump in snow-drifts, and make snow men. Next winter we are going to have a place flooded in the yard, and some ice skates, as our mammas do not want us to skate on rollers. I wonder if any of the children who make molasses candy have ever put in a teaspoonful of baking powder instead of soda; it makes it delicious. Good-by. BESSIE E. S.

I am a little boy eight years old. I like the story of the *Dauntless* very much, and "Winter Sports in Canada." I have a Newfoundland dog, Major, a canary called Buttercup, and a Maltese cat called Beaut. I haven't a brother or sister, but would love to have a brother.

CLIFFORD S.

### THE KINDNESS OF A HEART.

"Mamma, may I go out to play?"

"Yes, darling; but don't stay too long."

Mrs. Muffing did not know what a good, kind heart her little daughter had, although May was eight years old.

When May was out-of-doors, bundled up in furs, playing in front of her house, there came a little boy. His name was Peter. His father was dead, and his mother had to take in sewing to earn their living. Peter ran on errands here and there for a little money, but in winter he used to clean off sidewalks. He came up timidly and said to May: "Please, miss, will you ask your mother if she don't want her sidewalk cleaned? Only ten cents."

May looked around, and said, "Aren't you hungry?"

"Yes, a little," answered Peter; "I gave mother my bread."

"Come in and warm yourself, and get something to eat." And May led the way to the kitchen, and left him there while she went to ask her mother if she wanted her walk cleaned.

When May told her what Peter had said, Mrs. Muffing went where Peter was, and asked him about his home. Peter told her all, and after that Mrs. Rice lived comfortably in a little cottage, while Peter is errand-boy in Mr. Muffing's store. A. E. N.

SYCAMORE COTTAGE, WAKEFIELD, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—My papa brought HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I thought I should like to write to you. I am nine years old, and I go to St. John's School, but I did not go to school till I was eight years old. We had a pet; it was a kitten, but it was lost. Now we have a new baby boy, and that makes five boys and only one girl. I walk two miles to school, and we have a large garden and a lot of fruit trees, and we have plenty of room to play. George tumbled in the pond, and I pulled him out. I hope you will put this in your next paper, because I should like to see it in print. ARTHUR T.

I am glad you had the presence of mind to rescue George.

EMMITTSBURG, MARYLAND.

Gertrude, Carrie, Alice, Emily, Pauline, and myself have organized a club, and wish to join the Little Housekeepers if you are willing. Please may we write sometimes and tell about our meetings? ETHEL.

I shall be delighted to receive your reports, Ethel. Present my regards to each of the girls.

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I live in Muskegon, on Muskegon Lake, near Lake Michigan. Muskegon numbers 22,500 inhabitants, including four villages, which are a part of the township, as they are connected with it by street railway and ferry. There are sixteen central, ward, and district schools; they are all very good. I go to the central; I am in the Fifth Grade, and study geography, arithmetic, spelling, history, mental arithmetic, writing, singing, and drawing. I have a little brother; he is eight years old. Our uncle takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us, and we think it an excellent paper. I have a cat and four birds, and had, besides, two doves, but a mink came and killed them. Papa has two ponies; their names are Ned and Jennie. Ned is very gentle, but Jennie is very naughty. She bit me on my arm one day. MAY K.

**Blanche P.:** For a little girl not yet seven, you write extremely well.—**Ella May M.:** I would like to hear your canary sing.—**F. C. S.:** I had been away from home one cold March day, and returned rather late in the evening. The moment I entered the door I observed a sweet odor which filled the house, and made me think of Florida and orange groves. And what should it be, dear F., but the scent of the orange blossoms which you packed so carefully in a tin box, and which Uncle Sam's mails brought so quickly that they were scarcely faded. I am glad you are not too old to call yourself "still one of my boys," and I am pleased, too, that you are putting your time to such good use both in working and studying.—**Maude L. P.:** Thanks for your kind invitation, dear. Your house must be very lovely.—All the way from Seneca, Kansas, came a dear little letter from **Gertie O.** I am sorry that Gertie has nobody to play with. I wish I were there myself, so that I might slip my arm around her and tell her a story when she feels lonely.—**Lulu M.,** a Vermont girl, wants some clever girl to tell her a pretty way to make a work-box out of pasteboard.—**Marion E. P.** may be a Little Housekeeper if she chooses.—**Eleanor** and **Elizabeth N.** might ask their mamma's permission to organize a little club of their own, which should meet on Saturday afternoons, if that time would be convenient.—**John S.:** I will try your tricks myself, and if I find that I can perform them, you may look for them by-and-by in the Post-office Box.—**Nellie D.** has had trouble with her pets; her dog was stolen, and her pet lamb died.—**Willie B. McC.** has a cat named Colonel and a bird named Trix.—**Birdie B.:** If you will send me your full post-office address, I will write you a letter, and answer the question you ask.—**Edith K.:** The story you wrote is rather too sad for the Post-office Box.—Letters have been received from **Carrie C. L., Nellie J., Harry M. S., Fanny P., Nettie V., Bessie C., Guy F. B., Jennie J. T., Nellie Maud W., Herbert C. McI., Mamie F., Mary B. I., Mattie S., Harry L. C., Sadie M. B., Natalia B., Jessie A., Annie M. J., Ida May B., Isadore A. P., William B. C., Frank L., Clara S., Mack B., Florence B., Annie G., Harry B., Minnie D. M.** (I return your heart full of love, dear), **Ethel P. B., N. K. B.,** and **Francoise.** Thanks to each of these little writers, and thanks, too, to the many for whose names I can not find room this week.

### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

RHOMBOID.

*Across.*—1. To form in ringlets. 2. Watchful. 3. A mistake in judgment. 4. Induced to follow. 5. A kind of rampart in the form of an inverted V, and having its angles toward the enemy.

*Down.*—1. A letter. 2. A Latin prefix meaning again. 3. A liquor. 4. Lively. 5. A mistake. 6. To allure by some bait. 7. A bright color. 8. An Italian preposition. 9. A letter. O. DREW.

No. 2.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A kind of liquor. 3. To decrease. 4. Rebounding. 5. A giant. 6. A German numeral. 7. A letter. O. DREW.

No. 3.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—In mice, not in mouse.
In hut, also in house.
In flea, not in fly.
In truth, not in lie.
In slow, not in fast.
In present, not in past.
In mouse, not in rat.
In dog, not in cat.
In ninny, not in fool.
In college and in school.
In know, not in learn.
In vase, not in urn.
In nuts, not in shells.
In gongs, also in bells.
Whole a famous novelist.

2.—In wash, not in cleanse.
In swallows, not in wrens.
In see, not in do.
In he, not in you.
In girls, not in boys.
In din and in noise.
In gone, not in late.
Not in sorrow, but in fate.
In bog, not in dell.
In know, not in tell.
My whole is a man
You know of right well.

MAY DE F. IRELAND.

No. 4.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 17, 15 is an expression much used in the Bible.
My 14, 8, 5 is an organ of the body.
My 12, 10, 11 is a weapon.
My 7, 9, 2, 4 is a much-used article.
My 13, 18, 2, 6 is a kind of fruit.
My 1, 2, 3, 16 is a musical instrument.
My whole is an ever-welcome guest.

GRACE EDNA MURRAY.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 281.

No. 1.—Live—evil. Room—moor. Time—emit. Revel—lever. Pool—loop. Deer—reed.

No. 2.—Faults. Peach.

No. 3.—

```
      J              R
    S A G          P I E
  S U N U P      R I V E R
J A N U A R Y      E E L
  G U A N O        R
    P R O
      Y
```

No. 4.—Yokohama.

No. 5.—

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P I E R     M A S T
I O W A     A J A R
E W E R     S A G O
R A R E     T R O Y
```

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Helen W. Gardner, J. Jay Pardee, Jun., Emilie B., George T. Slade, Minnie Robinson, L. Sims, A. M. Virgien, Augusta Emrich, Walter T., E. T. N., Amy Nickerson, Lulu S., Ina L. Seaman, J. D. Taylor, Jun., Henry Spenser, Carrie M. New, Lillie A. Bostwick, Philip T. Lansdale, Buster, Madge Wildfire, Cub and Zod Jones, Thomas R., Mamie F. Merritt, Albert S., Richey, Alison G. Grant, Eleanor Mathews, and Nora G. G.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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## APRIL WEATHER.

THREE happy little maidens, a-walking out together,
Didn't know how fickle was the pleasant April weather;
Soon they had to leave their play, and seek a leafy bower
For shelter from a wetting by a pleasant April shower.

If April didn't sprinkle with her many little showers,
Then May would have to stay behind, or come without her flowers;
So perhaps the gentle rain from which the party shelter seeks
Will make the roses blossom in the little maidens' cheeks.

## BEASTS OF PREY.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

I DO not suppose you know it; I never did until I found it out. Mice are beasts of prey. That they were carnivorous to the extent of eating bacon and candles I was well aware, but that they would catch and eat live animals, as I said before, I never knew until I found out.

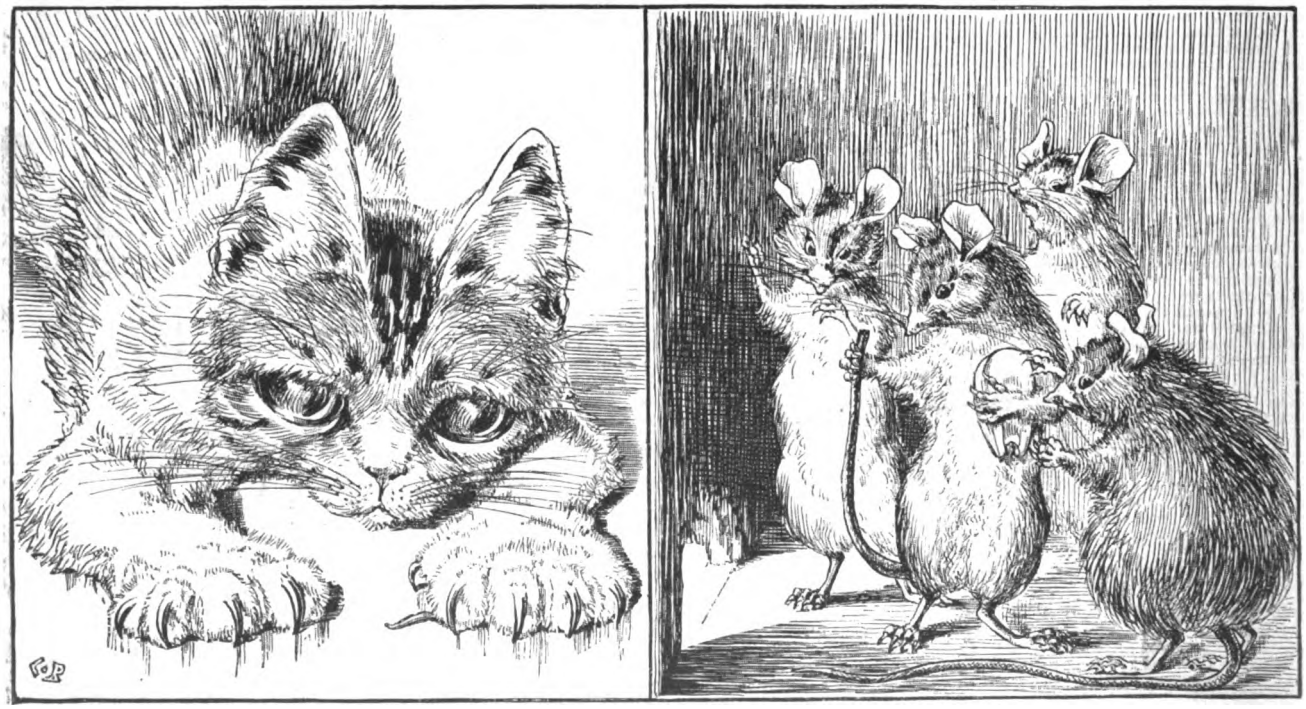
Now I am not quite sure that feeding on bacon and candles makes an animal carnivorous. Let us see what the dictionaries say. Webster defines *Carnivorous:* "Eating or feeding on flesh—an epithet applied to animals which naturally seek flesh for food, as the lion, tiger, dog, wolf, etc." Now I will tell you how I found it out that mice are carnivorous.

I was walking down Sixth Avenue near Fortieth Street one Sunday morning, when my attention was attracted to the window of a crockery store, where two little mice were running about among the plates and dishes and tea-pots. They were very small, but as round and plump as plums. The window was filled with flies, which were also plump and healthy, though what they found in the empty dishes of a crockery store to fatten on is more than I can tell. Perhaps they lived on the customers during the week, or upon their imaginations, making believe sugar in the sugar bowls, molasses in the syrup pitchers, and gravy over everything. Presently one of the little mice paused and eyed one of the flies for an instant, and then made a pounce upon it, just as a cat would have pounced on himself or his brother. Having secured his prey he sat up on his haunches, holding it in his front paws, just as a squirrel does a nut, and munched it up.

I watched those mice for fully a quarter of an hour, during all which time they kept catching flies and eating them, until they grew so terribly round and apoplectic that it became quite distressing. So I walked away, fearing a catastrophe.

Another experience I had of the carnivorous habits of the mouse. One evening while walking in the woods I found a beautiful black and gold butterfly clinging to the trunk of a tree, and almost benumbed with the cold. I carried it home to my room, where the warmth soon revived it, and for nearly a week it flew about in a very lively and picturesque manner, until I began to get quite fond of it.

One day I was lying on the bed with a book in my hand, when quick as a flash a mouse, which I had often noticed running round among the legs of the chairs, made a pounce upon the butterfly. The action was so quick and unexpected that before I could get up from the bed the mouse was gone, and with it the body of my beautiful butterfly, leaving behind only its four wings, as neatly cut off as though with a pair of scissors.



A HARROWING TAIL.

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

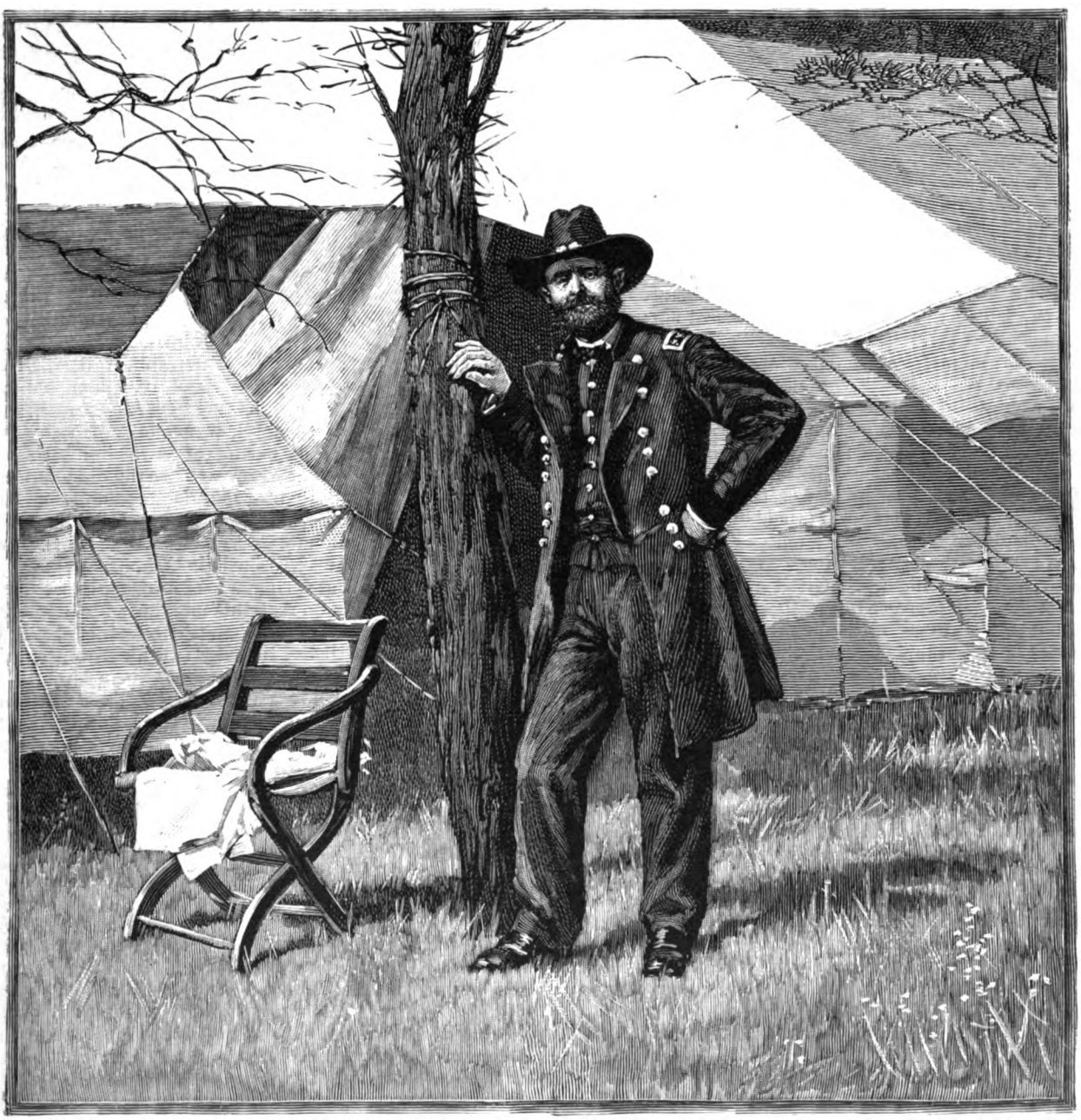
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 285. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

GENERAL GRANT AT HIS HEAD-QUARTERS IN 1864.—SEE PAGE 370.


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## GENERAL GRANT.

THE dangerous illness of General Grant—which may, indeed, ere these words are read have ended fatally—has fixed the eyes of the civilized world upon the house in Sixty-sixth Street, New York, where the great soldier, the preserver of the Union, lies stricken by the hand of disease. America stands anxiously watching, and Europe and Asia join their sympathy, their hopes and fears, to hers. The great men of a country belong to the whole world.

Ulysses S. Grant was born in Ohio, April 27, 1822. He entered West Point as a cadet in 1839, graduated in 1843, and served as a lieutenant in the Mexican war. He was made a captain, but resigned his commission in 1853 to engage in business with his father. He was never successful in business, but when in 1861 the rebellion broke out, Grant soon began to show his rare talent in military affairs. At first nearly all the commanders on the side of the government were unsuccessful. Our armies were everywhere driven back. Nearly all the Southern States were held by the Confederates. Washington was in danger; Maryland was nearly lost. Hostile troops made incursions into Pennsylvania, plundering the farmers. It seemed as if the Union and the country were lost together.

At this moment General Grant appeared. He changed the whole current of the war. He seemed always successful. He crossed into Missouri, and defeated the enemy at Belmont. He had moved his forces into Kentucky, held Paducah, and kept the whole State in the Union. In January, 1862, he marched into the heart of the enemy's country, captured Forts Henry and Donelson, pressed on to Pittsburgh Landing, and fought the great battle of Shiloh. It has been claimed that in this battle Grant was surprised, and at first defeated. But the enemy fled before him, and Grant's victory was proved by the general submission of Kentucky and Tennessee.

Thus, in the midst of weakness and defeat on the Union side, Grant restored the confidence of the people. He broke at once into the hostile country, and held his positions with the firmness of a practiced soldier. He was now about forty years old; his health was good; his constitution strong. He spoke little, he acted with swiftness and decision. In 1863 he was in the chief command in Tennessee. The Mississippi was held by the rebels. Vicksburg, their chief fortress, was supposed to be impregnable. Grant began the siege; it is one of the most wonderful and romantic in history. Grant resolved to attack it from below. He crossed the Mississippi, marched down in front of Vicksburg, crossed again into the midst of his enemies in Mississippi, defeated their armies, and drew his lines around the fated city. For two months the fearful siege went on. It was described in the newspapers of the day with singular accuracy. At length, on July 4, 1863, Vicksburg surrendered, and a shout of joy ran over the country, for the Mississippi was once more free.

The next exploit of Grant was still more remarkable. An army under Thomas was shut up in Chattanooga. The Confederates, under General Bragg, thought that it could never escape them. It was starving, and surrounded by the foe. Jefferson Davis came down from Richmond to look upon the fated camp. One man alone could rescue the beleaguered army. Grant was sent to its aid. In a brief time he drove off the besiegers. Plenty flowed into Chattanooga. Bragg, defeated at Mission Ridge, fled before Grant's forces. The path lay open to the sea.

The last, the chief exploit of Grant's military career was the capture of Richmond. The brave Confederate General Lee had beaten off all the Union generals. In 1864, Grant was sent to encounter him. He marched into the Wilderness, fought great battles, crossed the James River, and began the siege of Richmond. It was a slow and dreadful siege. Men began to doubt, as the months wore away, if it could ever end. Grant never faltered. Sheridan was with him. The Confederates were beaten, Lee surrendered, Davis was captured, and the whole country rejoiced that peace had come.

Grant's kindness to those he conquered never failed; no feeling of revenge ever moved him. He was elected President in 1868, and again in 1872. He travelled around the world, and was everywhere welcomed in Europe and Asia—even in Japan. During his later years he has lived in New York. He was always a kind and attentive son, an affectionate father, a faithful friend. Misfortunes have fallen upon his later years: his health has given way, and he has lost his property; but he has never lost the affection of his countrymen and the gratitude of mankind.

General Grant is one of the world's greatest captains, yet no man entered more unwillingly than he into the cruel duties of war. He loved and sought peace. While his name will be remembered in other countries as that of a great soldier, he will live in most loving remembrance among his own people as the man who in the hour of defeat came forward to defend and preserve the Union.

## WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.

BY MARY A. BARR.



"OUT from the tree-tops a voice called out, 'Who, who, who, who's there?' or at least so it sounded. Immediately the singing stopped, and one of the negroes answered, 'Some folkses from de Norf, Massa Owl, an' Cap'n Johnsin, an' me, an' Homer, an' Virgil, an' Pete,'" read Grandpapa from HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE (Vol. V., page 755) to the little gathering of boys and girls who came every week to the old plantation to hear him read from some story book or paper, and to eat some of Grandmamma's cake and molasses candy. But "Massa Owl" is not the only bird that can speak English, and now that spring is here and summer coming, the children who read this may hear for themselves lots of pretty sayings from their little feathered friends, the birds, if they will but listen. I think from the number of boys and girls who write about their birds in the Post-office Box, there must be many who have discovered that their pets can talk (or seem to talk), and if they try to understand them, it will not only be a great pleasure to themselves, but the means of taming many a shy bird.

Of course you have all heard about the cuckoo lady whip-poor-will, and that jolly brown bird which sings,

"Bob White,
Pease ripe;
Coming there
To-morrow night,"

and the mocking-bird, which, the Mexicans say, speaks four hundred different languages, although his English, while he lives in the woods, is confined to three rather ugly words, which are "sha'n't," "can't," and "dare"; but the hawk is almost, if not quite, as rude as the mocking-bird, for, no matter how much right you may have to be on the river or in the woods, he is always saying,

"It's queer, queer, queer,
That you are
Here, here, here."

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The redbird is one of the most hospitable in his greeting, for it is "Cheer, more cheer"; and if any of you live near a marsh, and will call upon Madam Marsh Wren, she will tell you, "I am so happy, I am so happy, I am so happy," while the Carolina wren will bid you "Cheer up, and come to me, come to me, come to me"; and by-and-by, when it gets to be quite warm, a dear little bird, with the very ugly name of Loggerhead, will sit close beside his wee wife on the wild-rose hedge and say to her, "So sweet, so sweet"; and some warm morning, when you are on your way to school through the fields, the funny old gray fly-catcher will hop on the ground before you and call out, "I kill you, I kill you, I kill you early in the morning"—of course it is all a joke, for I don't believe he would, even if he could, for he is such a jolly bird. Then there's Joe, poor Joe; he is not poor at all, for he lives in the most beautiful house, made of tall reeds and grasses, and trimmed with flowers, and eats the fattest little frogs and fish, and yet every night, and early in the morning just at sunrise, he will call out, "Poor Joe, poor, poor Joe," in the most mournful voice.

I have a little English cousin who declares that her thrush can say, "Jane, Jane, a little game, a little game, a little game, please, please, sweet Jenny, sweet Jenny." If you live near Boston you may hear in the spring the warbling fly-catcher, who, although not quite so vicious in his remarks as the Southern gray fly-catcher, is very soldierly both in appearance and song, for he says, as plain as can be, "Brig-a-dier, brig-a-dier, brigade," and the Massachusetts Peabody bird will tell you that he is "all day whittling, whittling, whittling," while just at sundown you will hear the green warbler singing, "Hear me, St. There-sa"—and the queer little red mavis, who flits about the field while the farmer is sowing corn, will tell him to "Drop it, drop it, cover it up, pull it up, pull it up, pull it up."

The oven-bird of Massachusetts, who sings only at noon on a bright day, and the Maryland yellow-throat, will both declare that they are watching you, although they use different words to tell you so; the Massachusetts bird says, "I see, I see, I see, I see," while his little Southern cousin sings, "I see, I see you, I see, I see you, I see, I see you."

Of course there are people who do not care for birds who will think it all nonsense to say that they can talk, but I am sure that there are boys and girls who love birds, and who study their ways and songs, that are equally sure that their pets can speak, and speak very plainly to them at least.

## THE TROUBLES OF A LAZY LITTLE BOY.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

ONCE upon a time there was a very lazy little boy. He never did any work that he could avoid, and any task that he was obliged to perform he did unwillingly, and with a long sad face. At school he seldom knew his lessons, because he would not spend the time necessary to learn them; and when his teacher "kept him in" after school hours, the punishment had little effect on him, because he had only to sit still.

One day his parents went off on a visit, to be gone several days. Before leaving, they told him to cut up some branches of trees that were lying around the place, and to put them in the wood bin in the cellar.

After they had gone, the lazy little boy sat down beside the wood, and moaned, and drew his jacket sleeve across his face to remove the tears of discontent that coursed down his cheeks.

"I wish this wood would break itself up and take itself into the house, and that all my work would do itself. Then I should have nothing to do but play. But of course I can't be in such a fairy-land as that would be."

"Yes, you can," said a Bumble-Bee that had alighted on a rose near by. "I have just signaled a number of my fellow-bees and some ants. They are all hard workers, and from them I am going to select a jury to decide whether you are guilty or not."

The lazy little boy did not like the idea of being talked to in this way by a Bee, and he felt disposed to make some rude reply, but refrained in consideration of the Bee's sting, and his ability to use it.

"Suppose you decide that I am guilty?" asked the lazy little boy. "What then?"

"Then," replied the Bee, in a tone of authority, "you shall not be obliged to take the slightest trouble about anything. Your work shall do itself, and you shall be in the kind of fairy-land you just spoke of. That wood will break itself and go into the house, and your other duties will perform themselves."

"Good! good!" said the lazy little boy. "I shall be happy now." And he smiled kindly upon the Bee.

The Bee then plucked a number of rose leaves, and on each of twelve of them there was a dew-drop.

"The leaves without dew-drops are the blanks," remarked the Bee, "and those with dew-drops on them mean that the bees and ants drawing them must serve on the jury."

Then the Bee took these leaves and dropped them into a great new-blown lily; and as she did this she summoned a Bat to come down and do the drawing, because the Bat was blind, and could not tell which leaves were gemmed and which were not.

And the Bat drew a leaf when a name was called, and the jury was soon selected. It consisted of about equal numbers of bees and ants, and they sat side by side in two rows upon one of the limbs that the lazy little boy had been ordered to cut.

The Bee that was to be the judge sat opposite, just under a large red rose, and looked very severe. A few humming-birds and butterflies lingered around to hear the trial, and an indolent old spider stretched himself in his web, and blinked lazily at the proceedings.

After the Bee had related the story of the lazy little boy's complaint on being asked to do an easy and reasonable piece of work, he asked the jury what they thought about it, and the jury looked very much concerned, as though it had a solemn case to decide, and wished to decide it conscientiously.

So just as soon as the judge bee had concluded his story, the jury retired. The six ants got on the backs of the six bees, and they flew away into a crimson hollyhock that was so high from the ground that no one could hear what they were talking about. After they had been in the hollyhock about a minute they agreed on a verdict, and when they had returned to their seats they pronounced the lazy little boy guilty, and the Bee sentenced him to become subject to his own wish.

After judge and jury had departed, the lazy little boy sat looking at the limbs he had been ordered to chop. Much to his surprise, they began to bend themselves backward and forward until they broke themselves into pieces small enough to fit an ordinary fire-place. When the limbs were broken, the straight pieces rolled across the yard, and down the cellar steps, and over to the wood bin. The pieces that ended in forks and had twigs on them joined twigs as people would join hands, and scampered gayly down the cellar steps, occasionally dancing a cotillion or playing leap-frog on the way. In a very short time the wood had got itself into the bin, and ceased its antics. The lazy little boy then attempted to close the cellar door, but before he could take hold of it it slammed itself shut, as though by an angry gust of wind.

The lazy little boy was frightened, but as he was being relieved of unpleasant labor, he thought it was, on the whole, a good thing. What an advantage he would enjoy over his companions, and how they would envy

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THE TRIAL.

him while watching him at play from morning until night!

When he went up to bed, his shoe-strings, which were in hard knots, untied themselves, and his clothes unbuttoned themselves, and after his night-gown had jumped over his head and fastened itself around his neck, the bed-clothes turned down, and then over him up to his ears, and he was soon asleep.

In the morning his clothes put themselves on, and his shoes tied themselves, and the comb and brush danced all over his hair. Then he had to go down to build the fire—a duty that he disliked very much.

When he went into the kitchen, the lids lifted themselves off the range, the tongs ran across the room, got into the range, and jumped right out of the ashes into the scuttle with a cinder between its feet. The poker commenced poking, and the shovel cleaning the ashes out. This being done, a newspaper rolled itself up into a ball, and bounced into the range; and when the lazy little boy opened the cellar door to go down for an armful of wood, he was met by a whole army of twigs and forks swarming up the steps. They climbed up the coal-scuttle, and jumped into the range, and lay down on the paper. Then a match sprang down off the mantel-piece, and stood on its head on the hearth-stone, and whirled around until it lighted, when it flew up like a little sky-rocket, and descended through the twigs upon the paper ball, and started the fire. By this time the old black pot had hobbled back from the faucet on its three short legs, and was waiting patiently to boil.



"THE TONGS RAN ACROSS THE ROOM.... AND THE OLD BLACK POT HOBBLED BACK ON ITS THREE SHORT LEGS."

"This seems as real as a pantomime," said the lazy little boy. And then the stove-pipes nudged each other with their elbows, and thought it capital fun.

While the lazy little boy was thinking about his good fortune, he sat down in the rocking-chair and tried to rock it; but the chair began rocking itself so violently that he almost became seasick. Away went the old chair rocking all over the room as hard as it could, and the lazy little boy felt like calling for help, and having some one catch the chair and hold it until he could get out. Finally he made up his mind to jump out, but no sooner had he conceived the idea than the chair hurled him against the wall, and made him ache all over.

Later in the day he saw an idle dog skulking around the place, and when he went to pick up a nice smooth stone lying near to throw at him, the stone flew off the ground like a bird, and frightened the dog into hasty flight.

Then the lazy little boy walked over to the piazza to get his wagon, but as soon as he got near this favorite toy, it started down the walk so fast that he could not overtake it. It then struck him that if he got on his stilts he might catch the wagon, as he would be able to take such long strides; so he ran for his stilts, that he might get them before the wagon was out of sight, but just as he was about to take hold of them they ran down the path and through the gate, just as the wagon had done. They took longer strides than ever, and he could no more catch them than he could the wind.

Then he thought he would go out and take a swing, because he knew the swing was tied up, and could not fly from him, as the wagon and stilts had done. So he got into the swing, and it sent him flying back and forth so swiftly that the branches of the trees looked like one great cobweb. He became greatly alarmed for fear the swing might change its motions, and instead of flying backward and forward, keep going in one direction, until it should finally wind itself entirely up around the cross-beam, and leave him on it to get down as best he could.

He therefore made up his mind to jump out of the swing. Just as he formed this resolution the swing shot



"THE SWING SHOT HIM INTO THE AIR."

him into the air, just as the rocking-chair had done, and he fell into a large rose-bush, and his hands and face and clothing were torn by the briers.

"I wish I could get a chance to do something myself occasionally," moaned the lazy little boy.

"Oh, you do, do you?" buzzed the Bumble-Bee, who overheard his remark. "Not long ago you wished everything would do itself for you."

"But when I don't do my own work, everything goes wrong."

"You will generally find it that way in this world,"

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remarked the Bee. "Perhaps you begin to realize that work was put into the world for us to do, and not for us to shirk."

"I do."

"Do you wish to go on having things done for you, or will you take them just as they are?"

The little boy said he would take them just as they were.

"Then do you wish to be released from your own wish?" asked the Bee.

"If you please," said the boy.

"You know you will have to work?" said the Bee.

"I think I *want* to work," said the little boy, timidly.

The Bee gave a loud buzz, and disappeared.

And when the little boy found that he could rub his own eyes and scratch his own head in wonderment, and that things did not do themselves any longer, he became the happiest as well as the most industrious little boy in all that great country.

## PLEASANT HOURS IN THE GARDEN.

BY GEORGE R. KNAPP.

I.



WHO does not love flowers? and who that has tried it does not take pleasure in the cultivation of them? Many of the young delight in growing and caring for them, when once they become familiar with their great beauties, though many of our young people, I am sorry to say, do not take the interest in their flowers that they should. The trouble may not be wholly with the young planters; circumstances may not give them the opportunity, and often from lack of knowledge they think that the work is difficult, and if they attempt it they will only fail.

I will try to show you how very easily flowers may be managed, and how a few hours' work at the beginning, and a few minutes' work daily afterward, will be sufficient to enable you to enjoy a constant bloom of fragrant and beautiful flowers from early spring until autumn. The beginner will doubtless find some things that will greatly try his patience, but "success is the reward of perseverance," and if the grower will but learn the nature and requirements of his flowers, he will be surprised at his success.

The directions given in these articles I have tried to make so simple that any young flower-grower may take his first lessons in the culture of flowers successfully by following closely what is written. The collection of flowers grown from seed in the open air is so large, and contains so many desirable kinds suited to the tastes of all which are so easy of cultivation, that I shall devote my space to such kinds entirely, knowing that the grower will be much better pleased with the results of his efforts than he would be if he attempted the culture of varieties requiring greater care.

A suitable place and the preparation of the soil are the most serious obstacles the young cultivator finds; yet these difficulties seem more formidable than they really are. Most of the varieties I shall name succeed best in an open, airy situation; some kinds must have such a location if they are to do well at all. The grower should sow such varieties as will do the best in the place and soil he may possess. In our list will be found kinds which will succeed in almost any place not entirely shut out from the rays of the sun; the shade of trees should by all means be avoided.

It is a good plan to form small beds in different parts of the lawn, having but a single large bed; the small beds are always more attractive than larger ones, particularly when the plants are to remain where the seed is sown.

Annuals should be sown in spaces between walks and buildings, or in beds which will not be unsightly after the plants die down. Always bear in mind the contrast of colors, in order that the blending of colors will be attractive when in bloom.

Beds should be laid out in small circles, or attractive designs in other shapes, and nearly level; only plants of dwarf habit should be planted in raised beds.

The soil should be spaded deep and turned over, a good supply of manure or other enriching material being spread over the bed and then spaded in; break all the lumps, making the soil as fine as possible, and remove all sods and stones. The soil must be made mellow, and the whole bed levelled. In forming beds on lawns the sod must be removed, or it will absorb the nourishment provided for and needed by the plants. Almost any soil not wet or entirely barren will answer for flower seeds, but it should be made rich and mellow.

The seasons for planting of course vary considerably in different sections: from March to June, and even later. No better directions for planting can be given in this respect than to prepare the soil as early as it can be worked in the spring, and plant as soon as the soil is warmed by the sun, and all danger from frosts is over.

A common mistake is that of planting the seed *too deep;* more failures result from this one cause than all others, except total neglect. The seeds of many kinds may be sowed on the surface and afterward raked in, though it is better to make the rows with a small stick about an inch wide, making holes not more than two inches deep for most kinds. If straight rows are not desired, the holes




ISABEL McDOUGAL.

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may be made with the fingers, though, as in other planting of seeds, the stick is the best. To direct for the depth of each variety would occupy more space than I can occupy, and I need only say that each packet of seed obtained from the seedsman gives directions regarding the proper depth to plant.

When it is designed that plants shall remain where the seed is sown, it is better to sow the seed thick, and thin out the weaker plants afterward, than to sow too lightly. Care should be taken when ordering seeds or plants to buy from reliable dealers, even though their prices be a little higher than those of other dealers.

The order of plants grown from seed is divided as follows: annuals, biennials, and perennials. Annuals grow, bloom, and die the first year from seed. Biennials bloom the second year from seed, and then die, though many of this class will bloom the first year. Perennials bloom the second year from seed, and continue to grow and bloom for years; some of this class also bloom the first year from seed. Annuals are attracting considerable attention of late even among those who have space and ample means to cultivate the finest and rarest plants grown. They are preferred on account of their exquisite beauty and great variety of colors.

A most charming bed of annuals may be formed with the following varieties: Make a circular bed about twenty feet in circumference (if you have room). Along the outer edge sow phlox—a beautiful flower, with colors ranging from the purest white to deep crimson; sow the seed thickly, afterward thinning out, and leaving the plants about one foot apart. The second circle, about three feet above the first, sow with cleome (spider-flower)—a pretty plant with rose-colored flowers. The rest of the bed may be sown with celosias, one of the finest of annuals, of various colors, the red being the best for the purpose named; the flowers of this sort are of two forms—cockscomb (so called from its resemblance to the comb of that bird), and the feathered varieties, which often grow very large and spreading. The entire expense for seeds for this bed is about fifty cents, and the display is finer than can be obtained from the massing of many plants, costing twenty times the money.

Imagine this beautiful bed coming into bloom—the phlox in early spring, with masses of different-colored blossoms, the peculiar-formed cleome lifting up its dainty head, and, as autumn approaches, the beauty of the celosias becoming more perceptible. In midsummer the beauty of this bed is dazzling, and will give great satisfaction to the owner. All the flowers are hardy, and can easily be grown in nearly all sections of England as well as our own country. The other plants named, except where noted, are also easily grown in both Europe and America.

The first experience of the writer in growing flowers was with a bed of portulacas—to my mind one of the most beautiful of flowering plants. I had a small strip of land about thirty feet long and two feet wide allotted to me for the cultivation of flowers. Acting on the advice of others, I sowed portulaca seeds, and the beauty of that first bed of flowers I shall always remember. In after-years, when I have grown plants of almost every known variety, I have never failed to have a bed of portulacas, and I cherish them among my favorites.

This flower has become very popular, and well deserves the praise it receives. It is a perfectly hardy annual, creeping in habit, a plant covering the space of a foot in diameter. Its flowers are of almost every conceivable color. A warm and rather sandy soil is best suited to its growth and nature, the plant being one of the very few which does not suffer from extreme heat and prolonged drought; everything else may perish from lack of moisture, but the portulaca continues to bloom abundantly, and gives us its choicest and largest flowers, as if to console us for the loss of others. As a centre bed on a lawn it is very attractive, its many-hued flowers being made the more conspicuous by the background of green grass. The seeds should be sown early in the spring, and always in a sunny location and sandy soil, never in heavy loam. The portulaca is never fully open except in the sunshine, hence shade will not do for it. The flowers of the single varieties are rather small, but very pretty, those of the double kinds nearly as large as roses. Nothing in the entire list of hardy flowers is more beautiful and more easy of cultivation. It is just the thing for those whose space is limited. A packet costing ten or fifteen cents will be enough to sow a bed eight or ten feet square.



# ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS.

THE work at the house at Beachcroft had been so vigorously carried on, and the preparations for opening the "Emporium" were so nearly completed, that the house and its inmates had already assumed a business-like air. It caused very little surprise, therefore, when one morning early in February there appeared, tacked on the dining-room door of the new home, a large sheet of white paper, on which was written the following announcement:

*TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:*

*The young lady of this house, Miss Phyllis Rolf, invites you to attend a Grand High and Mighty Council in her room, second story, front, at 2 p.m., to discuss Ways and Means.*

*A Committee of Household Arrangements will be formed, and Officers appointed to all places of trust.*

*The special object of the meeting will be to discuss the opening of the Emporium, February 3, 1879.*

*Alfred Rolf,*
*Secretary.*

The notice, which had evidently been composed with much care, was very creditable to the penmanship of the youthful "secretary."

"I should say as much," said Joan, who came downstairs early enough to be the first reader of this announcement. This was Joan's way of showing her appreciation of the performance. "Where are you, Mr. Secretary?"

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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And seeing Alfred's curly head in the distance, she continued, in a louder key, "Are all the boxes labelled?"

"Every single one of them," answered Alfred from the sales-room, where for an hour he had been busy pasting labels on to the boxes containing the wools and silks to be used in the work the young Rolfs were undertaking.

There had been drawbacks, of course, but the young people found they had an immense reserve force of patience and high spirits, and Nan's practical good sense united with Annie Vandort's steady influence to keep things, as Phyllis said, "at concert pitch" without going too far into the realm of dangerous enthusiasm or expense. They did not know that Dr. Rogers and his sister had, with Annie Vandort's assistance, talked of their scheme in the best way and to the right sort of people. The Doctor, in his daily rounds, had contrived to interest many of his patients in the novel enterprise at Beachcroft without doing or saying anything which Phyllis or Laura or Nan would have considered as asking assistance. It so happened that, as the girls themselves knew, a place of this kind had long been needed; for everything really good in the way of fancy-work materials had to be sent for to Boston or New York, and it was well known also that the work done by both Phyllis and Nan last year far exceeded anything the most skillful "fancy-worker" of Beverley had undertaken. This had naturally influenced Phyllis in her decision, and she knew that among Annie Vandort's friends in New York it would be easy to obtain orders for the finer kinds of work.

The "Emporium," as they still continued to call their parlor, was finished at last. The silks and wools, crashes, cretonnes, burlaps, linens, etc., which were found in the wonderful box, had been disposed of in the drawers and on the shelves, while from the different rooms in College Street and Rolf House at least twenty articles had been gathered—specimens of the girls' skill in fancy needlework—and as these had been done at a time when expense was no consideration, they furnished very fine evidences of what could be accomplished to order.

The household were in high glee that morning, being too young and enthusiastic, for the most part, to feel that the "council" would have to occupy itself with any very grave considerations of the money spent, and what could be done with the balance on hand. Phyllis had been kept quiet all the morning in view of the afternoon's possible excitement; the dinner-hour brought Annie Vandort from her room for the first time, when she was greeted by a shout of inquiry as to how her patient was feeling.

"Decidedly better," was Annie's answer, "and quite as eager as any of us for the council. Dick," she continued, "I believe you are expected to make up Phyl's fire before the meeting takes place."

Dick would not wait to eat his dessert, so eager was he to perform his special office in Phyllis's room. It touched the elder sister to see the anxiety of the boys to do anything they were allowed for her comfort or convenience. Dick looked after her wood fire, choosing the best pieces for the purpose, and collecting pine cones, which he had been told gave a delightful fragrance if burned against the logs.

Two o'clock saw the council assembled, Phyllis having put on her best wrapper for the occasion, and really, as she reclined against her many pillows, looking quite like her old bright pretty self again. The large low table by her side was littered with different papers, bills, account-books, etc., all of which were supposed to be Nan's special care, but as yet no particular duties had been appointed to any one. When every one was seated there was a breathless pause, each member of the party, it was evident, having something very particular on his or her mind to say, but Phyllis was the first to speak.

Phyl said, to begin with, she wanted to express her satisfaction with the way everything had gone on during the two weeks they had been at Beachcroft, and anybody who liked might make a complaint, if such a thing was to be found.

"But the next thing to be said," continued Phyl, looking around at the young councillors, who were listening with eager attention, even small Bertie having composed his dimpled cherub face into grave consideration of what she was saying—"the next thing is to realize we are poor people—poor, that is, in money—and setting out on a very venturesome undertaking."

"Oh, *are* we poor?" said Bertie, with intense interest. Everybody laughed, and Phyl went on:

"Yes, Bertie, I fear we are; but we're not going to be always *very* poor, I hope, only we shall have to consider the pennies as we never have before. So the first calculation is how much we have spent, and what have we left, and as Nan has kept accounts so far, we will have a look at her books."

Joan gave a little shiver, which she afterward explained as having been caused by a dread as to what the account-books might possibly reveal. But they were not very alarming. Nan felt in her element as she turned over the bills, receipts, accounts, etc.

They had started, after their father's friends had settled the "estate," with seven hundred dollars, and the "credit" side of the first book read thus:

| | |
|---|---|
| To balance on hand January 22 | $700 |
| From sale of furniture, horse and carriage, harness, etc. | 350 |
| Sale of pictures | 90 |
| | $1140 |

The expenditures had been as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| To rent of Beachcroft house, six months in advance | $150 |
| To papering and repairing | 55 |
| To carpenter | 35 |
| Invested for "Emporium" | 65 |
| Moving, etc. | 12 |
| Household expenses, as per daily account-book | 75 |
| Sundries | 8 |
| | $400 |

"Now, then," said Phyl, when the books had passed inspection, "you see that leaves in the treasury a balance of seven hundred and forty dollars, and out of that three hundred and fifty must be sent to Lance in Paris. And, oh! won't we be glad to see him home!" A chorus of delight followed this, and she went on. "Then I propose that we keep an emergency fund of one hundred dollars, never to be touched except in case of direct need. Then we shall have exactly two hundred and ninety dollars with which to begin the world."

Dear Phyl! Not one of the group round her knew how, as she tried to speak in a bright, cheerful voice, the little throbbing at her heart grew so painful for a moment that it was hard not to show it in the smiling, peaceful look she tried to keep up. Nan suspected it, and stole her hand into Phyl's.

"I think it is quite a great deal," said Nan. "Just wait till you see the Emporium in working order, Phyllis dear."

"Yes," said Phyl, quickly, "I do feel great faith in that. And now for our family affairs. Laura and all are good enough to say I must be considered housekeeper; but Lollie is to be my chief of staff in that department, I believe." Laura smiled and nodded. "And Nan is to keep all the accounts, and become treasurer-general. I thought we could each have an account-book—even you, Bertie—and see here." Phyllis took out seven little books with the name written on each, and distributed them around. "Now whenever any one has to spend any money, or have it spent for them, it will go down in their books; and every week Nan is going to balance them, if her poor old curly head isn't worn out with figures before Saturday night comes."

"I only hope," put in Nan, "the Emporium will keep it busy."

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THE FIRST MEETING OF THE "COUNCIL."

"And every Saturday night we will have a meeting, and then we shall know just how nicely we're getting on, and any new ideas can be talked about on such occasions, and treated with great respect."

"Alfred is bursting with ideas now," laughed Dick.

"Just you hold on," returned "the Great"; "you haven't an idea of all I'm thinking about."

"And next," said Phyl, "we must consider study and work. There is, I hear, a nice school for the boys at Beachcroft; and I am going to have a little class daily with Nan and Joan and Laura up here. They are willing to let me try and teach them, or help them in their lessons."

"I should think we are," said Joan, with emphasis; "we're not such idiots of the mountain as to decline."

"But, Phyl," said Nan, gently, "aren't you planning too much?"

"Dr. Rogers said I could try," Phyl answered, quickly; "and Mademoiselle La Motte is coming twice a week to give us a French lesson in return for an hour's reading and talking English with Laura and Nan. See how busy we all shall be! Then for the Emporium. We may just as well acknowledge first as last that it is a store, and hope it will prove successful. There is the side door for 'customers' to come in by; and as for the 'sales-ladies,'" she added, laughing, "I believe they are to take turns—Laura, Nan, and Joan—half a day at a time, and sit with their books or their work in the room."

"Oh dear!" ejaculated Joan, "I think it's perfectly *lovely*. If there's anything on earth I've always wanted to do, it was to keep a store; and, Phyl, you must be carried down to see how nice it all looks—the two cupboards full of things, then the counter with its glass case and a few showy articles, your screen at one side of the room, and the sofa cushions and all the things around everywhere, don't you know? Oh," said Joan, screwing her face up very tight, "it's too lovely for anything! How early do you suppose customers will come?" And she opened her eyes widely, and after talking just as fast as possible, was silent again.

"And, Joan," said Phyl, "will you take for your special department the looking after the boys' clothes? I'm afraid, dear girl, it will keep you very busy."

"But isn't it to be a regular bee-hive?" cried Joan; and making a grab at Bertie, she continued, "Come here, wild child of the desert, and let me see whether you're in order."

And so with much laughter and talk, that made it seem a very easy matter, the little household, as Phyl expressed it, "began the world."

The next day was to be an eventful one: the Emporium to open, their first "orders" of work started, and Annie Vandort to leave them. This was their only cause for regret.

Nan, it had been decided, was to sleep in a little room adjoining Phyl's, and she was glad, for more reasons than one, of this arrangement. Not only did it give her an opportunity of doing anything her cousin needed, but there would be the chance of "last words" over the good-nights.

On this evening, after all the household were in bed, and Phyl made comfortable for the night, Nan put out the lamp, and sat down a few moments in the moonlight at her cousin's side.

"Well," she said, smiling, "we've *begun*, Phyl, haven't we? I've been wondering and wondering if it is what Aunt Letty would like."

"Yes," Phyllis said; "I knew you'd think of that. I am *sure* she would."

"But all our plans!" said Nan, in a low voice. She could scarcely hide her tears. "All I was to do for so many people!"

Phyllis laid her hand very tenderly on the girl's. "Dear Nan," she said, "don't you remember that Christmas night long ago? You wondered then if you might not have to 'bear sorrows.' I have been thinking so much of you, dear, for I know how hard it was for you to give up all you were doing; but then think of what you can do even here! Why, Nan"—and the younger cousin, looking up, saw Phyl's face radiant in the moonlight—"I shouldn't have dared to undertake this without you; and, if you will just consider it, this is the greatest chance of work you've ever had. I think, dear," she added, in a lower voice, "we shall thank God very truly some day."

And long afterward, when Nan, adding to her prayers a humble thanksgiving, remembered that little talk, it was to see Phyllis's face in its new beauty, tender and solemn, shining upon her; but she never knew that, child as she was, and "not clever," it was *her* spirit that had first touched Phyllis's own with a zeal to be "brave and trusting, and in all things to do His will."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"ALWAYS AN APPETITE."

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## TIED TO THE MAST.

BY DAVID KER.

"TELL us a story, papa," chorussed half a dozen voices. "We *must* have a story."

"Oh, you've heard all my yarns already," answered Captain Martingale, laughing. "If you want a story, this gentleman will tell you one."

"This gentleman" was a tall, broad-chested man, with a thick black beard which was fast turning gray, who had come in just before dinner, and had been warmly welcomed by the Captain. A very grim fellow he looked as he sat in the great oaken chair, with the fire-light playing fitfully on his dark, bearded, weather-beaten face; and Robert, the eldest boy (who was very fond of books of travel and adventure), whispered to his brother Dick that "this man looked just like one of the pirates who used to haunt the Gulf of Mexico."

"Am I to tell you a story?" asked the visitor, in a deep, hoarse voice, quite as piratical as his appearance. "Well, then, listen: There was once a poor boy who had no father or mother, no friends, and no home except the wet, dirty forecastle of a trading schooner. He had to go about barefoot in the cold and rain, with nothing on but an old ragged flannel shirt and a pair of sail-cloth trousers; and instead of landing on beautiful islands, and digging up buried treasures, and having a good time all round, like the folks in the story-books, he got kicked and cuffed from morning till night, and sometimes had a sound thrashing with a rope's end into the bargain."

Bob's bold face grew very blank as he listened. He had privately a great longing for a sailor's life, and this account of it (given, too, by a man who seemed to know what he was talking about) was very different from what he had dreamed of.

"All the sailors were very rough and ugly to him," went on the speaker, "but the worst of all was the Captain himself. He had been very badly treated himself when he was a boy, and so (as some men will) he took a delight in ill-treating somebody else in the same way. Many a time did he send the poor little fellow aloft when the ship was rolling and the wind blowing hard, and more than once he beat him so cruelly that the poor lad almost fainted with the pain."

"Wicked wretch!" cried Bob, indignantly. "I hope he got drowned, or eaten up by savages."

"Or taken for a slave himself, and well thrashed every day," suggested Dick.

"Oh no, Bob," said little Helen, who was sitting on a low stool at her father's feet; "*I* hope he was sorry for being so cruel, and got very good."

The strange guest stooped and lifted the little girl into his lap, and kissed her. Helen nestled close to him, and looked wonderingly up in his face; for, as he bent his head toward her, something touched her forehead in the darkness that felt very much like a tear.

"Well," resumed the speaker, after a short pause, "the schooner, heading eastward across the Indian Ocean, came at last among the Maldive Isles, where it's always very dangerous sailing. The coral islands, which lie in great rings or 'atolls' all around, like so many strings of beads, are so low and flat that even in the daytime it's not easy to avoid running aground upon them; but at night you might as well try to walk in the dark through a room full of stools without tumbling over one of them.

"Of course the Captain had to be always on deck looking out, and that didn't make his temper any the sweeter, as you may think. So that very evening, when the cabin-boy had displeased him in some way, what does he do but tell the men to sling him up into the rigging and tie him hand and foot to the mast.

"But the cowards were soon paid for their cruelty. They were so busy tormenting the poor lad that none of them had noticed how the sky was darkening to windward; and all at once a squall came down upon them as suddenly as the cut of a whip. In a moment the sea all round was like a boiling pot, and crash went the ship over on her side, and both the masts went by the board (fell down into the sea, that is), carrying the boy with them.

"It was just as well for poor Harry that he had been tied to the mast, otherwise the sea would have swept him away like a straw. Even as it was, he was almost stifled by the bursting of the waves over his head. He was still peering into the darkness to try if he could see anything of the ship, when there came a tremendous crash and a terrible cry, and then dead silence. The vessel had been dashed upon a coral reef and stove in, and the sea, breaking over her, had swept away every man on board.

"But storms in those parts pass away as quickly as they come; and it was not long before the sea began to go down, the clouds rolled away, and the moon broke forth in all its glory. Then Harry, finding that the rope which tied his arms had been a good deal strained by the shock that carried away the mast, managed to free one hand and unbind the other arm and his feet. Just then a face rose from the water within a few yards of him, and Harry recognized his enemy, the cruel Captain.

"There he was, the man who had abused, starved, and beaten him, dying, or just about to die, almost within reach of safety. Though barely twice his own length divided him from the floating mast, so strong was the eddy against which the Captain was battling in vain that he had no more chance of reaching it than if it had been a mile away. A few moments more, and he would have sunk, never to rise again; but the sight of that white, ghastly face, and those wild, despairing eyes, was too much for Harry. He flung out the rope that he held; the Captain clutched it, and in another minute was safe on the mast, rescued by the boy he had been so cruel to."

"O—oh!" said Bob, drawing a long breath.

"I'm so glad!" piped Helen's tiny voice. "I *was* so afraid he would let the poor Captain drown."

"About sunrise," continued the guest, "some natives, who were out fishing in a small boat, caught sight of them and came to the rescue. The Maldive islanders are much better fellows than the Malays, farther east, and they took good care of them both for a month or so, till at last an outward-bound English brig that had been blown out of her course touched at the island where they were, and took them off."

"And what happened to them after that?" asked all the children at once.

"The little cabin-boy," answered the story-teller, "became as smart a seaman as ever walked a deck, and got the command of a fine ship by-and-by; and now" (laying his hand upon their father's shoulder) "here he sits."

"Papa!" cried the amazed children, "were *you* the poor little boy?"

"But what became of the poor Captain who was so cruel?" asked little Helen, wistfully.

"Why, here *he* sits," said her father, grasping the story-teller's hand, "and he's the best friend I have in the world."

## THE ART OF SINGING.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

TOWARD the close of the seventeenth century, one October morning a bookseller in Naples, named Porpora, presented himself at the school of singing then established in that city, and inquired for the master, Signor Greco.

Good Porpora had with him a little boy, his son, an eager, restless, though shy lad of seven years old, who for a year had pleaded with his parents to make an application for him to the famous school; but the child's courage failed as he heard the porter bid them follow to the master's

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room, and his father left him in an adjoining apartment while he went in alone to make his request.

Greco was in a bad humor that day, as I don't doubt the singing masters of the seventeenth century had every reason to be very often, since people knew almost nothing of the art of singing, and teaching was too often labor thrown away. There was no room for Signor Porpora's boy, Greco declared, loudly; the conservatory was overfull of young "idiots" as it was. But suddenly were heard the sounds of most delicious music. Flinging open the door of the anteroom, Greco stood spell-bound. Lost to all but his own music, the child stood playing on a lute, singing in his sweet soprano one of Cacchini's cantatas.

There was no longer any hesitation in Greco's mind. The boy was received at once, and twelve years later was recognized by all Europe as the leading master of singing, besides being a conductor and composer of great celebrity. Wherever he went his services or criticism were eagerly sought, and many amusing stories are told of him. Being in a certain town on one occasion for a few days, the monks of a convent there invited him to a performance by their own organist. Porpora listened in grim silence, and when the playing was over, was told how famous the player was, and how charitable and modest in his almsgiving. "Yes," grunted Porpora, "I can easily believe that his *right hand does not know what his left is doing.*"

To appreciate the power and fame of one good teacher of singing in the eighteenth century we must go back a little, and see what had been done in Italy, the "land of song," a century or more previous, and the first point to remember and consider well is that, in spite of all the ballad, minstrel, chorale, and religious singing throughout the European world, there was no method for training the voice, no idea as to any special solo singing, until the beginning of the seventeenth century, and even then steps were very slow and progress extremely difficult.

Although from the very earliest period of the world there has been among all nations an instinct toward song of some kind, yet of all arts that of singing properly has been slowest to develop. All through the minstrel period, and in England when sight-reading became so popular, there was no thought of the *singer;* the words and the music, the chorus, the unison of voices, were all that was considered of importance. But in Italy there was and always has been a keener feeling about the voice itself. There was a good reason why the Italians should have made progress in this direction.

To begin with, the natural disposition, climate, and habits of the Italian people inclined them toward vocal music; but what chiefly led them on was their language. It has always been acknowledged that the Italian language is the very best adapted to vocal sounds, and consequently a singer is encouraged to exercise his voice in singing in a language where every word is musical even when spoken. Just as now, travelling in southern Italy, you rarely find even among the rougher peasants any with discordant voices, so in earlier times their untrained singing was the sweetest, the purest, and most naturally tuneful in all Europe.

Now was it not natural that in a country where a harsh voice was the exception, not the rule, that to some of the composers of the day the idea of writing especially with a view to solos should have occurred? Yet one must remember how hard it is to advance in any science, and except in sacred music there had been no attempt at anything *dramatic*, which would lead at once to solo singing, until the end of the sixteenth century.

I might tell you many interesting and charming things about the religious music of the day—about Palestrina's wonderful work, about the earliest oratorios (so called because of their having been first performed in the oratory of St. Philip Neri, a great patron of music and the other arts); but we must not linger, for we have to see how solo singing was started, and how it took root, and then return to Master Porpora, the first widely celebrated instructor.

Perhaps some of you may have read or heard of certain musical meetings at the house of one Signor Bardi, in Florence, in the closing years of the sixteenth century. He was a wealthy patron of music, a liberal host, and in every way encouraging to the young musicians of the time, but I think some of their ideas must have sorely puzzled him and his other friends at times; for there were so many brains busy at work with novelties, and the art of singing was so new, that Signor Bardi needed a great deal of patience in ministering to all the wants of his musical friends, and helping them to advance in the right direction.

But of the little band two were specially dear to Bardi, and deserve all honor. These were Peri and Cacchini, Florentines by birth, who from their childhood had been not only exquisite vocalists, but musical geniuses of an original order. Together these two friends composed the first opera ever performed in public; and when you reflect that from this step grew the dramatic form of music we have to-day, as well as the cultivation of the human voice, you will appreciate its importance, and fix the date and the occasion in your mind, remembering that at any time a careful study of all the surrounding circumstances, which I have not space to relate, would well repay you; for it was a time of romance in history, a period which must have been charmingly adapted to a musical venture of the kind, and we shall see how enthusiastic the musicians made all the people who flocked to listen.

King Henry of Navarre had wedded Marie de' Medici, and it was to grace this marriage, in the year 1600, that Peri and Cacchini produced their opera called *Euridice*. You can readily imagine the splendor of this first great performance. Henry, with his "white plume," is a hero in song and story, and his wedding with a Medici was celebrated with great pomp and gorgeousness. The opera formed the leading feature in these brilliant festivities. Noblemen sued for the honor of taking part, and great ladies sent their satins and laces and jewels to make the costuming more splendid. This was the first true Italian opera ever performed in public.

But notwithstanding the success of this work, Cacchini felt there was something lacking, and the result was his suggestion for solo singing such as never before had been attempted. He wrote the first piece of music for a special voice and accompaniment combined, and at Bardi's house delighted a large audience by singing this *cantata*.

From this occasion we trace the rise of the real art of singing, for as soon as the value of special voices and separate accompaniments was known, it became the work of all zealous musicians to find and train singers of both sexes; the growth of the opera in Italy, France, Germany, and England also increased the demand for good voices, and as a natural result the science of teaching was studied carefully.

So by the time honest Porpora took his boy to the Naples school there were conservatories in several cities, and when Porpora the younger was ready to teach, he found many pupils worthy of his art. Among these the most noted was Caterina Gabrielli, the first singer to whom the title of *prima donna*, which simply means "first lady," was applied.

She was the daughter of Prince Gabrielli's cook, and as a child lived in the Prince's palace, though in such obscurity that but for an accident her voice might never have been discovered. The gardens where the Prince walked daily were a sort of enchanted domain to the cook's little daughter, but she dared only enter them at hours when none of the Prince's family would be taking exercise. There, walking up and down the alleys, she was accustomed, at such hours as she felt sure of being alone, to exercise her voice, and of course it chanced, as though it

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Do — re — mi — fa — sol — la — si — do!

were a fairy tale, that one day the Prince overheard her. Caterina, as she was called, was warbling like a bird, imitating its notes, and executing a number of flourishes and trills out of sheer enjoyment of the occupation.

Whether the Prince's sudden appearance dismayed her or not is not known; at all events, the result was very brilliant, for immediately Porpora was sent for, the young girl was summoned to the Prince's salon, and there the master pronounced her voice the marvel of the age. He at once commenced her instruction, and in the year 1747, having taken the name of her patron's family, Gabrielli, she made her début in opera. From that hour, in every place she excited great admiration. Stories of her strange acts followed her from town to town. She was beautiful, good-humored, witty, and very charitable, but certainly rather spoiled by success.

A number of amusing stories are told of what we might call her "pranks" in public. On one occasion, when all the court was present, in Sicily, she went through the opera singing her part only in a whisper, and in spite of the remonstrances of all the company, refused to sing loud enough to be heard, whereupon the King of Sicily ordered her to be imprisoned. Gabrielli was reported to be entirely indifferent to her seclusion, and at the end of twelve days the King discovered that she had been amusing herself and all the other prisoners mightily. She had spent her time giving costly banquets to the poor people around her, paying their debts, and every evening gathering the prisoners into the garden of the jail, where she sang for them in a manner such as the paying public had never heard. It is needless to say that the King released her, and that she went on her way acting as strangely as ever. Gabrielli died in Rome in 1796, when the art of singing was beginning to be tolerably well understood.

That is only eighty-nine years ago, and the stride in vocal music since then shows us how much may be done in any art where workers are really earnest, and those who encourage really appreciate what they hear.

Italy has continued to be the first land for musical study. Thither all singers who aim at greatness have gone for the development of the voice, after which Paris, Vienna, and London follow, since it is only during the last twenty years that good instruction has been possible in America.

When this century fairly set in, the opera, the oratorio, the concert, were all established; by no means in the perfection of to-day, yet fairly complete in form, and bringing before the public year after year singers whose voices and names will always be remembered. During the early part of this century a very artificial style of singing became popular. An old lady, long noted for her exquisite voice, who from childhood had the very best opportunities, told me how indignant she felt on being obliged, as a little girl—about the year 1825—to sing in the *fashionable* way. This was to close the teeth as nearly as possible, and make as little perceptible movement of the lips as she could. Although under one of the best teachers, and about to sing at his concert, little Miss A—— determined upon resistance. When alone she practiced as her good common-sense and natural musical instinct taught her was correct; she opened her mouth so that a proper sound was possible. But imagine the surprise of Mr. B—— at the concert, when his favorite little pupil stepped forward for her song, parted her lips widely, and sang as though she were a bird, and not an affected little lady of the period!

Whatever is natural is the best in any art; wherever affectation creeps in, there can be no good result. Some twenty-five years ago a few public singers very nearly set a fashion which, had it been adopted widely, would have ruined many voices and injured the standard of taste. This was called the tremolo style of singing. The idea was to let the voice quiver and shake and tremble in a way which I hope we of to-day would consider absurd; and perhaps it would have held ground a long time but for the resolute efforts of Jenny Lind, the most famous singer of this century, whose power at that time was so supreme that she was able to turn the tide in favor of a sensible and reasonable way of singing. Happily, in public at least, the tremolo has long since been abandoned.

Sing as you would read. Try no tricks with the voice; strain after no effect you can not produce naturally. Be satisfied with the slow progress which is sure; and, above all things, keep to good music.



Do — si — la — sol — fa — mi — re — do!

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# The Baby Spring



"MAKE way! make way!" cried the blithe young Year,
"For me and my bonny prize.
I found her under a snow-drift deep,
Rosy and dimpled, and fast asleep,
With the dew of dreams in her eyes.

"I lifted the folds of her blanket white
And her silken scarf of green;
She put out a wee white hand and sighed,
And drowsily opened her blue eyes wide,
With the smile of a tiny Queen.

"I caught her up from the frozen ground,
And, oh! but she fretted sore,
Till I kissed her a kiss on her dewy mouth,
As sweet as the breath of the blossoming south,
And she laughed in my face once more.

"She clings so close with her baby hands,
She babbles and coos so low,
I care no more for my revels wild;
The innocent breath of the stranger child
Has melted my heart like snow.

"Play low, rude Wind, on your mighty harp;
Shine, Sun, in the wintry skies;
Bloom, Flowers, and weave her a garment sweet;
Be soft, cold Earth, for her tender feet,
And fair for her pretty eyes.

"Make ready a jubilant welcoming
(She sleeps and wakes the while);
And happy he who may kiss her hand
As we go on our journey across the land,
Or catch from her lips a smile.

"Make way! make way!" cried the lordly Year,
"For me and the prize I bring.
I found her under a snow-drift deep;
I caught her out of the arms of Sleep,
The fair little stranger Spring."

MARGARET JOHNSON.



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VEXATIOUS.

ELLA (*in trouble with the grit in her oysters*): "Oh, dear! I do wish they'd pull the oyster's teeth."

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Fred is a little boy who, although he has never heard a sound—having been born deaf—yet is full of life and fun, and particularly given to caricature drawing. The inclosed is one of his latest efforts—*maybe* an Easter card. He finds great pleasure in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and knows just when to look for it from the postman. He laughs merrily over the cuts on the back page, and generally succeeds in finding some member of the family who can make plain to him those stories of which the pictures please him most. He was much interested in "The Ice Queen" as it came out, and, when it was completed, restudied it by arranging the books in order, by number, on the floor, and spending a long time over the pictures. He can understand almost everything that is said to him by a careful speaker by looking at the lips, and is beginning to read quite well from his books, if we consider the great disadvantage he labors under. Three years and a half ago, when he was still in skirts, he took his first lesson in school under oral instruction, and we hope before very long, through this wonderful way of educating the deaf, to have him equal in speech with his hearing playmates. I thought, if you saw fit to publish this letter, it might be interesting to other little boys and girls to hear of a little boy who is not blessed as they are, yet who is very happy, and loves their weekly magazine just as they do.

MRS. S. S. H.

Dear little Fred! I hope you will tell him that we mean to think about him very often, and that we are glad HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE gives him so much pleasure. The drawing which came with the letter was both clever and spirited, and showed imagination in the little artist.

McDONOGH INSTITUTE, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MARYLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have often seen descriptions of schools in the Post-office Box, and thought that perhaps you might like to hear something of ours. I have been a student here for seven years, and it seems to me like home. I have a bright home with mother, father, sisters, and brothers, and I like very much to go to see them and to have them come to see me; but I always feel very well satisfied to return to school when the holidays are over. But now to describe the Institute itself.

John McDonogh, a native of Baltimore, but for the last thirty years of his life a resident of New Orleans, died in 1850, leaving his entire estate of $1,400,000 to charitable purposes. He divided the bulk of his property between Baltimore and New Orleans, and in accordance with one of the conditions of his will our school, the McDonogh Institute, was founded. This foundation is designed primarily for the benefit of poor boys of the city of Baltimore. Those admitted on the foundation have no fees of any kind to pay, the entire expense of their maintenance being borne by the school. Boys appointed to scholarships in the school must be between the ages of ten and fourteen, must be of good character, of respectable associations in life, and residents of the city of Baltimore. Appointments are made for the current scholastic year only, all of them terminating on the 1st of June next succeeding the date of entrance. Boys who improve their opportunities are eligible at the end of that time to re-appointment. At the outset the trustees decided that the term a boy might continue in the school should expire when he reached the age of sixteen years; but to encourage a spirit of excellence and attention to duty, as well as to furnish still further advantages to those who are worthy, they decided to establish special scholarships, which are conferred as prizes at the end of each session on those boys who have reached the age of sixteen, and who have best improved the opportunities offered them at the school. Recipients of these scholarships are entitled to the privileges of the school for an additional year, and are required, in consideration thereof, to perform such extra duties as may be assigned to them.

The school session opens on the second Monday in August, and closes the first Saturday in June. It is divided into two terms, the second of which begins on the 1st of February. During the session the boys are required to do a little out-door work, but not enough to interfere with school duties. Almost every afternoon a number of boys are required to work at tasks assigned them for from one to two hours. In addition to this, in busy seasons, such as the time for corn planting and corn gathering, all the pupils are required to work on Saturdays, and sometimes in the afternoons. This last, however, is considered as extra, and is never imposed when it can be avoided. In June and July school duties are suspended, and the boys are regularly employed out-of-doors. We then work from seven o'clock in the morning until twelve, and from two until six in the afternoon, often getting holidays for baseball and other games. Care is taken so to vary and arrange the work assigned as to familiarize each boy with all the more important operations on the farm and in the garden.

During the vacation months each boy is given a holiday of from four to twelve days, according to his standing in the school. At Christmas-time a furlough of from eight to ten days is given to all the boys, and its length depends on the general good conduct of the school. The first Saturday in April and the first Saturday in October are set aside for visits to the boys from their relatives and friends.

We have a library of over two thousand volumes for the use of the pupils and officers. These have been selected, in great part, with reference to furnishing the boys with pleasant and healthful reading.

A chapel service is held every morning, and the exercises of the school are closed with sacred music. Rev. W. S. Jones holds regular services at the school every Sabbath afternoon; on Sunday forenoon a sermon or other suitable matter is read by the Principal; and at night the school is divided into Bible classes, the teachers, as well as the Principal and his wife, each taking a class and instructing it in the Bible.

The school is organized into a military company, and regularly drilled, in good weather, about twenty minutes daily. Only the simpler evolutions of squad and company drill are taught, without arms. Two lieutenants, four sergeants, and four corporals are appointed each year, who not only have authority over the company while in ranks, but have considerable power and responsibility in the general management and discipline of the school.

The school is at present, and has been ever since its opening in 1873, under the management of Colonel W. Allan, for whom we all feel the greatest respect and love.

Hoping this sketch will interest you, I am

Yours truly, W. C. H.

This letter is interesting and well written, and I am glad to have it in the Post-office Box.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

This is the first time I have written to the Post-office Box, although I have taken this paper ever since it has been published. I especially like Jimmy Brown's stories and "Rolf House." There is a roller-skating rink opposite our house, and I like to go there very much. I have two brothers, Charlie and Eddie. Eddie is four years old, and very full of fun; Charlie is nine years old, and he and I both go to school. I am twelve, and have a canary-bird, of which I think a great deal. I let him out of the cage very often. We used to have two cats; Eddie named one of them Mrs. Thompson, which is, I think, a very funny name for a cat.

LUCIE C.

SARATOGA SPA, NEW YORK.

My brother has taken this paper for two years, and I am very much interested in it. Not seeing any letters from this place, and knowing that every one likes to hear about winter sports, I have taken the liberty to write you about them. Snow-shoeing is the oldest, and therefore claims the first place. The club consists of between two and three hundred ladies and gentlemen; they meet once a week, have a walk, come back to supper; then follow dancing and games, and so a very pleasant evening is spent. The rooms present a very gay picture as one looks in—bright lights, pretty dances, in which the moving figures are clad in odd costumes made of blankets of every shade and design. Tobogganing is a new institution here, and is very popular. The Woodlawn Park Toboggan Club is very much larger than the Snow-shoe Club, because its membership extends to Troy, Albany, and New York. It is a very picturesque sight which meets your eye when you arrive at the slide—the flaming torches on either side, the crash of the toboggan as it leaps down the chute, the bright and varied costumes of the people, the gay laughter and merry shouts, the jingling bells on toboggans and sleighs, all lend enchantment to the scene; and when you mount the steps, seat yourself on a toboggan, and whiz through the air so fast that the torches placed at intervals look like one long light, your excitement is at its highest pitch. The slide is not straight, but has two or three curves in it, and if you do not steer well, you are apt to bring up at very short notice in a snow-bank. From top to bottom the slide is one-third of a mile; the chute is built up about sixty feet, and is one hundred and forty feet in length, the decline being one foot in four. It is like a looking-glass, being made of smooth, solid ice, but the rest of the slide is rough, and therefore a great deal of fun if you have time, but almost before you have left the top you are at the bottom. The toboggan itself is about a foot and a half to two feet wide, and about ten feet long. One of the members has one fourteen feet long, but it goes no faster than the rest. They are made of strips of light and dark wood alternately, and round over at the top. Some gild and others paint them. All have thick cushions; some of different colored plush, others of corduroy. On one side of the slide is the club shanty; on the other, two houses for the toboggans, one for the Saratogians and the other for the out-of-town members. A little bridge crosses the slide from the shanty to the path at a sufficient height to enable people to pass under. From this you can see both top and bottom of the slide. Of course we have other sports, but these are novelties.

IRMA N. W.

Though winter is over, we will not find Irma's letter dull.

Floy, poor child, sends this sad story of a kitten, which she made up all herself.

MY KITTY.

A little basket near the sink,
A little saucer filled with drink,
A little band of azure hue,
A little tiny, plaintive mew.

A little lesson fondly taught,
A little mousie quickly caught,
A little washing of her face,
A little tearing of Polly's lace.

A little dog looking over the wall;
A little bounce—and that was all.
A little girl was standing near;
A little sob and many a tear.

A little basket on the shelf,
A little saucer made of delf,
A little ribbon put away—
No little cat with which to play. FLOY.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Have you room for one more little letter-writer? I am ten years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since I could read, and think it is just splendid. I am reading "Rolf House," and like it very much. I have two sisters, Katie (we call her Kitten), and Pearl, who is as precious as her name. I go to school, and study reading, writing, spelling, drawing, geography, arithmetic, map-drawing, and music. I have a great curiosity to see our Postmistress. I wonder if her eyes are black or blue? Could any of our little letter-writers give me a description of her? I fancy she has a sweet face. ALLIE W.

The Postmistress is much obliged for your good opinion, but her eyes happen neither to be black nor blue. They are very useful eyes, however. Of what color are your eyes, dear?

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl ten years old, and as other children write about their pets, I thought I would write about mine. I have two canaries; their names are Kingford and Queenie, and for short we call the first King. My brother has six birds—a pair of doves, three thrushes, and a blackbird. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; papa takes it in for us, and I take in *Little Folks* and *The Girl's Own Paper* for myself, and like them very much. Your little friend and constant reader, MARY A. K.

Where does my little Mary live?

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little Scotch girl, and live in Edinburgh. As most of your correspondents are Americans, I will tell you something about the beautiful city which is my home. I dare say you know that the principal street is Princes' Street; it is one of the finest in the world. On one side it is lined with beautiful shops and fine hotels, and on the other are the Princes' Street Gardens. They are very lovely. The Castle Rock stands in the centre, and there is a place where the soldier band plays on fine days, also a very high fountain and a great many statues. I am nearly eleven years of age, and have six brothers and sisters. I am your loving friend,

MAY J.

I shall be pleased to have you write again.

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NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, NORTHUMBERLAND, ENGLAND.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time, and think it is perfectly lovely. I am thirteen years old, and I am at the very top of the highest class in school. I am told I write very badly. Do you think so? I hope not. I have only one dear baby sister, named Isabel. I love her very much, and I think if it is possible I love her more since my darling mother died, nearly a year ago. I think you must be very kind. My father has promised to take me to America some day, and I look forward to it, and I hope that some day will be very soon. Are you fond of pets? I am, and I have a great many: a horse called Star (which I often ride, and sometimes follow the hounds with), three dear canaries, a dog, and a cat—quite a happy family. My cat is so well trained that she would not touch the birds if they were flying about the room. But the dearest pet of all is little Isabel. I think I shall try to start a Little Housekeepers' Club. I wish very much I were older, and then I could do things better than I do now. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will stop. With much love to yourself and to all my little American cousins, and hoping you will print this, I remain

Your little friend, EDITH GLADYS P.

What a pretty name you have, dear! *I* think you write very well. When the "some day" comes, and papa brings you over the great sea, you will not forget to call on me, I hope.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

We take in *The Girl's Own Paper* and *Little Folks*, but I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very, very much. I have two sisters, Kitty and Hester: they are both younger than I am. I have also a little brother called Lawrence. I shall be thirteen in June, and I always get a holiday on my birthday. I liked the story of "The Lost City," and was very sorry when it was ended.

LOTTIE C.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for five years, and have never written to you before, so I hope you will print this letter. I have been sick and out of school a great deal, but now I am studying hard both at school and at my music. I practice an hour and a half every day. I am very fond of reading. I have one hundred and forty books. Will you please suggest an improving book for a little girl thirteen years old? I would like to exchange picture cards for silk or velvet pieces for a crazy-quilt. MATTIE C. HALL.

13 Astor Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Have you read Charles Dickens's *Child's History of England?*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

I am a boy ten years old. I live in Grand Rapids, near the Emmit Plaster Mill, where they ship lots of plaster: and there is a cooper shop. I have a very nice time. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since Christmas. My auntie made me a present of it, and I like it very much, and would like to see some of our little writers.

CLAUDE H.

MARION, IOWA.

I am a little boy nine years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE four years, and I think it is just splendid. I have written two letters, and neither of them was printed, so I thought I would write again. The only pet I have is a kitty, and it froze its ear. CARL L.

STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl seven years old. I have a beautiful Angora cat, and a Paris talking doll, with a French trunk for clothes. I have a baby-house with five rooms in it and lots of dolls. I study with my mamma geography, spelling, arithmetic, writing, and French, and can read almost any book. I am reading Hannah More's stories. For Christmas gifts the last three years, an "Easy Chair" has given me YOUNG PEOPLE, bound. Isn't that funny? "Pater," who wrote to you once, is my papa. Your little friend,

MARIAN H.

It is very pleasant to have an "Easy Chair" friendship like yours, isn't it, pet?

ALDEN, IOWA.

I live on a farm, and have no papa, but have two big brothers and one sister, and she has twins. I have a garden all my own, and mamma lets me have all the slips, and I can root them. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number; I love it dearly. Mamma and I went to Connecticut, and at Chicago I saw a ship: it was the first I ever saw. We went to the sea-shore, and saw the tide come in, and went to the museum. Coming home, we saw the Niagara Falls. I go to a graded school, and study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and geography. I can knit and crochet. I am nine years old, and weigh sixty-seven and a half pounds. I have begun three letters, and never sent them, because I was afraid they would not be published, there are so many letters that there is not room for. I have a beautiful dog; his name is Shep. He will sit up in a chair; that is the way he begs. I have such a nice Maltese cat; he has a nose just like himself. L. RUTHIE C.

I should be very sorry not to publish so very good a little letter as this.

BEVERLY, NEW JERSEY.

I have begun two or three times to write you a letter. A lady gave HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a year to my sister and me, and we like it very much. We have quite a zoological garden in our house. We have a dog, two cats, rabbits, chickens, canary-bird, a paroquet, and we did have a pair of white rats, an alligator, and a robin, but they are dead. I am seven years old. We mean to take your paper another year; we like it so much that we could not do without it.

BESSIE S.

## JOHN AND THE FAIRY.

One day while John Dickson was taking his afternoon nap, just when he had work to attend to, he saw a very small figure balancing itself on a flower. John looked at it very curiously, to know what the little creature wanted. Pretty soon he said,

"Who are you, and where did you come from?"

"I? Why, I am a fairy. I heard that you would like to have one come and give you something nice. What do you want? I will give you an hour to wish in."

John thought. "Well, I," he stammered—"I wish for a box of French candies;" and that instant a box with a very pretty cover was in his hands. "Oh, thank you!" he exclaimed, and then he began to eat.

"What else?" asked the fairy.

"I wish for a bat and ball." There they were, a new kid ball with his name on it, and a bat with lovely colors painted on the handle. He tried it—it was just lovely. "Now I'll beat 'em all out with this bat and ball."

The next thing he thought of was a bicycle. "I wish for a bicycle mounted with gold," he said, aloud. Right before him was a magnificent bicycle, with his initials in large letters. He mounted it, but no sooner had he done so than he found himself riding like an actor in the circus. He was proud indeed, but so absorbed in riding that he forgot all about the fairy.

"*Half an hour*," said a voice close to his ear.

"Well, I guess I wish for a plate of ice-cream." There it was, as cold as it could be. John ate until his stomach fairly ached, and then thought that he would put the rest of the ice-cream with the French candy, if there was room enough in the box. But when he put his hand in his pocket the box was not there. He was very much surprised.

"*Quarter of an hour*," laughed the fairy.

"I wish for an empty box that will stay with me." There it was. He put the ice-cream in it, and put the box in his pocket.

"I wish for a dollar," said John. He instantly felt something in his hand; it was a dollar. There was nothing he wanted to buy, as he could wish for anything he wanted.

"*Five minutes more*," said the fairy.

"I wish for a shovel with a silver blade and rose-wood handle." There it was.

"*Time is up*," said a loud voice.

John then began digging with his shovel, as he thought. But it was all a dream. He waked up, and found himself sitting on the floor, leaning against a flour barrel. Where were his box of French candies, his bat and ball, his bicycle, his dollar, his silver shovel? They were all gone. He hears a sharp voice calling, "John! John! come and take that dozen oranges around to old Mrs. Jones." He starts at once, and as he goes he hears the voice saying, "John's a lazy fellow, always asleep when he should be at work."

JEANIE L. DE F. (9 years old).

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

A very bright and charming story for so youthful a writer.

CONESUS.

I am a boy nearly twelve years old. I go to school, two miles away, and study arithmetic, geography, and physiology, besides reading and spelling. During last summer's term I received the first prize in spelling, not having missed a word. Our school-house is situated at the foot of a long hill, which has afforded very fine sport this winter in coasting.

I have two pet doves, which are very tame; their names are Cupid and Flora. Every time I go out-of-doors one of them will light on my head, and when I try to get it off it will peck at my hand. Whenever they hear any one talking, in almost any part of the house, they will fly to the window and try to get in. I have also a few pets among the fowls.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for over three years, and like it very much. As long as the girls have the Little Housekeepers all to themselves, I think it would be nice for the boys to have a useful club also—say some study in botany or natural history. When the snow of this tedious winter shall have finally disappeared, it would seem that the faces of the first flowers will be more than usually interesting. FRANK D. C.

I like your suggestion. What do the boys think about it? They are invited to write and state their wishes and views.

DARMSTADT, GERMANY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I had not thought of writing to you until I read Mary A. Barr's letter, in which she said Wakulla was an Indian name. It also means "grow well" in Zulu. I was born in Natal, South Africa, and when I was seven years old we went to America. We staid there four years, and have now been in Germany a little more than a year. Last summer we sailed up the Rhine, and saw different sights; among them we saw the great Cathedral in Cologne, which is very grand. In lessons I take German, piano, violin, French, dancing, drawing, English history, geography, arithmetic, and spelling. My little brother, who is nine years old, has been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, but last year it was in my name. As I have not much time, I must say good-by. ISOBEL C.

P. S.—I send you a silver leaf, which grew on the Table Mountain, in Cape Town, South Africa.

Thank you for the beautiful leaf.

GUILFORD, NEW YORK.

I am nine years old. It is about time to begin making sugar. Perhaps it would interest some of the children to have me write about it. First we tap the trees, and then hang on the buckets, and when they get full we gather them, and put the sap into large, strong tubs: then boil it down to syrup in a sugar-house in the woods; then take it to the house, where it is strained, cleansed, and boiled into sugar, ready for market.

ARCHIE D. G.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A BUNCH OF HERBS.

1. A coin, and relating to a king. 2. A spice, and where money is plenty. 3. An animal, and a flavoring. 4. Comfort. 5. A wise man. 6. Twenty-four hours. 7. A kind of frost, and a species of dog. 8. A lovely boy. 9. One of the seasons, and palatable. 10. Cold, and pleasant to the taste. 11. To enter. 12. Two girls' names. 13. A vehicle, and begone. 14. To make brown, and a letter of the alphabet. 15. The larva of an insect, and that on which it lives. 16. To wed riches.

ALICE.

No. 2.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A verb (past tense). 3. Confectionery. 4. A month. 5. Diminutive. 6. To attempt. 7. A letter.

Z. Q. L.

No. 3.

A SQUARE.

1. Sinful. 2. A plant. 3. A preposition. 4. A people or nation.

Z. Q. L.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 282.

No. 1.—
A S A F E T I D A
W H I S T L E
A P P L E
A L E
A
A N D
R O A S T
C O N D O L E
P R E S E N T E D

No. 2.—
X E B E C
E A R T H
B R A C E
E T C. D R.
C H E R T

No. 3.—
P lo W
O ttaw A
L abrado R
A rkansa S
N ubi A
D e W

In puzzle No. 2, Number 20, the word "Xebec" was incorrectly described as an animal; it is a kind of ship.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Allie White, Willie G. Jennings, Walter T., Mamie Williams, Helen W. Gardner, H. Williamson, Ignacio J. Vado, Lottie Sims, Bennie R. Eaman, Charlie Wilkinson, K. R. Hansell, Carrie M. New, Richard L. Johnson, Theresa R. Hartwell, Arthur J. S., Henry and Vinie Spencer, Minnie E. Scranton, Bret L. Andrews, Maggie Pursell Coppens, Kate Sewell, Leonie James, Ned and David, White Chief, Fannie Ellenwood, John Kintzing, Theodore Raymond, and Thomas Van Cleef.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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APRIL SHOWERS AND SPRING FLOWERS.

## A LITTLE MOTHER.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

SHE had so many children she really did not know what to do. The home was too small or the family too large—she could not tell which. Then there was a good deal of unhappiness about dinners. If there were not quite so many of them, everything would be lovely and the dinners quite delightful.

She pondered this matter long and earnestly in her sober fashion, for she was not a talkative mother. Now the little mother knew there were other houses not far away where there were no children. Perhaps, if she took some of her family to the other houses, the folks would take them in and give them all good homes. She knew the people very well, though she had never really spoken to any of them. What better than to take her babies there, and leave them in the care of these good people? So she started off one day with three of the babies.

They could toddle along after her, and were eager enough to go. She walked just as fast as she could, and when they reached the next house the poor things were tired out, and lay down on the door-step, as much as to say they really could not go any farther. The little mother seemed to think it was all right, and started to the next house. One of these babies couldn't leave his mother, and though very tired, followed slowly after her.

Presently the little mother reached the next house, and her baby came trotting after, and the moment he reached the place he lay down and fell fast asleep. Poor thing! he was very tired. The folks in the house came out to look at him, and the little mother said, as plainly as she could, "He is a good child, and I will give him to you if you will take good care of him." The people seemed to understand her feelings perfectly, and said the baby could stay. The next day she took two more of her babies, and going down the road in the opposite direction, she left one at a farm-house and one at the cottage of a widow woman.

There were three children left at home, and these she decided to keep. The next day the strangest thing happened—two of the babies who had gone to other homes came back. The little mother was not pleased with this, and carried them back again, as much as to say that she wished them to stay in the nice places she had provided for them. After that she visited all her absent children once a week, and talked to them in her quiet way, and even played with them to keep them contented. She was indeed a wise and thoughtful mother, though only a beautiful setter with eight small pups.

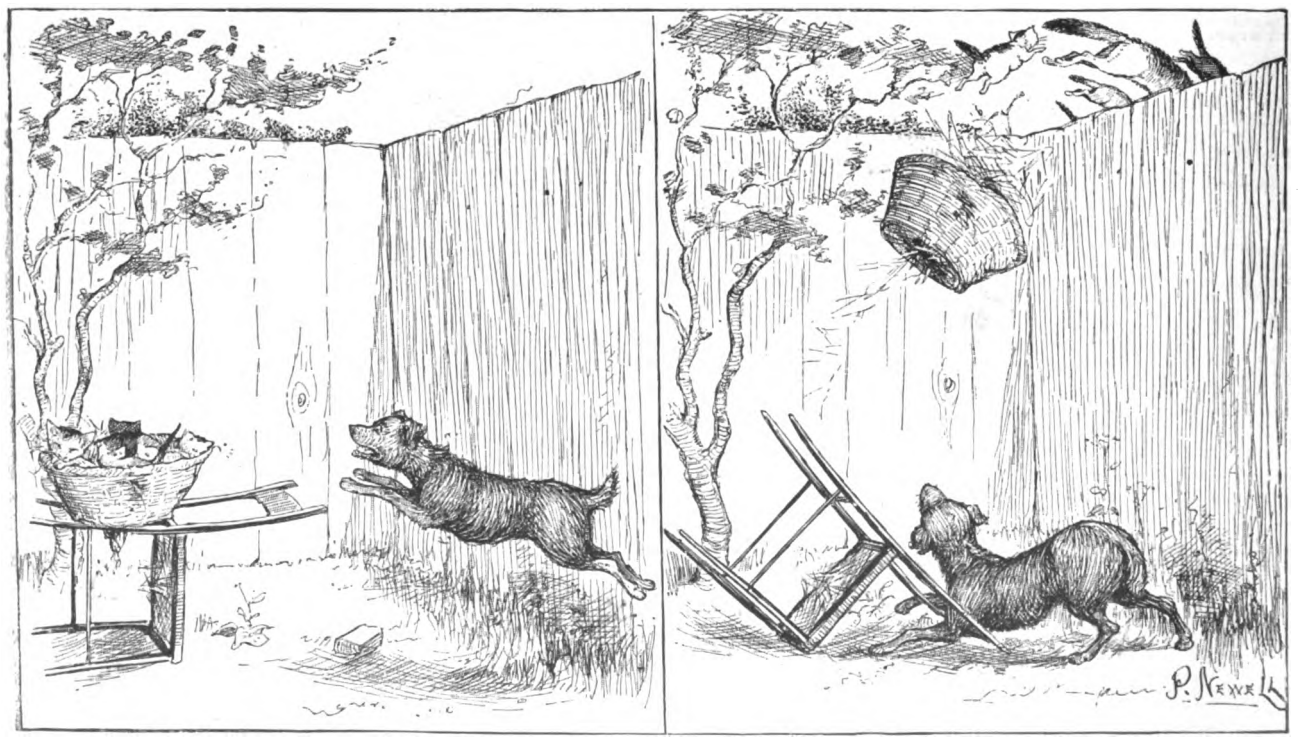
## THE DANCING PEA.

BY C. W. MILLER.

PUSH a pin half-way through a green pea, making the two ends as nearly as possible the same weight; *i. e.*, let the point come a little more than half-way through. Then break off the stem of a common clay pipe, and the toy will be complete.

To make the pea dance, put it on top of the pipe stem, the point of the pin sticking down the bore. Throw your head back, so that the stem may be held vertically, and blow gently. This will make the pea rise; keep blowing harder, until the pea rises entirely from the pipe and is supported in the air. It will now begin to spin round and round and turn over and over, all the while bobbing up and down, as long as the current of air is kept up.

The dance may be changed by pushing the pin up to its head. The pea will now rise to the top of the pipe, and dance slowly and with great dignity around the edge; or if the blast is a little stronger, it will spin rapidly, unless the blower stops to laugh, when it is apt to fall into the open mouth below.



"A CAT-A-PULT; OR, A NARROW ESCAPE." IN TWO CHAPTERS.

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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 286. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1885.
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## PERIL AND PRIVATION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

### THE ROMANCE OF M. DE BELLEISLE.

IT will surprise some young people of the United States to learn that so late as the last century "a great tract of American territory called Louisiana" was transferred by the French government

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to the West India Company, who sent a thousand men, under the command of M. De Belleisle, to people it. They will be still more astonished to learn that St. Bernard's Bay, in the Gulf of Mexico, to which that gentleman's ship was carried by adverse winds, was at that time a region inhabited by cannibals. At this spot, in company with four brother officers, M. De Belleisle, having ventured too far on a shooting excursion, and being given up for lost, had the misfortune to be left behind. The little party suffered great extremities of hunger, and demanded their commander's dog, which, though he refused to be a party to its destruction, he gave up to them. But as they were weakened by their privations, the animal broke away from them as they were about to kill him, and disappeared in the woods.

The four officers all died of hunger under M. De Belleisle's eyes, who dug holes in the sand for their bodies, though near to death himself. The extremities to which he was reduced were such that, "overcoming the natural disgust which they created, he subsisted on the worms he found in rotten wood." A few days after the death of his comrades his faithful dog suddenly re-appeared, and "fawning upon his master, and with great demonstrations of joy," laid an opossum at his feet. Perhaps he was merely performing the natural duties of a retriever, but it is no wonder that M. De Belleisle attributed to the animal a nobler motive; it seemed to him to say, "Here is wherewithal to support life, master."

Nevertheless, it was fated that he should lose the dog, though it could hardly be said that they parted company. As he slept one night at the foot of a tree, a tiger came to the spot and seized the poor animal, and though he let go his hold, it was terribly wounded. Fearing lest it should go mad, M. De Belleisle compelled himself to kill the dog, and then—to such lengths can hard necessity drive human nature—he ate it.

After wandering about in solitude for days, he fell into the hands of the Attakapas, an Indian tribe whose name was derived from their practice of drying human flesh before devouring it. M. De Belleisle, however, was so miserably emaciated that the idea of drying *him* did not occur to them. "They took him for a spectre, till he pointed to his mouth and implored for food." They gave him human flesh and fish, and he, of course, confined himself to the latter dish. And then stripping him of his clothes, they divided them among themselves, and carried him to their village to fatten.

It is difficult to imagine a more unpleasant state of affairs than this. Nothing, it is said, used to alarm Lord Byron like the idea of growing fat, but M. De Belleisle was much more alarmed than Lord Byron. "He was consumed with terror at beholding the savages feast upon the fattest of their prisoners of war, and in constant expectation, on attaining the least plumpness, of sharing their fate, and having his brains beaten out with clubs." One would have thought that the mere apprehension of such a fate would have kept him as thin as a lath. But he was reserved for another fate. An ancient Attakapa widow took a fancy to him, and adopted him as her son. From that moment he was set at liberty, and considered one of the nation, "and soon learned the Indian manner of conversing in dumb-show and of using the bow and arrow." Having been so fortunate as to slay a number of some hostile tribe, he was regarded as a warrior, which did not, however, secure him against practical jokes.

On a certain hunting expedition, when he had made, as he flattered himself, a very respectable meal on venison, an Indian said to him: "How feeble is prejudice! Formerly you couldn't touch human flesh, and now you have been unconsciously enjoying it amazingly." Poor M. De Belleisle was thereupon exceedingly unwell.

Two years afterward, certain deputies arrived from a distant tribe, who, "attentively gazing" on the unhappy Frenchman, observed that in the country they came from (New Mexico) there were white men like him. He had preserved his commission in a box, and having made some ink from soot, he contrived to write at the bottom of the document: "I am the individual above mentioned; I was abandoned in St. Bernard's Bay. My companions died of hunger, and I am captive among the Attakapas." He gave this in private to one of the deputies, informing him that it was "speaking paper," and that if he presented it to the chief of the French in his own country he would be well rewarded.

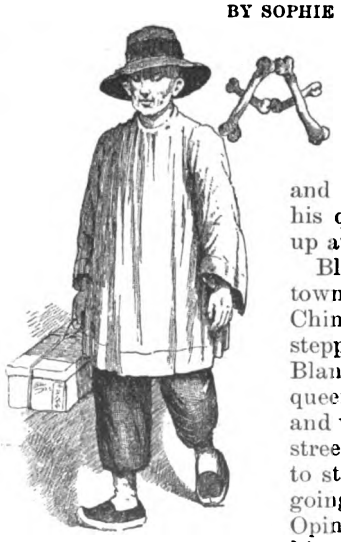
But the deputy was so foolish as to tell the secret, and the other Indians, thinking the paper was something magical and valuable, tried to snatch it from him. He slipped through their fingers, however, by swimming across a river, holding the document, lest it should get wetted, like Cæsar, above his head. "After a journey of four hundred and fifty miles he arrived in the country of the Natches." The French commander there, M. De St. Denis, was an officer of distinction; "he had made the first journey overland, from Louisiana to Mexico, where he married the Spanish Governor's niece, and was greatly respected." Upon receiving his countryman's letter, he was moved with pity for him, and at once dispatched ten mounted Indians, with guns, to his assistance.

The Attakapas had never heard a gun fired, and when these visitors discharged their muskets, took it for portable thunder. Under these circumstances they permitted M. De Belleisle to leave them without the least resistance; otherwise they were very unwilling to lose him, and the poor widow wept bitterly on his departure. Thus he escaped from a captivity which would otherwise certainly have lasted his days.

This brief romance of real life ends very prettily. The Spanish Governor, who had never been able to conquer the Attakapas, sent them presents for their kindness to their prisoner, with an especial gift to the widow; moved by which unexpected generosity, they sent ambassadors in their turn to make alliance, and these were accompanied by the widow herself. "Since that period," our author gravely informs us, "the inhabitants of Louisiana have left off eating human flesh," as indeed my readers may have heard from other sources.

## A BROTHER OF CHARITY.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.



VERY yellow face and a very long pigtail had Chin Fung, and he was dressed in a loose sack and short baggy trousers, and his queer pointed shoes turned up at the toes.

Blankenborough was a large town, but it was not used to Chinamen, and as Chin Fung stepped from the cars at the Blankenborough station, with a queer black box in his hand, and walked quietly up the main street, a great crowd assembled to stare at him. What was he going to do in Blankenborough? Opinions differed. Thad Tompkins thought he had the bones of his ancestors in that mysterious-looking box, and was seeking a place where he could worship them undisturbed; Elbridge Holman, who was practical, thought he was probably an agent for a tea store; and Natty Philips thought he might be an ambassador from the Emperor

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of China in search of a smart Yankee boy to manage his affairs of state.

But all doubts were set at rest when, the next morning, Chin Fung's name appeared on the door of a tiny shop on the main street, and Chin Fung was discovered in the window, attired in a long loose white robe, calmly ironing.

Blankenborough had heard of Chinese laundries, but it was for a while considerably excited by the knowledge that one had come to dwell in the town. At morning, noon, and night the sidewalk before Chin Fung's shop was crowded, and at any hour of the day a row of noses might be seen flattened against the window behind which he calmly carried on his business.

But Blankenborough did not approve of his having come there. People never had thought of the possibility of having washing done outside their own houses, and had no need of this yellow-skinned stranger.

"He'll be afther atin' up all the dogs and cats, the haythin rashkill," said Bridget, the cook, when Thad Tompkins told her of the new arrival.

Thad paused in his occupation of cutting up meat for his big dog Rafe's dinner.

"They don't eat cats and dogs, do they?" he said.

"Sure an' isn't yersilf afther radin' it til me out iv the jography? And says I, thin, says I, good luck it is thim crathurs don't be nixt or near til us, for a foine male they'd be afther makin' aff Rafe."

"Rafe! He could chew that little Chinaman all up. I should just like to see him touch Rafe!"

"Don't ye be too sure, now, Masther Thad," said Bridget, with a wise shake of the head. "It's shly ould fellies they do be, thim nagurs. Ye'd betther kape Rafe on bread and wather for a while, till he bees liss fat and enticin'-lookin'."

Thad treated Bridget's advice with scorn; but nevertheless he found it difficult to dismiss the subject from his mind, and finally went and talked it over with Don Filmore, his great friend, who lived next door.

Don was of the opinion that Rafe was big enough to take care of himself, but he did feel some anxiety about their cat, Dido, which was young and plump, and might strike the Chinaman as being a choice tidbit.

"Dido never strays far from home," said Thad; "but Rafe, from going everywhere with Aunt Emily to see her poor people, knows his way and goes alone all over the town. I can't watch him all the time, and I can't shut him up, he would howl so fearfully."

"I don't believe there is any danger," said Don, after some reflection. "But we'll keep a sharp lookout, and if that fellow does touch anybody's cat or dog, he'll find this town too hot to hold him."

They did keep a sharp lookout, but they could not discover that the Chinaman even cast a wistful eye on the dogs that trotted by his door or the cats that wandered along his back-yard fence. Indeed, he very seldom raised his eyes from the table where he ironed industriously from morning until night, ironing the same article over and over, for nobody gave him any washing to do. At first some people had done so, chiefly from curiosity, but it was found that he had a very objectionable way of sprinkling clothes—holding the water in his mouth and sending it in a fine spray through his teeth—and this discovery put an end to all hope for Chin Fung as a laundryman in Blankenborough.

Very soon it became tiresome to see him ironing there, and people passed with scarcely a glance, and there were no more noses flattened against his panes. Some people wondered what kind of food he lived on, and whether he had money enough to buy it, but it was known that he sometimes bought rice at a grocery, and so curiosity was satisfied.

One day Chin Fung's window-shade was not raised: he had apparently abandoned his fruitless task. Thad's Aunt Emily, who was the Lady Bountiful of the town, feared that he was ill or destitute, but Thad's father objected to her going to see him, because he didn't approve of Chinese immigration. Aunt Emily couldn't see how that question would be affected by her showing humanity to this poor lone Chinaman, but her brother felt so strongly on the subject that she yielded, and tried to believe what he said, that the race was so shrewd and thrifty, Chin Fung was sure to have plenty of money. Thad, too, felt that it would be highly unbecoming in Aunt Emily to encourage a devourer of cats and dogs to remain in Blankenborough, although as yet it did not appear that Chin Fung had dined off anybody's pets.

Thad had relaxed his vigilance in watching over Rafe; the dog was so big and the Chinaman so small that he felt, if it came to a question of eating, Rafe would be likely to be the performer. He felt so until, one day, Rafe disappeared.

However far Rafe might wander, he always returned at night-fall. That night he did not come. Bridget reported that for several mornings he had carried his breakfast off with him; she had seen him trotting down the back lane with a bone or a piece of meat in his mouth, and "the baste was that knowin', and the hairt iv him was that big," she had no doubt he had gone to share his breakfast with some poor friendless dog.

But Rafe did not come home to breakfast the next morning. Thad rose early, after an almost sleepless night, and prepared for a vigorous search. Before he reached the gate, on his way to summon a council of boys, Don Filmore met him with the sad and startling news that their Dido also had disappeared.

"That Chinaman has got them," said Thad, in a tone of conviction.

They lived on the main street, and the lane that skirted their back yards ran past the Chinaman's back yard. Thad and Don decided to walk down this lane and inspect the Chinaman's premises.

Just before they reached them, hanging from a picket of an adjoining fence they saw a pink ribbon—Dido's necktie! It was still tied in a bow, and looked as if it had but just come off Dido's graceful neck.

Don was almost overcome by the sight, but being a boy, he would not show it.

"My sister Jennie's heart would be broken if she should see that," he said.

"Have you lost your dog?" said a little girl who was passing, and had heard Thad's whistles and calls. "I heard a dog howling in the Chinaman's this morning."

"I think we have proof enough against him," said Thad. "But perhaps he hasn't killed them yet, Don. He may be *fattening* them."

The boys climbed the Chinaman's high fence, and looked over. The yard was strewn with bones. They looked as if they might be Rafe's bones, and Thad shuddered. Don was in favor of making a complaint to the town authorities, but Thad said that would involve delay, and they might lose a chance of rescuing Rafe if he were still alive. So they organized a force of boys, armed with stones and clubs and any such weapons as came to hand. This force remained behind the fence while Thad and Don climbed over.

Chin Fung's door was ajar, and Thad pushed it open. In the dark entryway a huge black shape rushed upon him, and for an instant his heart stopped beating. But the shape uttered a joyful, ringing bark—Rafe's bark. The dog bounded into an inner room, then came back and tried to draw Thad after him. Thad took the precaution to make a signal to the boys to be ready, and then he and Don followed Rafe.

They would not need all that armed force of boys to protect them. The little Chinaman lay upon the floor, looking like a skeleton, his yellow face ghastly. He look-

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RAFE'S DEVOTION.

ed up at the boys with a feeble attempt to smile; then raised his hand with an effort, and patted Rafe's head.

"Chinaman velly sick; no man come near. Doggy he come; he *fiend*."

And then he told them in Chinese English that Rafe had brought him the only food he had had for several days, and since he had become very weak and ill had refused to leave him. And the stolid-looking little Chinaman had tears of gratitude in his melancholy almond-shaped eyes as he looked at Rafe.

It took Thad but a very short time to dismiss his body-guard, and rush home to tell Aunt Emily of the Chinaman's condition, and Don told his mother, and the two ladies immediately prepared baskets of food and delicacies; and even Thad's father set aside his objections to the Chinese and helped, and went with the boys to see poor Chin Fung.

He told them how he had come alone to Blankenborough. He had been robbed by some of his countrymen of almost everything he possessed, and had set out from the town where he lived for a distant city where he had friends, but he discovered on the way that he had not money enough to carry him there, and thinking that Blankenborough looked like a thriving town, he had determined to set up his laundry there. And illness and destitution had come upon him, and he might have died if it had not been for Rafe's charity.

Rafe, of course, was praised and petted, and he looked as if he understood every word.

Don's mother suddenly remembered that she had always wanted a Chinese servant, and as Chin Fung assured her that he had served in a family, and understood the duties perfectly, she immediately engaged him.

Strengthening food and encouragement were all that Chin Fung needed to restore his health, and in less than a week he was able to enter upon his new duties.

Don's mind was ill at ease.

"They're all praising him and thinking he's *beautiful*," he said to Thad, "but I should like to know what has become of poor Dido. I shouldn't wonder if he ate her, and she disagreed with him, and that was what was the matter with him. I know one thing: I shall look out for my white mice."

Chin Fung was given a little room in the attic, adjoining a large unfurnished one which was used as a store-room; but after spending a night there he came downstairs in a state of wild terror and excitement. He rushed about the kitchen with his pigtail flying, and frightened the cook almost out of her senses imitating the terrible noises—wails and shrieks and blows—that he had heard all night long in the room adjoining his.

Mrs. Filmore had him sent into the breakfast-room to relate his strange experience, and there he behaved still more wildly, and made them understand that he could not stay in a house where there were bad spirits that made such terrible noises at night.

In the midst of his recital little Bess, the four-year-old daughter of the house, burst into tears.

"Me shutted her up there—in the cedar chest," she said between her sobs, "to keep wicked Chinaman from getting her; and the lock snapped tight, and me couldn't ope it, and me comed away; me was fighted, and me fought her was dead."

"*Dido!*" cried Don and his sister Jennie in the same instant, and both rushed to the attic store-room.

When they came back, Don had in his arms—could it be their pretty Dido?—a limp, almost lifeless, skeleton-like creature, with glaring, distended eyes. It uttered a faint but awful howl. Chin Fung's eyes rolled wildly, and he shook so with terror that his teeth chattered. When Dido howled, he put his fingers into his ears and rushed out of the room, and he did not stop until he reached the stoop.

And no persuasion would induce him to enter the house again. His little black box, which Don had discovered, to his disappointment, contained only clothing, was handed out to him. Mrs. Filmore gave him money enough to reach his friends in the city for which he had started, and Blankenborough saw him no more.

Don was sure that he had a bad conscience, and had, at some time, eaten a cat, and thought poor Dido was its ghost.

Poor Dido! she had been six days imprisoned in the cedar chest; and if it had not been old and broken so that it had chinks to admit the air, her earthly career would have been ended. But as it was, tender nursing soon restored her health and spirits, and the very next day she sat on the back fence with Rafe, who had always been her friend and ally, and they apparently exchanged confidences about the strange experiences they had had since the Chinaman's appearance in Blankenborough. But whether they were able to agree in their views of Chinese immigration nobody will ever know.

## A WEDDING IN LILLIPUT.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

ON Easter-Monday nearly two thousand of the most fashionable people in New York gathered in Holy Trinity Church, on Madison Avenue, to witness the marriage of Mrs. Lavinia Stratton and the Count Primo Magri. It is doubtful if any similar alliance in society circles could have attracted so distinguished an audience. There could hardly be imagined a more charming sight than that which greeted the beholders when the bridal party walked up the aisle. It was like looking at a wedding through the wrong end of an opera-glass. The bride, who is probably known to all the readers of YOUNG PEO-

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PLE as Mrs. General Tom Thumb, is just thirty-six inches high, and as charming a little lady as ever graced society. The Count Primo Magri, the happy groom, is perhaps two inches taller, and weighs fifty pounds. In the party were Baron Littlefield, Baron Magri, Major Newell, Miss Lucy Adams, and Miss Sarah Adams, all little people, and seeing so many of the little folk together, one almost felt that the minister must be unusually large, rather than that the happy couple were very small.

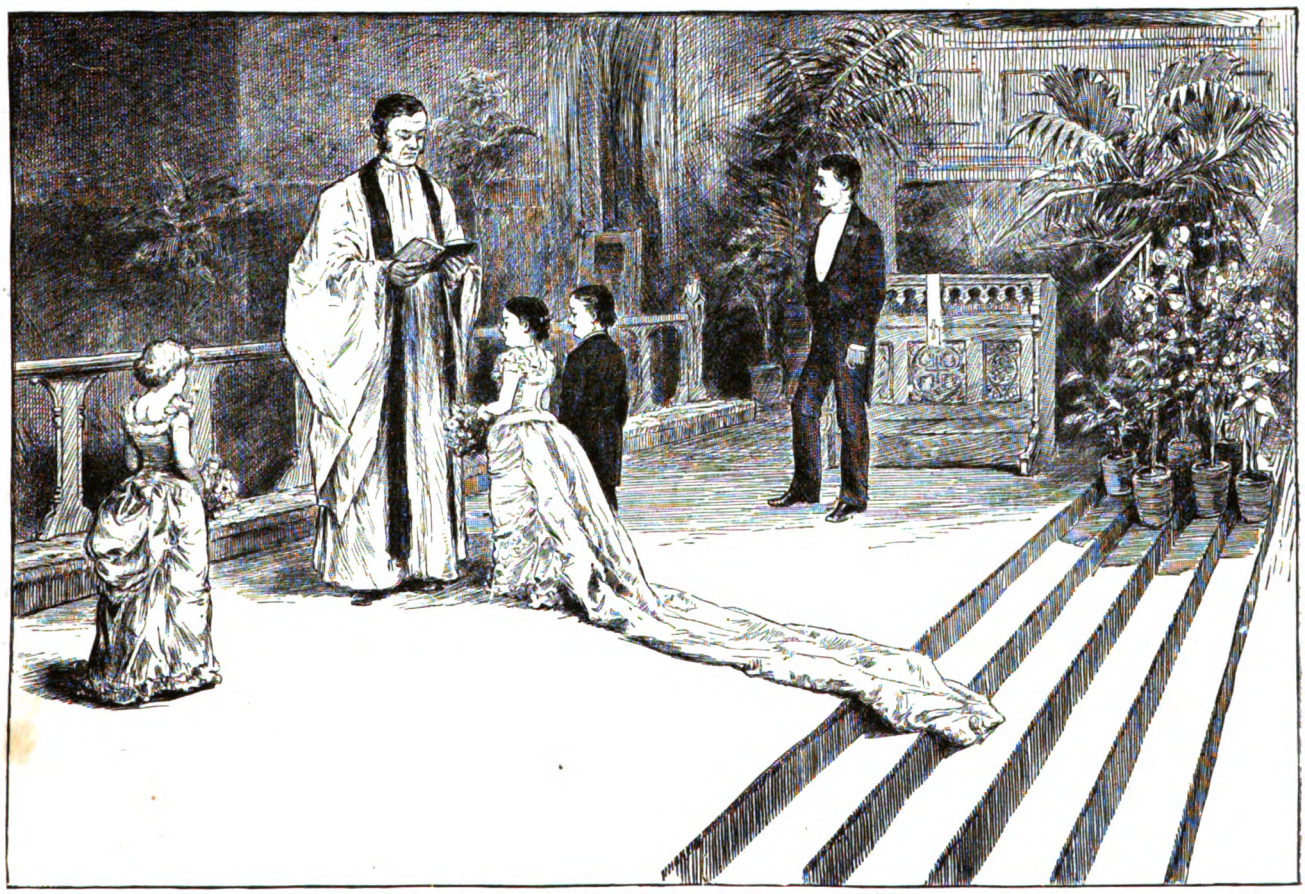
Twenty-two years ago Mrs. Stratton, now Countess Magri, was married to the famous General Tom Thumb, or, to use his real name, Mr. Charles S. Stratton, in Grace Church. For twenty years she was a devoted wife, and when, two years ago, Mr. Stratton died, she retired from the show business, and went to live quietly at her home in Middleborough, Massachusetts, upon the fortune she had accumulated during her nearly thirty years of professional life. But the public would not thus give up their pet. In her extended travels she had endeared herself to many people, not alone on account of her smallness, which one forgets entirely when talking to her, but through her lovely and womanly character and charming manners. She consented to travel with Mr. Barnum, who had first introduced her to the public, for one more season, and then intended to retire into private life. But love is no respecter of persons. Count Primo Magri, whom she had met six years before, and who was an intimate friend of the late General Tom Thumb, wooed, and won her.

There is to me something sad in making one of the solemnest and most holy ceremonies of our religion a matter of curiosity and trivial talk, and I feel sure that the tiny couple feel keenly the anxiety of many people and newspapers to treat the affair as a "show."

There was the same talk when the Countess was married to General Tom Thumb, and I know it pained them both very deeply. General Tom Thumb was a Massachusetts boy, and when twenty years old he had only grown to be about three feet high. He was as well-educated, as warm-hearted, as gentlemanly a young man as any of his age. In Mr. Barnum's museum, where they were both on exhibition, he met and fell in love with Miss Lavinia Warren. Their courtship and engagement were conducted on the same principles which govern ordinary people, and their married life was a happy one. Together they travelled all over Europe, and were received by kings, queens, and emperors.

They were a great curiosity, of course; and not on account of their size alone. Their intelligence and refined manners made them popular and lovable as well. They received many presents, and made a great deal of money. Their house in Middleborough was fitted up in most charming style, with furniture, stairways, and everything in proportion to the size of the occupants. The "General" was a shrewd business man, and invested his money carefully, so that when he died his widow came in for a nice fortune.

The Count Primo Magri is not so well known in this country, and some little account of him may not be uninteresting. He was born on his father's estate, between Bologna and Ferrara, Italy, in 1846, so that he is now thirty-nine years of age. He has two brothers and a sister, he being the oldest, and taking the title of Count, which is inherited from his father. His next younger brother is thirty-six years old, and is hardly any larger than the Count. He also inherits a title, that of Baron, from his mother's family. The younger brother and sister are as large as ordinary people.



THE MARRIAGE OF MRS. TOM THUMB AND COUNT MAGRI.

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The Count lived quietly upon his estate, devoting his time to study, until he was thirty years old, when he became acquainted with an American traveller, who induced him to make a tour of this country on exhibition. With his naturally refined instincts he opposed the idea; but the many advantages of travel, of meeting distinguished people, and seeing many new things were presented to him by his American friend, and he finally consented and came to this country in 1875.

Since that time he has been travelling through the South and West under the stage name of Count Rosebud. In 1879 he met and was introduced to General and Mrs. Tom Thumb in the railroad depot at Springfield, Massachusetts, and from that time dated a friendship which the Count regards as one of the pleasantest experiences of his life. After the death of General Tom Thumb, his friendship with the widow continued, and about Christmas-time they became engaged to be married.

The new-made Countess will fulfill a few more professional engagements, which will last until May, when the happy couple will go at once to the Count's estates in Italy. After that they never intend to appear again in public, but to settle down in Italy for life. It is extremely doubtful, however, if this intention will be carried out. They both have made so many friends in this country, and the public always seem so anxious to see them, that managers use every effort to secure their services.

Dwarfs have been known from the beginning of the world, and it is claimed that in certain countries of Africa there are whole nations of these little people. In the Middle Ages it was customary for kings to have one or two dwarfs in their courts to furnish amusement for the courtiers. The story of Peter the Great's famous wedding of the dwarfs, at which all the little people in Russia were ordered to be present, is familiar to most of the readers of the YOUNG PEOPLE. It was the custom then to make sport of them, and much of the amusement which they afforded was from their inability to resent insults heaped upon them by those who were larger and ought to have known better. In these days I think the world has grown more civilized, and while dwarfs are regarded as curiosities on account of their size, they are looked upon with a certain feeling of pity, which is not altogether deserved. In many cases they are very bright, intellectually, and are much better ladies and gentlemen than many of larger growth.

I am sure that the many friends they have among the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE will join me in wishing them many years of happiness in their married life.

## WHY GOD MAKES THE STARS.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

QUOTH Jack one night: "I left my top
Out yonder on the garden chair.
Come help me seek it now, for nurse
Will scold me if she finds it there."

And I: "My boy, 'tis quite too late
For going to the gate with you;
Tired Day has shut his golden eye,
And will not let the light come through."

"And so you'd have a fellow think"—
Here Jack upturns a tiny nose—
"That God could not let in the light
To us in any way He chose.

"His pretty house is all of light.
If Day is tired and makes a fuss,
God makes the holes you call the stars,
And lets His light shine in to us."

Yes! Truths the wise men never knew
To babes revealed are, Johnny mine;
For God can pierce the dullest hearts,
And let His light in darkness shine.

# ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE EMPORIUM IS OPENED.



DICK and Joan were Annie Vandort's body-guard when, after a lingering farewell to the little household at Beachcroft, the dear new friend took her departure. She was to start from the Beverley depot on the ten-o'clock train, and a certain John Trueman, whom they had employed on many occasions, brought his two-seated sleigh to drive them over. In spite of its being the 3d of February, snow lay thick upon the ground, but Nan and Laura, who were in the Emporium window, were thankful the sky was clear and the air fine.

Nan had been allowed the luxury of one of her dearly beloved open fires in the Emporium, and Alfred kept it blazing away finely. Certainly the little sales-room looked very attractive, and the girls felt certain that before mid-day "trade" would begin. The side door, opening on to a little passageway and thence to the street, had a bell, which Phyllis in her room above could hear, and before ten o'clock it jingled. Nan and Laura exchanged quick glances, and for some unaccountable reason the latter darted away, leaving Nan to receive their first customer alone.

It proved to be a German lady whom they had seen in a little cottage not far away. She came in briskly, bringing a breath of fresh air with her, and looking extremely interested in the room and its little occupant, who was standing at one side of the counter, in what she herself considered the right attitude for a "sales-woman."

"I'm so glad you've opened this," said the lady, in a pleasant voice; "I have to match some wools," and she drew forth half a dozen samples of impossible-looking reds and greens, which rather disheartened Nan, who knew well that their stock was all in the new shades, and finer in quality than these brilliant specimens of old-fashioned wool. But she hastened to take out the boxes of crewels and packages of worsted, registering in her mind the fact that in such a place ordinary materials for wool-work ought to be kept in stock. They turned the crewels over, and held up package after package of double and single zephyrs. Only one matched, and Nan made up her first parcel, and received their first payment—fifty cents—which the lady counted out in all sorts of small pieces. Nan longed to ask her how she had heard of their enterprise, but the lady hurried off as soon as the purchase was made, not even hearing Nan's timidly polite suggestion that they could get some wools for her "to order." Laura evidently had listened for the sound of the customer's departure, as she came back the moment the door had closed upon her.

"I felt so queerly," she explained. "Somehow I couldn't stay. It was a ridiculous kind of pride, I know," she added, blushing, and turning away to the window. "I'll try never to feel it again."

"Think of Phyl," Nan said, very quietly, and when the bell tinkled again, and a girl of their own age came in, Laura welcomed her with quite a cordial smile.

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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She wanted some burlaps, and it surprised both the girls to observe that she seemed to know so much of what they had in stock.

"Where are the new Kensington patterns?" she asked, as Laura measured off the burlaps. "I'd like to see them, please."

And Nan drew out the box containing their choicest patterns, which the young girl turned over with a critical, interested air. Then followed a little talk about stitches. She was evidently an enthusiast in needle-work, and seemed much interested in Nan's suggestions for a "piano scarf" she was doing.

"When are your classes to begin?" she inquired, before leaving.

"I—I'm not sure," said Nan, rather startled by the stranger's evident knowledge of their plans. "But if you'll wait a moment I can let you know."

"Oh, I'll call again," said the young girl, brightly; and as she departed, Nan made note No. 2—to talk with Phyl at once about a class.

Other customers appeared during the morning, all strangers, and some so evidently only curious that there were moments when Nan's patience was a little taxed. When Laura went out to see that Phyllis's dinner was prepared, she had a half-hour's very trying time with a lady whose object seemed to be to inspect everything only for the purpose of finding fault, and in the end she only purchased ten cents' worth of embroidery silk, and that with the air of doing a charity.

Mrs. Travers brought Nan's dinner in to the little room off the store, when this tiresome customer had departed, and while she was eating it with the relish of a hearty appetite, after her half-day's work, Nan gave her a good-humored account of the morning. Mrs. Travers was entirely devoted to the Rolf interests, but by nature she was what Annie Vandort called a "doleful soul," and no little patience was sometimes required to keep her cheered up. During a reading aloud of *David Copperfield* the boys had declared Dickens *might* have known Mrs. Travers when he drew Mrs. Gummidge, and the result was that in spite of all Nan's or Phyl's efforts, the nickname of "Gummy" was applied to her.

That "Gummy" was in good spirits over the enterprise was a decided help. Nan, in the intervals of her report, looked with satisfaction upon Mrs. Travers's constant smile, and if there was a hint of some mystery in it, she felt so pleased that it did not occur to her to question it, and before she had time for a word with Phyllis or the boys, who were intensely anxious for a report of the morning, new customers had arrived—this time a whole sleighful of people from Beverley, Mrs. Apsley, the Presbyterian clergyman's wife, with a party of friends. They seemed, as they came in with their merry voices, their eagerness to hear and see everything, to quite absorb the little room, and Nan, wondering for the twentieth time how so many people had heard of it, darted into the Emporium, with her excitement toned down to something like what she considered "store" manners.

Mrs. Apsley and her friends were in very good spirits.

"This *is* nice, my dear," exclaimed the minister's wife, cheerfully. "It will be sure to do well. But poor Phyllis, I am so anxious about her."

The kind-hearted lady would have occupied all of Nan's attention had not the others in the party needed certain things, and called her away. Nan was so confused she could scarcely attend to their demands for "olive green crewels," "linen threads," "Kensington patterns," etc., etc. But the result was satisfactory. After all questions were asked and answered, and she had turned out a dozen or more boxes, and opened the case of specimens, the Emporium was richer by ten dollars.

"We'll come whenever we need anything of the kind," said Mrs. Apsley in leaving, "and as soon as Phyllis can see me I'll come over;" and Nan felt ashamed to admit afterward that she stood dazed and awkward while they were taking their leave.

Then she darted up to Phyl's room. Laura was just coming out, and she told her of the last customers, and they wondered together over the entirely unexpected success of the Emporium.

They were standing in the hall window talking and laughing about it, when John Trueman's sleigh stopped at the gate and deposited Dick and Joan.

"Oh, I *wish* Annie Vandort had been able to stay!" was all Nan had time to say before Laura exclaimed:

"What's the matter with Joan? She looks as though she had a great piece of news to tell."

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE EMPORIUM IS ADVERTISED.

DICK and Joan had been commissioned to perform certain errands in Beverley, so that, after seeing Annie Vandort off in the train, they went up into the familiar Main Street to Ames & Ames's, where they were to purchase the things upon their list.

Laura wanted some kitchen towelling, Nan had written down a few things for Phyllis's comfort, and Joan revelled in the fact that she was permitted to lay in a supply of sewing materials preparatory to her undertaking the care of the boys' clothes.

It was a little irritating to have to answer Mr. Ames's consolatory remarks, and also to hear him in a very distinct tone inquiring of one of the clerks whether "all those things for Mrs. Farquhar had been sent up to Rolf House," but Joan held her own bravely, and while Dick placed the articles they had purchased in the sleigh, she answered the questions of one or two friends whom they met, with a great deal of sweetness and humility.

A Mrs. Brown, whom they had known only slightly, surprised the girl by congratulating her on her sisters' "pluck" in beginning to teach needle-work and in opening a store.

"How do you suppose," said Joan to Dick, as they were driving home, "those people knew so much about it?"

But if Dick was unable to solve this problem, the experience of the next hour did it most satisfactorily.

"Look at that," Dick said, suddenly, pointing to a tree near the end of Main Street.

Joan looked. As she afterward described it, she "glued her eyes" to what she saw. A large piece of white paper was tacked on to the tree, and upon it, in very black letters, was printed the following announcement:

THE MISS ROLFS OPEN THIS DAY THEIR EMPORIUM AT BEACHCROFT. ALL KINDS OF FANCY WORK TO BE DISPLAYED AND SOLD. AND ALL KINDS OF SILKS AND CRUEL WORSTIDS AND EVERYTHING OF THAT KIND AND THEY INVITE INSPECKTION.

CLASSES IN WORK WILL SOON BEGIN. EVERYTHING HAS BEEN SENT FROM NEW YORK. COME ONE—COME ALL!

Trueman had stopped the sleigh, and they all gazed as if spell-bound upon what they saw. Then Dick said, after a low whistle: "*That's* what Alfred has been up to the last few days. Goodness! won't Phyl be angry!"

But this was not the end of Alfred's advertisements. He must have been hard at work, for all along the road to Beachcroft Joan and Dick encountered similar handbills stuck up in the most conspicuous places, setting forth

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"'LOOK AT THAT,' DICK SAID, SUDDENLY, POINTING TO A TREE."

the glories of the Emporium with equal disregard of spelling or grammar. By the time they reached home the two had made a collection of about twenty of these papers, but, as Joan remarked, no one could tell how many more might be found scattered through Beachcroft.

This was the piece of information which Joan had to bring to her sisters.

"And where do you suppose," she exclaimed, "that miserable boy is keeping himself? Nan," she added, turning toward her cousin, who had sunk down into the window-seat, overcome by the absurdity of the thing, "how can you laugh? I wish you knew what those things stuck up on the trees and fences looked like."

Phyllis had heard the voices, and called to them to come into her room. So an explanation was made, and the elder sister, although unable to keep from laughing with Nan at the ridiculousness of it, still felt that poor Alfred's intentions might have been of the very best. She

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QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER GREAT-GRANDCHILD.—From a Photograph by Carl Backofen, Darmstadt.—See Page 394.

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begged that he should not be received with the torrent of complaint Joan was anxious to pour forth, and the result was that when he did come in, Phyllis saw him first alone, and contrived to make him see just why and how he had been mistaken. It was so very evident that he considered he had done a very fine thing that it took Phyllis some time to make him promise that he would attempt nothing of the kind in future without consulting her.

When he had gone away, Phyllis realized more than ever the responsibility of the life before her. How was she, except by gentle force of influence, to govern her little household? Perhaps, after all, she could not help thinking it was fortunate that she was an invalid: lying on her sofa she might do more for the young people about her than she could ever hope to accomplish in perfect health.

But Alfred was not let off so easily by the party downstairs. Even Nan went into repeated fits of laughter almost as tantalizing as Joan's severity and Laura's disdainful silence, but later in the evening the little party became harmonious in Phyl's room. Laura and Nan had to tell of their first day's experience with the Emporium; Joan and Dick to repeat all of Annie's last sayings and messages.

One good, however, came of Alfred's ill-judged method of advertising. Before a week had gone by, the fact that Phyllis and Nan Rolf had opened a sales-room for fancy-work materials, etc., and that a class was to be formed, was known all over Beachcroft and Beverley. Dr. Rogers, to whom Phyl narrated Alfred's doings, contrived to let a great many people know that the boy had acted entirely upon his own responsibility. His spirits were certainly subdued after this, but he took great comfort in the fact that Dick had not made fun of him, and the result was a closer bond of companionship between the brothers.

Work began in sober earnest after this. Phyllis had her morning class with the girls. Mademoiselle La Motte fulfilled her agreement for French lessons; there were a half-dozen orders from New York for Nan and Phyllis to carry out, and the bell of the Emporium tinkled many times a day.

Three Saturday nights had come and gone, and if the treasurer of the little household had not always a very good story to tell, at least they nearly paid their way, and Nan was able to write in March to Brightwoods that they all felt encouraged.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE QUEEN AND HER GRANDCHILDREN.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

WHENEVER I think of the Queen of England among her children and grandchildren, I recall the story told me by an elderly lady who remembered seeing her Majesty, when the latter was a very small child, at Bath or Tunbridge Wells—I can not exactly remember which. The little Princess Victoria was playing with her doll, and the lady in question happened to be in the same room with her, having been invited to visit some member of the Duchess of Kent's household. The doll, it appears, was naughty, and the young Princess, regarding it very solemnly, said, in the tones of an anxious parent, "If you don't behave well when you are little, you will grow up to be a very naughty princess, whom no one will love, and you will make every one sorry."

Nothing could be more characteristic of the little Princess's nature. From earliest childhood she seems to have appreciated the fact that she must grow up a "good Princess"—not a "naughty" one; that much was expected of her by the people, and that she must never make them "sorry"; and her careful manner in correcting the doll, whom you see she naturally regarded as a royal personage, seems to me suggestive of the careful training which in later years she gave her own children, instilling into their minds so much that was useful, and training them so carefully, that, apart from respecting her as the Queen, they one and all are said to regard her with the most loving tenderness as a parent and a friend.

With the Queen's grandchildren and great-grandchildren the young people of to-day will have most to do. Already they are a numerous family; several have been married; the royal nurseries in Berlin and Hesse have no longer any occupants, and the school-rooms are fast sending forth young men and women to take their part in the drama of the history of the world.

Germany has taken to herself most of the Queen's family, so that her grandchildren and great-grandchildren have a strong tinge of the German in their characters, temperaments, and, it is said, in their likes and dislikes; yet the English element is a very strong one, and the constant visits of the young people to England have done much toward making them feel themselves in part Anglo-Saxon.

Some of her Majesty's grandchildren are already married, and she is great-grandmamma to three little ones, two of whom are the sons of Prince William of Prussia (who will one day, it is hoped, be Emperor of Germany), while the other is the daughter of Princess Charlotte of Prussia and her husband, Prince Bernard of Saxe-Meiningen. This latter great-granddaughter is the one who is the Queen's companion in the picture on page 393. Though so small a Princess, she has five Christian names—Feodore Victoria Augustine Marianne Marie.

Most royal personages are obliged to lead such formal and secluded lives that it is always interesting to know how they amuse themselves, and in what they resemble or are different from other people. I think most young people will like to know how the Queen and her grandchildren and great-grandchildren live; how they study and play and visit; whether they are as fond of "spending the day" with their older relations as other children are; and whether the usual "Christmas-box" from Windsor Castle comes hailed with the same delight which a present from an ordinary grandmamma in the every-day world would meet with.

Like many mothers who have disciplined their children very thoroughly, the Queen is said to be a most indulgent grandmother; and if her favorites are among those of the young people whom death has bereft of a parent, this is not to be wondered at; for the Queen, clinging closely to her own children, naturally feels most for those who have been left motherless or fatherless. It is natural, also, that her great-grandchildren should claim a certain amount of her attention and indulgence.

I have heard an amusing story connected with one of the birthdays in the royal family. It seems that the children of the Crown Princess of Prussia and of the Princess Christian (Helena of England) were discussing some fairy tales, and one of them remarked that she wished people could get presents nowadays in the way they used to in "fairy time." This being overheard, it was suggested to surprise the little maiden on her next birthday, and accordingly when the day dawned, and she had breakfasted with her parents, she was informed that the Queen of the Fairies wished to see her. Of course it was one of her cousins, dressed in costume, with a wand and other tokens of her office.

The child, entering into the spirit of the game, welcomed the Fairy Queen, who asked her what she would like for her birthday. A choice of gifts was made. When evening came, the real entertainment began. At one end of the room used for such festivities a stage had been erected, and there a fairy piece was acted, the Fairy Queen summoning one of her band after another to bestow the gifts, appropriate music accompanying each part. Queen Victoria

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had, it is said, prepared this little entertainment for her grandchild, and very prettily it was carried out, offering, it seems to me, a charming suggestion for other households on holiday occasions.

The Queen's grandchildren refer to her quite as often as "the Queen" as "Grandmamma," and there is always a certain amount of formality observed in their manner when with her. But she is very fond of having them about her, and seems especially drawn toward the younger ones, perhaps living over again in these little lives the happy days of her own married life when the royal children at Windsor were young. Concerts, dialogues, etc., were often given by the young people at court, and were admirably carried out. Sometimes the young people were —and are—left very much to their own resources, and obliged to use their own pocket-money, so that a zest might be added to what they did.

Birthdays among the second generation in the Queen's family are very numerous, of course; but it is a well-known fact that the presents exchanged are often very simple and of home manufacture, the younger Princesses of Germany being quite noted for their skill in planning and making gifts in fancy-work of all descriptions. A lady told me that she once attended a fair for the wounded soldiers in Berlin, where the Queen's grandchildren had a stall. Turning over some of the articles, she hesitated about purchasing a needle-book, at last laying it down. The little Princess Marguerite had observed her closely, and at this moment exclaimed, in accents of genuine disappointment, "Oh! and I made it all myself!" Needless to say, the needle-book was purchased at once, and will always be kept as a souvenir.

I saw once at an English country house some very pretty specimens of the young Princesses' needle-work, and in the Queen's *Journals* and the *Lives* of the Prince Consort and the Princess Alice we read constantly of the simple interchange of souvenirs which are more valuable in such households than in any other, since the very ability to purchase any article with money makes the thought and the care and the love woven into their own work for each other seem more precious.

All the Queen's grandchildren are trained to be attentive students, and the hours in the school-room have to be strictly kept. If play is encouraged, and exercises of all sorts at the same time, the hours for study are never interfered with except on special occasions when a holiday is allowed. In the family of the late Princess Alice, Grand-Duchess of Hesse, the Queen's second daughter, everything was conducted on the simplest principle. The Princess made her children's clothes frequently, taught them many of their lessons, and generally overlooked their day's routine.

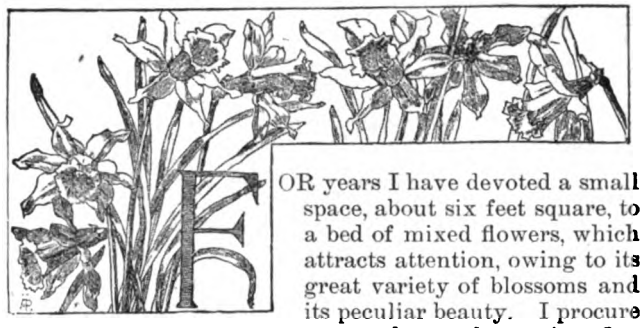
The Princess Victoria of Hesse, recently married, has long been one of the Queen's favorite grandchildren, perhaps because she was born in England, Easter-Sunday, April 5, 1863. The child from the very first hour of her birth seems to have been of special interest to the English people, and as the home life of her parents was, as I have said, very simple, she and her sisters and brothers have grown up charming young people, who interest all those who know them.

On May 24, Queen Victoria completes her sixty-sixth year, having been born in 1819. Among all her grandchildren, who will, with all the nation, honor her that day as a wise and virtuous sovereign and a mother whom they may call "blessed," the most prominent of course are the sons of the Prince of Wales, the young sailor lads who have returned from their long cruise in the ship *Bacchante;* yet perhaps dearest to the Queen's woman's heart is the little child of her beloved son Prince Leopold, the tiny Duke of Albany, who was born in January of this year, and whom some one at Windsor called the "snow-drop baby" of the court, so fair and delicate is he.

## PLEASANT HOURS IN THE GARDEN.

BY GEORGE R. KNAPP.

II.



FOR years I have devoted a small space, about six feet square, to a bed of mixed flowers, which attracts attention, owing to its great variety of blossoms and its peculiar beauty. I procure one packet each (costing five cents a packet) of zinnia (youth and old age), a well-known annual, with large flowers of different colors, white, red, and scarlet being the best; lupin (sun-dials), with very pretty long blue spikes; collinsia, a beautiful plant with purple, blue, and white flowers; candytuft, hardy and pretty long-blooming plants, flowers crimson, purple, and lilac; petunia, the well-known flower of many colors; and the phlox and portulaca, before described. The seeds are sown in the bed without regard to regularity, and when in blossom the bed is beautiful almost beyond description.

We must not neglect to give the beautiful asters a prominent place in our flower garden; the *Convolvulus minor*, or dwarf morning-glory, is also one of the finest hardy annuals. It is of a trailing or creeping habit, like the portulaca, and deserves a place in every garden. As nearly every one is acquainted with the climbing morning-glory, some idea may be formed from it of the beauty of the dwarf species. The flowers are of mixed colors, and the dwarf plant has the same peculiarity of closing in the afternoon as the climbing morning-glory has.

The clarkia is a very fine hardy annual of various colors and shapes; it is very desirable for early blooming, and thrives in a cool, shady situation. It is particularly recommended for planting in England, where the soil seems to just suit its nature. Already it is very popular there, and I trust my young readers in that country will plant a few seeds, as I am sure they will be delighted with it. Space will not permit me to do more than mention a few of the many beautiful flowers grown from seed planted in the garden: mignonette, pansy, calendula, or calendar-flower (of the marigold family), marigolds, and many others are easy of culture, and popular throughout the world.

Plants grown from seed in the open air require but little cultivation and management, and that of the most simple kind. The beds must be kept free from weeds and grass, the soil stirred occasionally to keep it moist and mellow. Regular watering, especially in the hot summer months, is beneficial, and should be done after sunset, or early in the morning. Should the plants appear sickly or of slow growth, they may be helped by an occasional watering with liquid manure, which, however, must be applied sparingly, or it will cause the plants to make a tall spindling growth, which is not desirable.

Among biennials and perennials we have many beautiful flowers, and, as before stated, some of them bloom the first season from seed. Unlike annuals, the majority of them bloom but a short time each season, yet so beautiful are the flowers when in full bloom that the cultivator enjoys them the more on account of their short duration. I find it a good plan to sow seeds of annuals every spring, and with the biennials and perennials I have a continuous bloom through the spring, summer, and autumn months. These kinds are not well adapted to beds on lawns, and should be sown in borders, straight lines, or in beds removed from annuals or other flowering plants. The soil is prepared and the seed planted as directed for annuals.

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CHRYSANTHEMUMS (POMPONS) AND MARGUERITES.

The aquilegia (columbine) is one of the best of perennials; the flowers are of almost every imaginable color and of different forms; it blooms early in the spring, and is desirable on that account. It is probably best known by the name of wild honeysuckle. It grows wild in every temperate country in the world. Alyssum (gold-dust), a beautiful plant, growing to the height of ten inches, with small yellow flowers, is one of the best of perennials for massing in beds. *Asperula odorata* (Woodruff) is a pretty little plant growing wild in parts of Great Britain, though cultivated almost everywhere. It is one of the most fragrant of plants, very small in growth, with beautiful white flowers. Its wild state is much improved by cultivation, and I hope some of my young readers will try it.

A beautiful bed may be made by planting carnations. This flower is familiar to most of us, and its fragrance and its beautiful rose-shaped flower are delightful; some of the blossoms, with good care, will measure three inches in diameter. It is one of the easiest plants to cultivate, requiring but little attention beyond an occasional watering and stirring of the soil.

Primula is a beautiful plant, but will not do well with the beginner in this country, requiring a northern exposure or a cold frame in order to succeed well; however, it is very popular in England, and is easily grown there. *Primula vulgaris* is the fragrant and beautiful English wild primrose. *Primula veris* is the well-known English cowslip. Young flower gardeners in America had better not try to cultivate this plant until they become familiar with the process of starting seed under glass.

The chrysanthemum is perhaps the most beautiful of all our autumn flowering plants, though unfortunately it is not entirely hardy much farther north than New York city. But it may be readily taken up on the approach of winter, set in pots, and removed to the house, where it will produce an abundance of beautiful flowers during November and December. Though the plant may be successfully grown from seed planted in the garden bed, for early bloom it is best to procure young plants, which may be bought very cheaply.

The average cost of flower seeds per packet is from five to ten cents, and twenty-five or fifty cents' worth of seed of the varieties I have named and described will furnish you with an abundance of bloom throughout the season, which will repay the grower a hundredfold for time and money spent.

The writer once saw a most beautiful sight near one of our principal watering-places. On the grounds of a gentleman well known for his love of the beautiful in nature were planted three beds of flowers: in the centre a large bed of portulacas, on one side a bed of phlox, and on the other side one of carnation-pinks, the centre bed being about thirty feet around, the others about twenty. They were kept in the best condition, and when in bloom drew attention from far and near. Visitors from the hotels flocked to see these beds of gorgeous blossoms. And, best of all, these beds were planned, planted, and kept in order by the little ten-year-old daughter of the owner, she doing all the work except the heavy labor of preparing the beds. It was pleasant to notice how the visitors passed by without notice beds of rare plants costing many dollars, and even neglecting the contents of the costly conservatories to admire these simple but beautiful flowers, the result of a little girl's loving care.

Many of the plants described may be transplanted from the beds where the seed has been sowed, and thus afford a larger display of plants. In sowing the seed, as I have said, thick, it is necessary to thin out the plants when partly grown, when those taken up may be transplanted into new beds with perfect safety, often, indeed, making the best plants. The roots of some plants are of a tuberous nature—that is, having knobs or tubers, like the potato—and such can not be transplanted.

The flowers I have described are not, as a rule, affected by diseases or insects, and they will remain in good condition and bloom freely if given the simple care required; without it, they will wither and die. So easy is the cultivation of these varieties that I hope every reader of YOUNG PEOPLE will make an effort to have at least one small bed of flowers the coming summer. I know from years of experience among flowers that no better friends or playmates can be found, and association with them nourishes our love for the good and beautiful, making life more enjoyable and home happier.



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# FANCY AND FACT.

O! a shepherd and a shepherdess,
They dwelt in Arcadee,
And they were dressed in Watteau dress,
Most charming for to see.

They sat upon the dewy grass,
With buds and blossoms set,
And the shepherd played unto the lass
Upon a flageolet.

It seemed to me as though it was
A very pleasant thing,
Particularly so because
The time of year was spring.

But, oh! the ground was damp, and so
(At least I have been told)
The shepherd caught the lumbago,
The shepherdess a cold.

My darling child! the fact is
That the poets often sing
Of those joys which in the practice
Are another sort of thing.

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"WHOA! HORSIE."

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

### A CHAT ABOUT CARDS.

WHAT shall we do with the pretty Easter, Christmas, and birthday cards which accumulate so fast that we hardly know where to put them? Did I hear a faint little sigh just then from Dotty, and does the sigh mean, "Oh, dear me! I wish the Postmistress would not use such big words"? *Accumulate* is a long word, darlings, but it is a good word in its place, and when I have explained it to you I think you will agree with me that it is a sort of picture-word. The older children have learned at school that our English language was formed from a number of other languages, in the same way that a great river is formed by a great many little rills and rivulets. The noble old Latin tongue which many of you are studying has given us some of our grandest words. *Accumulate* comes from *cumulus*, the Latin word for heap, and so when we say that things accumulate we mean that they heap themselves up and become troublesome. Do you see it, Dotty? I think you do, by the dimple in your cheek and the bright glance of your blue eyes. It is a real pleasure to talk to my Post-office Box girls and boys, they are so quick and clever.

Now to return to the cards. There are pretty little wire frames to which they may be fastened, and then, hung upon the wall, they make lovely pictures. Or, if you choose, you may arrange them tastefully on the panels of the door. A friend of mine has the doors of her own room covered completely and beautifully with exquisite cards.

But I have another plan to propose to my readers.

One day, a few months ago, I was calling on a dear friend who had been ill and in bed for some weeks. I found her half sitting up, and leaning against her pillows, her pale face lighted with a very sweet smile. A flat box which lay before her was filled with Christmas and Easter cards, and her thin hands lifted them one by one, and as she looked at the lovely pictures and read the comforting verses or mottoes she forgot her pain and weariness.

"Where did you get so many beautiful cards at once?" I exclaimed.

"Oh," she said, "my cousin Jennie, who always thinks of charming things to do, sent them to me this morning just to look at, and they have been cheering me so! They have done me as much good as half a dozen sermons."

There, my dears, I have shown you one way of making your cards useful, have I not?

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Little readers who think "Wakulla" one of the most charming stories which has ever appeared in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will take special interest in the two letters which follow:

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA.

It has been a long time since I wrote to the Post-office Box, for I have been very busy at school. How sorry I was to come to the end of "Wakulla," which I think the best story HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has ever contained. A great many people in this vicinity took much interest in "Wakulla," as the scene is laid in the adjoining county, Wakulla, and only about twenty-five miles from Tallahassee. I must tell you of a curious thing that has happened in connection with the story: a short time ago a letter was received at the post-office here addressed to "Miss Ruth Elmer, Go-Bang, Wakulla, Florida." Some reader of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE evidently believed every word of the story to be true, and wanted to correspond with Ruth Elmer. I think this confirms my opinion about the story. The letter was sent to the author, Mr. Kirk Munroe, who is spending the winter in Florida. I wish I could have seen the contents of the letter; and I hope Mr. Munroe will write a sequel to "Wakulla."

MINNIE L. C.

The letter referred to has been sent to the Postmistress, and here it is. It certainly is a proof that "Wakulla" is an extremely natural and life-like story. The letter was addressed to Miss Ruth Elmer, Go Bang, Wakulla, Florida. It was marked by P. O., "No such office in this State":

NEW YORK, *February* 12, 1885.

DEAR RUTH,—No doubt you are a little surprised on receiving a letter from me, as we do not know each other; but I feel quite intimate with you, for I have read so much about you. In HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE there was a story entitled "Wakulla," describing Southern life, and you—no doubt you know it—were the heroine. The story was written by Kirk Munroe. I thought it was made up or composed by him; but the other day I noticed Mary A. Barr's letter: in it she stated that she went to the mill of which Mark was president, and she also wrote that she gathered some roses from the garden of Go Bang. So I think that it must be a true story. Do you take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE? If you do, you can read all about yourself. It must be very pleasant in Florida at this time of year; here it is about ten degrees above zero. I would be very glad if, when you receive this letter, you would please answer as soon as possible, for I would like very much to correspond with you. Give my love to your mother, father, Mr. Marsh, Mark, Frank, Edna May, and Uncle Christmas (allow the liberty, please), and keep some for yourself.

I remain your affectionate friend,

LILY VAN P.

P.S.—Tell Edna May that if she will write to me, I will be very pleased to answer her.

This is printed precisely as it was received by Mr. Munroe, except that the Postmistress prefers not to give Lily's full name, street, and number. Miss Lily has had a letter, we presume, from the author himself, who ought to feel very much complimented.

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LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—My big brother takes HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and in the advertisements I saw HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE mentioned. Well, I hardly knew whether I would have that or *Little Folks*, but after a little consideration I decided I would have something I had never seen before. I get sixpence (or twelve cents) a week pocket-money—threepence for not taking sugar in my tea, as it is bad for rheumatism, and threepence in a usual way. I dare say some of the American children would shiver to think of not having sugar in their tea. I thought myself a martyr at first, but as the threepence was tempting, I struggled on, and now like it ever so much better. Mamma thinks strong tea a very bad thing for children, but sometimes when I officiate at the tea-pot I take advantage (very wrong). When I used to have sugar, it seemed to drown all the flavor of the tea. I have a mania for writing tales. I first began when I was eleven years old. It was awful rubbish; all about secret rooms, trap-doors, and subterranean passages. I have begun about thirty different ones since then, but after writing five or six chapters I leave it in disgust. I have one on hand now, but I expect it will get torn up and burned as the others have done. I am very fond of drawing too, but make a very bad hand of it so far. I inclose you something which I copied from a book of my sister's; the hair is horrible—so like rat tails. I would send you some leaves that are quite out on a creeper in the front garden, but am afraid of the letter being over weight. I send this to America just for fun, as I have never sent a letter farther than Great Britain before. I am yours truly,

ANNIE LOUISE S. (thirteen years old).

The drawing was not ill done. Now, my dear, may I advise you, when you begin a thing, whether a story or a bit of needle-work, always to finish it? And let me persuade you to give up drinking tea altogether. The Postmistress is very much opposed to letting her own children use coffee and tea unless they are weakened with plenty of milk.

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PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl seven years old. I do not go to school. I study at home. I study reading, writing, and spelling. Mamma does not give me too many lessons at once. I have not any sisters, but I have three brothers. I go to dancing school, and I have a little playmate, whom nearly everybody thinks is my sister. I am writing this all myself. I hope you will not think my letter too long to publish. SALLIE M. S.

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A young correspondent, who describes himself as an "eleven-year-old subscriber," sends a very clearly written description of the construction of a log cabin as practiced in the South and West. We print the description below, and are sorry that we have not space for the drawings which accompanied it, and which are very creditable for so young a designer. This method of building a log hut is different in some respects from that described by Mr. Munroe in "Building a Camp" (YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 20), but many other things in Canada are different from the corresponding things in the Western and Southern States.

In the South and West they notch all the logs on the top, and chamfer the under side where it goes into the notch below to a right angle to fit it. The doors and windows are cut out as in the Canadian cabin. Auger-holes are then bored through the jamb into the end of each log, and a pin driven in to keep them in place. On one end of the cabin the logs are cut out for the fire-place. The chimney is built outside of the cabin, of logs, as high as the opening of the fire-place. The top of it is built of sticks as a boy would build a cob-house. The cracks of the house and chimney are chinked with pieces of wood and daubed with clay or mud. In the fire-place boards are set up, leaving a space of about six inches between them and the logs, which space is filled up with clay rammed down hard. When the house is finished, they build a fire in the fire-place, and burn the boards out, making the clay hard like brick. In making the roof, the side logs are drawn in enough to give it a slope, the gable logs being built up perpendicularly, and the ends scarfed off to fit the slope. The roof is covered with split boards, put on like shingles, but held in place by logs laid lengthwise. The logs are kept from rolling off by cleats or pins. The floor is made of logs split in half and placed with the flat side up. GEORGE E. S.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

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BELVIDERE, NEW JERSEY.

I thought the boys and girls might like to hear about the funniest singing school I ever attended or heard of. It was an old-fashioned "Yankee singin' skewl" of one hundred years ago. A lady and gentleman travel around getting them up. They take the best singers, and train them for their parts in a wonderfully short time. The large girls wore gowns "Dolly Varden" style, with their hair high on their heads, all puffed, curled, powdered, and trimmed with flowers and feathers. They looked very quaint and pretty. The smaller girls had their hair in four little tight braids, caught up with velvet ribbons. There were seven "maidens" dressed in pink, with big white mob-caps, aprons, kerchiefs, etc., and a cute little Quakeress and her Quaker lover. The boys wore George Washington costumes. The entertainment began by the "school-ma'am" ringing the school in with a cow-bell. The Dunce was the best part of the entertainment; he kept them in a roar all the time. They sang a great many old songs, "Yankee Doodle," "Twinkle, Little Star," "Seesaw," and "Auld Lang Syne" among the number. The audience laughed till their sides ached. I should advise you to go and hear them if you ever get a chance, as I am sure you will enjoy yourself. PEARL.

Thanks, dear, for your pretty description.

---

CHEBOYGAN, MICHIGAN.

I must tell you about a little boy who fell in the river and came pretty near getting drowned. He was trying to get a duck, and the ice broke and he fell into the water, and his cousin drew him out. A man fell in trying to get a boat. I am the brother of Effie H., who wrote and told you about the "Cabbage Chicken." I have taken up a new study; it is called geology, and I like it very much. Besides that I study French, history, reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, music, and writing. My papa is a lawyer. We have school in the house, and have a governess. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a year. I received it for a birthday present this year, but last year I got it for a prize at school. I must stop now, for it is almost time to recite my lessons. Your friend, ARTHUR.

Will Arthur tell Effie I send her my love?

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OLD SWAN, NEAR LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am ten years old, and thought I would write you a letter, as I see many others write. I am very pleased indeed with the paper. I must just tell you how I came to know about it. I have been ill lately, and a friend sent me a copy, and I was so delighted with it that I have been taking it in ever since. I hope you will find room for my letter. ABRAHAM I.

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LONDON, ENGLAND.

I wrote to you before, but I did not see it printed; I hope that this will be. How I first came to know about this paper was that my brother brought it home from one of the stalls at the railway station, and he asked me if I should like to take it in. I looked at it; then I said that I should, and I have taken it in ever since. I am a boy, and I am twelve years old. I go to school. I am in the fifth standard. I learn chemistry, arithmetic, geography, singing, grammar, and po-

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etry. I have only one pet, and that is a doe rabbit. I read the letters in the Post-office Box, and I like them very much. I have four brothers and two sisters; my oldest brother is at college, and he is coming home at Easter. I like "Archie's Adventures" very much. HERBERT C.

---

BOULDER, COLORADO.

My home is in a very pretty little city, surrounded on three sides by beautiful mountains and foot-hills. The weather here is delightful all the year round. We can hardly realize that we have had winter, although it has been so severe in almost every other place. Our principal amusement is skating, as we have a roller-skating rink, besides several lakes in and around the city. I have no pets, but I love my books dearly, and I have read quite a number, among them eight or nine of Charles Dickens's stories and nearly all of Miss Alcott's. These two are my favorite authors. I have just finished *The Mill on the Floss*, and think it is a very beautiful story. I also love to draw, although I have never taken a lesson. In looking up an article on "Drawing from Nature," I found just what I wanted in one of the back numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I do not attend school now, but hope to resume my studies in the fall. M. E. (age thirteen).

A taste for good reading is one of the very best gifts which any one can possess.

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Although I have written to you before, I hope my letter will be published. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from its first number, and like every story from "The Brave Swiss Boy" to "Rolf House." I read the Post-office Box with much interest. I would like Edith M. P., who writes from Shimlan, Mount Lebanon, Syria, to send me the address of her brother Theodore. I see so many girls and boys writing about the New Orleans Exposition that I thought I would write you something about the North Carolina State Exposition, though that is passed. In the Albemarle Section exhibit was the smoke-stack of the *Albemarle*; it is just riddled with bullets and shells. In another exhibit were the relics of Marshal Ney, who, tradition asserts, was *not* executed, but came over to North Carolina and lived in Rowan County. Our county (Forsyth) exhibit took the prize. I have never been out of North Carolina, though I would like to take a trip to New York and the larger cities. However, I am content to stay at home, as I think ours is a delightful old State.

DREW PATTERSON,
Box 65, Salem, North Carolina.

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MOUNT PLEASANT INSTITUTE, PENNSYLVANIA.

My home is in Baltimore. I have lived there all my life, until this fall, when I came here to school. I am to stay until next June. Mount Pleasant is surrounded by coke ovens, and of course that makes it very dirty and smoky, which is quite different from my home. I am very anxious for spring to come, as the time will be getting shorter, and I can feel that I am nearer vacation. I like to hear from St. Mary's Hospital and about Young People's Cot. BELLE T.

The Postmistress wishes we might all hear again from Aunt Edna, whose letters about Young People's Cot were so much appreciated by the little readers.

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The gentleman who received this letter from a little friend only ten years old very kindly sent it to the Postmistress:

BERGEN POINT, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR MR. D.,—Thanks ever so much for the "'gator." He is too funny for anything—not much like Jules Verne's "Saurians," though. Such a commotion as there was when he arrived! You would not think so much noise could be caused by one little alligator. Mamma is reading Tacitus, and dubbed him Tiberius at once; for, as she says, they both liked to be surrounded by water, and had an absorbing way of welcoming their friends. He has a great many names besides that, however. Baby calls him "that elevator 'Berius"; Jessie, "the pollywog"; Ethel, "dear little Crocky"; Alice, "baby Beery"; and the cook, "that slimy baste." We have lots of fun with him. One of the children sits by the pan all the time, "so the p-o-o-r little thing won't be lonely," and if any one enters the room, there is immediately a cry of "H'sh! Beery's asleep." Baby thinks it very strange he don't eat anything, and insists we are "starthing" him; she wanted to give him a chop this morning, and was very indignant when she couldn't. He seems to know just when we are talking of him; if asleep, he immediately opens his eyes and winks, as much as to say, "I know what you are saying." He isn't very lively, but I guess that's because it's so cold. What weather for an alligator! I hope when it is warmer he will be all right, however, and when you come out to see us this summer you will find him lively and contented. NELLIE.

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BOURNEMOUTH, HANTS, ENGLAND.

Some young people who read and are fond of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE think that perhaps some of their little friends may like to hear the account of some little patients I once had in the Children's Hip Hospital at R., and beg me to write you about "Little Minnie," whom they like the best.

"Little Minnie," as she was called, was nearly eleven years old, and quite an old inmate of the F Ward, which contained twelve tiny cots, and the same number of tiny chairs, and a wee table, just to suit the size of the little patients, who varied from two to five years old. Sometimes older children were taken in the ward, but not often. Both of Minnie's hips were diseased, so she suffered a great deal of pain, but she never complained of having to lie on her back so long. All the children were very, very fond of her, and one little boy named Joey, who was two years old, used to sit on the bed beside her, and, like a playful kitten, unwind and ravel her wool and cotton that she worked with. Minnie was very clever at fancy-work, and could read beautifully. Some young people used to make scrap-books of colored linen or chintz, and paste pretty cards and pictures from old illustrated papers on them, and they pleased the children immensely. Minnie would help teach the dear little children their morning and evening hymns. It was very amusing sometimes to see them crowding round the cot where Minnie lay, when she had had a box brought to her, for they knew there was a nice large sponge-cake inside, and oranges and nice things, and good little Minnie used to share generously all round. After a few days of more than usual suffering, the dear child was moved, and taken into another ward, where the patients were older. But she did not linger many days; she said she knew she was going to live with Jesus, and would be free from pain then; and so she passed away, and the little sunbeam of the ward went to be happy in her heavenly home.

If you think the readers will be interested in this little story, dear Postmistress, will you be good enough to put it in the Post-office Box for us?—that is, if you can find a corner, for there are so many nice, pretty little letters written to you. I send my little sister your paper, she is so fond of it. E. A. B.

Many thanks for this letter, which you were very kind to write.

---

BODINEVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am nine years old. I go to school. I study the Third Reader, arithmetic, writing, spelling, and geography. My uncle made me a present of this delightful paper. I am very much interested in "Rolf House." My father made me a present of a pair of roller skates; don't you think they were nice? KATIE H. G.

I hope you will meet with no accident on your fascinating skates, my dear.

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PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

My papa took me to New York one day last week, and we had a pleasant time. I crossed the Brooklyn Bridge in the cars, and returned to take the elevated road for Harlem Bridge. I was frightened when I saw how high I was looking out of the window. In the afternoon I spent my time at the Eden Musée. Ugh! how that wax policeman frightened me as he stood at the box-office! I like the story of "Rolf House" and "Archie's Adventures." ESSIE W.

How charming it is for a little girl to go off on a journey with her papa! I am glad you had so delightful a time.

---

POTSDAM, NEW YORK.

We are two little girls, and live up here in the wilds of northern New York, where in the winter it is terribly cold, but where there is nice coasting. In the month of May the landscape is lovely here, as it is, indeed, through all the summer, and especially when the leaves are changing from green to crimson and yellow in October. We girls are not sisters, but are very dear friends. We had a cat named Grover Cleveland, and it got lost, and so now we think Striped Beauty the dearest cat that ever was. VIOLET and PANSY.

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COOPER'S PLAINS, NEW YORK.

I am seven years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE four years. I love to hear the stories and read the letters. I have a sister and brother, both younger than myself. Our mamma died three years ago, and we went to live with grandpa and grandma. One year ago grandpa died, so now grandma, Mary, Charlie, and I live together. We do not go to school, but Cousin Annie teaches us at home. I have never written you before, but hope you will print this. Good-by. HELEN M. C.

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**EXCHANGES.**—I want to remind the young people that we can not accept exchanges which are written in pencil. Please write very plainly, and use black ink. Do not send them on the same sheet of paper with your letters or puzzles, but always give the exchange a sheet of its own, with nothing else written upon it.

Be careful to write your exchange out definitely. I will give you an example:

Stamps, curiosities, and relics, for fossils, pressed ferns, and flower seeds.
J. C. B., Arcadia, U.S.A.

In this case J. C. B. names in the first place what he has to dispose of, and in the second place, what he wishes to receive in return.

Never, for instance, say that you have stamps, fossils, and curiosities, for *offers*. The rules of the Exchange column will oblige the editor to omit it if you send it in this form. State as precisely as you can what particular things you prefer to obtain.

If you will read with care the notice from the Publishers, which appears every week, in connection with the Exchange columns, you will see that you are advised to write for particulars in all cases to the address you may select, and wait for a reply before effecting an exchange.

Please be careful to write your post-office address in full—town, county, and State.

Make your exchange as brief as possible.

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

CONCEALED FLOWERS.

One day, when the mercury was down to zero, Seth asked me to go up in King's Grove with him. Father said "No; it is too cold there for you boys now. Ball up this snow on the piazza; that will be fun enough." Seth was queer. My name is David, but he always calls me Da-Da. He would say, "Da-Da, is your head level today?" One day Mat asked him for some candy. He said, "Make some. Get some pans, young Da-Da, and a little molasses; we will freeze some." But what is up? I saw Emma rig old Elsie in a black bonnet and shawl. Is her old master dead? Tell the admiral the axe is ground. Strike the cymbal, Sam; we are going to march to the woods. Boaz, a lean old dog of Sam's, was ahead, my sister Ana next. "Be vigilant, Ana," said Seth, "and you may see a snake. There's a cow! Slip down the bank, and she can not see you. Sam Wilcox, comb your hair; don't you see girls coming?" "I see the spire and windows of a church. Where are we going?" "Oh, we are all right. See that gent? I anticipate some fun. Sir, do you fancy clam entertainments?" "Do you mean chowder or bake, and where is it?" said the man. "It is in the future tense yet," said Sam. "But I see there is plenty of sauce. None of yours, if you please. I would like to dress you a little warmer; you are too thinly clad. Ah, liar! you are also a coward," as Seth jumped away from a savage-looking dog. Ana was terribly frightened, but the man smiled at her, and said, "Let us have peace universal. Viamede don't bite." "Oh," said Seth, "I beg pardon; I was only joking. I see I made a mistake."

### No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am unusual, and am composed of 13 letters.
My 8, 5, 3, 1 is an index of time.
My 13, 1, 5, 7 is a period of time.
My 12, 11, 13 is an attribute of light.
My 6, 7, 8, 1, 12 may be brought out of chaos.
My 3, 7, 5, 8, 1 is a means of exchange.
My 3, 4, 5, 13 is an article of service.
My 13, 6, 4, 1 is of olden time.
My 1, 8, 9, 3, 6, 4 is a teacher by the pen.
My 6, 7, 5, 3, 6, 7 is a teacher by the voice.
My 3, 5, 2, 11, 3, 9, 5, 10 is necessary, but unpleasant.
My 8, 1, 2, 3, 1, 12, 9, 3, 13 is skill and cleverness.
My 2, 1, 10, 9, 11 is a city in Ohio.
My 1, 2, 9, 3 is to go out. LESTER S. HALE.

### No. 3.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. Not gay. 3. A girl's name. 4. A place inhabited by animals. 5. A letter.

2.—1. A letter. 2. A boy's name. 3. Something for measuring time. 4. A great luxury in summer. 5. A letter. CORA and NELLY S.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 283

No. 1.—Pussy-willow. Blue-bell.

No. 2.—Fire—fir. Polka—polk. Cane—can. Song—son. Boat—boa. Homer—home. Brown—brow. Lace—lac. Baby—bab. Linen—line.

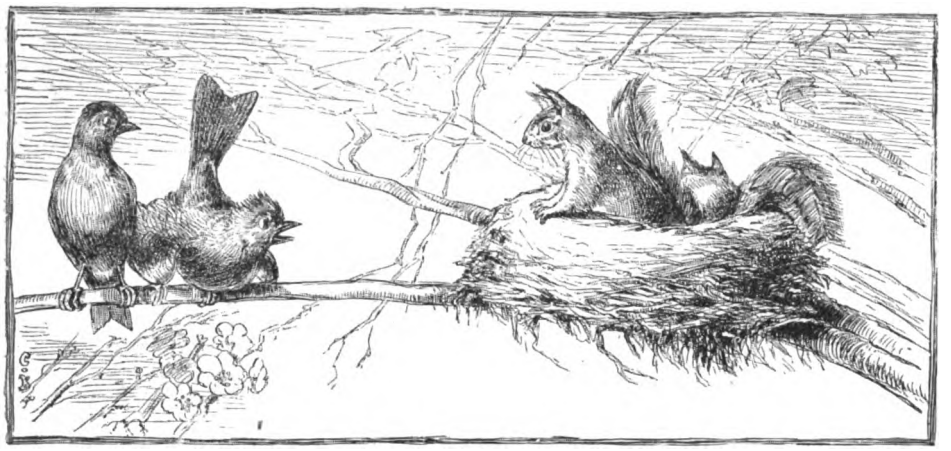
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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Henry and Vinie Spencer, Maggie Pursel Coppens, Charles Wilkinson, Willie G. Jennings, Lottie Sims, Arthur J. S., Theresa R. Hartwell, Frank Niel, Richard L. Johnson, Carrie M. New, Cockade City, Ignacio Vedo, Martin Greencastle, Ellen James, Henry Thompson, John R. Thurston, Luella Greene, and Tom Kaspar.

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[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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ROBBED OF THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

## FUR HOUSEKEEPERS IN FEATHER HOMES.

IT was very disappointing, no doubt, to the feathered housekeepers represented in the above picture, on their return from their winter holiday, to find the old homestead in possession of a family of squirrels, but folks who go far away on a jaunt should lock and bar their houses securely, or take the consequences.

An English gentleman relates that a cat belonging to a neighboring farmer attempted to raise her family of five kittens in an unused magpie's nest at the top of a lofty elm-tree. Things went on very well until the little ones began to feel that they would like to see something of the world. Then they ventured on the lofty bough of the tree, and being untaught to climb, they fell to the ground and perished.

One would have thought that the mother would be inconsolable for such a loss, especially as her devotion was such that she had almost stripped herself of fur for the purpose of lining the nest, making herself a pitiable object to behold. But no; she soon returned to her old home at the farm-house, and seemed to have entirely forgotten how she once kept house in an elm-tree, and the sad circumstances connected therewith.

## GEOGRAPHY MADE EASY.

THOSE who have to study geography hardly give a thought to the people who have to make it. Indeed, to talk about "making" geography seems absurd. For are not the mountains now where they have been for ages? do not the rivers—most of them, at least—flow in their old courses? But who is it that gives a name to the river and to the mountain?

A very amusing story is told about some explorers whom the French government sent into the country of Kairwan, in Africa. They did not go for the hunting, nor for the renown that attends the fortunate discoverer. They went for the commonplace purpose of making a geography (with maps) of the country.

On their return they exhibited their maps, and when these were examined it was found that mountains and valleys, rivers and ruins, were named "Ma' arifsch." As, in fact, the greater number of names were this unmusical word, the explorers were questioned, and they declared that when they asked the natives, in Arabic, what is the name of that mountain or this river, the reply was nearly always, "Ma' arifsch." Alas! the explorers' knowledge of Arabic was very small. They had learned how to ask a question, but they had not learned the Arabic for that common answer, "Don't know." So these mountains and rivers and ruins were all set down in the map with the interesting name "Don't Know"—"Don't Know Mountain," "Don't Know River," etc.

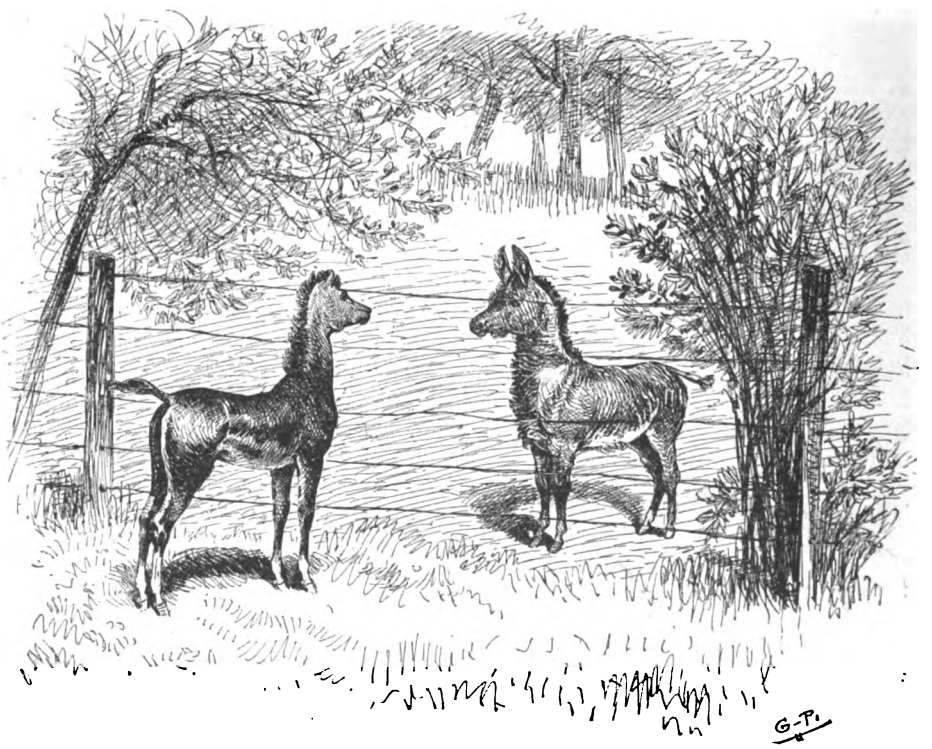
If this system of naming were only carried out to its full extent, how easy it would be to get a perfect geography lesson!

## VERY TRUE.

BY M. E.

WHEN she heard the Dandelions and the Daisies were the fashion,
The pale pink Rose to crimson turned, she was in such a passion.
"Those common things! with nothing fine nor beautiful about them!
Why, *I* have always thought," she said, "the world could do without them."

"Proud Rose," a Daisy answer made, "though you're so high above us,
The world does not agree with you, for many praise and love us.
And with all due humility your greater charms confessing,
I'll frankly say to have no *thorns* I think is quite a blessing."



DISTANT RELATIONS.

"Well, you *are* a queer little chappie, ain't you!—all ears and no legs."
"And *you* are the quaintest little fellow I ever met—all legs and no ears."

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 287. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




BEAUTIFUL EYES.—HEAD FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 402.


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## BEAUTIFUL EYES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

TULIPS, my dear, are a lofty race,
Wearing their honors with haughty grace,
Worth a king's ransom in days of old,
When glitter of jewel and glow of gold
Paled and dimmed at the brilliant dyes
Which likened the tulip to beautiful eyes.

You fancy the tulips a trifle prim,
Gayly arrayed, yet stiff and trim—
Not to be tempted to whim or freak,
Though flecked so richly in tint and streak.
Better, you think, is the errant vine,
Ready to clamber and twist and twine.

Let me whisper a secret in your ear
Before the tulips have time to hear.
Once, I am told, they were seen at court,
Were the fashion, too, though their reign was short.
Perhaps they copied the high-bred air
Of the dainty ladies who queened it there
In the height of the stately minuet,
When the powdered wig and the patch were met,
When the squire bent low in a bow profound,
And the courtesying maiden swept the ground.

Beautiful eyes, the tulips say,
As I gaze in their painted cups to-day—
Beautiful eyes, where soft dreams dwell,
And witchery weaves its magic spell.
The satin petals are quick to fade,
But the bright eyes beam through sun and shade,
Wondrously winning, sweet, and mild
When they speak the soul of a darling child.

Oh, Kathie dear, with the silken hair,
The innocent brow so pure and fair,
With dimples forever at hide-and-seek
On the merry mouth and the nut-brown cheek,
You are sweeter far than the tulip flower,
Which still reminds of your peerless dower,
For, whether clouded or clear the skies,
There's always light in your beautiful eyes.

## ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,
AUTHOR OF "NAN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

AN UNPLEASANT ENCOUNTER.

FARQUHARS had decided quite unexpectedly to take up their abode for a few months at Rolf House, and one March afternoon Nan and Joan came back from an expedition into Beverley with the news that they had seen the family arrive: two or three van-loads of trunks and household belongings had preceded the carriage from the house, and a hack from the depot containing the family, Bob and Betty hanging out of the windows of the hack, with their mischievous countenances full of interest and curiosity in all that they saw.

Jim Powers was also in attendance on one of the vans, and had recognized the two little Rolfs as they passed by, smiling sarcastically upon Nan, who felt herself trembling and coloring scarlet, as she walked by in dignified silence.

Nothing took any of the Beachcroft household into Beverley for some days after this, but David Travers brought news now and then, he having been "kept on" with the old gardener at Beverley, who was very fond of him, and occasionally having to help at Rolf House, heard and saw more than he cared to tell.

Mrs. Farquhar carried out her intention of "renovating," and before two weeks had gone by the dear old rooms were completely altered: the things that had been so long and comfortably in use stowed away in the garret, and a great deal of expensive although gaudy-looking furniture substituted. Bob and Betty had ransacked the house from top to bottom, before they consented to settle down to anything like a regular life, and Nan would have shivered could she have seen them pulling open closet doors and drawers, sliding down the balusters, and hammering away in the stables and attic. A great longing for a look at the old place so possessed Nan that one day when in Beverley with Joan she persuaded her to walk in that direction, but the result was not what they had expected. Coming around the corner with quickened steps the two girls suddenly encountered Bob and Betty rushing at full speed after a cat they had given chase to from the stable-yard.

"Hello!" was Bob's greeting, and stopping short, he put his hands in his pockets and stared with the old vindictive glare at Nan. Joan returned Betty's glance with the most exasperating smile.

"How do you do?" she said, calmly. "You are the little girl and boy who visited us in College Street once, aren't you? I never shall forget it." And Joan rolled her eyes up as if the recollection was too much for words to express.

The "little girl and boy" looked decidedly angry.

"Guess you won't, Miss Joan Rolf," said Bob. "I remember it too; I never forget anything, as Nan here knows. I remember you shut me up in the coal cellar for a whole hour. I never paid you off, but I can *now*. So we've got your house, Miss Goody," the boy added, in a higher key, "and I tell you we're making a fine place of it. All the old traps are just carted out, and lots of new furniture and fixings all around."

He laughed with delight on seeing the effect of his intelligence upon Nan, but he had no idea that he could not have chosen a way of hurting her more. Tears sprang into her eyes. The dear old house all changed! Nan's was one of those deep warm natures loyal to all loving associations, and as true to the surroundings of a place she had been happy in as to the people who made her so. She had a passionate fondness for everything in Rolf House. Not a chair or a table could she have banished. And she well knew what the Farquhars could do. Bob's few words presented a picture which made her sick at heart.

How they got back and into the horse-cars for Beachcroft she scarcely knew, so full of regret and pain was the poor child's heart, and once alone in her own room, she flung herself on her bed, crying as though her heart would break, and ejaculating with every fresh burst of weeping, "Oh, Aunt Letty! Aunt Letty! If *only* she could have left Rolf House in other hands!" But quiet came at last. Nan had to remember that there was a great deal to do here; that, after all, the little home was bright and cheerful. Phyl's voice from her room calling "Nan," startled her, and she bathed her eyes and smoothed her hair, glad of the soft spring twilight that hid her woe-begone looks from Phyllis.

The elder girl was sitting up, as usual, on her lounge; her lap was full of silks, the colors showing even in the dusk, and Nan saw that she had been hard at work.

"This cushion must be off to-morrow, Nan," she said. "Do you think you can work a little on it this evening?"

Nan answered with unusual briskness, but Phyllis was quick to detect that she had been crying.

"Poor old girl," she said, drawing the little tear-stained face down to her and kissing it tenderly; "don't you sup-

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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pose I know all that troubles you? Never mind, Nan. Instead of doing for other people merely with money, you can do it now so much better with words and deeds."

Phyllis of late days had seemed to know just what to say to comfort Nan the soonest. She never reproached her little cousin, or seemed surprised that she sometimes found her heart very heavy, but contrived to put her back into a more hopeful frame of mind, and seemed to make duty a genuine pleasure.

By the time Laura came in with Phyl's lamp Nan was talking and laughing gayly over the package of work to be sent the next day to New York, their first "orders," and of which both the workers had good reason to be proud. Nan's brain had been busy devising novelties, or working out hints she had found in books on needlework. Mrs. Apsley had driven over again from Beverley to "talk up" the class, and on the Wednesday following it was to begin, three pupils having been found in Beverley and two in Beachcroft.

Phyllis was secretly pleased by the thought that their arrangements might be perfected before Lance came home. If he saw things in such good working order, he would be less likely to interfere with the undertaking.

He was expected in about two weeks. How surprised the little party who, as usual, gathered together for an hour in Phyl's room that evening would have been could they have looked in at that moment upon the library at Brightwoods!

Two boys, tall for their sixteen and seventeen years, were standing near the fire-place. They had arrived in New York that morning, and in response to a letter received from Annie Vandort, were to stay all night at Brightwoods before going on to the new home at Beachcroft.

Two years had wonderfully developed both lads, although in a different direction. Lance had grown brighter, keener, and more self-asserting. The lines of his handsome olive-tinted face, the gleam in his fine dark eyes, the ready smile which took away all sombreness in his expression, were little changed since his more boyish days; but travel and association with boys much older and more advanced than himself had made him manly in advance of his years. Philip seemed to have left behind him much of the rough independence of spirit and manner which had belonged to his life at home. Study and higher associations had developed him into a quiet, thoughtful lad, with rather shy manners, and in spite of his being very tall and well made for his years, his fair face, blue eyes, and curly rings of light hair were as boyish as ever, and it seemed hard to realize that for a whole year he had actually been ahead of Lance in study.

Philip, however, would not have allowed any one to comment upon this. In his eyes Lance Rolf was all that a hero could ever be.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE "KNIGHTS-ERRANT."

ANNIE VANDORT'S motive had been a wise one in asking the boys to spend a night at Brightwoods before going home. She and her mother had talked it all over. Annie had told Mrs. Vandort all about the little household, the Emporium, and sketched the different members of the family party so graphically that Mrs. Vandort seemed to see them all before her, and she heartily approved of Annie's letter to Lance.

They had met both boys the year before in Paris, and Annie as well as her mother knew how Lance, with his free, careless belief in the "family" and the future, which he had inherited from his father, and his own quick sensitive pride, would suffer in the present condition of things.

"We can make it so much easier all around by seeing him here first," Annie had said, and Mrs. Vandort fully agreed with her. Therefore a letter from her had brought them home two weeks earlier, and at Sandy Hook had come the invitation to Brightwoods.

The boys knew only vaguely of the changes at Beverley. Phyllis had insisted that the brightest side of the picture should be presented to the absent ones, yet a strong impression that things were not quite as comfortable as was represented had impressed Philip from the first, and his fears were communicated to Lance.

Annie, coming into the library as bright and cheerful as a May morning, seemed to give the young travellers new courage.

"*Well*," she said, shaking hands cordially with each, "here are our two knights-errant come back! How glad they will be to see you!"

Lance's dark cheek flushed. "I feel as if there was no time to be lost," he said, quickly; "but it was so good of you to ask us first to come here."

"Oh, of course," said Annie, gayly, "there was so much to tell you about. Now tea will be ready in a few moments, and my father likes us all to be prompt, so suppose you go to your room now, and later we'll have our talk?"

The boys were completely captivated by the kindness of their welcome; by sweet Annie's manner, her way of setting Philip at his ease as no one else ever had, of dispelling Lance's gloomy forebodings, and seeming to brighten the whole future. They followed her upstairs, and were ushered into the large luxurious room made ready for them, and once alone, both broke into praises of Miss Vandort.

"Did you ever see any one half as nice?" Lance exclaimed. Then he added, after an instant's reflection, "That's the sort of girl our Nan will be. And yet she thinks she's nobody because she isn't a great scholar."

The boys were very much brighter when they came down again, meeting Colonel and Mrs. Vandort, and thoroughly enjoying the evening meal, half dinner, half supper, during which conversation was made as pleasant as possible for them, young Dr. Barlow coming in before they left the table, and declaring himself well pleased to be among the first to welcome their return.

After tea Lance sat down with Mrs. Vandort and Annie at one end of the library. He was eager to hear an account of Beachcroft.

"You know how it is," he said. "We boys were just going on at school day after day, and they never told us much of anything in the letters from home. I had a sort of an idea that my father's affairs were getting pretty bad, but I didn't know anything definitely—"

Lance broke off suddenly, with a strained look about his eyes, which his listeners understood. Annie, carefully and with great tact told him the story of the accident; of the investigation into his father's affairs; of the conclusion, after most painstaking search, that Miss Rolf's last existing will was the one made fifteen years before, and which left everything to the Farquhars.

"But," said Lance, "she had always seemed to make it so clear that Nan was to be like her own child."

"I know," said Annie, "and we all think, and so does Mr. Jeness's partner, that she intended making a new will directly after she had bought that property at Ramstollora. Phyllis says that all the time Nan was in New York Miss Rolf had been planning a surprise for her. She intended buying a house and grounds at Ramstollora for a summer house for poor children. Nan had been so interested in the subscriptions for giving a few days or weeks country air to poor children that Miss Rolf thought nothing would please her more than the chance of establishing a permanent place of the kind. She had talked about her will, Mr. Jeness's partner said, and expressed her intention of settling it that day when they went down to look at the place she meant to buy. However, she had destroyed any previous will since she had made up her mind to make a new one."

"I suppose so," Lance said, rather dejectedly. But he

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"NAN FLUNG HERSELF ON HER BED, CRYING AS THOUGH HER HEART WOULD BREAK."

brightened up when Annie told him how contented the Beachcroft party seemed, and how Dr. Rogers had decided that the very best thing for Phyllis was the sort of work she had undertaken.

"Don't you see," Annie explained, "if Phyl had nothing to occupy her mind, she would just grieve over the state of things, and make herself much worse. You don't know how lovely she is now, Lance. I declare she is a lesson for every one. And as for our little Nan—well, she is just a darling!"

"Nan!" said Lance; "I should think so. There never was any one just like Nan. She's so full of fun and high spirits, and yet she always has the sweetest temper about everything."

Annie laughed. "Just wait," she said. "You should see what a perfect surprise to every one Laura has been. She told me one day that she had never known what it was to be really happy before."

Philip had meanwhile been talking to Dr. Barlow. Lance was his theme. He told of his companion's successes at school, and how his whole heart was set on studying medicine.

"But of course," said Philip, "he can't make up his mind to anything now."

Dr. Barlow, however, was not so sure of this. He knew how anxious the Vandorts were to do anything they could to promote the Rolfs' interests, and before bedtime he had contrived to have a talk with Lance, which decided him to do all that he could to find the means whereby the boy could begin his medical studies.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## FERNS.

BY SOPHIA B. HERRICK.

OUT in the pleasant woods, where the shade is so thick that the sun can not manage to get through the leaves to dry up the moisture, the ferns love to grow; they delight in mossy dells and dripping rocks and gently rippling streams, and about such places you will be most likely to find them large and fine.

Did you ever notice the little fern leaf as it lifts its head above the grass? It comes up, all curled up, hugging itself up close to keep warm, it would seem. Pretty soon the coil begins to loosen, and the stem to straighten itself out, and the little leaves to unfold and stretch themselves in the sweet air and sunshine (Fig. 1.)

Every child and very nearly every grown person who roams the woods for wild flowers learn to love ferns: their fresh, bright, green and delicate leaves make up for the want of blossoms. Some of them droop and fade very quickly in water, but others stay fresh for a long time, and make a beautiful bouquet of themselves, or with bright autumn leaves. Nothing else that grows is so beautiful and natural when pressed as fern leaves; perhaps that is why every one is tempted to gather them.

Ferns, like the liverworts and mosses, do not bear flowers. Let us take any common fern and examine it. On the back of the leaf, if it is late enough in the season, you will find some patches which look like rust. On some leaves these splotches are spotted regularly over the leaf, or along lines; on others they form a lace-like pattern; on others, again, they are dotted around the edge, as in the maiden-hair fern (Fig. 2). When you look closely at this rust it looks like a sort of powder, but the minute you put it under a magnifying-glass you see how curious it is. Every grain of the dust is a little roundish case full of brown specks. The cases are sacs to hold the spores. These spores, you remember, are a kind of seed, each one capable of producing a new plant. Nearly surrounding the sac is what looks like a necklace of clear beads; these beads are really a row of thick small cells that draw together as the whole case dries, and finally split open the case and let the spores free (Fig. 3 *b*).

Different ferns have various kinds of spore cases; almost all of them grow in some sort of a pocket. Some fern leaves have shallow pockets on each side of the middle vein or stem that runs through the leaf; others have their edges doubled over to form the pockets. The maiden-hair fern has, as you know, beautiful polished black stems, and shield-shaped leaves. In each scallop at the top of the leaf is a pocket full of spore cases, which looks, to your naked eye, like an ornamental dot to improve the appearance of the leaf.

If you happen to have any of the creeping Hartford fern, which is used so much for decoration, examine it, and you will see that it has all along the stem large leaves with

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Fig. 1.—Young Fern Leaf uncoiling.

tocratic members of society in the vegetable world: they are classed with mosses and liverworts and other flowerless plants. But in their own class they stand highest; they are the first, numbering from the lowest upward, which have real roots, roots with a root-cap, and the curious air-vessels running through them, such as we saw in the corn. Some of these air-vessels are wonderfully beautiful.

Did you never notice when you broke a tough green juicy stem of a plant, how some threads seemed to break hardest, and hung out of the broken end of the stem as if they had been stretched longer than the rest of it. These strings are the air-vessels: I would like to show you how beautiful they are when we look at them through a microscope. These fibres help to strengthen the plant, as your muscles do your body, and they are at the same time air-passages, muscles, and lungs in one. Every leaf and stem and root in all the plants that have flowers or fruit, in all the forest trees—in fact, in every plant higher (not in size, but in kind) than the mosses—is full of these wonderful and beautiful air-vessels.

Since I can not show you the vessels themselves, I will do the best I can, and show the likeness of a bundle of them taken out of a fern leaf some time ago and put under the microscope (Fig. 4). Is not it wonderful that so much beauty should be hidden away in every leaf and stem and blade of grass where no one ever suspected it, until of late years men have found it?

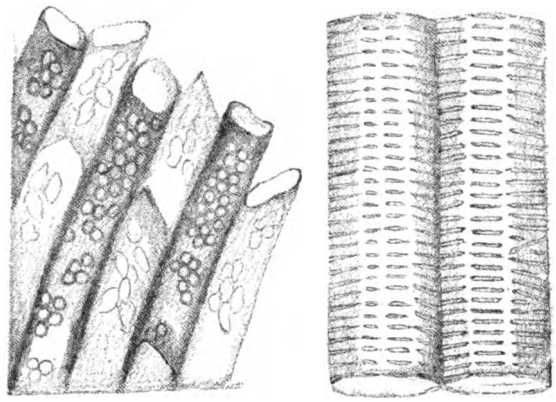


Fig. 4.—Air-Vessels (Magnified).

Now let us take one of these tiny spores and drop it on the damp earth and see what happens. The spore swells with soaking up the water, one side cracks open, and after a while a little bit of a white head, something like the end of a white worm, pushes itself out. As this grows it sets up partition walls, making new cells on every side, till finally we have a little thin, flat, pale green leaf lying close against the ground (Fig. 5, A). It holds to the ground, and sucks its moisture by thread-like root hairs growing from the lower side. On the upper side, after a while, little knobs begin to show, dotting the leaf irregularly. Under the magnifying-glass these dots are seen to be of two kinds. One kind has within it a round body (Fig. 5, *a*), the ovule; the other, a number of little whip-cases, such as the mosses and liverworts have (Fig. 5, *b*). This leaf, with these tiny knobs, are all the fern has in place of flowers. The ovule is like those inside and beneath the pistil of a geranium or pansy, the whip-cases are the stamens, and the whips are the pollen of this poor little make-shift of a flower.

When the ovule is ripe and the whips completely grown, the knob opens; the opening above the ovule (Fig. 5, *a*) is filled with mucilage, which catches any of the unwary little whips (Fig. 5, *c*) lashing about in the water where the leaf is growing. A partnership is formed between the whip and an ovule, and together they grow into a true seed. This seed then acts like any other seed, sprouts, sends out leaves and roots, and we have a fern plant. In ordinary plants



Fig. 2.
Leaf with Pockets; Spore Cases on Back.

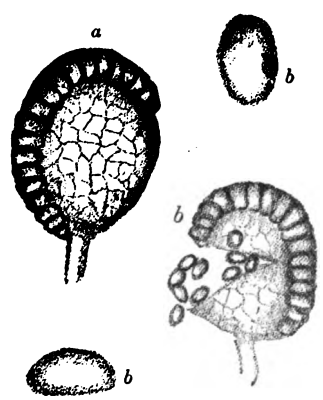


Fig. 3.—*a*, Spore Case and Spores; *b*, Spore Case split open.

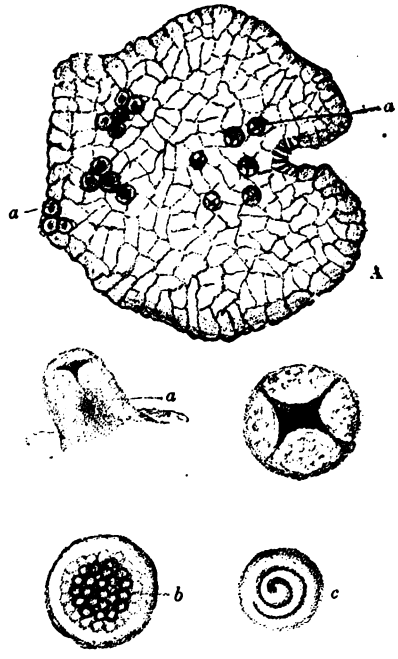


Fig. 5.—*a*, First Leaf, with Ovule Cases; *b*, Whip Cases; *c*, Whips.

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the roots and stems and leaves grow first, and then comes the flower which bears the seed. In the mosses and ferns the part that stands in the place of a flower grows all by itself and produces its seed; this then grows into a plant, and bears spores, which are rather like tiny slips or buds from the plant than like seed. These, in their turn, produce the little "first leaf," and so it goes on, two distinct and separate growths being necessary to fill out the whole life of every single plant of the fern family.

## A GOOD WORD FOR RATTLESNAKES.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

"BUT of all *mean* things, I think the meanest is a rattlesnake."

"Do you?"

The boys had been telling each other splendid bear stories, and from those had wandered on into stories about all sorts of animals, till Horace wound up with this criticism on snakes. It was Uncle James who came in quietly and said, "Do you?" in that very quiet tone which the boys knew meant that he did not agree with them.

"Why, Uncle Jim, you don't like rattlesnakes, do you?"

"No," said Uncle Jim, slowly, throwing himself into an arm-chair by the fire, and knocking the ashes from his cigar; "I can't say I am especially fond of rattlesnakes; but you must give everybody his due. And, after all, you know, the rattlesnake is a gentleman."

"Why, Uncle Jim! have you forgotten how near Johnnie was to a rattlesnake once, and how mamma fainted away when she heard it, and how papa hurried out to kill it?"

"No," said Uncle Jim, composedly; "I haven't forgotten how near Johnnie was to the snake; but the rest of you seem to have forgotten how easily he got away from it."

The boys looked at each other silently.

"But that," explained Rob, who was the eldest, and therefore the most logical, "was because Johnnie was so brave and quiet and self-possessed, and didn't scream or poke at the snake, but just crept quietly past him. You said so yourself, Uncle Jim."

"Yes, it was because Johnnie was so self-possessed. But would any of your royal tigers or noble lions or splendid bears have waited quietly to see whether Johnnie was going to be self-possessed or not? I don't believe any of them would have let a little boy creep within a foot of his nose, and waited just to see whether he was going to poke at them first. But the rattlesnake just coiled himself up and waited. Johnnie didn't poke, and so the snake didn't strike. I acknowledge that he is a very sensitive gentleman, and if his honor had been touched—a rattlesnake's honor is his skin, you know—he would have struck back pretty hard without stopping to think whether you meant to hit him. He wouldn't let himself be trampled on, that is very certain. But then neither would you nor I."

Again the boys looked at each other silently.

"Would you like to hear a story about a rattlesnake?"

"Of course we would."

"If it is a true story," added the logical Robert.

"I can't vouch for its being true; but it was told to me as true, and it is not an impossible story. A gentleman out hunting had just raised his gun to his shoulder when he heard a snake's rattle behind him. He waited just a second, he was so anxious to secure his game; but he heard the snake rattle again, and thought it best to step aside. There was the snake, a little distance behind him, coiled and waiting. The man had been in its path. As soon as it saw that he had heard its warning, and stepped politely aside, the snake slowly uncoiled, and glided past him on its way. And the gentleman says, whenever he tells the story, that he never felt so mean in his life as when he lifted his gun again and shot that snake in the back."

"I should think he would!" exclaimed the boys, indignantly, their sympathies now all enlisted on the other side.

"But, Uncle Jim," said the logical Rob, "wouldn't *you* have shot him? If you saw a rattlesnake anywhere, even if he wasn't doing anybody any harm, wouldn't you kill him?"

"Certainly."

"Well, that isn't the way you treat a gentleman."

Uncle Jim smiled. "That is true, Rob. Perhaps I should not have said that the rattlesnake is a gentleman, but only that he is more gentlemanly than a lion, or a tiger, or a bear, or a skunk. He is a little too sensitive about his honor, of course. A true gentleman will wait to see whether you meant to strike him before he strikes back. But he never begins an attack; he never runs after you; he can only jump his own length, and he is not very long, and he can't jump at all till he has waited to coil himself all up in a ball. He has very little chance with a man who can walk and throw stones, and he will never take what little chance he has without giving you warning with his rattles that he is going to strike if he can."

"Then why are people so afraid of rattlesnakes, Uncle Jim?"

"Because if they do strike, their poison is so likely to prove fatal, and there is always danger, of course, that you will step upon one in the long grass without seeing him—an insult which the rattlesnake never forgives, however little you may have intended it. But if you are only a foot away from him when you see him, you are safe. Step back a little and you have nothing to fear. I read once in a book of adventure of a man who climbed a tree to escape from a rattlesnake, and had to stay there all night. It was a very effective story, but he was a very foolish man."

"I should think he was!" laughed the boys.

"Oh, you laugh now; but half an hour ago I think very likely some of you boys might have been climbing trees to escape rattlesnakes. All you need really do, if you haven't already offended the snake, when you see him, is to walk quietly down the road, though you had better stop and kill him first. He won't kill you. Don't you remember that Johnnie hadn't space enough to walk away in? that he had to crawl? and still the snake did not touch him."

That night when papa came home, he did not know what to make at first of the chorus of boys that greeted him: "Oh, papa, didn't you feel real mean when you killed that splendid snake that was so kind to Johnnie?"

## TOM'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

I.

"IT'S no use, boys; I can't stand it any longer;" and Tom Gibson leaned against the fence in front of four of his most intimate friends, assuming such an attitude as he believed should be taken by a very badly abused boy.

"What is it now?" asked little Dwight Holden, in a very unsympathetic tone, much as if he did not believe Tom's troubles to be so very severe.

"It's the same thing every day, till I'm all worn out," and Tom wiped his dry eyes with his jacket sleeve, more to show how heavy his heart was than from any necessity. "I have to 'tend that ugly baby every time when there's a good game of ball or I-spy going on; an' if it does

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happen that I get out for a day's fun, I have to lug wood an' water after I get home till my arms are just ready to drop off. But I'm through now, an' that's all there is to it."

"What 'll you do?" and Kirk Masters continued to eat a very small and very green apple in a way that showed how much more intent he was upon his limited feast than upon his friend's wrongs.

"I know what I *can* do," said Tom, with a shake of his head that was intended should convey the idea of great mystery, and in this attempt he was remarkably successful. His friends had heard of his troubles before, and it was an old story; but the fact that he had formed some plan which he intended should be kept a secret was sufficient to arouse all their curiosity. Dwight was as eager as he had been apathetic, Kirk's apple seemed suddenly to have lost its flavor, and the entire group of boys gathered around Tom very closely, as if fearful lest they should lose some portion of the wonderful secret they were certain he was about to tell them.

"I am not sure that I dare to tell you," said Tom, in a mysterious whisper, and the boys knew at once that he was ready to tell them all. "You see, if my folks should know what I'm going to do, that would spoil everything."

"But what *are* you going to do?" persisted Kirk, whose interest in his apple was now wholly gone.

"Promise that you won't ever tell."

In an instant every boy had vowed that he would keep the secret, and after assuring himself that there was no other person near who might hear him, Tom began,

"I'm going to run away."

The little circle of listeners gazed at the bold boy in almost breathless astonishment, and Tom, fully enjoying the sensation he had caused, continued his story after first pausing sufficiently long to note the effect which his announcement had upon his hearers.

"Yes, I'm going, and you just better believe that I'll go so far away that nobody 'll ever find me. I've stood this working around home just as long as I can, and I'll show my folks what it is to treat a boy the way they've treated me."

"But where are you going, Tom?"

"That part of it I'm not going to tell," said Tom, with a decided shake of the head, preferring to seem cruel rather than confess that he had no idea as to where he should go to escape the tyranny of his parents. "I'll leave here some night, hide under the bridge at Rankin's brook till morning, and then go to some place where none of the folks around here will ever find me."

"But what makes you hide under Rankin's bridge all night?" asked Dwight Holden, curiously.

"So's I'll be all ready to start just as soon's it's daylight, of course."

"I don't see what you want to do that for," persisted Dwight. "You could sleep at home all night, and then start from there as early as you wanted to. Nobody would think of stopping you, for they'd believe you were just going to the pasture."

Tom was puzzled, just for an instant, as to how he should answer the question, and then realizing that it would never do for a boy who was about to run away from home to confess that he did not fully understand his own plans, he answered, with a great show of dignity:

"Don't you bother. I think I know what I'm about. I've got to sleep under Rankin's bridge the night I run away, or else the thing wouldn't work."

The vagueness of the plan gave it a greater charm in the eyes of Tom's friends. If it had been a simple scheme of running away, and they had understood it in all its details, it would have seemed dull and commonplace compared to what it was when it was so essential that Tom should sleep under the bridge the night previous to his leaving home forever.

Tom Gibson thoroughly enjoyed the sensation he was causing, and was by no means disposed to leave his friends before whom he was posing as a hero. He did his best to be mysterious both in speech and action, and would have continued to throw out vague hints as to his plan all the afternoon had not one of his oppressors—his mother—called him into the house to perform some one of the many tasks which he believed was wearing his young life away.

It is quite possible, if the whole truth could be known, that Tom had not fully made up his mind to run away from his comfortable home when he first broached the subject to his friends; but they had looked upon him as such a hero from the first moment he mentioned it that he decided it was necessary for him to go.

"I'll keep on doing what she tells me to, so that folks will see how hard I have to work," he muttered to himself, as he left the boys and went toward the house, "and then when I'm off so far that nobody knows where I am, mother 'll be sorry she made me work so hard."

As a matter of course, whenever Tom's friends met him after he had announced his determination of leaving home, they made inquiries as to the carrying out of his plan, and this was so pleasant to the dissatisfied and abused young man that he put off taking the final step as long as possible. In fact, he delayed so long that Dwight Holden plainly said one day that he did not believe Tom had ever intended to run away, but that he had said so simply for the purpose of "making himself look big."

From that day he set about making his preparations for departure in earnest, telling his friends that on the following Tuesday he would disappear, never to be seen in Sedgwick again, unless he should decide, many years later, to come back as a wealthy gentleman, to see how much the town had suffered by his absence.

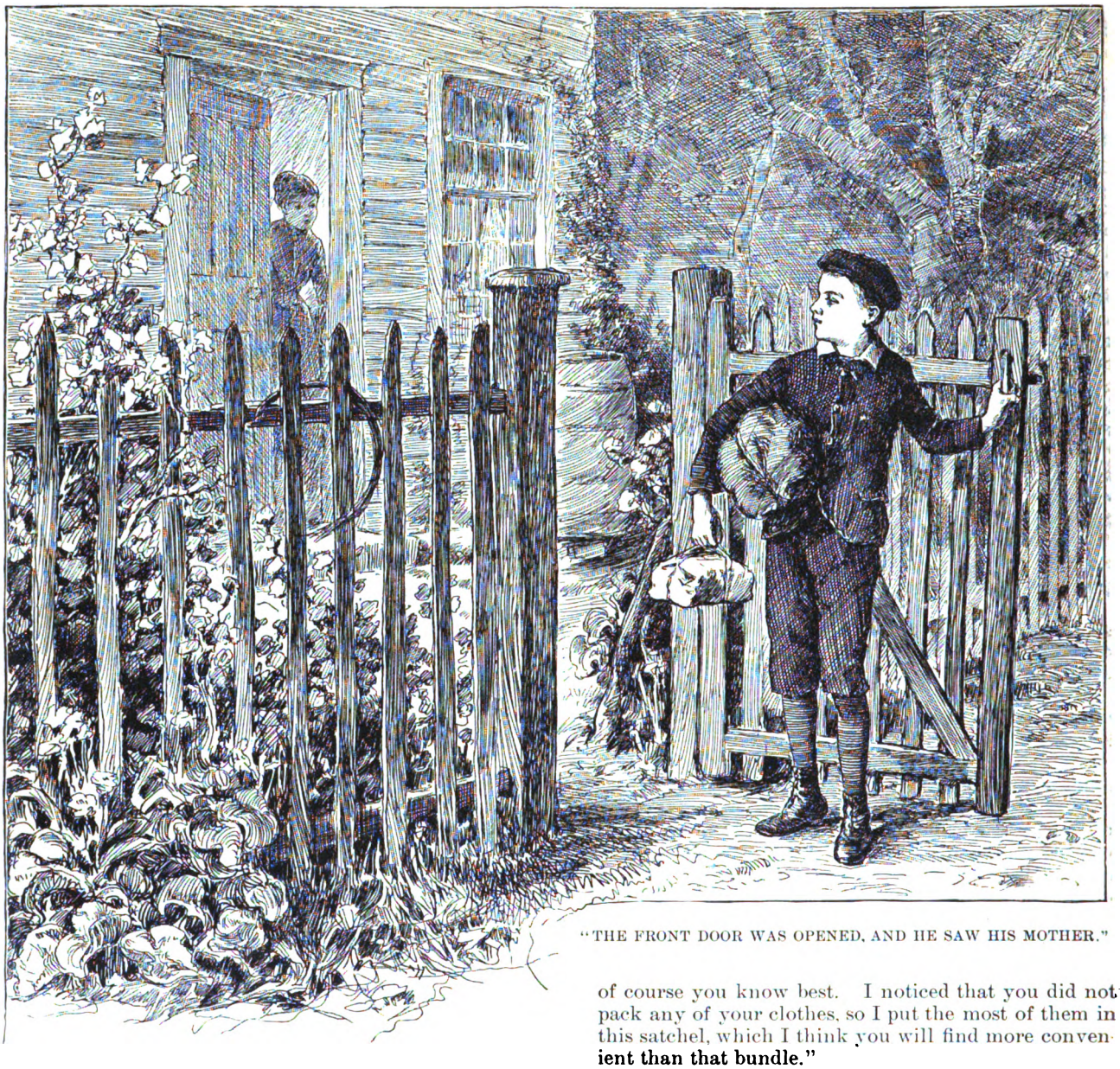
Since he would be obliged to walk a good portion of the distance to the place where his fortune was to be made, he was forced to leave out of the bundle he was making up many of his valuables because of their size and weight. A toy engine, a glass pen and holder, two rubber balls, a large collection of marbles (agates and alleys), a folding kite frame, three odd skates, a loadstone, and two mouth harmonicas made up the list of treasures that could be carried, and these were carefully packed in an old army blanket. He had saved cookies, gingerbread, and choice pieces of pie until he had as much as he believed would suffice as food for a week, and this he intended to carry in a paper parcel in his hand.

Every arrangement had been made. The day Tom had set for his departure came so quickly that it seemed as if there must have been some mistake in the almanac, and two or three days had been lost. Tom met his friends, acted the part of a hero before them until it was so late that each one had been obliged to go home, and then he, having bidden each one in turn a solemn good-by, was compelled to carry out the plan he had laid.

It is certain that at the moment his friends left him Tom was thoroughly sorry he had ever said anything about running away. He had suddenly come to understand what it was to be alone, and he by no means fancied the sensation. At that moment his troubles which were obliging him to leave home did not seem to be nearly so great as they had been a few days before; his home had never appeared so cheerful as now when he was leaving it, and he actually began to hope that some insurmountable obstacle would occur to prevent his running away.

The tears filled his eyes as he crept softly up the back stairs, wishing so much that he could kiss his mother and sister good-by, wishing that he had never thought of going, but fully believing that it would be unmanly not to do so, and that his school-mates would laugh at him if he should abandon the scheme before he had even attempted to carry it into execution.

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"THE FRONT DOOR WAS OPENED, AND HE SAW HIS MOTHER."

He hoped the stairs would creak so loudly that his mother would come to see what the matter was, and discover him leaving the house with his bundles; but when he came down there was hardly a sound. He was out of the house without, apparently, having been discovered, and his heart was very heavy as he walked slowly around the yard to the gate, with a long, lonely journey before him, and with no idea as to where would be the end.

He had opened the gate, and was taking a farewell look at the house, when, to his great delight, the front door was opened, and he saw his mother. He would surely be called back now, he thought, and his friends could not accuse him of having been afraid to carry out his plans.

"So you are really going to run away, are you, Tommy?" said his mother, who did not appear in the least surprised by his intended departure.

"Yes'm," replied Tom, in a *very* low tone, feeling foolish, and at the same time wondering whether his secret had been betrayed by his friends.

"Well," continued Mrs. Gibson, speaking in a matter-of-fact way, and as if the subject was an indifferent one to her, "if you feel that you must go, I see no reason why you should not have left the house in the daytime; but of course you know best. I noticed that you did not pack any of your clothes, so I put the most of them in this satchel, which I think you will find more convenient than that bundle."

Tom didn't want to accept the satchel his mother held out to him; but there seemed to be no other course to pursue, and he took it, feeling as he did so that if his mother had loved him very dearly, she would have boxed his ears severely, ordering him at the same time to come back into the house.

"Your father said he heard that Captain Harrison was ready to sail, and knowing that you have decided to sleep under Rankin's bridge, we concluded that you were going with him, since the vessel is in the river just below there."

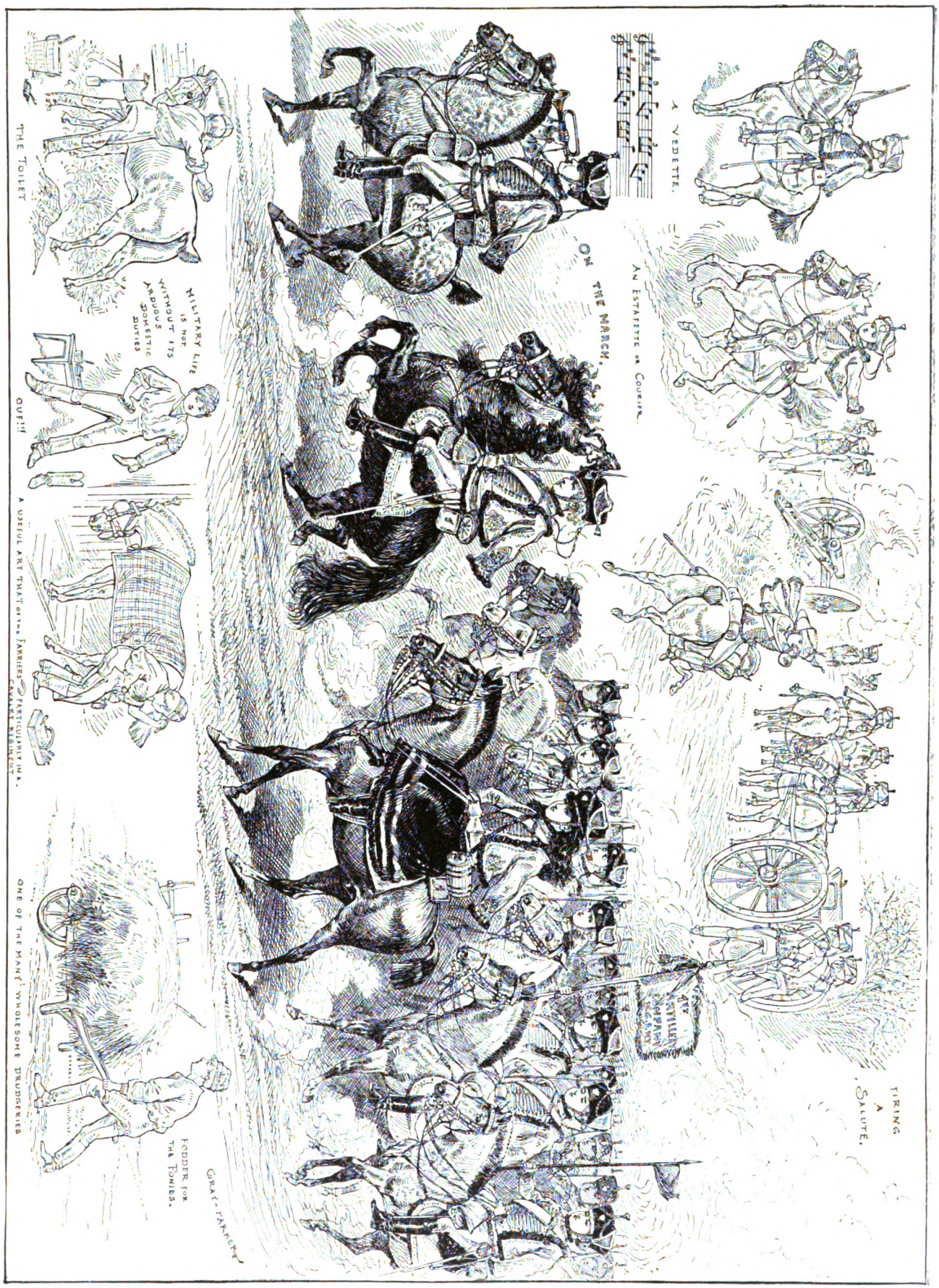
Tommy's heart was so full that he could not speak. Instead of being told to come into the house and behave himself, as he would have been only too glad to do, here was his mother actually helping him to run away, and talking as if she thought it was the best course he could pursue.

"I suppose you are in a hurry, Tommy," said Mrs. Gibson, kindly, "so I won't detain you. We shall be glad to see you if you should conclude to come back here. Good-by. I hope you will enjoy yourself better than you ever could at home."

The door was closed, and the almost broken-hearted runaway could do no less than continue his flight, out of which all the romance had been taken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE "YOUNG PEOPLE" HUNT CLUB ORGANIZE AN ARTILLERY COMPANY.

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## JACKKNIFE TOYS.

BY C. W. MILLER.

### A WOODEN WINDMILL.

AMONG the most pleasing toys made with the jackknife is the wooden windmill. Every boy wants to make machines that will "work," and none is more desirable and satisfactory than this.

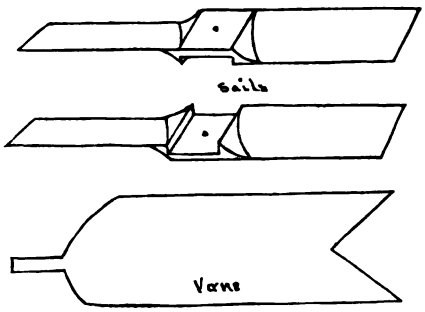



FIG. 1.

To make the mill whittle from soft pine two pieces of a suitable size, as, for instance, an inch thick, an inch and a half wide, and twelve inches long. First halve these pieces together on their flat sides so as to form a Greek cross. Each arm will be five and a quarter inches long and an inch and a half wide (Fig. 1). Next, to make the sails, take one of the pieces and cut down one edge of the arm until you have a smooth flat surface slanting from the upper edge on the left-hand side to the lower edge on the right-hand side. Turn the arm over and cut off the opposite edge in the same way until you have a flat thin blade not over an eighth of an inch thick. Treat the other three arms in a similar manner, and be careful to have them all slant in the same direction, so that when the wind strikes against them they will all tend to turn the wheel the same way. The finished parts are shown in the diagram, so that you will have no trouble in making them correctly. Then put the cross together, and bore a small hole exactly in the centre. Take a piece of half-inch board six inches wide, twelve inches long, for the platform to hold the workers (Fig. 2). At each end screw a small block firmly in position to support the shaft. For the shaft take a piece of stout wire fifteen inches long and bend it into the shape shown in the diagram of the whole. Bore a hole in each block for the shaft, and put it in place: one end should be filed flat and wedged firmly into the hole in the cross. To prevent the shaft slipping, bend the other end down, or, better yet, get a washer which will just slip over, and then pound the end of the shaft until the washer can not get off. To keep the mill headed to the wind, cut a vane from a thin board and fasten it to the under part of the platform. The diagram shows the mill, shaft, vane, etc., all ready to receive the figures (Fig. 3).

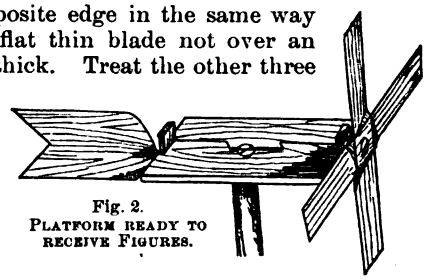


FIG. 2.
PLATFORM READY TO RECEIVE FIGURES.



FIG. 4.—CHOPPER.

For the figures, get some old cigar boxes and take them to pieces. Whittle out the parts of the chopper, as shown in the diagram, making two bodies and one each of arms and legs. Bore the holes for the pivots, and then put the figure together, being careful that it works easily. To make the figure bend properly, take off one side of the body, put it in the position it should have when the axe strikes the wood, and drive a pin just behind the tongue which projects from the top of its legs, to prevent the body from bending too far forward. Place the figure with the axe raised, and drive a pin just in front of the tongue. These two pins

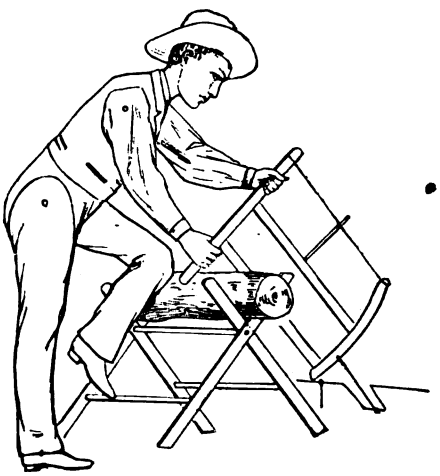


FIG. 5.—SAWYER.

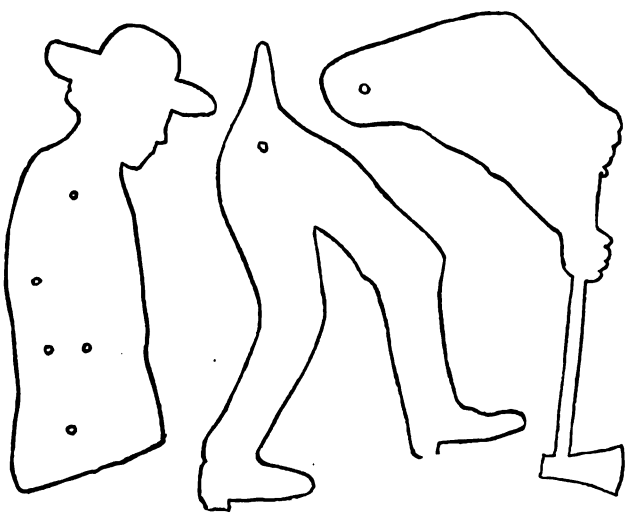


FIG. 3.—PARTS OF CHOPPER.

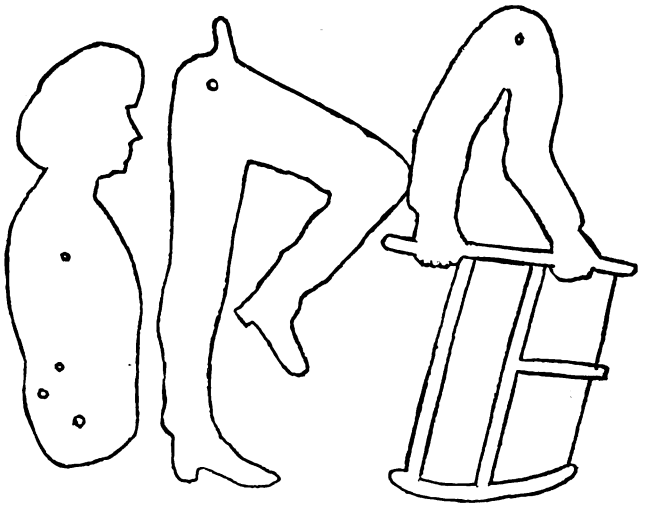


FIG. 6.—PARTS OF SAWYER.

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limit its movement at the hips, so that it can not double into a heap, when it strikes a blow, like Grandfather Smallweed.

To finish the chopper, round off the edges of the body, paint it if you like, and fasten it upright to the platform with a piece of wood in front, on which the axe will chop. To connect it to the power take a piece of wire and twist one end around the crank of the shaft so that it can work easily. Then fasten the other end to the arm. This is a nice operation, for if the wire is too close to the shoulder it will strike too far, breaking the axe against the block; if the wire is too far from the shoulder, the axe will not come near the block. By holding the wire against different parts of the arm, and turning the crank, you will discover the place to fasten it. Bore a hole at that point, twist in the wire, and the chopper will be finished (Fig. 4.)

For the sawyer (Fig. 5), whittle out the figures (Fig. 6) as described for the chopper. Put it together, and arrange the movements with pins as in the other case. Then make a small saw-buck holding a stick of wood, upon which the saw will run. Make a wire pitman as before, only in this case no especial adjustment is required, for it makes no difference if the saw moves a little more or a little less.

The windmill may be arranged as a simple weather vane by fastening the cross directly to the guiding vane, and placing the whole on top of a pole. In either case it is important to have the whole contrivance evenly balanced on its turning pivot, so that the vane can swing it around easily. This is accomplished by finishing all the figures, fixing them firmly in their places, and then balancing the whole machine on the top of the pole, moving it around until it stands level. Then bore the hole for the central pivot just over the end of the pole, and the mill will turn easily.

# Farmer Griggs's Boggart

BY HOWARD PYLE.



DID you ever hear of a boggart? No? Then I will tell you. A boggart is a small imp that lives in a man's house unseen by any one, doing a little good and much harm. This imp was called a boggart in the old times; now we call such by other names—ill-temper, meanness, uncharitableness, and the like. Even now, they say, you may find a boggart in some houses.

Rap! tap! tap! came a knock at the door.

The wind was piping Jack Frost's, for the time was winter, and it blew from the north. The snow lay all over the ground like soft feathers, and the hay-ricks looked as though each one wore a dunce-cap, like the dull boy in Dame Weeks's school over by the green. The icicles hung down by the thatch, and the little birds crouched shivering in the bare and leafless hedge-rows.

But inside the farm-house all was warm and pleasant; the great logs snapped and crackled and roared in the wide chimney-place, throwing red light up and down the walls, so that the dark night only looked in through the latticed windows. Farmer Griggs sat warming his knees at the blaze, smoking his pipe in great comfort, whilst his crock of ale warmed in the hot ashes.

Dame Griggs's spinning-wheel went hum-m-m-m! hum-m-m-m-m! like a whole hiveful of bees, the cat purred in the warmth, the dog basked in the blaze, and little red sparks danced about the dishes standing all along in a row on the dresser.

But rap! tap! tap! came a knock at the door.

Then Farmer Griggs took his pipe from out his mouth.

"Did 'ee hear 'un, dame?" said he. "Zooks, now, there be somebody outside the door."

"Well, then, thou gert oaf, why don't 'ee let 'un in?" said Dame Griggs.

"Look 'ee, now," said Georgie Griggs to himself, "sure women be of quicker wits than men." So he opened the door.

"Will you let me in out of the cold, Georgie Griggs?" piped a small voice. Farmer Griggs looked down, and saw a little wight no taller than his knee standing in the snow on the door-step. His face was as brown as a berry, and he looked up at the farmer with great eyes as bright as those of a toad.

"Who be 'ee, little man?" said Farmer Griggs.

"I'm a boggart, at your service."

"Na, na," said Farmer Griggs, "thee's at na sarvice o' mine. I'll give na room in my house to the likes o' thee;" and he made as though he would have shut the door in the face of the little urchin.

"But listen, Georgie Griggs," said the boggart. "I will do you a good service."

"What sarvice will 'ee do me, then?" said he.

"I'll 'tend your fires," said the manikin, "I'll bake your bread, I'll wash your dishes, I'll scour your pans, I'll scrub your floors, I'll brew your beer, I'll roast your meat, I'll boil your water, I'll stuff your sausages, I'll skim your milk, I'll make your butter, I'll press your cheese, I'll pluck your geese, I'll spin your thread, I'll knit your stockings, I'll mend your clothes, and do all of the work in your house."

Then Farmer Griggs listened a little longer without shutting the door, and so did Dame Griggs. "What's thy name, boggart?" said he.

"Hardfist," said the boggart; and he came a little farther in at the door, for he saw that Farmer Griggs had a mind to let him in all of the way.

"I don't know," said Georgie Griggs, scratching his head doubtfully; "it's an ill thing lettin' mischief intull the house. Thee's better outside, I doubt."

"Shut the door, Georgie," called out Dame Griggs. "Thou'rt lettin' the cold air intull th' room."

Then Farmer Griggs shut the door, but the boggart was on the inside.

The boggart came straightway over to the warm fire, and the dog growled "Chur-r-r-r!" and showed his teeth, and the cat spit anger and jumped up on the dresser, with her back arched and her tail on end.

Now imps like this boggart can only be seen as the frost is seen—when it is cold. So, as he grew warmer and warmer, he grew thin, like a jelly-fish, and, at last, when he had become warmed through, Farmer Griggs and the dame could see him no more than thin air.

But he was in the house, and he staid there, I can tell

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you. For a time everything went as smooth as cream; all of the work of the house was done as though by magic, for the boggart did all that he had promised: he made the fires, he baked the bread, he washed the dishes, he scoured the pans, he scrubbed the floors, he brewed the beer, he roasted the meat, he was everywhere, and did all of the work of the house. When Farmer Griggs saw these things done, and so deftly, he rubbed his hands and chuckled to himself. But after a time the boggart began to show his pranks. The first thing that he did was to scrape the farmer's butter so that it was light of weight, and all of the people of the market-town hooted at him for giving less than he sold. Then he skimmed the children's milk, so that they had nothing but poor watery stuff to pour over their pottage of a morning. He took the milk from the cat, so that it was like to starve; he even pilfered the bones and scrapings of the dishes from the poor house dog, as though he was a very magpie. He blew out the rush-lights so that they were all in the dark after sunset; he made the fires burn cold, and played a hundred and forty other impish tricks of the like kind. As for the poor little children, they were always crying and complaining that the boggart did this and the boggart did that, that he scraped the butter from their bread and pulled the coverlets off of them at night.

Still the boggart did his work well, and so Farmer Griggs put up with his evil ways as long as he could. At last the time came when he could bear it no longer.

"Look 'ee, now, Mally," said he to his dame, "it's all




along o' thee that this trouble's come intull th' house. I'd never let the boggart in with my own good-will!"

"I bade thee do naught but shut the door," answered Dame Griggs.

"Ay, it's easy enough to shut the door after the trouble's come in."

"Then turn it out again."

"Turn 'un out! Odd's bodkins, that's woman's wit! Dost 'ee not see that there's no turnin' o' 'un out? Na, na; there's naught to do but to go out ourselves."

Yes; there was nothing else to be done. Go they must, if they would be rid of the boggart. So one fine bright day in the blessed spring-time they packed all of their belongings into a great wain, or cart, and set off to find them a new home.

Now, as they came to the bottom of Shooter's Hill, whom should they meet but their good neighbor and gossip Jerry Jinks. "So, Georgie," said he, "you're leavin' th' ould house at last?"

"High, Jerry," quoth Georgie; "we were forced tull it, neighbor, for that black boggart torments us so that there was no rest night nor day for it. The poor bairn's stomachs




are empty, and the good dame's nigh dead for it. So off we go. Like th' fieldfares in th' autumn, we're flittin', we're flittin'!"

Now on the wain was a tall upright churn, and as soon as Georgie had ended his speech, the lid of the churn began to clipper-clapper, and who should speak out of it but the boggart himself. "Ay, Jerry," said he, "we're a-flittin', we're a-flittin', man! Good-day to ye, neighbor; good-day to ye. Come and see us some time."

"High!" cried Georgie Griggs; "art thou there, thou black imp? Then we'll all just go back tull th' old house, for sure it's better to bear trouble there than in a new place."

So back they went again, boggart and all.

By this you may see, my dear, if you warm an imp by your fire, he will soon turn the whole house topsy-turvy. Likewise, one can not get rid of a boggart by going from here to there, for it is sure to be in the cart with the household things.

But how did Georgie Griggs get rid of his boggart? That I will tell you.

He went to Father Grimes, the wise man, who lived in a little house on the moor. "Father Grimes," said he, "how shall I get rid of my boggart?"

Then Father Grimes told him to take this and that, and

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to do thus and so with them, and see what followed. So Farmer Griggs went to Hugh the tailor's and told him to make a pretty red coat and a neat pair of blue breeches. Then he went to William the hatter's and bade him to make a nice little velvet cap with a bell at the top of it. Then he went to Thomas the shoemaker's and bade him to make a fine little pair of shoes. So they all did as he told them, and after these things were made he took them home with him.

He laid them on a warm spot on the hearth, where the




boggart used to come to sleep at night. Then he and his dame hid in the closet to see what would follow.

Presently came the boggart, whisking here and dancing there, though neither the farmer nor the dame could see him any more than though he had been a puff of wind.




"High-ho!" cried the boggart, "these be fine things for sure." So saying, he tried the hat upon his head, and it fitted exactly. Then he tried the coat on his shoulders, and it fitted like wax. Then he tried the breeches on his legs, and they fitted as though they grew there. Then he tried the shoes on his feet, and there never was such a fit. So he was clad all in his new clothes from top to toe, whereupon he began dancing until he made the ashes on the hearth spin around him as though they had gone mad, and as he danced he sang:

"Cap for the head—alas poor head!
Coat for the back—alas poor back!
Breeks for the legs—alas poor legs!
Shoen for the feet—alas poor feet!
If these be mine, mine can not be
The house of honest man Georgie."

So he went singing and dancing and skipping and leaping out of the house and away. As for Georgie Griggs and his dame, they never heard a squeak from him afterward.

Thus it was that Farmer Griggs got rid of his boggart. All I can say is that if I could get rid of mine as easily (for I have one in my own house), I would make him a suit of clothes of the finest silks and satins, and would hang a bell of pure silver on the point of his cap. But alackaday! there are no more wise men left us, like good Father Grimes, to tell one an easy way to get rid of one's boggart.




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THE Postmistress would like her little correspondents to write her a letter entitled, "What I Saw in a Morning Walk." A long while ago a clever story entitled "Eyes and No Eyes" drew everybody's attention to the fact that some people see a great many more things in their rambles than others do. It is well to see what is bright, beautiful, and charming in our neighborhood rather than what is ugly and disagreeable. Now let the little pens set busily to work. It would be very pleasant if we could fill one whole Post-office Box with letters on this subject, would it not, dear children?

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DOVER, DELAWARE, *April* 3, 1885.

In HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, recently, was a letter signed "Roscoe N. D."—a bright, handsome boy of fifteen years. On April 1 he left our home about half past one o'clock, apparently in perfect health, to go to school. His teacher and school-mates said they had never known him in better spirits. He recited his speech for an exhibition to be held the following evening, and they told me he had done great credit to himself. He left the school-house, and was running along with his comrades; before he had gone fifty yards he fell over, and expired in a few moments. The doctors pronounced it heart-disease. Imagine our feelings—father, mother, brother Willie (twelve years), and sister Lizzie (ten years)—when his lifeless body was brought to our home! I am sure that in our great bereavement we have the sympathy of your little friends. To us the loss is irreparable, and we find it very hard to say, "Thy will be done!"

His mother, A. D. D.

All the mothers and all the children who shall read this pathetic letter will feel sad at the loss which has fallen on this home.

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One of our boy friends tells us how to make

A BOAT PROPELLED BY RUBBER.

As I presume few boys in this country have heard about such a boat, I think perhaps some would like to know how to make one. Take a piece of pine board two feet or more in length, about six inches wide, and half an inch thick. Saw it to resemble the keel of a boat. Make the opening about one and a half feet long and about four inches wide. Place rubber bands over and under the board across the opening at intervals of three inches. The rubber should be about an eighth of an inch thick. Make paddles of thin board about two inches long. Place a paddle between the upper and lower part of each rubber band. Turn the paddles backward until the rubber bands are twisted as far as can be done without breaking; then place the boat in the water, and let go the paddles. This boat will go about thirty feet. It is very easily made and run.

L. E. P.

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DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—What do you do when a great girl of twenty-two comes to your Post-office Box? Chance threw HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE into my way, and the result is that my little niece now receives it regularly, and I read it for her, enjoying it fully as much as baby Dollie, who sends her love to you. I wish Mr. Dan Marshall would write again; 'tis pleasant to read such letters. And dear Mrs. Lillie—how I love to treasure up each word of hers!

M. L. D.

I am very happy to welcome the young ladies into the cozy circle who throng the Post-office Box. I wish they would come oftener, for everybody has a loving look for the dear elder sisters and cousins.

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A dear little boy received this bright letter from a fun-loving uncle, and his mamma was kind enough to say that it might be published in these columns for the benefit of the thousands of little readers who like to laugh.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—I was pleased to read your goat story. I am not acquainted personally with any goats, but there is a boy who lives around the corner from my house who owns a very remarkable goat. The boy's name is John, and they call him Johnny "for short." I met Johnny this morning, and he said that the goat, whose name is Billy, wasn't feeling well, as he ate too much supper last night, and it gave him the stomach-ache. Billy eats anything that comes along, and he likes hay, grass, all kinds of fruit and vegetables, bread and milk, and pie and cakes. Last night there wasn't anything in the house to eat except a pair of Johnny's rubber overshoes. The overshoes were an old pair, and Johnny hadn't any money to buy some new ones, as he had spent all his money on Christmas presents. Johnny put his overshoes by the register in the front hall, and then went upstairs to have his father read to him. He asked Billy to go with him, but Billy said that he didn't care much for reading, and couldn't understand the big words. This, however, was just an excuse, as you will see when I tell you what happened. As soon as Johnny had got upstairs, Billy started in on the overshoes. He was very hungry, and said to himself that if he couldn't have bread and milk, he would eat his master's overshoes. "I won't eat but one of 'em," he said, when he began, "for it wouldn't be right to let Johnny have no overshoe at all to make New-Year's calls in." But the first overshoe tasted so good to him, and he was so very, very hungry, that, when he had got through with it, he said: "One overshoe won't do Johnny any good. He might catch cold if he wore only one. I'll eat 'em both. He'll think he has lost 'em." So Billy ate them both, and then went to bed in the dining-room. This morning it was snowing, and Johnny's father asked him to go to the post-office with a letter, and Johnny hunted around for his overshoes. He looked all around, upstairs and down, in the parlor, the dining-room, the cellar, the library, but couldn't find them. He accused his sister of having hid them and his brother of having stolen them, and all this time, while Johnny was racing up and down stairs, and making a great deal of noise because he couldn't find his overshoes, Billy was lying down on the dining-room floor with a little piece of the last overshoe by his side, and this was all that was left of the two, and he was saving it up for his lunch. At last Johnny came up to Billy to see what made him keep so quiet, for Billy generally made things pretty lively by butting against chairs and upsetting Johnny's sisters, and running into the cook's legs when she was coming upstairs with her arms full of dishes, so that she couldn't help herself. Billy curled himself up when he saw Johnny, and tried to hide the piece of overshoe. Johnny saw it, though, and hollered out: "Billy! I believe you've eaten my overshoes. Do you dare to deny it?" Billy couldn't deny it, of course, and then Johnny shook him very hard, and that made the overshoes rattle—there were buckles on them, you know, and they made a great deal of noise, and that made Johnny sure; and he called out to his mother that Billy had swallowed his overshoes, for he could hear them rattle. About this time the overshoes began to make Billy sick, and he felt so bad that when the doctor came and gave him medicine, and used a stomach-pump, and had mustard-plasters put on him, he was too weak to do anything at all, and only butted the doctor over once. When I met Johnny, a little while ago, he said that Billy was a little better, but wouldn't be able to go calling on New-Year's.

I haven't seen that boy yet who told me about the giant, but shall probably run across him next week. I wish that you would give my love to your mother and to all suitable persons, in regard to whom your mother will advise you. Your most affectionate

UNCLE WILL.

---

ALLENTON, MISSOURI.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Our teacher has been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years for the school. He said the pupil who brought the first wild flower to school should write a letter about it. As I was the first one, I will write a little letter. I went to drive the cows home from the Meremec Bottom, about two miles from home, and I saw the two flowers; their names are pepper-and-salt (*Eregenia bulbosa*) and bloodroot (*Sanguinaria canadensis*). Our teacher taught us the botanical names last spring. We have one hundred and forty-seven botanical names in a book. Spring is very late. We often have flowers here in the beginning of March, but this spring we had to wait until April 1 before seeing a single flower. In my next letter I expect to give a long list of wild flowers. This is all my own writing.

BERTIE E. B.

I shall expect you to keep your promise, Bertie, and give not the list only, but some account of the places where you find the flowers.

---

ALLENTON, MISSOURI.

This is the first time I have ever written to you, so I would like to see this published. Our teacher told us to write if we wanted to. The flowers are just beginning to bloom. We have to learn the botanical names and put them down in a little book. It has been very cold in Missouri this winter. I live at Eureka, a village thirty miles from St. Louis, but I attend school here. We come up on the train—my brother and I—every morning, and go home in the evening.

ANNIE H.

I see that you and Bertie are taught to write very clearly and plainly, as well as to express yourselves well.

---

RICHMOND, SURREY, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Birdie, Daisy, and myself are three little English girls—sisters. We should like very much to correspond with a little American girl or with sisters. We know America on the map, and would like to know more about that big country, and what the American children do. We live in Richmond, Surrey. My age is nearly eleven; Birdie is nine; Daisy is six. We all like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much.

Your affectionate friend,

MAY BAILEY CHURCHILL.

---

UPPER EDMONTON, ENGLAND.

My sister and I have taken in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly six months now, and we like it better than any other magazine. Our house is only about four miles from Epping Forest, and though we have not seen much of it yet, we are looking forward to some jolly walks there soon. Besides a garden, we have a splendid orchard at the back of our house, where we keep fowls, and this year I think I shall have some rabbits. The orchard is very nice to play in. We play cricket, foot-ball, and all sorts of things. I am making a hammock to hang up in one of the trees.

I read the Post-office Box every week, and I very much want to know how to make straw frames, vases, and umbrella racks, which E. F. D. said she could make. If it is not troubling her too much, I should be so glad if she would write.

ISABELLA F.

Will E. F. D. please notice this request, and kindly write again?

---

WAUSAU, WISCONSIN.

My sisters and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for several years, and when, this year, papa suggested taking something else instead, we could not consent to it, it seemed so like an old friend.

Trailing arbutus grows in the woods around here, and about the first of May it will be in bloom; then we make up parties to go out after it. If the Postmistress or any little sick girl would like to have me send her some of it, and will let me know through the paper, I will send her a box.

I have two sisters, one ten and the other fourteen years of age, and mamma calls me "little betweenity."

Perhaps you do not know much about Wausau; it is a city of ten thousand inhabitants, and is growing very rapidly. It is away up here in northern Wisconsin, and is surrounded by hills. It is a lumbering town. We have two railroads here.

NELLIE A.

Any little invalid, or, for that matter, any little girl who is well, might be glad to receive a box of trailing arbutus, but it would tax Nellie too much to send one to all who might enjoy it; so I suggest that she select some dear child among her friends, and gladden her eyes with the sweet, delicate, pink flowers.

---

SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.

We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in for a long time, and we all like it immensely. We look eagerly for its arrival every Saturday. I like the new serial story, "Rolf House," very much, and I think the Post-office Box is very interesting. I can not describe such lovely scenery as some of your little American correspondents, but we have some very nice places here at Sunderland, such as the Winter Gardens, Museum, Art Gallery, parks, libraries, etc. I would like very much to join the Housekeepers' Club. I go to boarding-school, but I haven't been this quarter, because I was not very well. I went to six parties at Christmas, all of which I enjoyed very much. I think you must love children very much to take such an interest in them. I am sixteen, so I hope I am not too old to correspond. I am crocheting a shawl in pale blue wool, and am going to do an antimacassar next in tricot stitch. If I can get one, I will try and send Ruth M. a receipt for cream candy the next time I write, if I may write again. Lillie B. asked some of the girls to write to her, but I didn't know whether I could send the letter to the Post-office Box or not. I have inclosed you an Easter card, which I hope you will get at Easter. We have a great many eggs dyed here then; do you? With dearest love, I remain yours lovingly,

EMMIE N.

Had the six parties anything to do with making Emmie ill, I wonder? Thanks for the lovely Easter card, which was not much too late. You may write to Lillie B. through the Post-office Box if you choose.

---

VILLA FABIAN, ALASSIO, ITALY.

I am a boy seven years old. We have been abroad a long time, and now we are in Italy. My brother is writing to you. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Now it is time to finish.

G. T. F.

---

WALKLEY, SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

I began taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in January, 1885. I think it is a very nice paper. I saw a piece in the third monthly part about a delicate and sickly boy who wrote a tragedy when he was six years old, and afterward visited America to lecture. I think it will prove to be the late

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Charles Dickens. I have read his book called *Pickwick Papers*, and was much amused. I am learning to play the violin, and can play some exercises, besides the tunes "Bluebells of Scotland," "Robin Adair," and the "Hazel Dell." I am eleven years old, and have a brother in Canada. I should think it a great kindness of you to print this letter.

I remain, dear Postmistress,

FRED L. S.

---

THE CASTLE, DINGWALL, N. B.

I do not think that I have ever seen a letter in the Post-office Box from my home in the Highlands of Scotland. We have begun to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since it has been published in England; we like it very much.

AGGIE M. B.

---

UPPER EDMONTON, ENGLAND.

At the back of the house we have a large orchard, and my sister and I have some chickens, and we had our first egg yesterday. Besides the chickens, I have six doves, which are very tame, and will eat out of my hand. I had one pair of them last March, and they have had the others from eggs. Besides which, we have a large tabby cat eleven years old, and my sister has a pair of breeding canaries. I have a little piece of garden all to myself, and in the summer I have a number of pretty flowers in it; I like gardening very much. Besides taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in, we take in *St. Nicholas* and *The English Illustrated Magazine*. We get the paper at breakfast on Friday, and I generally have finished reading it by Monday. I like reading very much. In the summer father is going to put up a good high swing for us; will it not be nice? I hope there will be room to print this, as I have never had one printed before. MAGGIE F.

---

LONDON, ENGLAND.

I am a little English girl eleven years of age. I live in Holloway, London. We have a large garden, and my papa raises dahlias, chrysanthemums, and a lot of other flowers, but it is very smoky, and they get rather black. I have three sisters younger than myself—Beatrice, Kate, and Maggie. I go to school, and study reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, singing, and domestic economy. My sister Beatrice studies the violin, and I study the piano, and she plays Mozart's minuets with me and a number of other things. I am learning to play Beethoven's music. We all look for papa to bring home HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much; but some of the spelling looks funny to us, such as harbor, bowlder, honor, parlor, color, clew, which we are taught to spell harbour, boulder, honour, parlour, colour, clue. My little sister Kate says she does not want the bother of learning music, but would like to play a barrel-organ; then she would only have to turn a handle. Papa says Handel's music is very good, but he would not like so much handle as all that; so she will have to learn something else some day. DOROTHY J.

---

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I shall be nine in May. I see most of the children who write have some pets. I have only a very little turtle. I found him one day as I was playing in a swamp last summer. My favorite story in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is "Wakulla." My sister has copied this for me, and I hope you will print it, as it is my first letter to you.

HOWARD D.

---

POTSDAM, NEW YORK.

I have taken your paper almost two years, and enjoy it very much. I enjoy reading letters in the Post-office Box very much. I have two pets, a bird named Dick and a black, white, and brown cat named Tabby. I have no brothers nor sisters. I am fourteen years old, and attend the Normal School, and am in the Intermediate Department. My teacher's name is Miss R., and we all are very fond of her. A. LILLIAN B.

---

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

I have not taken your nice little magazine very long, but I think it is very nice. I had a lovely tortoise-shell cat, eleven years old, but some dogs killed her. I shall be ten next May. I have one sister and one brother, both older than myself. This is a surprise to my papa and mamma. I hope this will be printed, as it is my first letter.

BESSIE E. E.

---

### ELSIE.

A clear crystal spring lay hidden in the deep, dark wood. The moss upon its margin was undisturbed; not even the tiny foot-print of the squirrel had marred its verdure, and Nature seemed listening to the whisper of the leaves; the beams of sunshine threw their gleams of radiance upon its clear surface. Near by stood the stately remains of a forest tree: the bark portrayed its age, and told that storms and years had passed even in this forest glade. At its base stood a tiny harp, a half-open book, and a jewelled necklace; a garland of wood-anemones had seemingly been twined in the early day around its gnarled edge. There is a breaking of twigs; a horseman peers mysteriously at the pretty scene just one moment, then disappears.

It was a stately mansion; its halls were wide and deep and high. Within one of its beautiful apartments stood a young girl arrayed in spotless white. A tiny golden chain of the finest workmanship encircled her white throat; thereon hung a black crucifix. Her brown elfish eyes were for the moment sad. With clasped hands and parted lips she seemed to be uttering a silent petition to the Unseen to guard the barriers of her heart. She hears a foot-fall, a voice; she pauses, listens, vanishes in the dim corridors.

It was a little vine-covered chapel. Strains of sweet music were rendered. A young girl is seen kneeling. A flush has suffused her cheek—not entirely devotion—as she in silence tells her beads. Beside her kneels an elderly mother, clad in habiliments of deep woe. Her eyes wander from her fair charge restlessly; they are filled with anxiety. There are lines deeply imprinted upon her features as she in silence tells her beads. She is high-born and stately even as she kneels in petition.

It was an autumn twilight. In the wood the moss had withered; the leaves fluttered in the autumn breeze. The spring was still there, and in its tranquil depths were mirrored two forms. A hasty embrace, a smile, a tear. She then grasps the harp, attunes its chords to love and sorrow, and on that quiet night she lured the strains of sweetest music. She was alone—alone. Oh, Elsie! Her Inglehart was gone.

It was a battle-field. The moon cast its cold light upon the dying ones, so far away from home. They dream a last unheard farewell, and all is still. A rude stone did mark their resting-place, and there did sleep her Inglehart.

Oh, Elsie! It was midnight at the spring, and in her dreams she had left her cot and wandered to the wood, her hidden grief to soothe. She grasped her harp; the strains were wild and weird. The spring lay still and bright beneath her feet, and as she fondly gazes she spies her form. Oh, strange contrast! oh, sorrow, sorrow! Our Elsie had gone daft, and wailed her requiem in the forest glade alone. The moon still shines through forest and upon field, and as we glance we see a tombstone white and pure reflected in the crystal spring.

[Elsie is supposed to be the daughter of an Austrian noble. Her lover, Inglehart, was of Scotch origin. He died in Hungary. She died of grief.]

ROSA PETERSON.

EKESJÖ, JÖNKÖPINGS LÄN, SWEDEN.

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### ON MY BIRTHDAY.

BY BESSIE.

I am seven years old to-day,
With the daisies at my feet;
For the flowers are all around me,
And the birds sing songs so sweet.

The flowers are here at last,
And still the birdies sing;
But the dandelions have passed,
And the butterflies have wings.

The bluebirds now have gone,
But the robins still remain
This bright and sunny year,
With the flowers in the lane.

The daisies and the clover,
And the buttercups are here,
With their bright and clearest yellow,
For it is another year.

---

### MORNING AFTER SNOW.

BY GITTY (TEN YEARS OLD).

The beautiful snow has fallen fast;
Came the pure white flakes, like glistening flowers.
Over the ground and the withered grass,
Silent and soft in the midnight hours.

The brook is bound in an icy cell,
The hills and valleys are covered o'er,
The snow lies thick on each field and dell,
And soft and white by the river shore.

The trees are covered with jewels rare,
And every bush has an armor bright;
The sun shines down through the frosty air,
And covers the world in floods of light.

These verses are the unaided work of two little sisters.

---

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

I am a girl nine years old; I shall be ten years old the last of May. The city of Ann Arbor contains about eight thousand inhabitants, and about twelve hundred students. The university buildings are situated on forty acres of ground, and the names of the different buildings are the Literary, Law, Medical, Library, Laboratory, Museum, Homœopathy College, and Allopathy College. I have two sisters, one older than myself and one younger; their names are Lois and Gladys; Lois is the oldest, and Gladys is the youngest. We have a number of pets: Nanny and Peggy are two lambs; we call our pet pig Percy; Mattie, Kitty, and Tabby are cats; and Dick is our pet bird. I have not been at school for two weeks. We have been through our reading-book twice. The spelling-book is in two parts; we have been through the first part three times, and I have been about half-way through the second part. In geography I have been studying on South America, but we have finished now. In arithmetic I have been as far as Fractions.

BERNICE.

---

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

My father has here two horses, three cows, two calves, about a hundred fancy chickens, seven pigeons, and five dogs. This is the first letter I have ever written to you.

One of your many 12-year-old boy correspondents, E. A. S.

Next time tell us whether the chicks are tame, whether the pigeons perch on your shoulder, and something about the dogs.

---

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

We go to the country for three months in summer, and have great fun. We have a pony named Risoto, which my brother and sisters ride, but I do not, as I do not like it. There is a loch where we fish for trout, and where we sail a yacht which my brother has. It is about five feet long; we christened it *Sunbeam*. There are two swans, which we feed every day; their names are Broom and Cob. We once had a canary, but it was killed; we called him Dick. He was very old when he died, and never sang, but when he was young he sang beautifully. We are going to get another when we go to the country in summer.

MAUD C.

---

KIRTON-BANK, KIRRIE-MUIR, SCOTLAND.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl eight years old. We live in a cottage a short way out of town. I go to school, and study arithmetic, English lessons, and music. I have done at school several pieces of work in cross-stitch. My sister Aggie and I are practicing a duet together. I am learning to dust, and help mamma in the morning. I like my cousin David very much; he sometimes takes us out into the country for a drive. He has a pony named Bob, and a dog York—he is a very wise animal. When David and Willie go to stay at his farm for a day or two, York guards their bedroom door after Cousin David rises, and allows no one in till he comes. I hope my letter is not too long. With kindest love to the Postmistress and all the little readers. NETTIE T. J.

---

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A RIDDLE.

In rude, rough hearts I love to dwell;
Of fiends I soon make friends;
No rules nor measures me expel;
My title never ends.

---

No. 2.

PI.

Rehet si a tillte dstome woferl,
Ot pdhfienrsi vere ader,
Ist shrounide ni reh hmulbe woerb,
Dna atwrede yb a aert.

HELEN and GRACE.

---

No. 3.

AN ACROSTIC.

1. An animal. 2. A beverage. 3. To place. 4. To fasten. 5. To destroy. 6. A small stream.
Primals spell the name of a sacred festival.

LAURA W.

---

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 284.

No. 1.—
C R A P E
A L E R T
E R R O R
T O L E D
R E D A N

No. 2.—
E
A L E
A B A T E
E L A S T I C
E T T I N
E I N
C

No. 3.—Charles Dickens. Washington.

No. 4.—HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Libbie M. C., Laura B. Wallis, Helen and Grace, H. D. Taylor, Jun., C. T. S., Henry L. King, Emma L. K., Addie Y., Lawrence S. Miller, Helen W. Gardner, and Stella Sisson.

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[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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"MAMMA'S GONE OUT."

## AN ANT SHOP.

HERE is a new way in which the "sluggard" may "go to the ant" and become industrious.

There is probably no city in the world where persons find so strange ways of making a living as in Paris. French people are diligent and ingenious, but they are very numerous, so that if all would support themselves, they must search far and wide for ways of making a living outside as well as within the customary occupations.

The very strangest business, however, has been found by an independent young woman in the edge of Paris, who some years ago began to keep ants in large quantities, and now carries on a large business. She began by collecting nests of ants, and rearing them in boxes in her house, but now she procures great quantities every season from the country, while her own are constantly increasing. Thus day and night she is surrounded by thousands of the active little pests of various species, whose habits she has learned sufficiently to keep them in good health.

The ants are ungrateful, however, and, in spite of the close-fitting clothes of leather which she wears, have bitten her until her face and hands are said to be of the color of parchment, and rough with tiny scars, so that she has had by no means a "lovely" time of it.

She cares to keep alive only such ants as are "good layers," for the object of all her care is to procure great quantities of eggs of the ants, which she sells to gamekeepers. The pheasant, which is the principal game-bird of France, and is preserved with great care upon the country estates of wealthy people in order to afford sport to gunners in the autumn, is exceedingly fond of ants' eggs, and thrives upon them. Hence the young woman whom I have described has no difficulty in getting good pay for all the eggs her colonies of ants are able to furnish her, and she is said to be making a fortune.

## CHARADE.

MY first may be my second and third,
And 'tis found in every house.
My second and third are always my first;
They harbor the mischievous mouse,
And the relics of years as our goods increase,
And recall the wit and wisdom of Greece.

My whole is the state of the suffering man
Who is daily stretched on the rack.
While confined to my first, he gladly would sell
At a bargain his limbs and his back;
But if he must stay in my second and third,
His misery can't be described by a word.



"WHERE'S THE TOWEL?"



"THIS IS THE FIRST LETTER I EVER WROTE. I AM GOING TO LEAVE IT ON PAPA'S DESK. WON'T HE BE 'STONISHED!"

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 288. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, MAY 5, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




"WHAT MISCHIEF CAN WE DO NEXT?"


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## DOG JACK AND OTHER DOGS.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

ONE afternoon in summer several children were playing on the pier that forms a steamboat landing on the Connecticut River about twenty miles below Hartford. Accidentally a little girl fell into the water, and at once there were great excitement and alarm among her companions.

While some of them stood still and screamed or darted helplessly about, one of the older boys ran toward the head of the pier, and shouted to some men who were at work there. The men came as quickly as they could, but before they reached the end of the pier where the child was struggling in the water they were passed by Jack.

Jack was a Newfoundland dog that belonged to one of the men, and at the moment of the accident he was lying asleep in the shadow of a pile of lumber. Roused by the noise, he joined in the race for the end of the pier, and as soon as he saw the child he understood the cause of the tumult. He sprang into the water, seized the child's dress near the neck, and in a few minutes the little girl and her rescuer were safe on shore.

Of course Jack was at once regarded as a hero by all the children. Unmindful of his dripping coat, they hugged and caressed him, and for the remainder of the afternoon he was the subject of all their talk.

"But there's nothing so wonderful about it after all," said Allie Chapman, the youth who had given the alarm to the men and at the same time to Jack. "Newfoundland dogs are well known for their fondness for the water, and they have saved many people from drowning."

"They are the best water-dogs in the world," agreed Frank Whitney, a companion of Allie, "and the books on natural history say that Newfoundland dogs of pure breed are partially web-footed, like ducks or geese. Let us see if Jack's feet are webbed."

Jack submitted patiently to their investigations, and appeared to understand their object. The boys were disappointed at the result, as they could not find that the animal's feet were very much unlike those of other dogs. There appeared to be a membrane uniting the toes near their base, but it was so slight that its character could not be determined.

"Never mind," said Allie, as he patted Jack's head, and continued the praise that had been given to the dog's exploit; "he may not be a genuine Newfoundlander, but he's genuine enough for us. His ancestors were probably web-footed, but he doesn't have to make his living from the water, and has dropped the old fashion."

"I know a capital story about a Newfoundland," said Allie. "I read it in a book of anecdotes about dogs."

Of course all wanted to hear it, and so Allie told the story as well as he could remember it.

"It happened in Scotland," said Allie, "at a place where there was a pier running into the sea. There were two large dogs there, one a Newfoundland and the other a mastiff. They were powerful dogs, and good-natured enough when alone, but quarrelsome when together. One day they met on the pier, and had quite a battle there. The end of the fight was that they fell into the sea, and as the pier was very long and its sides were steep, their only way of escape was to swim to the shore, which was a good way off.

"Of course they stopped fighting as soon as they fell into the water, and each struck out for land. The Newfoundland, being an excellent swimmer, reached it in safety, and after shaking the water from his coat he turned to look at his late antagonist. The mastiff was struggling exhausted in the water, and was about to sink. In dashed the Newfoundland, took the other gently by the collar, kept his head above water, and brought him safely to shore.

"From that time the dogs were fast friends. They never fought again, were always together, and when the Newfoundland was accidently killed by a railway truck the mastiff refused food for several days, and evidently mourned his loss for a long time."

"Now let me tell a story illustrating the intelligence of another dog of the same kind," said Frank. "I remember it almost word for word as it was told by a clergyman.

"'Walking with a favorite Newfoundland dog of great size one frosty day, I observed the animal's disappointment on putting his head down with the intention to drink at sundry ice-covered pools. After one of these disappointments I broke the ice with my foot for my thirsty companion's benefit. The next time the dog wanted to drink he set his huge paw forcibly on the ice, and with a little effort obtained water for himself.'"

Mr. Calef, the owner of Jack, joined the group just as Frank began his story. When the boy paused, one of the youths asked Mr. Calef if he thought the story was true.

"I have no doubt of it; not in the least," he replied. "Jack has shown quite as much intelligence in obtaining water to drink, though he never had to break ice for it. At our house he usually drinks from a trough in front of the pump. It is an old-fashioned pump, with the handle working up and down. When Jack goes to the trough and finds it empty, he will take hold of the handle and work it till the water runs from the spout, and he doesn't stop till there is enough for him to drink. He and the pony are great friends, and he has repeatedly pumped up water for the pony to drink."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed one of the boys.

"Isn't it too funny for anything!" said another.

Other expressions of surprise came from the group, and when all were silent Jack's master continued:

"He goes to the Post-office every forenoon when the mail wagon comes from the station. He knows when it is due, and as it goes past the house he trots along after it. There is always the daily paper for me, and frequently a letter or two. If there is only the paper, the postmaster gives it to him, and Jack comes straight home again; and if there are any letters, the postmaster ties a string around letters and papers, and Jack brings the parcel very carefully. If there is only the paper, he takes it to the house, and puts it on a chair by the hall table; but if there is a letter, he comes straight to me, or if I am away, he goes to some member of the family, and delivers the parcel as carefully as a postman would.

"If I am away from the house and it comes on to rain, or if a thunder-cloud rises and rain is threatening, I have only to say, 'Jack, go and bring the umbrella,' and he goes at once. He knows where it is usually kept, and if it is not in its proper place he hunts around till he has found it. If he can find no umbrella, he calls the attention of some one by barking and running to the umbrella stand, and he keeps up a very active search and makes plenty of noise until he has obtained what he wants. When I am walking with a stick or a closed umbrella he insists upon carrying it for me, but he never tries to manage an open umbrella."

"I should think not," said Allie. "An open umbrella would be too much for a dog to carry, and, besides, Jack does not mind getting wet, as we saw to-day."

"Jack is very playful," continued Mr. Calef, "and it is funny to watch him at play. Last year somebody gave our children a ball from a bowling-alley, and it has been the source of much amusement to Jack. He likes to chase it when it is rolled along the ground, and if there is nobody to assist him he rolls it himself."

"How does he do it?" asked Frank, in astonishment.

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"There is a grass-covered terrace seven or eight feet high at one end of the house," was the reply. "Jack will patiently roll the ball with his nose and paws to the foot of the terrace, and then in the same way will roll it to the top. When he gets it there he rests a few minutes, then gives the ball a vigorous push with his paws, and sends it rolling rapidly down the slope and over the level lawn beyond. He follows it closely, and while pretending to stop it, continues to push it as long as it will roll. Then he turns around and repeats the process of taking it to the top of the terrace. He will play with it in this way for two or three hours at a time.

"He keeps the yard clear of stray cows, barks at strangers, though he never bites them, but never makes any objections to any of our neighbors coming to the house. He is on good terms with most of the dogs in the village, and never gets into a fight if he can help it. Between our house and the Post-office there is a small dog that used to bark at him and snap at his heels when he was coming home with a parcel in his mouth, and was unable to resist without dropping his burden. Jack took no notice of these assaults for a time, but finally determined to stop them. One morning when he was coming along with the newspaper the little dog appeared and began barking as usual. Jack stepped to the side of the road, laid the paper on the grass, and then turned suddenly on his insignificant enemy. Before the latter knew what Jack was about, the big dog had him by the nape of the neck, carried him to a pool of water close by, and dropped him in. As the little fellow scrambled out, Jack seized him again, rolled him in the mud at the edge, and then left him. He picked up his paper and trotted home, and ever since that time the small dog has let him alone."

## TOM'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

II.

AS Tom walked from the house he was in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. He felt that his mother had been unkind in allowing him to do as he had at first wanted to do, and that if she had really loved him, she would have obliged him to come back. He felt as if he had been wronged because he had not been punished severely, and he was fully convinced that he had made a mistake when he had decided that the only thing he could do was to run away.

There was no possible excuse for him to return. If his mother had not seen him, he believed he would have sneaked back into the house, and have borne all the jeers of his school-mates because he had "backed out." But he decided that he could not even do that now, and that it was absolutely necessary for him to go on as he had begun.

"How I wish I hadn't started," he said to himself, as he trudged along toward Rankin's brook, his bundles growing heavier each moment. "She told me about Captain Harrison's going away to-morrow, so that I could go with him, and that she'd know where I was. But I won't do anything like that. I'll go 'way off where she won't ever see me again, and then she'll be sorry she was so willing to let me run away."

Tommy was being severely punished for wanting to leave his home, and he knew it, but he had not suffered enough to cause him to be willing to admit his fault, and to ask his mother to forgive him; therefore the discouraged runaway very unwillingly continued his decidedly desolate course.

By some singular chance he met no one on his way. If he could have done so he felt that he might in some slight degree revenge himself, for he would have sent word to his mother that he did not intend to go with Captain Harrison, and that she should never hear from him again.

But he did not meet any one from the time he left his home until he arrived at the bridge, and then he realized that if the scheme had not been entirely a success, neither had the details been perfect. To sleep under Rankin's bridge, when he thought of it in the daytime, and with his school-mates around him, was nothing more than a pleasant little adventure; but when it came to carrying the plan into execution it was quite a different matter. The night was dark; the brook gurgled and sang in a most ghostly fashion; the air under the stone arches felt damp; and he could find no place where he could lie down with any prospect of comfort.

"It's no use. I can't fix any kind of a bed here; so I've got to sit up all night—that's all there is to it."

Tom was reckless by this time, and without any care as to a selection of the spot where he was to spend the night, he sat down in about as uncomfortable a place as he could have found, confident that the time would seem very short.

He tried to make up his mind as to where he would go when the morning should come; then he felt about for a softer seat, very nearly falling into the water in the attempt. He thought of his mother's sorrow, which was to be his revenge, and then again he changed his position. He wondered if his school-mates were snugly tucked up in bed asleep; and then he began to doze, leaning his head against the granite sides of the arch.

Suddenly he awoke with a start that gave him a very uncomfortable twinge in his neck, while every portion of his body was stiff and lame. He thought that he had slept a long time, and he looked out from under the bridge, fully expecting to see the sun. It was as dark as when he first sought this very uncomfortable sleeping-place.

"The sun hasn't come up," he said, as he settled back on the rock in a very awkward manner, as if it hurt him to move around much; "but I know it must be morning, because I feel as if I'd been asleep ten or twelve hours. I'll start up the road a little."

Just at that moment the village clock began to strike, and Tom counted,

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, *eleven!*"

Only eleven o'clock, and he had thought it was time for the sun to rise!

Tom tried to lie down first in one place, and then in another, but the sharp-pointed rocks prevented him from assuming anything like a reclining position. Then he thought of his own nice bed; but he knew he could not enjoy it, at least not without too great a sacrifice of manly dignity.

He thought of Captain Harrison's schooner, which was to sail on the following morning. He might go on board of her; but if he should do so, how could he revenge himself on his mother?

"I can't stay here all night if it's going to last as long as this hour has. I don't want to walk up the road, because I can't see where I'm going. Mother won't know for certain that I've gone on the *Swiftsure*, and she'll feel bad enough to-morrow morning when I don't come home to breakfast; so I'll go on board where I can get some sleep."

Tom knew exactly where the clumsy old schooner was moored, for many a time had he and his friends been up to look at her when she was in port, and laughed at the name of *Swiftsure*, which it seemed must have been painted on her stern in mockery.

With his bundles in his hands he stumbled down through

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"'WHY, YOU'RE TOM GIBSON.'"

the pasture, following the course of the brook, until he arrived at a little stone pier, at the head of which could be seen the old schooner which had been made ready for a fishing cruise down the coast.

Tom scrambled on board as softly as was possible in the darkness; but he might have saved himself the trouble of taking precautions to prevent any one from hearing him, for the old schooner was deserted, and looked quite as lonesome as *he* felt. The cabin doors were locked, the hatches were fastened down too securely for him to raise them unaided, and it seemed very much as if even the *Swiftsure* denied him the shelter he so sadly needed.

On the deck lay an upturned dory. He might crawl under that, and although it would be but poor shelter, it was surely better than trying to lie on the sharp rocks under the bridge. Tom was not nearly as particular where he slept as he would have been at home, and he counted himself very fortunate in finding under the boat a quantity of old nets that made him quite a soft bed, so soft, in fact, that he was asleep in less than five minutes after he had found shelter.

Everything had contributed to make Tom very tired on the day when he ran away, and he slept on the fishing-nets quite as soundly as if he had been at home. He did not even hear Captain Harrison and his crew when they came on board at a very early hour in the morning. The bustle and confusion attendant upon getting the *Swiftsure* under way failed to awaken him. When, however, the *Swiftsure* was on the open sea, tumbling about on the waves in her own clumsy fashion, he came to understand where he was, and he gained this information in quite a sensational manner.

Shortly after the old schooner had left the dock the wind freshened until it was blowing quite half a gale, and Captain Harrison began to fear that the crazy old sails would be blown away. In order to prevent such a catastrophe, the schooner was hove to, and all hands set to work reefing sail.

As a matter of course the clumsy old *Swiftsure* was wallowing in the trough of the sea, tossing and tumbling about in a most provoking manner. Captain Harrison was helping his crew of fishermen "shorten" the foresail, when, just as all hands were standing amidships trying to reef without pulling the very reef-points out of the decayed canvas, a queer-looking bundle rolled from under the dory, capsizing one or two of the sailors as it struck them, and then rolling into the lee scuppers, where it lay uttering cries of pain.

The crew were absolutely frightened, first at seeing this queer-looking parcel, and then at hearing it make a noise, while those who had been knocked down actually fled forward in alarm. Captain Harrison started aft, but on looking back he stopped short, gazed for an instant, first at the dory, and then at the bundle in the scuppers, and said, as he gave his hat a forcible blow, as if to prevent it from flying off his head in surprise, "I'm blowed if it ain't a boy!"

Tom looked up as if amazed that he should have been mistaken for other than what he was, and then the rolling of the vessel threw him back again toward the dory, tossing him from one side to the other much as if he had been a rubber ball.

"Where did you come from?" roared Captain Harrison, angry now because he had shown what looked to be fear.

"He come out of the dory," replied one of the men, for Tom was too much engaged in rolling about the deck to be able to make any reply.

It was impossible for all hands to stand staring at Tom when the foresail needed immediate attention, and the sick runaway was allowed to roll up and down the deck at his own sweet will, or rather at the will of the wind, until the *Swiftsure* was on her course again with reduced canvas. Then Captain Harrison shouted, "Somebody catch that boy, before he breaks himself all to pieces, and bring him aft here to me."

In a few moments, but not without considerable difficulty, the Captain's orders were obeyed, and Tom, looking pale and thoroughly wretched, was held up in front of the *Swiftsure's* commander.

"Why, you're Tom Gibson!" exclaimed that gentleman, in surprise.

Tom nodded his head; he could not trust himself to speak.

"How came you on board? Been running away, eh?"

Again Tom nodded his head, and Captain Harrison began to understand that his passenger was in no mood for conversation.

"Take him below; I'll dress him down after he gets a little better."

Tom was led below, into a cabin that smelled like fish, oil, stale vegetables, and, in fact, everything that is disagreeable. And there, amid this combination of terrible odors, poor, sick, runaway Tom could hear the creaking and grinding of the timbers of the crazy old hulk, while all he could do was to moan and groan in unison.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## THE "CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL" OF THE ARABS.

BY W. O. AYRES.

THE month of the Ramadan had passed, and through it all good strict Mohammedans had fasted, as Christians do during Lent. A week before, I had landed at Aden, on the south coast of Arabia, from the Bombay steamer, and had worked my way to the north nearly two hundred miles, through a beautiful hilly country, to the old city of Sená. Oh! it was a strange, strange place! Dead? It looked as though it had been dead, or perhaps I might say asleep, for a thousand years. As I rode in through the wall to find the house of Mustafa, the merchant to whom my letters required me to go, houses without any sign of life, streets with only a man visible here and there, were all that I saw. When one of them passed me he seemed to be in deep mourning for some friend. His long black cloak, his solemn face, his slow, quiet step, the gravely melancholy manner in which he answered my salutation, were all very mournful. I thought if this was life in Sená, I should be glad to get away as quickly as I could.

But what a change met me the next morning! All the gloom had been because on the last two days of the Ramadan they hold a special fast for the dead. But, like light out of darkness, the next day comes the "Children's Festival." And bright and early they roused me; even before the muezzin's call to prayer was sounded from the mosque I was waked by the joyous shouts and laughter of the children, aided by the frolicking "Yoo-yoo" of the mothers and nurses. And when I reached the street, why, what had become of the black cloaks, the slow steps, and the mournful looks?

Two bright-looking boys about ten years old came up to me as freely and pleasantly as though they had known me for years, and with a graceful, respectful gesture each gave me the salutation "Salaam Aleikoum!"—the peace of God be with you—and passed on to greet some one else. Both were decked out from head to foot in brilliant colors. Their outer garments were green and crimson. I noticed that the two boys were alike in size and in age, but very different in looks. One had a face and eyes on which was the stamp of brightness and rank, and his coat was of the richest green silk, fairly loaded with embroidery of gold, and his crimson silk scarf was heavy with gold. The other boy's face was darker and duller, while his clothes—cut of the same style as his comrade's—were of coarse materials, though of the same colors. The boys went on, and a group of little girls, even more brilliantly dressed, passed me with the same friendly greeting from their pleasant, soft voices, "Salaam Aleikoum!"

Pairs and pairs of boys I met, and wondered at the fact of their being thus together, one always richly and the other poorly dressed. When I returned to Mustafa's house I presently learned what it meant. In each Arab family of wealth and of rank a son has a companion selected for him of his own age from among the poorer people, and the two boys are brought up together; they have the same education and the same sports, and the poor boy has all the advantages of the other, and in fact nearly the same clothes, except on feast-days; then the rich one displays his finery.

Going out into the court-yard I found the two boys who had first saluted me in the street, both of them busily engaged, with a dozen of the common Arabs to help them.

Selim, Mustafa's son, was at work with a magnificent brown horse, while his companion had a slender-legged gray dromedary. They were washing and polishing them up with a care that was very wonderful, for the Arabs are commonly quite negligent of their animals. Their saddles, their bridles, and everything were so rich with velvet and gold that they surprised me, for I had never seen anything like it. I remember particularly Selim's stirrups, for I saw that they were of solid silver inlaid with gold.

About ten o'clock they were ready, and the two boys rode out together to parade through the streets in company with others, calling at the houses of their relatives and friends, and the "Salaam Aleikoum" was ringing all over Sená. But the greatest sport of the day was yet to come. Shortly after noon Mustafa invited me to accompany him outside the walls, and there I saw what you see in the picture, only that here you have but a single pair of boys, whereas dozens of them were flying over the sand at the same moment.



The sport consisted in urging their animals to the utmost speed of which they were capable, twisting and turning them at the same time here and there, while the riders seemed to fairly whirl with excitement. The boys of fourteen to sixteen carried the long guns of the Arabs, which they flourished about their heads, fired into the air, and loaded again while still running, and all the time their wild cries were perfectly deafening, and served to excite the animals they rode till they were fairly wild.

Selim and Ibrahim came first, and you see them in the picture. Selim was too young to have strength sufficient for a gun, and he carried only a rod, but young as he was, he rode like a prince. Just see him. And then look at the way the dromedary steps out—trotting only, but never one step behind. Though Selim's brown horse flew like the wind, there was Ibrahim, steady as a clock, all the time

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right by his side on his gray dromedary, and not seeming to make any effort about it either. It was wonderful to see how smoothly that awkward, clumsy-looking beast went over the ground, while Ibrahim sat without motion or sound, though Selim was yelling his shrill cries at every breath. It was a strange sight; I shall never forget it.

The boys brought their wild sports to an end only when their poor horses, utterly out of breath, could run no more.

During all this time, within the city, the little girls were making visits from house to house, dressed, if possible, even more richly than the boys. So the festival went on until the muezzin from the tower of the mosque raised the solemn cry which calls all Mohammedans to prayers at the sunset. All then retired to their houses, and all that remained of the "Children's Festival" was the pleasure of remembering it.

In the lower corner of the picture are a little Arab boy and his sister, who seem to me to give a fair idea of Arab children in general.

The affection of the Arabs for their children often surprised me. Harsh and almost barbarous as they are in some of their ideas, they treat the children with wonderful gentleness and patience, and I have no doubt that this helps to make them what they are after they are grown.

## LESSONS FROM THE GARDEN.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

AYUNE, darling little
Brown-eyed maid of ours,
Went to school this morning
To the garden flowers.
Such a school was never
Seen, I'm sure, before—
Only one small scholar;
Teachers, half a score.

Said the Morning-glory,
"When you see the light,
Praise the Lord who kept you
Safely through the night."
Said the purple Pansy,
"Learn this truth from me,
You must be contented
If you'd happy be."

Said the white-robed Lily,
"You shall blessings know
If, like me, your thoughts are
Pure as driven snow."
Said the tall and stately
Flower of the sun,
"Greater treasure than a
True heart there is none."

Said the Rose, "The thorns, dear,
That life ever brings
Are by Love and Kindness
Robbed of all their stings."
Said the pretty, fragrant
Violet, "So live
That your presence always
Sweet delight may give."

Said they all together,
"Then when life is past,
You shall fadeless blossoms
Find in heaven at last."
Ah! what lovely lessons
Learned she from the flowers,
Ayune, darling little
Brown-eyed maid of ours!

## ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

"FROM A FOREIGN SHORE."



IT was with a delightful sense that something pleasant was going to happen, or had happened, that Joan opened her eyes one morning.

She ran to the dormer-window of the attic room where she and Laura slept, and took a careful look at the weather.

"It's a lovely day," she announced to Laura. "Now let us hurry up, for Nan will be busy with Phyl, and we must see to the Emporium early."

Lance and Philip were expected before dinner, and to grace the occasion Joan and the boys, with Nan's help when she could spare it from her sewing, had spent some days preparing banners with "Welcome," and "Home Again from a Foreign Shore," and other emblematic and touching mottoes. These were to wave from every door, while the treasurer of the household had been called upon for fifty cents, which was invested in tissue-paper, with which flowers of variegated hue and on wire stems were made to festoon the chairs in readiness for the travellers at dinner.

Phyllis had been very anxious that their welcome should be as bright as possible; she was old enough to know how great the change would be to Lance, for in former times, although there never had been much ready money to spend, Mr. Rolf's carelessness in such matters had prevented any one of the young people from having a sense of responsibility, and in some fashion or other they knew that they generally contrived to get what they wanted. It was from this very fact that their situation now was what it was, the poor father having left behind him little more than his debts.

What a change it would seem to Lance to find the little household orphaned, gathered together, struggling to earn their own way, and she, the elder sister, a cripple; but, after all, would it not be delightful to have Lance once more with them? and Philip, too, should be received as a brother. For some time past they had all felt as if a little genuine fun would do them good. Phyl had even thought of permitting the younger ones to go to the circus when it came in May, and she had freely encouraged all the festive preparations for the two boys' return which had kept the household in a state of gleeful activity for three or four days.

Joan's toilet was soon made, and she dashed down-stairs, stopping to whisper through the doorway of Nan's little room, "Seven o'clock, Nan," to receive from her cousin a response that sounded wide awake, and then to dart on into the kitchen, where Alfred had lighted the fire, and Dick was engaged over the last of the decorations.

They took turns in preparing breakfast, and after three mornings Joan contrived that hers should not be quite the wandering feast every one had predicted it would turn out. On this morning she had declared that nobody need expect anything very much, all the energies of the

* Begun in No. 272. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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household being directed toward Lance and Philip's first dinner at home.

"Coffee, oatmeal, and bread and butter, that's all you will get; so there's no use asking for any more," said Joan, with an air of energetic decision, while she stirred the porridge around, taking a side glance at Dick in his corner to see if he shared her suspicion that it was a little burned. But she whisked it off the fire the next moment, and sang cheerfully while she dished it and added a little fresh milk. Laura was already in the dining-room setting the table, and Nan could be heard coming down-stairs.

Breakfast proceeded with too much anxiety for the morning's work to have any mistakes noticed. Laura was revolving in her mind a plan for the evening's amusement; Joan and she together had lemon pies on their minds, and Nan was in a hurry to begin Phyl's morning toilet, which of late had been rather a tedious operation, as the elder cousin was certainly weaker than formerly. When the boys on this morning had lifted her to her sofa, and dashed off again to their special employments, when Nan had dusted the pretty bedroom, giving it certain extra touches for this occasion, she observed that Phyllis certainly was looking much paler and weaker than usual.

It came out that all the good-humored bustle of these days had been rather too much for Phyl's weak state of health, and Nan instantly reproached herself for not having been more watchful. Phyllis was extremely troubled by this, and put out a trembling hand to catch Nan's dress as she was moving away, and to assure her that it was nothing at all—only fancifulness, nervousness; the pain in her back had been rather worse, she admitted, but it had really amused her to see and hear all the preparations for the boys' return.

"But how you have worked on that screen!" exclaimed Nan, sadly. "Phyl! Phyl! why didn't you tell me?"

And Nan was down on her knees by the sofa, wondering how it was she had not noticed that the sweet face had begun to sharpen in its delicate outline, the eyes to look unnaturally deep and brilliant.

How thankful she felt that Lance was coming! With him she felt sure some better plan for the elder sister's comfort could be devised.

Phyl would not hear of one word being said to check the children's joy.

"But I'll keep her room quiet," thought Nan; and so she let them go without her, at eleven o'clock, on the road toward Beverley, where they were to meet the travellers, while she remained in charge of Phyl and the Emporium.

A customer who wanted some yellow floss called Nan down a few moments before the boys arrived, and she was well pleased by the tidy, cheerful appearance of the lower floor. The little dining-room, with the table neatly laid for dinner, and decorated with such flowers and greens as they could procure, the chairs of honor, with a banner over each, and every window ornamented in some striking fashion, all seemed to express a cheerful welcome, and Nan looked about her from the dining-room across the matted hall and into the sales-room with its pleasant show of color, reflecting that Lance could not but think it looked home-like, even though the wide spaces, rambling halls, and many rooms of the College Street house were wanting.

She had just time to report how nicely it all looked to Phyllis, when loud war-whoops were heard in Bird Street, and from the upper window the two girls saw a triumphal procession return.

Lance and Philip walked, surrounded by the younger children, capering and dancing and generally making themselves conspicuous, rather to the discomfort of Laura, whose dignity was greater than ever since she was established as housekeeper to such an unruly tribe.

Phyl was bearing it well; but when, with all the others after him, Lance came into the room, she could only hold out her arms in silence and look at him, smiling and tearful together; but Nan contrived, without hurting any one's feelings, to get them all off into the next room, that the older brother and sister might be for a few moments alone together.

Most of the party dashed down the stairs, Joan and Laura to the kitchen, where Mrs. Travers, brighter than in the morning, was "helping along" dinner, as she always called her efforts at cooking. Nan remained upstairs, talking eagerly to Philip, whose tall figure, broad shoulders, and generally "grown-up" look surprised her no less than his quiet, rather shy manners.

"Oh, Phil," she exclaimed, "do you remember the day I said good-by to you in Bromfield?"

"Don't I," said Phil; "you were a regular trump, Nan. Have you got the shell?"

Nan laughed gleefully. "I should think so! But, oh, Phil, think of all the changes since then—only think. I ran away from dear Phyllis to say good-by to you! Oh dear, doesn't it seem a long while ago? Phyllis is a perfect angel now. Well, I always thought her lovely."

"But how did it happen that Miss Rolf never left you anything," inquired Philip, who had puzzled long over this difficult problem.

Nan explained it briefly; she never liked to discuss that question. It seemed to cast a reproach on the aunt whose memory she so tenderly loved; so she hastened to ask Philip questions about himself.

"Oh, I'm to try to get on," said Philip, with a quiet sort of confidence, which Nan thought more hopeful in the boy than too much enthusiasm. "That Dr. Barlow, in New York, has got a place for Lance where he can earn enough to pay his board, and go on with his medical studies."

"Isn't that delightful? And you, Philip?"

Phil colored highly between pleasure and bashfulness.

"I'm trying to do something," he said, "and I have a chance of getting into a lithographer's for a beginning."

Nan did not entirely understand what this meant, but she accepted Philip's satisfied expression, and they chatted on about various things—of Marian and his mother—then of affairs at Beachcroft, and Nan was surprised to find that in spite of their long separation and all the changes in the circumstances of each it was so easy to tell Philip everything—the various small vexations or worries of her life, and to receive from him quiet words of counsel which seemed to apply so exactly that she finally drew a deep breath of satisfaction and exclaimed:

"Oh, Philip, how nice it is to have you!" and in spite of his manly air she put her arm around his neck, giving him one of the same impulsive hugs with which she had in their childish days "made up" any little quarrel.

"There!" laughed Phil, good-naturedly freeing himself, "you are just the same dear girl, I do believe. Well, it's a wonder to me how you girls ever got on alone here."

"But we had Annie Vandort at first," said Nan.

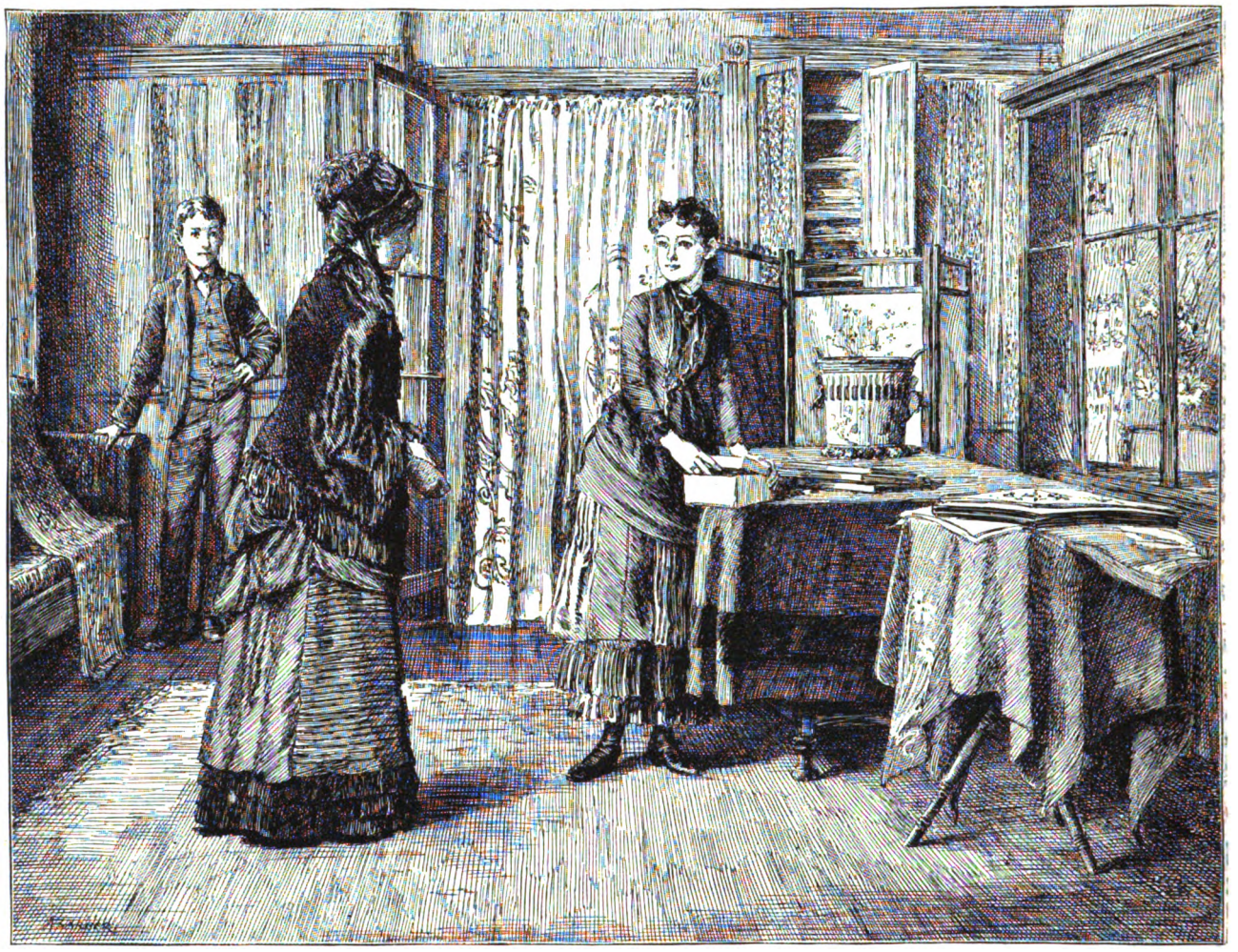
Philip said "Oh!" in a tone which showed how very superior he considered such assistance, and Nan went on:

"But, Philip, at first it *was* funny to see our efforts at keeping house. And the Emporium too—let's go down and have a look at it—and I have a class in needle-work, and everybody in Beverley has been so kind. But, Philip," this Nan whispered, as they were going in the sales-room, "there's one thing I want to talk over with you. I hate to worry Phyllis; but we're not thriving so finely as you might think. You see, I'm treasurer, and funds are getting rather low. I don't want to talk of anything disagreeable just at first, but if you and Lance are going away soon, I guess I'll have to call a council and have advice."

Philip nodded his head wisely, and looked at his cousin with great interest and kindness in his quiet blue eyes. He still continued to think Nan a very remarkable person, but he was glad she felt that his sympathy and advice could be of use to her.

"All right," he said. "I'll do my best; and we ought to

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"'HAVE YOU ROOM IN YOUR CLASS FOR A NEW PUPIL, MY DEAR?'"

be able to help you, for Lance and I have managed famously in Paris, and we know a good deal about such things, I can tell you."

The Emporium was in fine order; counter and shelves, the long sofa which showed Nan's embroidery, the chairs and the two screens, were well dusted, and the articles for sale disposed very temptingly, and Nan was glad that a customer appeared while Phil's "artist's eye" was examining things. He watched her take down a box of patterns for the lady who came in, and help the selection of a pretty antimacassar, and her own cheek glow as the lady said:

"Have you room in your class for a new pupil, my dear? A young friend of mine is very anxious for a few lessons." And then, the arrangement being made, the lady departed, and Nan turned laughingly to Philip, who exclaimed:

"Well done, Nan, you have a most business-like manner; but," the boy added, confidently, "just give us a chance. Lance and I mean to take care of you all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## PERIL AND PRIVATION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

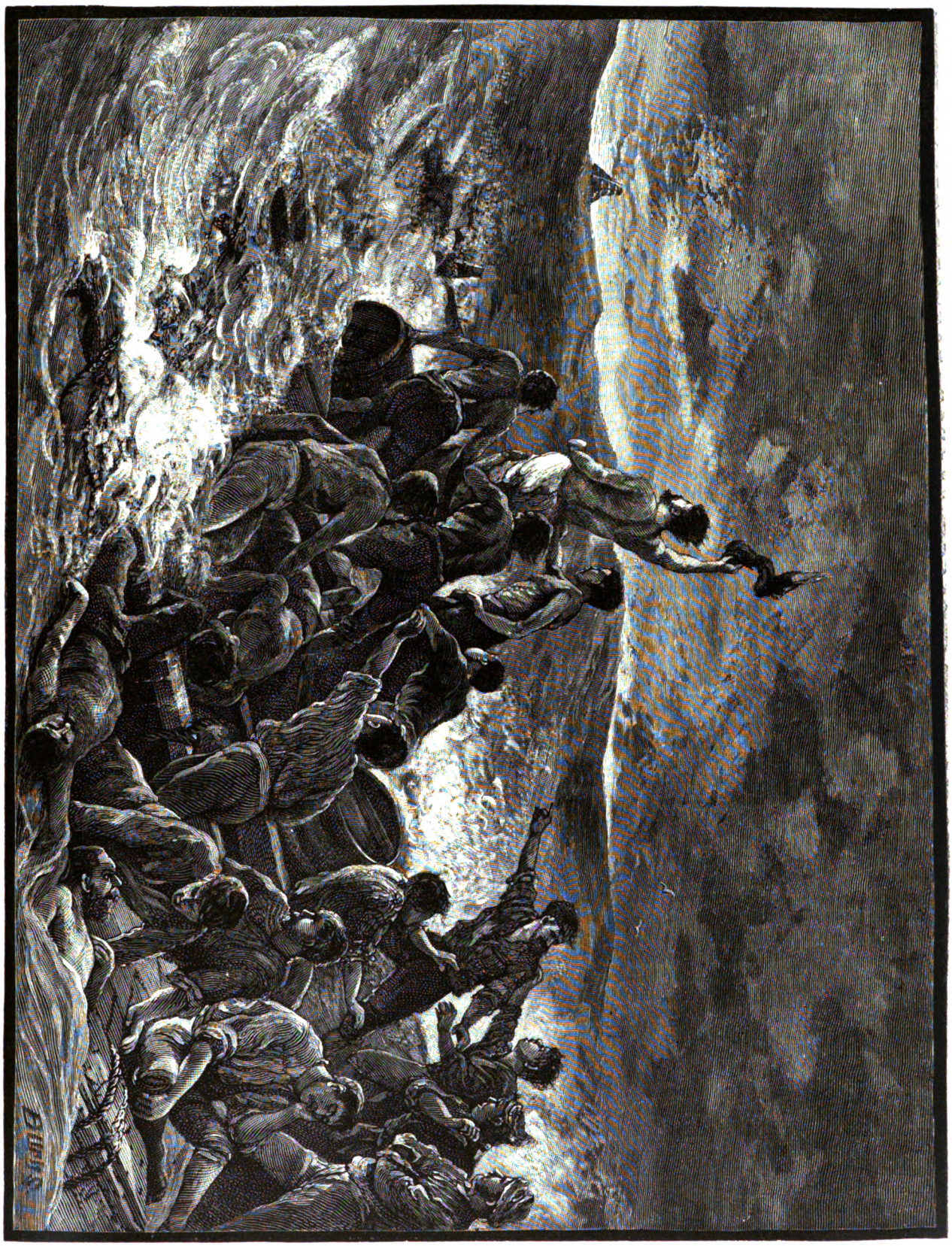
### THE RAFT OF THE "MEDUSA."

IN the course of these narratives it can not have escaped my readers how often danger has been lessened and catastrophes avoided when there have been obedience and discipline, and on the other hand when these have been wanting, how in most cases all has been lost. The most terrible example of this latter kind is found in the wreck of the *Medusa*, upon the whole, perhaps the most disastrous event that has been recorded in nautical annals—one, too, in which selfishness and brutality played such prominent parts, that for years afterward the French navy, to which the ship belonged, was held in contempt and abhorrence.

The *Medusa*, a frigate commanded by one Chaumareys, set sail from France in June, 1816, to take possession of certain colonies on the coast of Africa, and within ten days an error of no less than thirty degrees was made in her reckoning. On the 1st of July she entered the tropics, and notwithstanding that the captain was in doubt of the position of the vessel, he permitted the crew to indulge in all the wild amusements usual on "crossing the line," without taking any precaution against danger. Though there was a suspicion that they were on the banks of Arguise, the lead was heaved without slackening, and while the officer in charge was stating his opinion that the ship was in a hundred fathoms of water, she struck in six fathoms, three times. The tide was then at flood; at ebb there remained but two fathoms, and after some bungling manœuvres all hope of getting the ship off was abandoned.

The *Medusa* possessed but six boats, not nearly sufficient for the crew and passengers, and from the moment that this fact was understood, all discipline and good feeling were thrown to the winds. A raft was indeed commenced, but hardly any one could be induced to work at it. The rest "scrambled out of the wreck without order or precaution, the first who reached the boats refusing to receive

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THE RAFT OF THE "MEDUSA."

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their less fortunate companions, though there was ample room for more."

The captain himself stole out of a port-hole into his own boat, leaving his crew to shift for themselves. All that could be extracted from the runaways was a promise that they would tow the raft when it should have been launched."

This raft, constructed without skill or design, was miserably ill-suited for its purpose. It was sixty-five feet long and twenty-five broad, but the only part that could be trusted to was the middle, on which there was room for only fifteen persons to lie down. "Those who stood on the floor were in constant danger of slipping through the planks; the sea flowed in on all sides. When the one hundred and fifty persons who were destined to be its burden were on board, they stood in a solid block without a possibility of moving, and up to their waists in water." It was understood that the raft should carry the provisions, and being taken in tow by the six boats, the crews should apply at certain intervals for their rations. The whole affair, however, would appear to have been a blind, in order to quiet the poor wretches on the raft, and perhaps the consciences of the others, who were only looking to their own safety.

As they left the ship a M. Coneard, inquiring whether the charts, instruments, and stores were on board, was told by an officer that nothing was wanting. "And who is to command us?" inquired Coneard. "*I* am to command you," said the officer, "and will be with you in a minute," with which words he slipped out of a port-hole, as his captain had done before him, into one of the boats.

The raft had been towed but three leagues when the line that united it to the captain's boat was broken (probably on purpose), which was taken as a signal for all the other boats to cut their cables. At the same time, with some instinct of cowardice and cruelty that is impossible to understand, the crews exclaimed, "We abandon them," which they at once proceeded to do, amid the yells and curses of those they had betrayed. When we add that the weather was quite calm, and that these boats were then but twelve leagues from the African coast, which, indeed, they reached that very night, it is difficult to find a parallel to such an act of baseness. "*Not one of the promised articles*," says the narrative from which this account is taken, "had been placed on board the raft." There were a few casks of wine, but no provisions save some spoiled biscuit, and that only sufficient for a single meal. The one pocket compass they possessed had fallen between the planks into the sea.

As no refreshment had been issued since morning, some wine and biscuit were distributed, the last solid food which was to pass their lips for thirteen days! The night was stormy, and when the dawn appeared twelve poor wretches were found crushed to death between the planks of the raft, and more were missing, "but the exact number could not be ascertained, as the soldiers had taken the billets of the dead in order to obtain for themselves two or even three rations."

It must be confessed, indeed, that vile as were the wretches who had forsaken them, they were not much viler than their victims. The physical agonies these now began to endure were accompanied by the most selfish and reckless crimes. The soldiers drank immoderately, and some under pretense of resting themselves actually tried to cut the ropes that bound the raft together. These wretches were thrown into the sea. Then these madmen quarrelled with one another. The raft was strewn with their dead bodies, and "after innumerable instances of treachery and cruelty, from sixty to sixty-five perished during the second night."

On the fourth day many of the survivors were reduced to feed upon the bodies of the dead, which, as usual, provoked another outbreak of madness. A more general attempt was made to destroy the raft, which, being opposed by the less reckless, ended in the slaughter of half the remaining crew. On the fifth morning but thirty men remained alive, and even these "sick and wounded, with the skin of their lower extremities corroded by salt water." After a council of despair it was determined, as a little biscuit and wine still remained, to throw the weaker members of the company, since they consumed a part of the common store, into the sea. With these were thrown all the arms on board, with the exception of a single sabre.

On the ninth day "a butterfly lighted on the sail, and though it was" (justly) "held to be a messenger of good, *many a greedy eye was cast upon it.*" Everything that could be devoured, however little it resembled an article of food, such as some tooth-powder, was fought for, while the daily distribution of wine awakened such feelings of selfishness and ferocity as are impossible to describe. On the seventeenth day a brig was seen which took off the survivors of this scene of despair and carnage—fifteen in number!

As the *Medusa* had money on board of her, it had seemed worth while to the French authorities to send a ship to look for her; but from untoward circumstances she did not reach the wreck till fifty-two days after the catastrophe. Sixty men had been abandoned on board of her, by what the narrator calls with bitter irony "their magnanimous countrymen." Of these, three were found alive, desperate and ferocious. When their provisions had quite given out they had shrunk into separate corners of the wreck, and "*never met but to run at each other with drawn knives.*"

Such is the tale of the wreck of the *Medusa;* many of the details of it I have shrunk from giving, but to have altogether omitted it would have been to leave these narratives of Peril and Privation incomplete indeed. With the exception of M. Coneard, who did what little lay in his power to stem the tide of mutiny and despair, no one on board the ill-fated vessel seems to have shown the least spark of duty or even of common humanity. It is a consolation to reflect that neither the flag of England nor that of the United States, though both have often witnessed similar calamities, has ever been stained with such disgrace.

## CHATS ABOUT PHILATELY.

BY JOSEPH J. CASEY.

### X.—COREA.

IT is as natural to expect that a representation of the terrible dragon shall be associated with anything Chinese as it is to expect that a little girl will be found fondling her doll, or a small boy found playing about in the snow. And yet here comes something which apparently upsets the natural order of things, and proves for once that for a certain portion of China the dragon has lost its terrors, and has made way for the peace-provoking if not peaceable bull's-eye. Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Bogert, of the *Tribune* Building, in New York, the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE will be among the first to see an accurate representation of the postage-stamp just issued by the Kingdom of Corea.






Those who are familiar with the stamps of Japan will remember that the dragon came first—in fact, a pair of them—but that they soon gave way to more innocent flowers and birds, and emblems of a better order of things.

Of these curious stamps but two values have appeared,

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though there may be others—one, five *mon*, in carmine; the other, ten *mon*, in blue. The inscriptions on each stamp are evidently in two dialects. Those at the top and bottom mean "Corean postage"; the other characters indicate the values.

A few words concerning this mysterious place may add interest to the stamps. Corea, or "Chosen," as it is called by the natives, appears for the first time in Chinese history in 1122 B.C., and since that time it has been claimed as part of the Chinese Empire. Previous to the seventeenth century of our era the Coreans had wars, now with China, and then with Japan, but since 1636 there has been no war with either, and the Coreans have maintained, in regard to every other nation, the most absolute isolation. In 1866 the last Europeans were expelled. To avenge the murder of some French missionaries, Admiral Roze undertook an expedition in the end of that year. Though he destroyed the city of Kang-hoa, he obtained no concessions from the government. Several American vessels having been burned by the Coreans, the United States, in 1867, dispatched Commodore Schufeldt to remonstrate with the native authorities, but he returned as he went. Nothing further was done until 1870, when a force, under Admiral Rogers, proceeded up the river toward the capital, with the intention of communicating directly with the government. Failure again was the result. In 1875 a treaty was concluded with the Japanese government which secured several valuable privileges from Corea.

Corea is well furnished with rivers and streams. It is exceedingly mountainous, and has the reputation of being richly furnished with mineral resources; gold, silver, iron, copper, and coal are all said to be common. Gold-mining is strictly prohibited; permission was once given to work silver ore at a certain place, but was withdrawn. The copper mines are neglected, and coal is used only in certain districts.

The King of Corea, though a vassal of the Chinese Empire, is within his own country an absolute monarch, with power of life and death over the noblest of the land. He is the object of almost divine honors; it is sacrilege to utter the name he receives from his Emperor, and the name by which he is known in history is bestowed upon him, after his death, by his successor. To touch his person with a weapon of iron is high treason, and so rigidly is this rule enforced that in 1800 the King suffered an abscess to put an end to his life rather than submit to the contact of the lancet.

Learning is held in high estimation, and all public officials pass certain examinations. The most important examinations are held once a year in the capital, and candidates flock thither from all the provinces. After the examination is over those who have passed put on the robes of their new title and proceed on horseback, with sound of music, to visit the chief dignitaries of the state, examiners, etc.

Women hold a very low position in Corean estimation, and count for little in the sight of the law. Not only are they destitute of all political and social influence, but they are not held personally responsible for their actions. Strong affection for their children is one of the better characteristics of the Coreans. Filial piety is held in the highest estimation, and the conduct of a son toward his father is guided by innumerable rules. If he meets him in the way, he must do his humblest obeisance; if he writes to him, he must employ the most respectful forms in the language; if the father is sick, the son must attend him; if in prison, the son must be at hand without; if the father is exiled, the son must accompany him on his journey.

The houses of the Coreans are of one story, and ten or twelve feet square. The floor is the earth, covered in rare instances with mats of poor quality; no chairs are in use, people squatting on the floor; and there is nothing worthy of the name of a bed.

## CHURCH MUSIC.

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE.

PROBABLY no form of music has undergone so many changes as that used in Christian churches since the period of the Reformation.

If we could look back three hundred years to Eastertime in Italy, we should see all the choir singing-schools actively at work: choir boys running hither and thither between their hours of practice, full of enthusiasm for their work, gathering about the master with anxiety and zeal, for to sing in a choir in those days was regarded as a great favor. Not only did it open the way to musical study and advancement to any boy who showed talent, but it elevated the choir boy, who was generally of very humble origin, and often afforded him the means of a comfortable home and some instruction.

Between the fourteenth and the seventeenth century to advance in musical study it was necessary for a boy to be admitted into some choir, as all the early music belonged to the Church, and was taught by the Chapel Master, and encouraged by the clergy.

It is difficult to say positively the exact source from which this music was derived. Tradition consecrated certain forms of melody or of chant to the service of the Church, but the first collected form which we now have was revised or arranged by St. Ambrose in the fourth century.

Afterward St. Gregory the Great continued this work. Under the name of "plain chant" various melodies, antique and solemn in form, are preserved, and are still constantly sung in the Pontifical Chapel at Rome, the cathedrals of most Continental dioceses, and in many Protestant churches, especially in Episcopalian churches.

During the latter part of the sixteenth century the schools for ecclesiastical or church music gave rise to a development which has never been excelled. In the fourteenth or fifteenth century what was called the *Canto Fermo* had been employed for Mass music. This was a single plain chant melody, often derived from secular sources, which served as a theme for the entire Mass.

A tenor singer in the Pontifical Chapel, about 1390, named Du Fay, is now considered to have been the first composer in what is called the primitive or early school of Mass music. He worked hard, and his compositions are full of fine suggestions. A singer in the Pope's chapel, who was afterward Chapel Master to Louis XII., was one of the most learned musicians of the fifteenth century. This was Josquin des Pres. His masses would be excellent specimens of ecclesiastical music but for his tendency to introduce too much that is trivial. He had an abundant genius—that is, his mind was teeming with musical suggestions—and had he lived two centuries later we should doubtless owe him alarger debt, for Des Pres needed only to have his genius rightly guided by good standards.

In looking back at a striking picture of that time we seem to see one figure, an outsider, yet a most impressive character, the genius, the man who determined musical history so far as church music was concerned. Going back and forth between his quiet dwelling and the chapel of St. Maria Maggiore, where he was organist during those anxious days, this musician, Palestrina by name, lived a life of thought and earnest reaching after higher things.

Palestrina's earnest desire was to prove the possibility of producing music which should be thoroughly devotional in character, and yet well adapted to the sacred words of the service. Finally his eloquence and genius so prevailed that a committee was appointed to listen to three masses which he prepared, the first of which was to be sung in the Sistine Chapel in Rome on the 19th of June, 1565, as a test of Palestrina's skill.

The great day came. We can fancy the excitement among all classes in Rome. On the decision of the committee hung not only the fate of ecclesiastical music, but

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SAINT CECILIA.

that of many people interested in the study of the art itself, and the poorest of the choir boys as well as the most famous tenor singers appreciated how much this decision meant.

Palestrina himself seems to have been so convinced that he was working in the right direction that he scarcely feared the result; and it shows how much the music which he wrote meant to him in its sacred form, when he plunged with such ardor into this occasion, since, of course, had he not met with approval in the Church, many places in France and Germany would have been open to him for compositions of another character, and he would also have received much encouragement in Italy even by his friends in the Church as a purely secular composer. But Palestrina's soul was with music of a different order; he longed to see sacred music elevated to its proper place; to see melody united with vocal art; to hear the words so sacred and so solemn to his devout ears wedded to the very best that belonged to his beloved art. It is said of Palestrina that on the night before the eventful day he remained alone in his study engaged in meditation and prayer; as a knight of olden time might watch the armor which for the first time he was to put on and go forth to the battle of life and the world, the triumph over flesh and the devil.

The Mass which was ordered to be performed was afterward known as the Mass of Pope Marcellus. The Pope, the committee, and a host of the composer's friends, including all the famous people of Rome, assembled in the chapel; the music began; the solemn notes of the organ pealed forth, introducing to the enraptured hearers, and to the world for all time to come, music which may be considered as the most perfect of its kind, and from which later composers have had their keenest inspiration. A triumphant host of angels in the new Jerusalem, so said the Pope himself, might have sung to the apostle of the Revelation some such inspiring strains, and Cardinal Pisani, a famous musical critic, exclaimed, in his delight: "So give from voice to voice in notes like these, and in the sweetness and piety of your hearts send forth strains which shall be forever inseparable from this occasion."

The decision was fixed, and it was determined by the committee that this music of Palestrina's might be considered as embodying the style in which all future church music should be composed.

Palestrina was born of very humble parents in 1529, and, as was usual with a boy who showed a talent for music at that time, he was sent to Rome that his voice in a choir might attract attention and procure for him a musical education. The result was successful. From one point to another he progressed until the period of which I have told you, and from this point in his career up to the period of his death in 1594 he composed ninety-three masses, besides hymns arranged for different festivals throughout the year, lamentations, litanies, magnificats, madrigals, and various similar pieces, most of which are still in use in Christian churches.

Alessandro Scarlatti, Leo, and Durante followed Palestrina, and in 1733 Sebastian Bach wrote his famous Mass in B minor. This was composed in true German spirit, and based upon what may be considered family principles, since we know that John Sebastian Bach was one of a long line of men of musical genius who contributed from father to son a special kind of talent which characterizes all the work of the Bach family, and which in John Sebastian seemed to have reached that point when new sparks were struck in the old flame; but the fuel for the fire remained of the same material. This great Mass of Bach's is more like an oratorio. It contains the most remarkable fugues, for which reason more than any other it is worth the careful consideration of the student, and in the opening of the "Credo" it shows one of the most per-

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fect examples of the ancient *Canto Fermo*, with modern harmonies and with a masterly orchestral accompaniment.

The more recent Italian school of ecclesiastical music creates what is called and known among students as the ninth period. Durante gave it the first impulse; Pergolesi carried it on; Haydn and Mozart belonged to it exclusively; following them in the same line were Beethoven and Cherubini. Weber, Schubert, Hummel, Rossini, Mercadante, and Gounod have written masses of a high order, but they have not kept strictly to the traditional forms for ecclesiastical music.
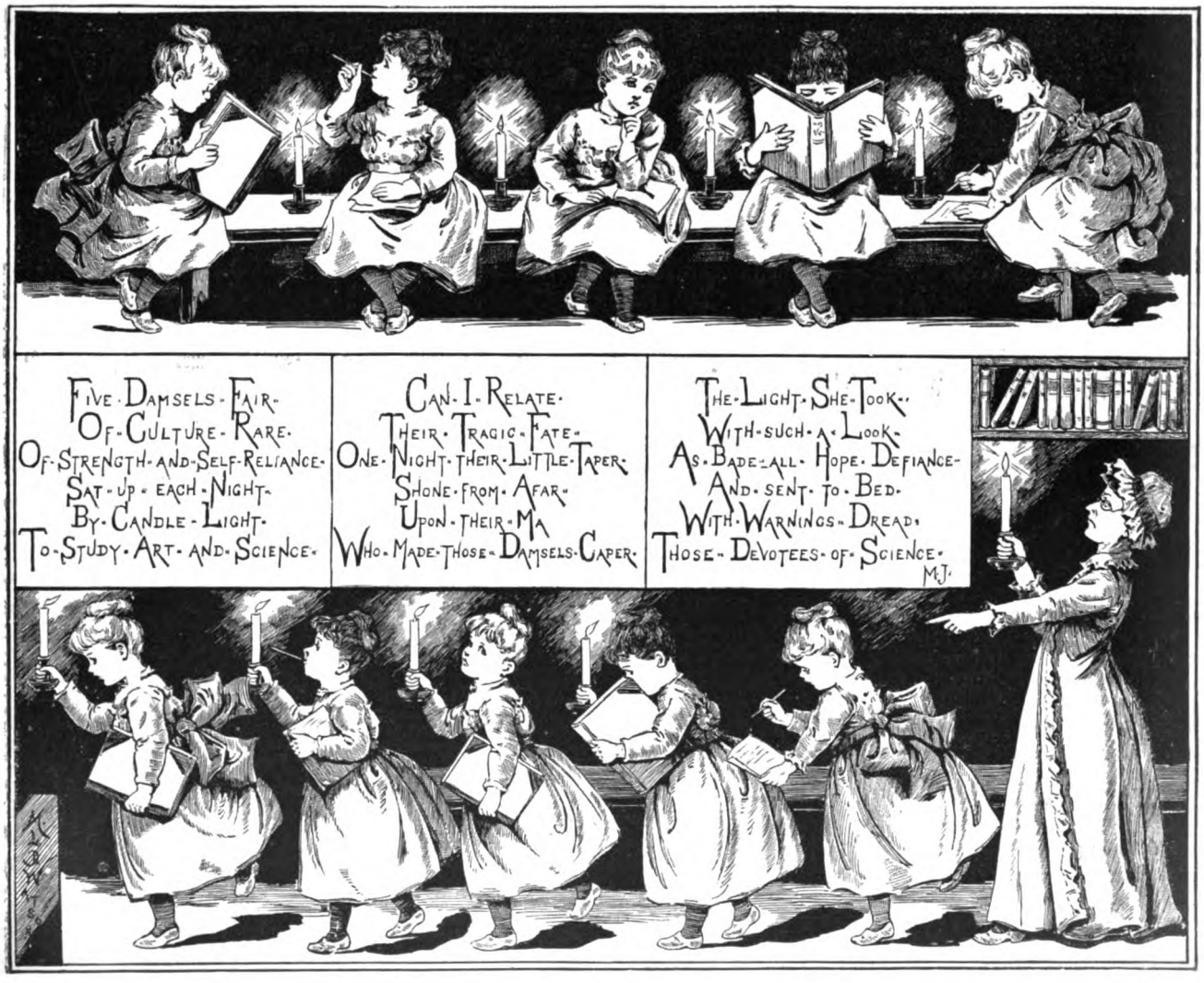
In the Sistine Chapel, at the present day, Mass music is given in its perfection. On ordinary occasions thirty-two singers are employed—eight sopranos, eight altos, eight tenors, and eight bassos. On grand festivals the number is doubled, but very rarely is there any increase of orchestration or of instrumental accompaniment.

The Mass music is written with a plain signature, or with a single flat for the clef. Time is beaten in minims, except in the case of 3–1, in which three semibreves are counted in each bar. After that part of the Mass called the "Introit," the choir takes up the "Kyrie Eleison," the "Christi" next, and then the "Gloria," which is generally a very triumphant portion of the Mass, although certain portions of the Mass are always to be taken in what is called *adagio* time. The "Credo" follows this; then the "Offertory," where either a voluntary on the organ or a special solo is inserted; next the "Sanctus," which is always a *largo;* next comes the last movement in the Mass music, which is the "Agnus Dei." After this are merely the responses and the words of the Mass which are spoken by the priest or deacon.

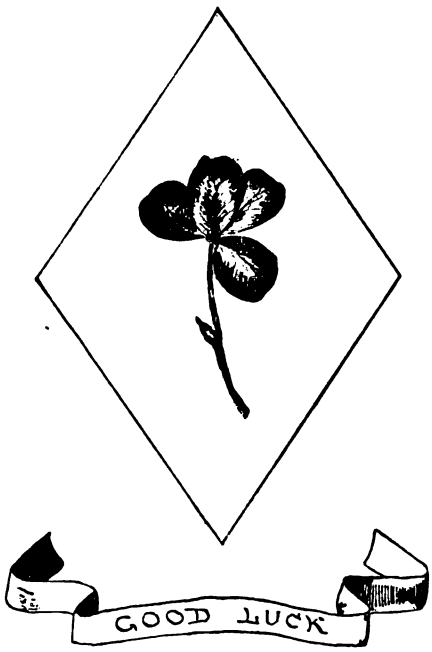
It would be impossible to give you in this paper more than a general idea of the importance of ecclesiastical music in the fifteenth century, with its effects upon the music of our own time. As I have said, all churches are now making use of the compositions of these early Italian and German masters, and their work has a special significance for the student of to-day. No matter what words are used in any church for the music composed originally for the Roman Mass, the methods and treatment of that music must remain characteristic, and to the student they are the more interesting when taken in connection with an entire work.

Mozart's Twelfth Mass, Haydn's famous Mass in B, Beethoven's and Rossini's Requiems, several of Weber's masses, besides those of earlier composers, all now furnish the music for different Christian church services, and it will be worth the student's time and attention to make certain distinctions between old traditional forms—where the plain chant or early melodic form is used, where an idea like a *Canto Fermo* is worked out, and where the general impulse of the composer is allowed complete sway.

Connected with such a study are certain points in harmony. For example, take the suggestions offered by that original "Kyrie" of which we have spoken, and then the fugues in Bach's Mass in B minor. Study something about a fugue, and then examine one portion even of one of these, and gather therefrom as much material as possible against the next opportunity you may have for listening to treatment of the same by the organist in your own church.




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WHO is not delighted when she finds a four-leaved clover in the meadow? It is said to be a sure sign of good luck. But what is luck, good and bad? The boy or girl who neglects opportunities, puts off till to-morrow what should be done to day, is cross and fretful and disposed to make the worst of everything—such a person is sure to be "unlucky." But if he or she is wide awake, industrious, amiable, and tries to be happy, good luck will attend that young person whether he finds a four-leaved clover or not; at least some people call it "luck," but after all, you see, it largely depends on ourselves whether we shall have good luck or bad. Here, then, is a neat and easily worked badge for a society whose members shall determine that their own efforts shall ensure good luck—that is, success; and when any one shall ask, with a smile, "Does your society trust to luck?" you may proudly reply, "Yes; for *we work for it.*"

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

ALL the way from Harpsden, Henley-on-Thames, England, came the other day a bright little letter from a darling child of seven, named Grace P. Grace and her sister Celia are fond of a piece of poetry which was written for them by their mamma, and so they begged the dear mother to copy it and let them send it to Our Post-office Box. I am very glad that the children believe in that pretty possessive pronoun, *Our*. The Post-office Box belongs to us all, and we are fond of sending our stories, letters, poems, and puzzles to the Postmistress, because she keeps the key of the box, and is always ready to open it whenever a child's hand knocks at the door.

The poem is rather too long to be published as a whole, but here are four very beautiful stanzas:

SPRING.

A little bird woke in a breezy morn,
And knew in his young heart that Spring was born.
Then said he, "I must find
A mate to my mind,
And live no longer a bird forlorn."

A daisy looked up to the April sky,
And blinked at the sun with her small, bright eye.
She thought, "I must grow
For an inch or so;
In this low meadow one must stand high."

All the long winter, out in the cold,
Over meadow and field the broad river had rolled.
Said he, "I must try
Henceforth to lie
Between my own banks, as I did of old."

The Spring went by, on her glad young feet,
And found at each footstep a welcome sweet;
Till she paused at a door
A moment or more
To see the bright smile she had used to meet.

We are very much obliged to Grace for her letter, and shall expect her to write again.

Now, children, and boys in particular, I want to recommend to you a most charming book. There is a boy who always comes to me when he wants something to read, and as he is as fond of reading as most lads are of ball-playing, kite-flying, cricket, tennis, or skating, I am often puzzled for the moment what to put into his hands. But when I said, "Here, my dear, is *Boots and Saddles*, by Mrs. E. B. Custer, a book which tells all about army life in Dakota with General Custer, I was perfectly certain that I had given the young gentleman a real treat. So it proved. He read the book straight through, finding it very entertaining, and instructive as well, and, at my request, he selected some extracts for the Post-office Box. Boys, if you want to read about the exploits of a dashing cavalry officer, who was as pure and brave as a knight of Arthur's Round Table, if you want to take a peep at Indians in their wild life on the plains, if you want to laugh heartily at some very droll incidents, save up your money and send to Messrs. Harper & Brothers for a copy of *Boots and Saddles*.

Here is a quotation:

### A VISIT TO THE VILLAGE OF "TWO BEARS."

A Sioux chief, called Two Bears, had the most picturesque village that we saw. The lodges were placed in a circle, as this was judged the most defensive position; the ponies were herded inside the inclosure at night. This precaution was necessary, for the neighboring tribes swept down on them after dark and ran off the stock if they were not secured. As we dismounted we saw an old man standing alone in the circle, apparently unconscious of everything, as he recounted some war tale in loud, monotonous tones. He had no listeners—all were intently watching the approaching regiment; still the venerable Sioux went on as persistently as if he were looking "upon a sea of upturned faces." He was the "medicine-man" or oracle of the tribe, or possibly the "poet laureate" of the village, for the guide told us he sang of the deeds of valor of his people far back in history.

Just outside of the village the chiefs sat in a circle awaiting us. Two Bears arose to welcome the General, and asked him to go with him to his lodge. I was asked to go also, and be presented to Miss Two Bears; for she was too royal in birth to be permitted outside, and it was not in keeping with the dignity of her rank to mingle with the others, the guide afterward explained to us.

The honor of going alone into the tepee was one that I could have foregone, for my courage was much greater if I did my Indian sight-seeing surrounded by the regiment. The General, fearing their *amour propre* might be offended if I declined the invitation, whispered an encouraging word, and we dipped our heads and crept into the tepee. The chief was a dignified old man, wrapped in his blanket, without the usual addition of some portion of citizen's dress which the Indians believe adds to their grandeur. His daughter also was in complete squaw's costume; her feet were moccasined, her legs and ankles wound round with beaded leggings, and she had on the one buckskin garment which never varies in cut through all the tribes. A blanket drawn over her head was belted at her waist. To crown all this, however, she had an open parasol, brought to her, doubtless, as a present by some Indian returning from a council at Washington. She held it with dignity, as if it might be to her as much an insignia of state as the mace of the Lord Mayor.

Fortunately they did not ask us to sit down and partake of jerked beef, or to smoke the never-ending pipe, so we soon got through our compliments and returned to the outer entrance of the village.

Here the tribe were assembled, and evidently attired in gala dress in our honor. We were most interested in the village belle, and the placid manner in which she permitted us to walk around her, gazing and talking her good points over, showed that she expected homage. She sat on a scarlet blanket spread on the ground, and over her, stretched from poles, was another for an awning. She was loaded with ornaments, row after row of beads about her neck, broad armlets and anklets of brass, pinchbeck rings, and a soft buckskin dress and leggings, heavily embroidered. Her ears were pierced twice—on the side as well as in the lobe—and from these holes were suspended circles of gilt. Her bright eyes, the satin smoothness of her hair, and the clear brown of the skin made a pretty picture. There was no attempt to blend into the brown the bright patch of carmine on each cheek. . . .

When we had reached camp and were taking our afternoon siesta the same day, with the tent walls raised for air, we were roused by the sound of music. Looking off over the bluffs, we saw a large body of Indians approaching on ponies, while squaws and children ran beside them. It was the prompt response of Two Bears to the General's invitation to return his call. The warriors stopped near camp, and, dismounting, advanced toward us. The squaws unbridled and picketed the ponies, and made themselves comfortable by arranging impromptu shades of the bright blankets. They staked down two corners closely to the ground, and propped up the others with poles stuck in the sod. . . .

One of our guests that day was called "Medicine Jo." Lingering behind the rest, he presented a letter with perfect good faith and great pomposity. Some wag had composed it, and it read something like this:

"Medicine Jo says he is a good Indian, that you can trust him. If he is, he is the first I have ever seen, and in my opinion he, like all the rest, will bear watching."

It was all the General could do to keep his face straight as he handed back to the unconscious owner this little libel on himself.

This letter comes from a little English friend. Will she give her full post-office address next time, please?

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl of eight and a half. I read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I am going to tell you about our animals. We have a parrot, a squirrel, and a pair of love-birds. The parrot's name is Gregory, the squirrel's is Jeremiah, and the love-birds are Aristotle and his wife Xantippe. Mother says that Xantippe was not really the wife of Aristotle; but we called her so because she had such a bad temper. We used to have a siskin, but it got into the parrot's cage, and he killed it. The squirrel is a very funny and lively little fellow. He comes out at dessert, and likes to have some coffee, because he likes it very much, and when he has had enough, tries to get to the curtain. He knows we like to have him with us. Mother says I ought to tell you that we call the squirrel Jerry, and the love-birds Tottles and Tippe. We have also a little dog; he is a Scotch terrier, and his name is Jack. These are not my own pets, but mother has had almost every kind of pet animal. I have no little brothers or sisters, but I go to school every day, and have music and French at home. I have been abroad with mother in Germany and Switzerland, and, if you like, I will write another time and tell about it. I hope this is not too long.

Your little friend and reader,
MILLICENT N.

Write again, by all means, dear. Do the children know whose wife Xantippe was, I wonder. Who will tell me? She, poor woman, was a scold; but he was a philosopher, so perhaps he did not much mind her fiery temper and sharp tongue. Does Tottles bear Tippe's pecking meekly, Millicent, or does he sometimes peck back?

CARPENTERSVILLE, ILLINOIS.

We have had some very cold weather here this winter, for it has been thirty-six degrees below zero. I began taking music lessons in the fall, but the winter was so cold that I could not go all the time. I enjoy reading Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie's articles on singing, for I have been going to singing-school this winter. I like "Rolf House" so much that I will be very sorry when it is finished. I have seven of Miss Alcott's works. We wanted to have a horseback ride this afternoon, but our pony acted so badly that we could not ride her. I think it is fun to ride horseback, and I intend to ride a great deal this summer. Instead of April showers, to-day we are having sunshine and snow-squalls; but I think that spring must surely be coming, for the spring bulbs are coming up out of the ground. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers, if I may.

JOY D.

Of course you may.

OXFORD, OHIO.

It will take up too much space to speak of my pets, for of course I have some. I have one sister, whose age is eleven, and a brother, aged ten; I am the oldest of the three, and will be sixteen next October. I shall finish my course at the High School next year, and I now study Cæsar, physics, trigonometry, and ancient histories, having completed algebra. You may have heard that the little village of Oxford is noted for its private schools. There are three large colleges here—Oxford Female College, the Western Female Seminary, and the Miami Classical College. Do you enjoy music, either vocal or instrumental? I have a great love for it, and have taken lessons from the time I was seven years old. Do not you like Mendelssohn's music very much? It has so much feeling in it, especially the piece "Consolation." The boys' school is situated in a large grove, and the view of it from our house is beautiful; we live across the street from it. During the summer you look out upon fields of wheat, and trees mingling here and there with hills touched, as it seems, by the lovely surrounding clouds. I must tell you that we have subscribed for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the time it was first published. I like the continued stories very much. The letter from Frank L. Richardson, Jun., of New Orleans, was quite interesting to me. I may go to New Orleans this summer, as I have an uncle living there. Do you love flowers? We have in summer seventeen flower beds just full. Of roses we have fifty bushes—not the large

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bushes, but those delicate monthly roses. I will give you a list of some of the different beds of flowers: violets, tuberoses, verbenas, gladiolus, hyacinths, candy-tuft, pansies, daisies, tulips, snowdrops, and geraniums. At school our room has a society called the *O*xford *H*igh *S*chool *L*iterary *S*ociety. (The *underlined* capitals show the badge initials.) We have an orchestra of our own; it is composed of the piano, two French harps, jew's-harp, tambourine, two triangles, two combs, rattle-bones, guitar, policeman's whistle, drum, fife, two toy pianos, and a leader. You should see our plants this spring. The conservatory is full of them. We have an immense rubber plant, which grows straight up and does not branch out; it is nine feet high. At the Cincinnati Exposition they had many varieties of rubber plants; none were so tall as ours. We had twelve hyacinths in bloom in the winter. When I go to New York I will come and see you, for I want to very much. I must close this letter, and, with much love, I remain JENNIE L. R.

I shall be very glad to see Jennie.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have never written to you before, although I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since I was seven years old, and now I am ten, and that makes three years. I feel as if I ought to know you if we should happen to meet. I have been trying some of the enigmas, and send you the answers of some in the last week's number, and also one that I made up, so that you may print it if it is good enough.

Other little boys write something about themselves, and I will do so too. Of course I go to school, and have a good many lessons to learn. Sometimes I am at the head of my class, and sometimes other boys get ahead of me. I know that it is good for boys to go to school, for we will be men some time, but I do love to have holidays, so that I can ride on my bicycle. Mine is a Columbia, 38-inch. Sometimes I get falls, but not often. We boys can go to the Park, and ride on nice smooth roads for a good many miles, but we do not go very far. I had a nice little rabbit once, but one night it jumped out of the third-story window, and was killed. Then I had a little squirrel, two months old, that was brought to me from Virginia. It became very tame, and would cut up some funny capers. There are large gardens and many trees in our neighborhood, and one day he got out, and we could not coax him back; at last he disappeared. Maybe he went to the Zoo to see the chimpanzees and other animals. CLARENCE G.

Thank you, Clarence, for the puzzle and for your letter. My little friend, you are not to blame for liking holidays. A boy who does his best at school earns his holidays; and you know the old rhyme says, very truly,

"All work and no play
Would make Jack a dull boy;
All play and no work
Would make Jack a mere toy."

What a pity the rabbit took that fearful leap! He must have been walking in his sleep.

ST. PETER, MINNESOTA.

I have never seen a letter from St. Peter, so I thought I would write one. I go to school, and am in the Seventh Grade. There are fourteen teachers employed in our graded school. I have four brothers and one sister, and we love HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE dearly. My oldest brother goes to Hamlin University; he is sixteen. I am ten years old. There is an old man who lives here. He has no wife, no children, not even a cat to live with him. He is a miser, and is very rich. He lives in a little bit of a house about the size of a smoke-house. EDITH M.

Edith composed some verses about the miser, but I have not room for them. The word miser is applied to persons who simply hoard money for its own sake, neither spending it nor giving it away. It conveys the idea of *miserable*, for it is a miserable thing to be selfish. But let me tell you a true story about an old man who once lived in a city in France. It was many years ago. The miser was despised by his townsfolk. He could not go into the streets, in his tattered clothing, without being hooted at by the boys, and naughty children threw sticks and stones at him. Even the peasant women called him names, and turned their faces away when he came in sight. Nobody ever gave him one kind word or look. At last he died. He had amassed a large fortune, and by his will it was all left to the city in which he had been so cruelly treated, that it might have good water brought into it, as it had always suffered from water famines in time of drought. His whole life had been devoted to saving money that he might at last confer a real benefit on the people who hated him.

TOWNVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR CHILDREN,—If you only knew how happy you have made me, you would all be glad you wrote to me. The letters come like a "cup of cold water to a thirsty soul," and I would give anything if I could answer all your kind letters; I do the best I can, but it takes so long to get around. Why was there not a word invented that means thank you? That don't seem to say half enough. If I were to say it over and over, it would not express half I feel. I have enjoyed the games, books, and cards you were so kind as to send me more than tongue can tell, and I thank you again and again. I have been and am still very much worse. I can not sit up in my chair or ride in my buggy. I have a great deal of pain, and sometimes it seems I shall not be able to stand it much longer. I don't know what I should do without my letters and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like "Rolf House" very much. I would like to read "Nan," but I did not have the paper during its publication. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so, dear Postmistress, I will say good-by. HARRY A. F.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for quite a while, and find it the most pleasant paper that I take. I am very much interested in "Rolf House" just now. I have one pet, a dog. She is perfectly brown, except a small spot on her breast. She is three years old, but is just as lively as if she were but a puppy. She is the most beautiful dog I have ever seen of her kind, and has very long ears; indeed, when she eats, we have to fasten them over her head to keep them from getting into her food. I am thirteen, almost fourteen, years old. I saw something about the color of your eyes. I guess they must be gray or brown; both, I think, are very pretty. Mine are blue. The suggestion of Frank D. C. is very nice, and I wonder if they would mind having girls also in the club, if they get one up. I am very fond of botany, and I think there are other girls who don't care about joining the Little Housekeepers, but who would like to join the boys' club. If a girl has anything to say, I would second the suggestion, and also allow girls to join. I think it would be pleasant to both. Would you mind giving your opinion. LOUISE R.

A summer club to study botany and get general information about natural history would be a charming idea for both girls and boys. I will think it over, and see what can be done.

FORT PLAIN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have received this interesting paper ever since the first number was issued, and have always been an admirer of its stories and pictures. I read in the Post-office Box a short time ago a letter from one of your correspondents who deprecated Miss Barber's illustrations of "Nan." I have always been an ardent admirer of Miss Barber's drawings. In my opinion Nan in "Rolf House" is much prettier than Nan in "Nan." I admire Mrs. Shepherd's pictures, but I think that Miss Barber puts more character into Nan's pretty face than Mrs. Shepherd did. I am much interested in the serial, as Nan is precisely my age.

With love, NELSON B. G.

The Postmistress likes the illustrations in both serials. The lovely work of Mrs. Shepherd shows us the ideal Nan in her early childhood, and Miss Barber gives us dear Nan growing up. Both are very pretty.

CENTRE, PENNSYLVANIA.

My uncle has sent me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for about three years. I like it the best of all the papers we get. My favorite stories are "Wakulla," "Rolf House," and Mr. Thompson's sketches (I wish he would write them oftener). Foster C. P.'s father was our pastor once in the Blain Methodist Episcopal Church. I remember him well. My sister and I have a vacation just now. School will begin again soon. I live in the country. We are longing for warm weather, so that we may gather wild flowers and violets. We have any amount of pets, that is, birds and squirrels, but we do not keep them in cages. We would like to join the Little Housekeepers. LIZELLE H. and MARTHA M. L.

Send me word what part of mamma's housekeeping her little daughters like best to help her in.

LEADSVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA.

I wish you could see what a nice stack of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE I have. I have been taking it about five years, I think, and have never had one copy destroyed. When I have time, I often gather up my old papers to read, and many of the papers are as good as new. I have been wanting to write for some time, but was afraid you would not answer my letter, or rather, I should say, print it, but there is one thing I want to know so much, and my father and mother, who know a great many things, can not tell me, so I thought of you, who are so kind to the little folk.

I have always been taught that Easter is to commemorate the resurrection of Christ. Then why does it not always come, like other anniversaries, on the same day of the month every year? Last year Easter came on the 13th, this year on the 5th. It is something I can not understand, and if you will please explain it to me, I shall thank you very much. I have asked others, but no one has been able to tell me. CLYDE W.

VILLA FABIAN, ALASSIO, ITALY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a boy of ten years, but am still kept from school—boarding-school, I mean—because I have been delicate, though now I am getting stronger. I am now in Italy, that beautiful country where the olives grow by thousands. But I have something more pressing than the main fact that Italy is lovely, and wish to ask some little reader of the Box if he or she can inform me how to treat and feed a tortoise, also, if necessary, how to make its home or box. I hope to see an answer before long. I have asked what I desire to know, and close here with many thanks for having such a nice way of communicating with others of my age. Yours, affectionately, H. B. F.

Will somebody write immediately in reply to our correspondent?

HILLSBOROUGH, ILLINOIS.

As it is a lonely Sunday, I thought I would write to you. I very seldom see letters from here in the Post-office Box. I like the letters from Canada. I think "Rolf House" is the best story that has been in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since I have taken it. I don't like Betty Farquhar very much, and I think Bob is worse than she. I have made two crazy quilts, one silk and the other worsted, and have begun another worsted one. It is all mother can do to keep me in scraps. I have two little nieces and a nephew; it is hard to tell which one I like best, they are all so cunning. I have a big doll, which is larger than any of them, but the oldest one likes to try and carry it. I got the doll for being the prettiest girl in Hillsborough, but that was when I was quite small. KITTY C.

If you can some time take the prize for being the most amiable and obliging girl in Hillsborough, you will be more fortunate than you were when you were little.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

BURIED ANIMALS.

1. A dog is domestic, a tiger is wild. 2. While they were swinging to and fro, George came up. 3. He gave the elephant a fig, nuts, and an orange. 4. It is not like catching birds, Hannah, or setting traps. 5. She is a perpetual worry.

ALICE B. W.

No. 2.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. A month. 4. What we could not live without. 5. A consonant.

No. 3.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A town on the Clyde. 2. A mountain in Spain. 3. Another name for the sea. 4. A town in Norway. 5. A lake in Ireland. 6. The title of an English noble family.

Initials and finals, read downward, give a boy's name and a town in Italy. A. A. L.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 285

No. 1.—Pennyroyal. Peppermint. Horsemint. Balm. Sage. Thyme. Hoarhound. Sweet-basil. Summer-savory. Winter-savory. Cumin (come in). Rosemary. Caraway. Tansy. Wormwood. Marigold (Marry gold).

No. 2.—
J
S A T
C A N D Y
J A N U A R Y
S M A L L
T R Y
Y

No. 3.—
E V I L
V I N E
I N T O
L E O D

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Mary E. Fay, Clarence Griffith, Gertrude Lane, Walter Porter, Horace F. Lunt, Blanchard, George A. Lowe, Harry Pyne, W. Sperber, J. Pearce, R. Holt, M. Sharra, L. Bostwick, Gertrude C. Underhill, Florence B. North, Edith L. Alban, Randolph W. Holland, Ray Hoobler, B. C. Morris, Lula Van Buren, Laura Wallis, Emma Nevergold, Mollie Henderson, Bennie R. Eaman, and Cockade City.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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## A MAY SONG.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

SING a song of spring-time—sing a song of May;
All the songs of all the birds are in my heart to-day.
All the sky is blue and gold; birds and sunny weather
In my heart and in the May sing and shine together.
Hark! the fairies' bugle-song! Far, oh, far away,
Wind the tiny threads of sound bringing in the May.
Now o'er fields of filmy green, now through wood and hollow,
Rising, falling, calling still, "Follow! follow! follow!"
Sing a song of spring-time; crown the Princess May.
Tread your fairy rings at night, but crown her in the day.
All the skies shall laugh with light, the fields shall dance with daisies,
The happy trees shall clap their hands, and birds and brooks sing praises.

## THE EGG-DANCE OF BHOPAL.

A TRAVELLER gives a pretty description of the graceful egg-dance which was performed for his amusement in the court of Bhopal, India.

A slender girl, arrayed in an embroidered bodice and short skirts like those worn by the peasant women in this part of India, tripped forward with light footsteps. In her hands she carried a basket filled with eggs, which she passed around for the spectators to touch, that they might be sure there was no deception, and that the eggs were real eggs.

She did not dance on them, however. She wore on her head a large wheel of wicker-work, and around this at equal distances were placed threads with slip-knots at the ends, in each knot a glass bead to keep it from closing.

The music begins. It is a quick, jerking movement, rather monotonous, and the dancer spins around in time with the measure, which grows faster and faster. As she turns, she seizes an egg from the basket, which is held in her left arm, and rapidly inserts it in one of the knots. Her circular motion causes the thread to stretch out like the spoke of a wheel. She keeps on doing this till every knot has its egg, and her head is surrounded by a sort of aureole.

When she has succeeded in placing all the eggs, she spins around so fast that her features can hardly be seen. A false step, and Humpty Dumpty would have a fall indeed.

She has now the most dainty and difficult part of her dance to execute, for the dance is not done till every egg is taken from its thread and laid safely back in the empty basket. One by one the Indian girl accomplishes this, never crushing a shell nor displacing a single egg. When all are restored, she stops her dizzy whirl, courtesies with grace, and offers her basket to the lookers-on, who often break the eggs to prove that no juggler's trick has been used to change them.

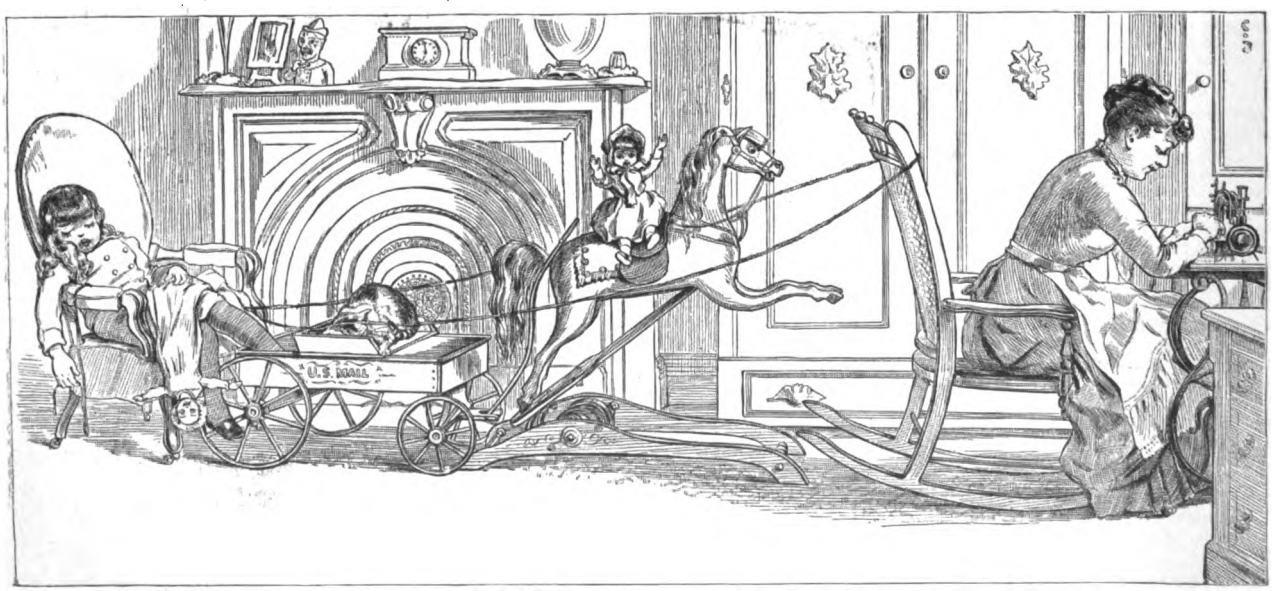
## A CHARADE.

MY first is learned by children
When they're taught to read and spell;
You'll find it in my second,
But in naught else as well.

My second is twin brother
Of the "father to the man";
Two peas could not be more alike.
Now guess it if you can.

My second is successful
In making oft my third;
It means a noise, a hubbub—
A disagreeable word.

The story of my whole was told
Around the evening light;
The one my hero had would serve
By day as well as night.




A THROUGH TRAIN FROM DREAM-LAND—"SLEEPERS" ATTACHED.

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 289. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




"THE COMING OF THE ROSE."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 434.


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## THE COMING OF THE ROSE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE star-gemmed gates, which are never seen
Except by elves on the dewy green,
Were rolled apart at a touch to-day,
And all the roses are on their way,
Coming to fill the land with light,
To crown the summer with garlands bright.

Sweet within sweet and fold on fold,
Crimson and white, and cloth of gold—
This with its fiery heart aglow,
That with the lustre of falling snow,
See them toss on the prickly hedge,
See their foam on the meadow's edge.

Blooming as fair by the roof of thatch
As where a princess may lift the latch,
Scattering odors pure and sweet
On the dusty road or the thronging street,
Baffling the grasp of a rude desire
By the jealous watch of the sentry brier.

Everywhere is the fragrance poured;
Earth is a garden of the Lord.
Pride of the bower and light of the lane,
The rose is timed to a merry strain;
Music and perfume, joy and June—
Nothing is jangled or out of tune.

Bird atilt on the jewelled spray
Weaves the rose in his rollicking lay;
Child at sport by the cottage door
Never was half so glad before;
Little wren in the hidden nest
Chirps of the pleasure that fills her breast.

Which is the lovelier, bud or rose,
The clasp that hides, or the bloom that grows
Fairer and braver hour by hour,
Till we gaze entranced on the perfect flower?
Somebody wiser than you or I,
Dear little questioner, must reply.

I, as I stoop to your rose-bud lips,
Gates through which innocent laughter trips—
I, as I bend with a kiss to meet
The wistful eyes in their candor sweet,
Know that the bud so fresh and free
Is the dearest thing in this world to me.



## JACK'S SISTER.

BY JULIAN MAGNUS.

THERE were forty-one boys of us at Dr. Pardee's "Select Classical and Commercial Academy." We ranged in ages from ten to sixteen, and were in tastes, habits, and inclinations about as varied a lot as it would be possible to find. Differ as we might and did on all ordinary matters, there was one point on which each of the forty was firmly determined.

This point was that Jack's sister was the most beautiful, the most amiable, and the most talented girl that ever lived, and the ambition of every one was to grow up as quickly as possible and marry her. It did not seem any obstacle that Jack's sister was, according to his account, at least five years older than Dr. Pardee's senior scholar. A trifle such as that was no hinderance to our chivalric devotion.

The fact was that love for Jack's sister had existed so long in the Academy that it had become almost a tradition. It began nearly four years before the time I am writing about, when the Doctor, after a visit to New York, brought back with him a very little boy, who was introduced to us as John Garland. The thorough questioning to which the new boy was, according to rule, quickly subjected, ended in our learning that he was nine years old, that his father and mother were dead, and that his only near relative was his sister Ada, who was going to be a great artist, and who was finishing her studies in New York, where his short life had also been spent. As Dr. Pardee's "young gentlemen," the term by which he always spoke of us, all came from Philadelphia or near that city, we were very much interested in hearing all the new arrival could tell us, and his stock of special information speedily made him a favorite. Then, too, he was the youngest boy that had ever been taken into the Academy in our time, and it was given out by Billings senior, our acknowledged head, that Jack was to be protected, and never to be bullied.

No matter upon what peculiarity of New York we questioned Jack, his answers always worked round to a glowing description of his sister. The poor little chap had never been away from her before, and it seemed as if at first his only consolation lay in talking about her, and telling us of her beauty and goodness. We used at the start to think his praise was rather a bore, but we put up with it because of what he could tell us about the Empire City. Soon, however, in spite of ourselves, we began to get interested in Jack's sister, and used to beg him to tell us all about her, and to give repeated and minute descriptions of her appearance.

It was not long before Jack's sister became our special heroine. Where there was so much love, there was, of course, a great deal of jealousy, and, as is so often the case, an excess of affection led to many quarrels. The Academy was divided into three classes known to us boys as the "Sics," the "Mixes," and the "Mercs." These terms were shortenings of words in the Doctor's prospectus, in which he set forth with much elegance that at his Academy parents might secure for their sons either a classic or commercial education, or if so desired a judicious mixture of the two.

The Classics, or "Sics," though fewest, comprised most of the older boys, and made up in weight and experience what they lacked in numbers. The "Mercs," or Commercials, were the most numerous, and fought with varying success many a battle about Jack's sister with the "Sics." The "Mixes" claimed to be her especial champions because Jack was a "Mix," but the claim was not allowed, and often the "Sics" and the "Mercs" varied the monotony of their own wars by falling simultaneously upon the "Mixes," and temporarily reducing them to subjection.

When war was thus suspended, and one of our chief amusements taken from us, we became more eager than ever to get Jack to add to our knowledge about Ada. Night after night he would be the centre of a big circle, and some such scene as this would take place:

"Now, Jack, tell us about your sister," one of us would exclaim, and there would be a general chorus of "Yes, yes; fire away, Jack!"

"What do you want to know? I've told you so often all about her." Jack was only too anxious to talk, but he liked sometimes to try to tease us.

"What color are her eyes?"

"Blue. I've said so a thousand times."

"Yes, but what kind of blue?"

"Just the jolliest blue you ever saw; like a bit of sky." Jack was beginning to get enthusiastic in spite of himself.

"Light or dark?"

"Sky, I told you. Light, of course, though sometimes they're dark and deep, like a sapphire."

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"And her nose?"

"It's the prettiest nose in the world. What's the use of my having to tell you again?"

"Is it long or short?"

"Neither."

"Hook or snub?"

"Neither; it's just perfect."

"And her complexion?"

"Like white and red roses."

"Tell us about her hair."

"It's a beautiful golden."

"How tall is she?"

"About the same height as Billings junior." Billings junior was rather short for a boy of fifteen, but we all agreed that he was exactly the right height for a girl.

"And you say she paints?"

"Beautifully. She makes lots of money now, and wears beautiful clothes, and before long she'll have a big fortune, all earned by herself."

"Can she sing?"

"Can't she, just!"

"And she's never cross or mad?"

"I tell you she's an angel; there's no other word for her."

And after some such enthusiastic reply we would give three cheers for Ada Garland, and end the session for that night.

Once we thought Jack's praise of his sister's talents was exaggerated, but he speedily overcame the doubters. The affair occurred shortly after our return from the summer holidays. A boy who had come the previous term was the son of a well-known artist. He heard so much of Jack's sister that when he went home he asked his father about her. He had never heard the name of Ada Garland.

"See here, Jack," said Billings senior, after he had received the information, "Watkins says his father never heard of your sister."

"Well, and if he hasn't, that's his loss."

"Yes, but if she were as clever as you say, Mr. Watkins would be sure to know her."

"Where is Watkins?" inquired Jack.

"Here I am," said that young gentleman.

"What does your father paint on?" asked Jack.

"Why, canvas, of course."

"Just ordinary plain linen canvas?"

"Yes."

"Well, my sister doesn't paint on any such common stuff; she only paints on silk and satin and velvet. It ain't likely your father would know about any one out of his own line. You can't expect a carpenter to know all the cabinet-makers."

Watkins protested, but his words were drowned. Jack's argument was unanswerable, and we were greatly inclined to take it out of Watkins for having deceived us.

One afternoon, when a few of the bigger boys were availing themselves of their privilege of taking a limited walk in the narrow road on which the grounds of the Academy fronted, a little woman, whose back was so round that she might almost have been called "humpbacked," came up to them.

"Good-morning, young gentlemen," said she, in a rather sweet-toned voice. "Can any of you tell me where I shall find John Garland?"

We all wondered who Jack's friend was, for he had never before had any visitors. Although an answer was returned to the lady's question almost without a pause, yet every one of the party took a pretty close mental picture of her.

"I think he is in-doors, miss," said Billings senior.

"Thank you. I will go on, then. I am his sister."

For a moment we stared at one another, too astonished to find words to express our feelings. Then, as if moved by one impulse, we exclaimed:

"Oh, the little liar!"

"Why, her hair's tow," cried one.

"Her eyes are green," said another.

"Her complexion's mud, and her nose snub," was the verdict of Billings senior.

Thus in a moment was our idol shattered. We had been cruelly imposed on. For years our dearest feelings had been wickedly played upon. Every instinct in us cried aloud for vengeance. Speedily the whole school was summoned, the facts revealed, and the question of punishment considered.

It was decided, after due deliberation, that Jack should be made to "run the gauntlet"—a punishment much in vogue for hardened offenders against our social code, and be "sent to Coventry" for the remainder of the term. Anxiously we waited for the departure of Jack's sister, spending the time as well as we could in tying the hardest of knots in our handkerchiefs. At last we saw Jack accompany his sister to the gate. He gave her a parting kiss, and remained till she passed out of sight; then he came toward us, his face beaming with happiness.

In a moment he was seized on either side by two boys, and forced before Billings senior.

"What's up?" queried Jack.

"Don't talk, but answer my questions," said Billings. "Was that your sister Ada?"

"Yes," answered Jack, apparently quite unawed by the fact that his falsehoods had been discovered.

"Didn't you tell us her eyes were blue?"

"So they are—a lovely blue; you might have seen for yourselves, if you weren't blind."

A roar of rage went up, and Jack looked at us in astonishment. Billings waved his hand for silence.

"Didn't you tell us her nose was straight?"

"So it is."

"And her complexion like white and red roses?"

"Well, isn't it?" replied Jack, with all the appearance of innocence.

Another shout of rage, which was with more difficulty stopped.

"And," continued Billings, "her hair golden, and her figure perfect?"

"Ain't that true?"

Such enormous depravity as Jack was exhibiting made every one anxious to at once administer punishment. But Billings again checked us.

"Then," he went on, "if any one should tell you her eyes were a greenish-yellow, her hair like tow, her nose snub, her skin mud-colored, and that she was humpbacked, what would you say?"

"I'd say he was a wicked liar, and I'd fight him, whoever he was, even if it was you, big Billings."

We all expected to see Billings knock Jack down, there and then. After a moment's hesitation Billings controlled his first impulse, and stared in surprise at Jack.

"Why, boys," at last exclaimed our leader, "you may all kick me if he don't believe every word he's said."

"Believe it! of course I do," cried Jack. "You don't, I hope, any of you think I'd tell lies, and most of all about my own sister!"

Again Billings and the rest of us were almost dumfounded. Was Jack blind, or was he the most hardened rascal that ever lived. Our leader solved the puzzle, and I think as he did so there were traces of tears in his eyes.

"Boys," he said, "I believe Jack's sister must be the angel he thinks her, and if any of you breathes a word against her, I'll help Jack to lick him."

I don't think all of us understood at first all that Billings meant, but no one dared dispute his orders. Jack was released, and he and Billings went off together, and we were left to discuss the startling result. We had all lost our idol, but I think some of us were wise enough to see the lesson of love that had been taught.

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"A BIG SURPRISE PARTY WAS FALLING ALL OVER ONE ANOTHER ON OUR FRONT WALK."

## THE SURPRISE PARTY.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

I SAID awhile ago that I had invented a plan for driving ghosts out of the wall.

My plan was to pour something into the hole in the wall of my room where the ghosts are that would make them glad to come out and go somewhere else. Now there is a kind of medicine called nastyfettidy, that smells worse than anything you can think of. I went to our druggist and asked him if he couldn't melt some for me so that it would stay melted. I didn't tell the druggist what I wanted it for, but he said he guessed he could do it, and gave me a bottle full of something that smelt just like nastyfettidy. I took it home and poured it into the hole, and left the window open, so that the ghosts could get out, and shut the door and went down-stairs.

I think the ghosts left. They couldn't have staid in the wall, for I couldn't stay in the room, and I'm not as delicate as a ghost. Father hopes that we shall be able to go into the room some time next spring, but he doesn't feel very sure about it, for we can hardly live in the rest of the house. Of course I told him all about it, and when he explained to me that I had done wrong, I admitted it, and was very sorry. He told me that for a punishment I could not go skating for a month and I hope my son it will teach you not to play tricks in my house again. But I deserved it, and I do hope it will teach me something.

One day the whole family except me went to New York to spend the night, and Tom McGinnis was allowed to come and stay with me, so that we could take care of the house.

As I couldn't go out skating, Tom and I thought we would make a skating pond in our front yard. So we poured a great lot of water over our front walk, which is made of askfelt; and as it was very cold, it froze in a very little while. We skated all day, and toward night we poured more water over it, so as to make it nice and smooth.

We have been having surprise parties in our town this winter, and I heard father say that we had them worse in our town than in any other part of the country. A surprise party is a whole lot of folks who rush into your house at night, and don't give anybody time to change their clothes or take their hair out of curl-papers. The surprise party generally brings cake and pie with them, and everybody eats some and drops the rest on the carpet, and when the party is gone you sit down and burst out crying, and say you were never so worried in all your life, and wish those wretched, impudent people were a thousand miles away.

Tom and I had a beautiful time after we had got through skating and it was dark. We had supper, and then we brought down a mattress from upstairs and turned somersaults on it in the parlor. We were going to black up and play we were minstrels, but we couldn't find any cork.

All at once we heard the most awful noise in the front yard. Every few seconds somebody would shriek like a girl that sees a rat, and then men would use swear-words, and everybody would talk all at once. Tom and I rushed upstairs, where it was dark, and looked out through the window. A big surprise party was falling all over one another on our front walk. Most of them were lying on the ice and moaning, but every minute or two a man or a woman would get up and try to walk, and then slip and come down on somebody else. It was a most dreadful sight, and Tom and I could hardly keep from rolling on the floor and laughing loud enough for the surprise party to hear. After a while some of them managed to get off the walk on to the grass, and then they pulled the rest off the ice, and helped one another over the fence, and went home; that is, all except three or four who were helped into a wagon because they couldn't walk. The next morning we put ashes on the walk, and when father came home and we told him about it, he said we had done very wrong, and then gave us each ten cents, and went into the house laughing. I never knew him to act that way before.

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# ROLF HOUSE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

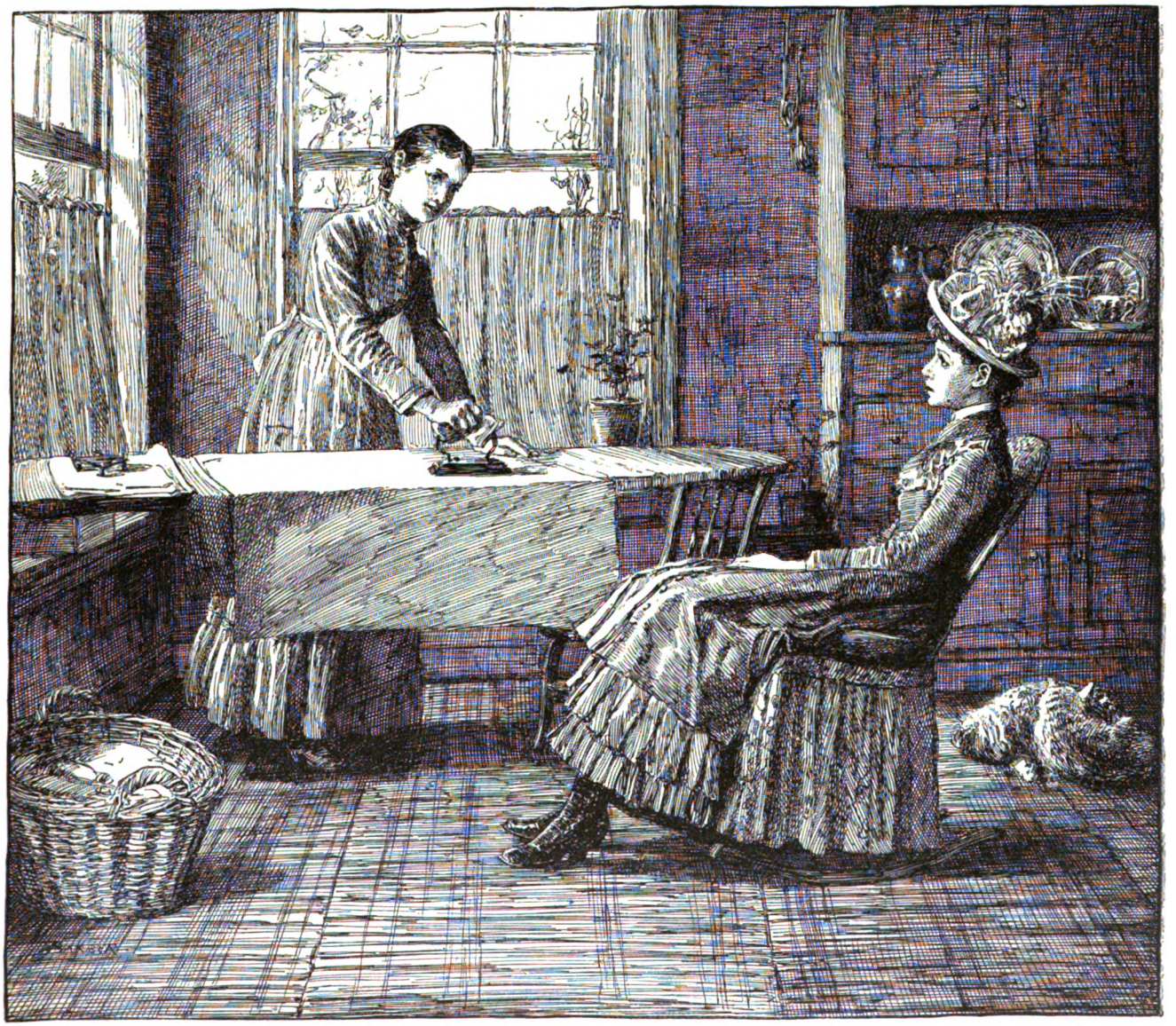
### A FAMILY PARTY.

VARIOUS were the expressions of impatience indulged in by the family party below until Lance came down from his sister's room to join them. Then followed much enthusiasm over the decorations. At dinner Lance insisted on speeches from everybody, on addressing Laura as "Your Highness," and, indeed, giving absurd titles to every one; even Mrs. Travers's melancholy was quite dispelled by his radiant good-humor and the fun and merriment he drew out of every one. It was a light sort of wit, but to the party assembled around the table it seemed very choice; and when Lance kept insisting on holding Alfred's head down, lest his spirits should waft him away, and Dick described the boys' arrival as it would be reported in the Beverley *Argus*, and the rush on the Emporium sure to ensue for designs by "our special artist," the laughter was as genuine and long as though the jokes were of the most brilliant character.

Midway in the fun Nan carried up Phyl's tray, and sat down a moment to comment proudly on their "new" boys. It was evident that Phyllis was comforted by her talk with Lance, and that she had something special to say. When Nan was leaving the room she said, in a quick, rather too tremulous voice, "Come back when you get a chance; I want to talk to you."

Nan gladly promised; and when she rejoined the talkative company in the dining-room the Emporium bell rang, and there was Lance declaring he would go in as a "floor-walker" while Nan served this customer. She thought she had escaped when she went in to find a very small child waiting; but Lance, looking across from the dining-room, and observing the youth of the person at the counter, darted in, and nearly upset all of Nan's dignity by the way he carried on.

"Very glad to see you, dear," he said, holding out his hand to the little girl, who regarded him gravely. "When you go home tell your mother that your uncle John, from



"'OH, LOVE, HOW DID IT ALL LOOK—THE DEAR OLD HOUSE?'"

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California, has just come back, and will be around to see her in a little while. And is Susan well?"

"Yes," came from the solemn-eyed child; and as she departed, "Lance! Lance!" exclaimed Nan, "how could you! That child will go home and tell her mother."

But Lance was not to be quieted, and he made the boys and Joan so uproarious that Laura at last declared quiet must be had; and somehow Nan saw a queer look cross Lance's face—a too sudden change from all his gayety.

She asked no questions until she found herself alone with the boy, when she had carried down Phyl's tray, and was hunting out some crewels the latter wanted. Lance stood over her, whistling in an absent-minded way, a moment, before he said:

"Nan—sensible Dame Durden—see here; you and Phil were to go to see Marian this afternoon, were you not?" Nan nodded. "Well, on your way back, can't you stop at Blake's? and I'll meet you there—say four o'clock. I want a few words with you by ourselves."

"Yes, Lance; but what about?"

"Oh, it's about Phyllis," he answered. "I want to tell you what Barlow said."

The mention of the young Doctor gave Nan a certain courage, yet not without some forebodings she ran up to say good-by to Phyl and prepare to start out with Philip.

The little family had found their life so busy, so novel, so inspiriting, in spite of its anxieties, that they had never realized how weak Phyllis really was; and her courage, the ever-active fingers, the head and heart so full of thought for every one—might it not be that these had been forced to seem stronger than they really were for the sake of those around her? Nan felt as though she and Lance must talk it over very gravely. Perhaps even the sort of peace they had had was to be disturbed; and with this thought came the consciousness of how dear, how necessary, Phyllis in her trouble and imprisonment had become to them. How much more than in the old days of her bloom and vigor and high-spirited self-reliance!

## Chapter XXX.

### AT "BLAKE'S" AGAIN.

Philip and Marian were really delighted to see each other, and Nan thought she had never seen Marian look so well. The two years in Mrs. Leigh's home-like school had done wonders for her, and if she would never be a very cultivated girl, she would at least be well-mannered, and engaging in her looks as well as her actions; and there had been a chance to develop her better self even in the trials of the last year. Good-nature was Marian's strong point, and this had come to her relief many times during the past few months, when, owing to her altered position among the girls, she had needed forbearance and self-control.

Mrs. Leigh was not one to foster anything like false pride, but she showed Marian that she had real sympathy for her, and helped the young girl in the best way to stand the petty annoyances of her life; to bear with the trials of her little class, the occasional scorn or patronage of some new girl, and the fading away of many an unsubstantial day-dream built on Miss Rolf's kindness. So it was as well that brother and sister did not meet until time had softened Marian's disappointment. The tall, smiling girl, neatly dressed, who came into the room, greeting him with her old heartiness just toned down pleasantly, was a sister Philip felt he could be proud of.

They were soon rattling away, exchanging experiences, opinions, comments, rushing from one subject to another, as young people do who have been long separated and have seen many changes during the period.

Marian was eager to know Philip's plans, and was well satisfied that he had obtained work at the lithographer's in Beverley. Small as the beginning was, still it was *work*, and would be a step, no doubt, toward something better.

Marian had to tell of her own hopes for a better position in the school another year. It was true that she had been very successful with her little class, who liked her hearty, good-natured ways and bright manner, even over compound fractions and long division, and Nan was comforted beyond measure as she sat by listening, with a radiant countenance, to the brother and sister, who turned to her at every other sentence for sympathy or comment or suggestion. An hour later, and Philip deposited Nan at the Blakes', going back to Beachcroft by a short-cut, as the younger children were waiting for him to look about the village.

Nan ran around to the side door, which was open, and within which she could hear Love singing softly over her ironing. It was a very warm day for the season; the hop vines were full of tender green, and framed Love's trim little figure and bright face in the window as Nan came up, and the young girl could not help exclaiming, "Oh, Love, how happy and contented you always look!"

Love smiled gayly. "It's the best way to take it, Miss Nan," she said, putting her iron down, and drawing out the chintz-covered rocker for her visitor. "Your cousin's been here. How tall he's grown, to be sure!" continued Love, very thoughtfully. "I declare time *has* flown since the day you and he brought poor Dick Travers in here."

"Yes," assented Nan, a little sadly. She sat down in the comfortable chair, while Love went back to her work, and both girls were silent for a moment.

"Those Farquhar children were down here about a boat," said Love, presently. "Father said he'd *sell* them one, but wouldn't hear of renting it. That Bob has a pretty bad name already. He's with a lot of rough boys most of the time, and if his father doesn't look out, he'll be in trouble sooner or later. I was up at the House the other day, and I tell you it made my heart ache." Love brought a fresh iron to her table, and set it down with a little jerk.

"Oh, Love, how did it all look—the dear old house?"

"Well, Miss Nan," said Love, slowly, "it looked—just as if happy people didn't live there; that's how. Dobbs, the gardener, you know, who used to help around, told father that he never did see people live in such an unsettled way—children all let loose on the place, no order, no comfort, no *anything*. I declare to gracious, things seem dreadfully contrary sometimes."

Nan was silent. Her heart was too full to trust herself to words. Few guessed at the sadness the young girl felt on seeing her castle-building—not for herself, but for others—fall with such a crash; and latterly there had come the sorrow of knowing that they were not so prosperous as it seemed in their new life. Their little capital was fast dwindling away, and the incoming funds were not large. It was about this as well as of Phyllis she meant to talk to Lance.

His quick tread, the sound of his voice, came suddenly upon her silence, and she looked up to welcome him with more genuine pleasure than she had felt in many a day.

"I've got one of the boats moored, Nan," Lance said, cheerfully; "and we can sit there and talk."

Nan sprang up, pleased enough to be once more with her cousin; and somehow the prospect of talking things over down at the Blakes', in the *Bessy*, the very boat Lance and she had so often used, had a comfort in it which made her give a little sigh of contentment as she settled herself in the stern and looked up smiling at her cousin's grave young face.

Lance plunged at once into minute inquiries about Phyllis. Nan told him all that she could, and admitted that of late her strength had seemed failing.

"But you don't know how bravely she has kept up," Nan said, earnestly. "Why, I never saw anything like it. Once she told me that it was during the first weeks of her accident, when she had to lie so still in a darkened room most of the time, that she made up her mind what

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was ahead of her, and that she must bear it. But she does not often, even to me, talk of herself; and as for the younger children, I don't believe they know that she really suffers much at all. You see, Dr. Rogers was called South about two weeks ago, and so we hadn't him to consult, or I would surely have begged Laura to let me go to him."

Lance thought a moment, and then he said, slowly:

"Young Dr. Barlow talked the case all over with Miss Vandort and me, Nan, and he is coming here himself in a day or two. It seems that he has made a specialty of cases just like this, and he says he believes if Phyllis could get into a certain sanitarium in New York there might be hope of a quick cure. We must contrive it, Nan—we must."

"Yes," said Nan, in a very low tone. She did not dare lift her eyes lest Lance should see the tears that were gathering thickly beneath her lashes; but one or two dropped rather unexpectedly on her clasped hands, and as she started, Lance exclaimed:

"Why, Nan! what is it?" And Nan, dismayed at having betrayed herself, wiped her eyes quickly, declared it was nothing, and then added, piteously,

"Oh, but Lance, Lance, we have so little money!"

And then followed a quick statement of their affairs.

"You see," said Nan, "I've tried to keep it from Phyl, because she was so weak and helpless, but we haven't been making enough to pay half the household expenses. Perhaps I have done wrong to speak so encouragingly of the Emporium, but I know that another year it will be a success. Every one says so. We know now so much better what things sell well and what don't. But, you see, we've had to go right into our capital, and I don't know what we will do unless things take a turn for the better."

Lance was silently thoughtful so long that Nan said, "Well, Lance?" once or twice before he looked up and answered. "The Vandorts insist she shall go there," said the boy, anxiously; "and I think, Nan, even if the money is down at a low ebb, we must spare enough to take her there. It's worth the while, Dr. Barlow thinks, and he will see to a consultation of the best surgeons in New York."

"Lance," exclaimed Nan, "I'm sure Aunt Letty would think it right to use some of the five hundred dollars."

And explaining how much had already been taken from it, Nan told her cousin of the sum for outside expenditures which still remained in the bank.

It was really a critical question for the girl and boy to decide, but Nan's strong common-sense came to their rescue, as usual, dispelling Lance's scruples and her own doubts. They decided that a hundred dollars could not be better applied than in taking Phyllis on to New York, and having a careful consultation on her case, but the responsibility weighed heavily on both young minds, and I think that never before in their lives had they felt how necessary was the guidance of an older and wiser head. It was hard to make plans which involved so much, but they were both of one opinion, that Phyllis must not be worried in the matter, for, as Lance said, a great deal depended on her being kept quiet and peaceful before the effort of a railway journey.

They talked half an hour longer over family matters, which it was a relief to Nan to dwell upon, since for a long time she had been keeping up the appearance of good spirits and hopefulness which her heart refused to share.

Love Blake had made them promise to stop, on their way back, for one of her special cakes, such as the Rolf children always enjoyed, and it seemed natural to take the practical, motherly little body into their councils, and although it was only putting three very young heads together, there was a great deal of good sense shown in the talk, and Love's hearty approval of Lance's plan was very gratifying. It appeared that she had been thinking of some such thing for a long time, but had not ventured to suggest it. Mrs. Travers had been watchful of Phyl's growing weakness, and had communicated her anxiety to Mr. Blake and his daughter, expressing a hope that Nan would give her a chance to talk upon the subject with her.

"Why, I *always* give her a chance," exclaimed Nan, half smiling, half wistful; "but the trouble is that poor Mrs. Travers is always afraid of what she calls making botherations, and since Dick has been at the Highlands working the last month, she is more low-spirited than ever."

It was a great relief to both the cousins, as they started for home, to feel that a decision had been arrived at. They were instinctively about to take a cut through the fields whereby they would have avoided passing Rolf House, but Lance, stopping suddenly, said: "Nan, we may as well go round by the old place. I'd have to do it some time, and it may as well be first as last."

And so they went, skirting the orchard end of the garden, and looking up at the windows of the old brick mansion with rather sad and longing eyes; and then down by College Street. They took a longer survey of the comfortable house where both remembered so many happy days, and where they seemed to see Phyllis's figure, bright, active, and graceful as she had been two years before.

"It's like a good-by," Lance said, as they went down to the cars; "but, Nan, I don't mean to let it discourage me. Philip and I feel as though we had all you girls in trust."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## AN INDIAN TRICK.

BY MEL EDWARDS.

"COME, Mel, turn out! it's a splendid morning to take the trout. Jim has breakfast all ready, and I'm ravenously hungry; so let's eat and be off."

Of course there was no more sleep for me, so I "turned out," and was soon ready to help Will wrestle with the broiled trout, warm biscuit, and coffee, which were ready for us, and which he was attacking with heroic courage.

It was not long before the empty dishes showed that we had decidedly the best of the battle, and we were soon in the canoe, paddling toward the fishing ground, which was opposite the mouth of a small brook about a half-mile from the island on which we were encamped, and some ten rods from the shore.

We had very good luck for an hour or so, and were just doing up our tackle, preparatory to returning to camp, when Will suddenly exclaimed: "See, Jim! what's that swimming for shore out there? It looks like a musk-rat;" and he pointed to an object as large as a small cocoanut out in the lake about six rods distant.

"'Tain't no musk-rat," answered Jim, looking intently at it. "Musk-rats don't come out 'n open water in ther daytime. I swum!" he exclaimed, a moment later, "it's er bear. They allers swim with jist ther snouts out er water. Now, boys, ye jist keep still, an' I'll show ye er little trick thet I larnt frum th' Injuns when I wuz er youngster."

While talking he had taken off his stout homespun frock, and pointing the canoe so as to pass a few feet behind the object, he paddled ahead. As the boat passed, we saw that it was indeed a bear, and a large one, too, with only his nose above the surface. Bears are very heavy swimmers, and are nearly helpless in the water, so it would have been an easy matter for us to have dispatched him; but we wanted to see how Jim would take him.

When the stern of the boat, in which Jim sat, was opposite the bear, Jim suddenly flung his frock directly over the bear's head, and paddled on. Immediately up came his two fore-paws to throw it off, but he only succeeded in ducking his head under water. Then followed a series of frantic but vain attempts on the part of the bear to tear the thing away, but he only pulled his nose under more and more as he splashed and floundered about.

"We'll let him alone a few minutes," said Jim; "he'll be quiet es er kitten purty soon." As Jim had said, he

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soon ceased to struggle. We tied a line to him, and towed him ashore. He was not quite dead, but we soon finished him, and took off his hide, which I afterward had tanned and made into a sleigh robe. I have it now, and I never look at it without thinking of the novel and ingenious way in which it was captured.

## A CHAT ABOUT "CAMP CHOCORUA."

BY MARY BACON MARTIN.

UP near the White Mountains, on a small island in a big lake, there is in summer-time a camp for boys, any one of whom could tell you more about their camp than I can. But perhaps you don't happen to know one of these boys, and might like to have me tell you something about them and their life in camp.

If you and I had started last summer to go to Camp Chocorua, we should have left Boston—that's as good a city as any to start from—by the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad, which would have taken us to Ashland, New Hampshire; thence a drive of seven miles would have brought us to Big Asquam Lake, and there, half a mile from shore, we should have seen the island on which Camp Chocorua is situated.

Every summer for the last four years about twenty-five boys, with four men in charge, have camped out on this little island. Possibly you don't yet know how to pronounce Chocorua, which, by-the-way, is the name of a mountain up there. Just accent the second syllable; try it, and having said it over several times, see what a pleasant sound it has.

It would be a long story to tell you about everything those men and boys do all through the summer months. They boat, fish, swim, row, canoe, build canoes and other things, eat, cook, grow strong, get brown, work, and sleep.

The gentlemen in charge of these boys are termed the Faculty, and one of the members of the Faculty is the founder and principal of the camp; cardinal and white are the camp colors, and golden-rod is the camp flower. The island contains about three acres, and on it are two sleeping-shanties, a kitchen, a dining-room, an office, a chapel, an ice-house, and a wharf. The camp owns three row-boats and fourteen canvas canoes, and these canoes have all been built in camp by the boys.



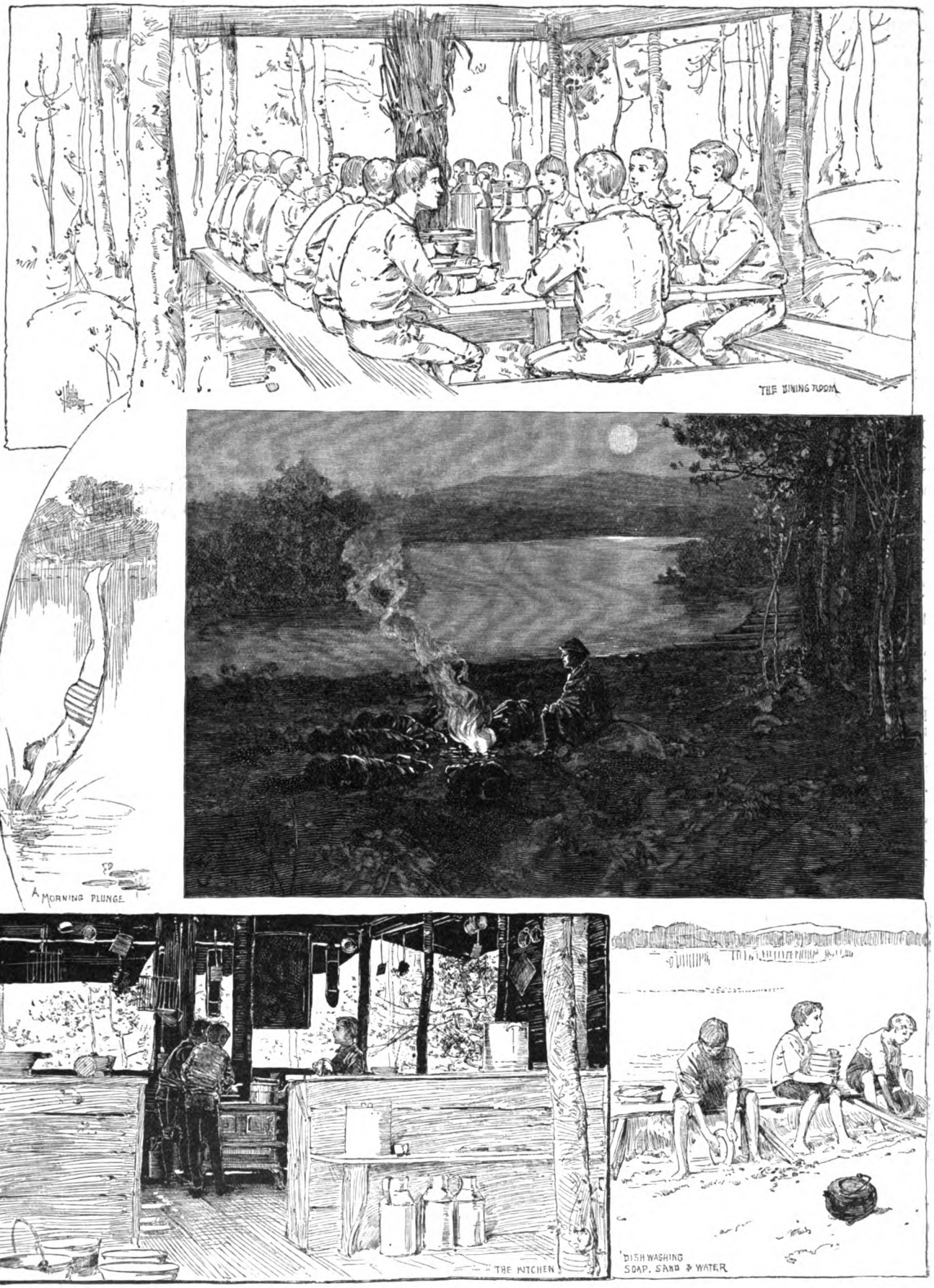
THE CAMP CHAPEL.

At night all hands sleep on mattresses between army blankets. A place in one of the sleeping-shanties is assigned each boy for his trunk, blankets, and other belongings, and he is required to keep his things together and in order. The ice-house holds all sorts of good things and provisions, and the mail-bag is rowed over to camp every afternoon.

You boys who have never tried it can have no idea of the fun it is to help cook in a kitchen like that, to eat off a tin plate, and to wash it and put it away when you are through. Perhaps you think cooking, washing, and cleaning up are not pleasant things to have to do. But all hands take their turn at these. The boys are divided off into crews or squads, with one of the boys as stroke in charge of the crew, and a member of the Faculty assisting in the work.

Each crew takes the work in turn: one day the kitchen :

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CAMP CHOCORUA.

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next day police work; the third day dish-washing. Then, when a crew has done three consecutive days' work, it is off duty for a whole day.

Washing, ironing, mending, sewing, making paths, carrying dirt, tidying beaches, etc., etc., are taken on contract by contracting companies composed entirely of the boys, or sometimes some of these things are given out to be done on shore.

One of the camp boys that I know can cook a meal just as well as his sisters, if not better.

The boys get up about 7.30, and, after a dip in the lake, breakfast at 8; from 8 to 11 the camp work is done; at 11 the morning swim takes place; then lunch. Base-ball, lawn tennis, and a variety of things occupy the afternoon. At 6.30 the camp dines; at 9 the boys undress and go to bed.

Generally, except on Sunday night, after the lights are out a story is told by one of the men.

On Sunday, nine-o'clock breakfast; after that the camp work; then a quiet swim. When all hands are dressed in their best camp clothes (no white shirts permitted), lunch; letter-writing home and choir practice until service at 3.30; and dinner over, evening prayers and hymn-singing close the day.

No fire-arms are allowed, and there are numerous pets. Go to the island on a summer afternoon, and you might see a flock of half-tamed partridges picking up crumbs under the dining-room table, or a couple of wild rabbits in the kitchen. You would surely see Pat come to the office to beg for tobacco, the article he likes best to eat; or Joe would come to you for nuts. Pat is a black lamb that became a member of the camp two summers ago, and Joe was a large gray squirrel from Missouri. But he, poor fellow, died last August from the effects of a fall, and he lies buried on the path to the chapel.

The chapel collections go toward a charity fund controlled by a charity committee composed principally of the boys. This, with the flowers they gather from time to time for hospitals, and the charity barrel, in which are placed such clothes as can be given away, lead the boys to think of other boys less fortunate than themselves. Through promotion a camp boy can become in time a member of the Faculty. One of the men now on the Faculty was a boy when the camp began.

When the camp goes off on a cruise, each member of the Canoe Club paddles his own canoe, with all his baggage except his blankets. One of the men acts as Admiral, and his boat, manned by non-members of the club, carries the blanket packs.

The Commodore of the club, one of the boys, directs the cruise under the Admiral's orders, and a provision boat with supplies and cooking-tools meets the fleet at night at an appointed camping-ground.

Sometimes sailing and sometimes with paddle the fleet leisurely makes its way among the islands of the lake, stopping at each good beach for a swim, with perhaps a game of "pull-away" or "duck-on-the-rock" afterward, until the sun warns them that it is time to make camp. Paddling down some lovely cove, the provision boat is found drawn up on shore, and its crew engaged at the fire preparing dinner. No tents are carried, so there is not much to do but attend to the canoes and make them all right for the night, gather wood for the camp fire, or go foraging at the farm-houses. After dinner it is not long before all hands are wrapped in their blankets, each in the most comfortable spot he can find on the bare ground, and only the man on watch is left awake to see to the boats, tuck the restless ones in their blankets, keep up the fire while the night goes by, until he is relieved and can turn in too.

The sports come once a summer. The camp paper, called *The Golden-Rod*, and published by the Good-will Contracting Company, appeared for the first time last August, and contains an account of last summer's sports. The contests were in long, short, and back swimming; in standing, running, and fancy diving; in canoeing and rowing and base-ball and tennis. *Golden-Rod* gives a faithful account of the whole programme. Just let me quote for you its closing paragraph: "Thus the sports ended. Nearly all our guests were ferried to the island, a handsome dinner was served, after which the choir gave some vocal selections, and finally the guests, amid the glare of kerosene cat-tails and the camp cheer, given for their benefit, and as a compliment to them, departed, and once again the quietness returned and darkness deepened, the torches glimmered faintly, and then went out; stillness reigned—the sports were over."

Now I have introduced you to Camp Chocorua. The better one knows that camp, the better it seems to be. Whenever I see a boy in the summer who looks as if he wasn't having a good time, I want to send him right up to that island. Certain it is that there are no stronger, browner, happier, more manly boys to be found anywhere, and certain it is that the men in that camp try to be wise and true friends to the boys.

## THE LABORS OF HERCULES.

HERCULES, the strongest man that ever lived in Greece, is usually seen clothed in a lion's skin, and with its mouth and head for his helmet. He was the son of Zeus, the chief of the fabulous gods of Greece. Even when he was an infant he was so strong that he strangled two serpents that came to devour him. He learned to wrestle, to drive a chariot, to shoot with a bow, and play on the lyre, a kind of harp. But when he was about eighteen he committed some grave offense, and was sent from his home to tend his guardian's cattle in the country. Here his great strength made him of use. A fierce lion from Mount Cithæron ravaged all the country around. Hercules pursued it, killed it, and wore ever after its skin and its frightful head.

His great strength did not make Hercules a fortunate man. Evil passions often led him to crime, misery, and at last to a fearful death. He was beautiful, strong, tall, graceful, but never wise. He was made a slave, and condemned for his crimes to perform ten labors, to do ten things that no one else could do. The first was to kill a fierce lion that haunted the Nemean vale; Hercules strangled him easily, and carried off his skin. The second labor was to destroy the Lernæan hydra, a huge monster that dwelt in a swamp near Argos. A great crab came to its aid, but Hercules destroyed them both. There was a stag with golden antlers and brazen feet that lived in Arcadia. He was ordered to bring it home alive. He caught the huge animal, threw it over his shoulders, and brought it safely to Mycenæ. This was the third labor.

The fourth was to bring the Erymanthian boar alive to his master. It was a savage monster. But Hercules chased him over the snows until he was weary, and caught him in a net. He was next ordered to cleanse in one day the stables of Augeas. They had not been cleansed for thirty years, and were occupied by three thousand cattle. It would seem almost as difficult a task as to cleanse the streets of New York. But Hercules turned two rivers through the stables, and washed them perfectly from their stains. He was to have received a tenth of the cattle. It is not pleasant to remember that Augeas never paid him his reward.

There were some foul and frightful birds that fed on human flesh. They lived in a lake of Arcadia, and had brazen wings, claws, and beaks. Hercules, for his sixth labor, shot them with arrows. In the seventh he captured the Cretan bull, that sprang out of the sea. It was a mad bull, it is said, that terrified every one. In the eighth he

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went to seize the mares of Diomedes, that were fed on human flesh. The savage animals ate up one of his friends. But Hercules seized them, tamed them, and set them loose on Mount Olympus. Next he was directed to bring to his master the girdle of the Queen of the Amazons. The Amazons fought bravely, but Hercules killed the Queen, and carried off her girdle.

In his tenth labor he was to go to the Red Island, the home of the monster Geryones, and seize his famous oxen. They were guarded by a giant and a dog with two heads. The Red Island was in the far West. Hercules travelled for many months, and reached the Straits of Gibraltar. Here, as usual, he killed the giant, snatched his booty, and sailed back in triumph to Greece. The great rocks which stand one on each side of the straits were afterward known to the ancients as the Pillars of Hercules.

He had performed ten labors. But his master insisted that he should undertake two more. One was to bring him the golden apples of Hesperides. Far in the West there was a garden laden with this rare fruit. It was guarded by a dragon and a band of spirits. After long wanderings in the West, Hercules came to Mount Atlas, on which the skies rested. Hercules held up the sky while Atlas went to gather the fruit.

His last labor was to descend into the infernal regions and bring back the dog Cerberus, who guarded the world of the dead. He caught the monster in his arms, carried it to his master on earth, and then bore it back to the Inferno. He was now free. But he was never at rest. Once he became the slave of Queen Omphale. He was clothed in a woman's robe, and employed in spinning wool, while Omphale wore his lion's skin. He killed the Centaur Nessus. But Deianira, his wife, sent him a robe steeped in the blood of the Centaur. Hercules put it on. It was poisoned, and he died in torment and despair.

The story of Hercules shows that the strongest man is weak when he can not control himself.

## TOM'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

### III.

IF at any time during the twenty-four hours following Tom Gibson's appearance among the startled crew of the *Swiftsure* that young gentleman had been asked if the old schooner was in any danger, he would have answered that she would surely sink within an hour, and that all on board would perish with her.

No one asked Tom such a question; but he fully believed that it was impossible for the old craft to live much longer in the gale, and although he knew he was in even a more dangerous position than any one else, owing to the fact that he was below, he felt so sick that he paid but little attention to the supposed danger.

At the end of twenty-four hours, however, matters presented a decidedly different appearance. The wind having subsided, the clumsy old schooner no longer tumbled and tossed about; the sun was shining brightly, and, what was of more importance to Tom, he had so nearly recovered from his illness as to have eaten a very hearty breakfast in spite of the mixture of bad odors that had been so disagreeable to him.

Tom went on deck, almost enjoying the motion of the vessel which, a few hours before, had been so uncomfortable, and was beginning to think that there was some pleasure to be had by running away, when Captain Harrison said, in anything but a pleasant tone of voice,

"Well, Tom, you've come on board my vessel and eaten my food without so much as asking my permission, so now s'posin' me an' you have some kind of a settlement."

Poor Tom! all idea of enjoyment vanished at once, and again he understood that the boy who runs away is obliged to pay a very high price for what is a continual pain rather than a pleasure.

"Why don't you say something?" demanded Captain Harrison. "Do you think I keep this schooner jest to accommodate boys who want to run away from home?"

"No, sir," faltered Tom; "but I don't know what to say, because, you see, I don't know how we can have a settlement unless you should take the things I brought on board, to pay you."

"I've seen what you brought with you," thundered Captain Harrison, acting as if he was very angry, although if any one had been observing him closely a twinkle of mirth could have been seen in his eyes. "All the traps you've got wouldn't pay for your breakfast. Now listen to me, and take care that you don't forget what I say. You've seen fit to come aboard this schooner, which is bound on a fishing cruise, consequently you've got to pay my price for your fun. You'll have to do your share of the work without grumbling, and I tell you candidly that it 'll be more than you ever dreamed of, coddled by your mother as you have been."

It was pretty hard for a boy who had run away from home because he had been obliged to work too hard to be told that he would have so much to do that what he had been obliged to submit to at home was hardly more than petting. But he *had* run away, and he was obliged to pay the price. He did not even dare to offer any objections, for he understood only too well that he was in the Captain's power.

"Why don't you go to work?" shouted Captain Harrison, after he had given Tom plenty of time in which to think the matter over.

"I don't know what to do."

"Go forward, and you'll soon find plenty to keep you out of mischief."

Tom did as he was directed, and he learned that the Captain had said no more than was strictly true. Every one on board appeared to think that he had a perfect right to set a task for the stowaway, and there was no hesitation about doing so. If the cook wanted wood split, the pots and pans scoured, vegetables pared, or any other disagreeable work done, Tom was called upon, and he soon learned that it was dangerous to refuse. If any of the crew wanted an assistant at any time or on any piece of work, Tom was that assistant, and at the slightest hesitation a blow was given to remind him that in no sense was he his own master. He was the boy-of-all-work, and with no opportunity to play.

Compared with his condition on the *Swiftsure*, Tom had lived a life of luxurious ease at home, and there was hardly a moment, when he was awake, during which he did not regret that he had ever been so foolish as to run away.

Before the fishing grounds were reached the *Swiftsure* put into a harbor for supplies, and there Tom decided upon a bold step. He asked one of the men who had treated him with more consideration than the others had done to lend him two cents with which to buy a postage stamp, and on a dirty piece of paper he wrote the following letter to his mother:

"DEAR MAMMA,—I was wicked to want to run away, and I want to come back terribly. If I had any money I would try to get back from here; but I haven't, so I shall have to stay till this old vessel comes home. You'll let me come, won't you, mother? I won't say a word, no matter how hard you whip me for running away, and I won't ever grumble when you want me to do anything. My hands are all covered with blisters; but they don't begin to be as sore as my heart is when I have to get into these dirty berths at night, knowing that I can't even

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"HE WAS THE BOY-OF-ALL-WORK."

speak to you. Don't be angry with me any more, but *please* let me in when I come home.

"Yours truly, THOMAS GIBSON."

Captain Harrison, who had seen Tom writing, and who suspected at once to whom the letter was to be sent, gave the boy an envelope, and allowed him to go on shore in order to mail it.

Tom felt better after this, even though his condition was in no wise improved. His mother would know that he was sorry for what he had done, and even though but a short time before he had looked upon her as a hard-hearted parent, it seemed as if her forgiveness was the one thing he wanted above all others.

If, during the voyage to the fishing grounds, Tom thought he had worked as hard as was possible, he learned that he had been mistaken when the real labor of the cruise was commenced. All day he was obliged to fish with twenty or thirty fathoms of line, to which was attached a heavy sinker of lead, that required nearly all his strength to pull up, and when the catch had been large he was compelled to remain up half the night helping the men dress the fish. His hands which had been covered with blisters, as he wrote his mother, were cut and bleeding, while many times the pain was so great that he could not go to sleep even when he had the opportunity.

In this work Tom could not say that he was obliged to do more than any one else; all hands worked to the best of their ability, and it but serves to show that Tom was getting to be quite a sensible boy when it is said that he felt he was doing no more than was right under the circumstances. But, nevertheless, his heart was quite as sore and his homesickness as severe as when he wrote the letter to his mother. The only time when he was in the slightest degree contented was when he was fishing. He knew that the sooner the old schooner was loaded, the sooner would she be headed toward home, and he counted each fish he caught as another step toward his getting home to Sedgwick and to mother.

The time finally came, six weeks after Tom had started to pass the night under Rankin's bridge, when Captain Harrison said,

"We won't 'dress down' to-night, boys; but try to carry back fresh what we catch to-day."

"What does he mean by that?" Tom asked of one of the crew.

"It means that we shall start for home after the fish are done biting to-day."

Tom could hardly realize his good fortune, and he worked in a dazed sort of way, but kept repeating to himself each moment: "I'm going home! I'm going home! and what's better, I'll stay when I get there."

At an early hour that afternoon the bow of the old *Swiftsure* was turned toward Sedgwick, and as she rose and fell heavily on the waves, sending clouds of spray fore and aft, Tom could hardly refrain from giving vent to his joy by at least three hearty cheers.

The trip home was by no means as speedy as Tom could have desired. It seemed to him as if the old vessel was sailing more slowly than she had ever sailed before, and as if the winds were really trying to delay him.

Then came the day when he could see the spire of the church in Sedgwick, and just at the time when he knew that his father and mother were sitting down to supper, Tom leaped on shore. He waited for nothing, but ran home at full speed, and it was not until he had kissed his mother and father again and again, and heard them assure him of their forgiveness, that he could breathe freely.

As may be expected, Tom had not been home more than an hour before the friends to whom he had confided his purpose of running away called to see him, and to learn how much of his fortune he had made.

"I tell you what it is, fellows," he said, in reply to their questions, "I'm not as big a fool as I was before I ran away. I thought I was having a mighty hard time of it here, but I soon found out my mistake. All I can say is that I pity fellows that haven't got any homes to go to when they get as homesick as I was."

"Then you don't think of running away again very soon?" suggested Dwight Holden, laughingly.

"Boys"—and Tom spoke very solemnly now—"when I was on the *Swiftsure* I found out how lonesome a boy can be without his mother; I never knew before. Just as long as I can I shall stay where I can see my mother and speak to her; and if at any time any one of you thinks that his mother isn't the best and dearest friend a boy can have, just do as I did, and it won't take you very long to find out that you are mistaken."

THE END.

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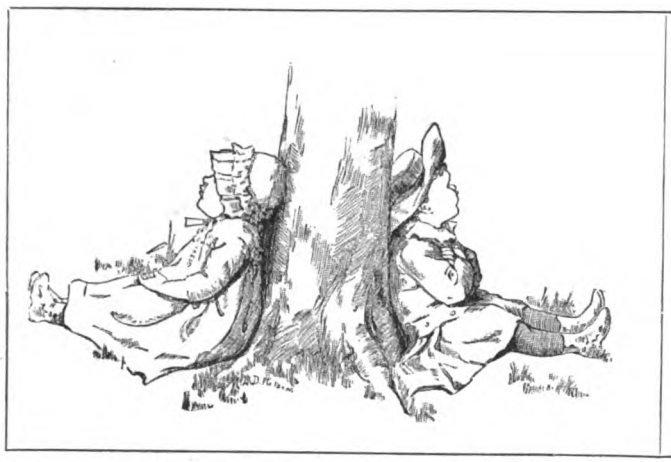
# Morning and Evening.

I send him away in the morning
When the sun is low in the east,
And he does not mind our parting,
Does not mind it in the least,
For, in the school room, I tell him
Is the place for a boy to be,
So we say good-by with many a smile
And he throws back a kiss to me.

But oh! at last in the evening
When the sun is low in the west,
I see him coming home to me,
My dearest and my best!
I forget what I say in the morning,
And I think we both agree
That in mother's lap by the fire side
Is the place for a boy to be.



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THE QUARREL.



MAKING UP.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

LAURENS, IOWA.

Seeing the letters in the Post-office Box, I thought I would write to you and tell you of my home out on the prairies of Iowa. For pets I have two sheep, a crane, two wild geese, and eight ducks. One morning, when we were sowing oats, there were more than five hundred cranes and geese picking up the oats that had not been dragged under; we tried to shoot one, but we did not get a chance, they were so wild. The prairie fires are very numerous here; when they get on the open prairie they go with the speed of a horse. The wolves come quite near the house, and try to seize our sheep. The other morning a wild goose alighted in our garden, and seemed to enjoy himself immensely, for we had just planted our seeds there. I am ten years old, and will be eleven next summer. One day one of the cattle attacked me, and would have killed me if the dog had not worried him until he left me.

LESLIE C.

DURANGO, COLORADO.

We are the members of a school away out here in the Rocky Mountains. Our teacher takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us, and we get it every Monday morning. How glad we are to see it! Our teacher lets us have the letters for a part of our reading lesson. We have five teachers in our building, and in our grade there are about forty pupils. We have just finished fractions. We had quite a long programme for last Friday afternoon, and invited the scholars from another room in to hear us. We had songs, dialogues, recitations, and one composition. There is a mountain just back of our school-house, and in the spring we gather lovely flowers there; there are tall yucca plants, with their long spikes of lilies, and different kinds of cactus. In the winter we coast down the same mountain. We hope you will print this letter, for we have been thinking of writing for a long time, and we want to see it in print before our school closes in May.

PUPILS OF MISS G.

These letters come from two dear little sisters:

ROUEN, FRANCE.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have one sister younger than myself. I have three pets, a cat, a dove, and a canary; my cat's name is Ida. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; I am always very glad when it comes. My grandfather has taken it for me ever since it began. My sister and I had a dolls' house last Christmas from old Santa Claus; there are four rooms in it, a dining-room, drawing-room, bedroom, and kitchen. I should like to travel all over the world with papa and mamma, and pay you a visit in New York. This is the first time my sister and I have written to you, and I hope you will publish our little letters.

Your little friend from across the sea,

EMMA Y. H.

ROUEN, FRANCE.

I am seven years old, and I have one sister, who is nine. I have a little bird, but he is not tame. There are beautiful churches in Rouen. On Holy-Thursday my sister and I went to the Roman Catholic Cathedral to see an archbishop wash the feet of thirteen poor little boys. Grandpapa and grandmamma gave me a beautiful large doll last Christmas.

Your loving little friend,

CORNELIA L. H.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four or five years, and never before attempted to write to you. I like "Rolf House" the best of all the stories, and after it comes the Post-office Box. I love to read the letters. I should like so much to correspond with some of the girls of my age; I am thirteen years old. I have been ill, and, like Mattie Hall, am studying hard now. I would like some of the girls to send me some silk pieces for a quilt I am making for my grandma. I have twenty-five squares finished. I will gladly send them something pretty in return. I would like so much to correspond with Edith Gladys P. and other girls who live across the great sea.

Your little friend,

ALICE PRETZMAN,
790 Madison Avenue.

KEENE.

We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and like it very much. "Wakulla" and "Rolf House" are our favorite stories. We both take music and drawing lessons. There is a good rink in the town, but it is closed now, and we miss it very much. Keene is situated on Rice Lake, and it is very nice to go out in the summer and watch the squaws gather black rice. We have a dear friend, Nellie, and she is splendid company; we often go out driving together. Do please print this letter, as it is our first. Good-by.

MAY and LILA.

Will you remember after this, please, always to write your State as well as your town?

LINCOLN, ENGLAND.

I write this letter from Lincoln, my native place. It is one of the oldest cities in England, and has a fine cathedral, some parts of which are eight hundred years old. The first city was built by the Romans, and there is still remaining an old arch, called Newport Arch, which is said to have been built in the year 55 B.C. There are also some Jews' houses which are very ancient. We have a castle built by William the Conqueror, which stands on the brow of the hill. Now I must tell you about my pets. I have a dog, a cat, a magpie, and a canary. Nell, the dog, knows several tricks. She is very fond of the cat, and plays with it very often. I go to school, and like it very much. Now I must close. From your little friend,

WILLIE S. (aged 12).

MANNINGTON HALL, HEMSLEY, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

I have seen letters from so many English girls in the Post-office Box that I thought I must write to you also. I have taken your lovely paper since it was begun, and I think it is really one of the best ever published. I have only one pet, a dear canary-bird, and it is very tame. I have two brothers and one sister. I am twelve years old; do you think my writing is bad for that age? I send you a good receipt for butter-scotch. I know it is good, for I have made some of it myself. In the Little Housekeepers' Club which I have formed we have thirty-four members. One day we made some taffy, and sent it to the poor children in the hospitals. Our motto is, "Try, try again." My friend, Millicent T., is the president. May I describe my home to you? The house stands on the top of a hill, and though it is in the town, it has pretty gardens round it, in which we often play. And now I must stop, for I have to go to school. If you like this, I will write again; please tell me if I may.

INEZ H.

Yes, dear, you may. Thank you for telling how to make

BUTTER-SCOTCH.—Boil a quarter of a pound of white sugar and two ounces of butter together over a quick fire; stir it with a wooden spoon till it becomes a light brown color, then pour it out upon a buttered plate. Before it is quite cold and hard, cut it with a knife into small tablets. A tea-spoonful of common vinegar will improve the flavor if mixed in when boiling.

INEZ H.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—As you wanted to hear about the pantomime, I will, with pleasure, give you a slight idea of it. I went the week after Christmas, and saw a piece called *Whittington and his Cat*. It was very pretty. I wish you could have been there; I am sure you would have enjoyed it. But now I must tell you about it. The first scene was a cats' school, and Whittington's cat was the master. It looked and sounded very funny to see the cats repeat the A, B, C after him. Then I saw the rich merchant's shop, and Alice his daughter, who was secretly in love with Dick, but when the merchant found it out he was very angry with her, because he was only a poor boy, and Dick was sent away with his cat to Highgate, and sat on a stone—and that stone is still at the real Highgate—and he fell asleep, and dreamed he heard the bells ringing, "Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London." In the next act I saw Whittington grown rich. He was made Lord Mayor, and married Alice because the merchant had become poor, and Dick was now wealthy. Then came the most magnificent scene in the whole play. It was the Lord Mayor's show. Alice and Dick were on horseback, and the cat was in a carriage at their side, and the whole stage was one glitter with horses and people grandly dressed. Now I think I have told you the chief things I saw, so I will say good-by, hoping to write to you very often. With love from my little sister and myself.

RUTH N.

OLD SWAN, NEAR LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

I do like this paper very much. I have not taken it in long, but I like it so much that I shall take it in always. Do you think that any of your readers will send me a copy of any pattern of knitted lace? I would be so much obliged if one of them would. I am a girl of thirteen years of age, and am very fond of knitting. I read in one of the letters in the Post-office Box that one of your readers had joined the Little Folks' Humane Society. I have joined it also. My brother is writing to you as well as I.

BERTHA I.

If any little reader will send plain directions for knitting or crocheting lace edging, the Postmistress will find a little corner for them where Bertha's bright eyes will be sure to find them out. Tell brother that his letter must wait until another time, Bertha, but that the Postmistress is very much obliged to him for writing.

HAVANA, ILLINOIS.

I am a little boy, and will be ten years old the 4th of May. We have a Maltese cat named Dick, a dog named Ponto, and we had a bird, who died at the age of thirteen. I have written to you once before, and love to read your paper. Please try and have my letter in your paper by my birthday.

JEWELL H. A.

We could not publish your letter before your birthday, but you see it has been inserted as near that date as possible.

PRESTON, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, and I think it a lovely paper. I have never written to you before, so I hope this will be published. I send you a little story which I have composed myself, and also a very good receipt for barley-sugar, which I have made myself in the Little Housekeepers' Club which my sister

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and I have formed. My sister is the president; her name is Gladys. Our motto is, "A stitch in time saves nine." Will you put it in your book? My sister and I hope so. I am seven years old. Do you think my writing bad? We are going to America this summer, and if you will let me I will come and see you. Papa and mamma hope you will come to see us some time soon. With love to all my dear American cousins over the sea, I am

Your loving little friend, IRENE S.

BARLEY-SUGAR.—Clarify white lump sugar (boil half a pound of sugar in half a gill of water a quarter of an hour, until it becomes a syrup), and pour it out in a basin. When cold, skim off the scum from the top, boil again until it becomes stiff, pour it on a plate, pull it, and twist it into thick sticks. IRENE S.

Gladys and Irene will both be very welcome if they visit the office of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Irene writes very beautifully indeed for a little girl of seven.

STOCKPORT, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school, and study the Third Reader, arithmetic, New Testament, writing, and drawing. I have a brother Robbie, and he goes to school too. This is the first time I have written to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. My cousin wrote this letter for me, because I can't write well. May I join the Little Housekeepers? MAY N. R.

Certainly you may; but write for yourself next time, my dear.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have been ill since November, 1883, and was in bed three months. I wrote to you before, and told you about my white rat; he died a little while after I wrote. We went to Europe in June, 1883, and came back in October. We travelled through England, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. I think Jimmy Brown's stories are very funny. B. W.

I hope you will soon be well again, dear child.

ESSEX, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have been wanting to write to you for a long time, but I have not been able to do so, for I am a little lame girl with a disease of the spine, so you must excuse all imperfections in this letter. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE some time, and it is so nice. I like to read it, especially when I am lonely, which I often am, as I have no brothers nor sisters. I am ten years old. Last year I went to America, and liked it very much. I send you a little puzzle which I have made myself. ELLA S.

Thanks for the puzzle. It shall appear one of these days.

EAST POTTEN, QUEBEC.

I am a Canadian girl eleven years old, and live in the country near Lake Memphremagog. This lake is nearly thirty miles long, and the narrowest part is about two miles wide. There are quite a number of steamboats plying here; the largest is named *Lady of the Lake*. There are a great many kinds of fish. I study reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, and history. I have one sister named Maud. ETHEL G.

SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA.

I have for a great while wished to write a letter to the delightful Post-office Box. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and *St. Nicholas*, which every one knows are the best publications in the world for the young. We are not so far from civilization here that we do not have a skating rink, and all our young people participate in the sport. I take much interest in my music, and am practicing Beethoven's sonatas and some of Chopin's compositions, but my favorite composer is Liszt. I have a little sister, nine years old, who plays very well the best arrangements of the Italian operas. I am fifteen, and read Latin and French, but not perfectly. I have read some in Virgil, and Mesdames De Staël and Sévigné, but I love to romp, and do not study so much as mamma would like me to. The next time, if you will allow me the privilege of writing again, I will tell you about my visit to the Exposition.

JODIE W. T.

We shall be glad to hear from you again.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I live in the beautiful city of Washington. We can see the Washington Monument from our windows very plainly. The elevator goes up every day except Sunday, and when you get up there, you can look out of the windows and see miles down the beautiful Potomac River. We live near the home of the President of the United States. The grounds of the White House are open to the public from sunrise till sunset, and the shortest way to Pennsylvania Avenue from our house is to go through the White House grounds. One can walk on the grass and watch the fish in the fountain, and the flowers and trees are beautiful. The Capitol is grand and beautiful. I have been up to the top of the dome twice, and you can see all over the city. The National Museum is filled with all kinds of strange things, and among them are mummies three thousand years old. I have seen the original Declaration of Independence, and it is yellow with age, and the writing is fast fading away. The Botanical Gardens are lovely, and have the date, fig, orange, and palm, and many other trees. I am ten years of age, and have a twin sister May. MINNIE C.

NORTH WALES.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have only lately begun to take in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but I like it very much. I have only one pet, a black cat, called Jet. I should like to see this letter in print, as it is the first one. I should like to write you a story some time. Would you like me to? I forgot to say I had some lovely pigeons that I like very much. B. B. (aged thirteen).

Of course I would like to have you send me a story, though I could not promise to publish it, unless it were both very good and very short.

MAARSSEN, HOLLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a Dutch girl, twelve years old. All other children tell about their pets, but I can not, as I have none. I once had a black kitten, but mamma sent him away. I have two big sisters; their names are Susan and Olga. Last year we all went to spend the winter in Wiesbaden for the health of my little sister, and we should have gone again this winter, but did not, as my little sister died on Sylvester-eve. She was eight years old, and her name was Joan; but we always called her Jo, as a pet name. We were all very sorry to lose the dear, she was such a darling. I hope you will print this, for I want it to be a surprise to mamma. Do you never think it tiresome to read all these little letters? I have one friend; she is my cousin, and her name is Aline. If you like this, I will write again. Although I have had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE only for four months, I think it so nice, I intend to have it still for many years. Good-by, dear Postmistress. With love, your little friend,

MARY A. v. H.

I am sorry the dear little sister died. No, my child, the little letters never tire me, and the more there are, the better I am pleased.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

I am a boy thirteen years old, and I have lived all my life in New Orleans, and I am greatly interested in our Exposition. I save up all my pocket-money, and every chance I get I go there. I think that it is a very good place for boys and girls, and most parents agree with me. I wish to tell you about the great day of all days at the Exposition (I refer to Louisiana Day). On Thursday, April 30, I expect and hope that the Exposition will take in between thirty and forty thousand dollars. It will be a grand day. All the schools will be closed, and all banks and places of business; all the societies, the Fire Department, and all the military companies will parade, including the far-famed Crescent Rifles, of which my brother is the captain.

WILLIAM S. P.

I read this letter on the eve of April 30. I hope your expectations were realized, Will.

SOUTH ATTLEBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a boy seven years old, and I have a great many pets. We have a big black dog named Flash. We have nine little puppies; their mother's name is Jennie; she is a nice dog. I have a little baby brother two months old; I think he is very cunning. I will write more the next time, and I hope you will print it. WILLIS B. T.

WHITLEY, ENGLAND.

I have never written before, so I thought I would write now and tell you how I came to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in. One night a friend of mine asked me to go into his house, so I said that I would. After we had been playing a short while he asked me if I would like to see a paper that he took in weekly, called HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I said that I would, so he showed me some numbers, and after I had seen them, I thought I would like to take them in myself. And on the Saturday following I bought one, and I liked it very much, so I have taken it in ever since. GEORGE W.

The paper has only to be seen to be liked wherever it goes.

PETALUMA, CALIFORNIA.

I did not go to school to-day, for it rained, and I did not feel very well, and so I thought I would write you a letter. I live on a farm of over four hundred acres, about nine miles from town. I have seven sheep of my own. I got forty-four pounds of wool off five of them this year; the other two are lambs. I have a dog; his name is Nero. He is almost a year old. He is a good hunting dog, and he will catch chickens for us when we want him to. He will catch gophers too. They are very thick out here. I have four traps, and have caught over sixty. My father gives me five cents apiece for them. I caught one that weighed a pound and a half. They are very destructive. I am nearly thirteen years old. That is all for this time. EDDIE McG.

I am always pleased when I receive a bright, wide-awake letter like this.

LEESBURG, VIRGINIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. This is the first letter I have ever written to you. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE better than any paper I have ever taken. I have two brothers; one is fourteen, and the other is a little over a year old. I have three cats—Jet, Charley, and Minna. I have a canary which sings very sweetly. I do not go to school, but I have a governess. I study reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, and music. I hope you will find a corner for my little letter.

ANNIE P. C.

LEEDS, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—My father brought me one of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, November 22, 1884, and liking it very much, I asked him to bring it weekly, and so I have taken it ever since, and like it better than any paper I have taken. I should like to know if it goes to Perth, Ontario, as I have a young friend who went out from here. I should like her to see it, as I mentioned it to her when last I wrote her. From one of your Yorkshire readers. EMMA W.

Yes, dear, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has many subscribers in Ontario, and your little friend can receive it if she wishes.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

FOUR DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. Ore. 3. An old instrument of torture. 4. To protract. 5. A letter.

2.—1. A letter. 2. A small lump. 3. A creature of fancy. 4. Endeavor. 5. A letter.

3.—1. A letter. 2. A flat-boat. 3. A small stream. 4. Sight. 5. A letter.

4.—1. A letter. 2. A wheel used by cobblers. 3. Bias. 4. A vessel. 5. A letter. BURREN.

No. 2.

TWO CHARADES.

1.—My first is round and plump,
My second rhymes with seed;
My whole makes my canary jump
For mirth and joy indeed.
LITTLE MADGE.

2.—My first without my second
Would be quite plain and bare;
My whole when found in shady ground
Is always very fair. LOUISE AIKEN.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

In salt, not in spice.
In new and in nice.
In gentle, not in rough.
In mantle and in muff.
In own, not in lend.
In fiend and in friend.
In oven, not in brick.
Whole in spring is a carpet thick
For pretty hill-sides far away.
Where children go to find the May.
MOTHER BUNCH.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 286

No. 1.—Rose. Pink. Snow-ball. Daisy. Pansy. Marigold. Althea. Balsam. Azalea. Lantana. Cowslip. Coxcomb. Spirea. Gentian. Cyclamen. Aster. Salvia. Dahlia.

No. 2.—Extraordinary.

No. 3.—

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      M          C
    S A D      E L I
  M A B E L  C L O C K
    D E N      I C E
      L          K
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The answer to the charade on page 416 is "Rheumatic."

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from May and Jennie, Laura Wise, Ella James, Arthur Best, Theodore Jackson, T. C. L., George Grove, William Jenks, Sarah Oliver, Katie and Helen C., Margaret Meredith, Alice Winfield, Jessie Cathcart, and Lulu Pease.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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A LESSON IN MARBLES FOR "KEEPS."

## ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

### AN ELEPHANT'S MOTHER-LOVE.

DURING the recent season for the capture of elephants in Ceylon a remarkable instance of the affection of a female of the species for her calf was offered to the hunters' notice.

A herd was duly surrounded by the capturing party, and with the wonderfully intelligent aid of their "kunkies"—trained elephants who are wicked enough to help make their luckless cousins fast—four or five fine animals were taken. Among them was a handsome young tusker, about six feet high, and very active. The rest of the herd escaped, and dashed away in great confusion. The hunting party secured their prizes, and conveyed them to the camp.

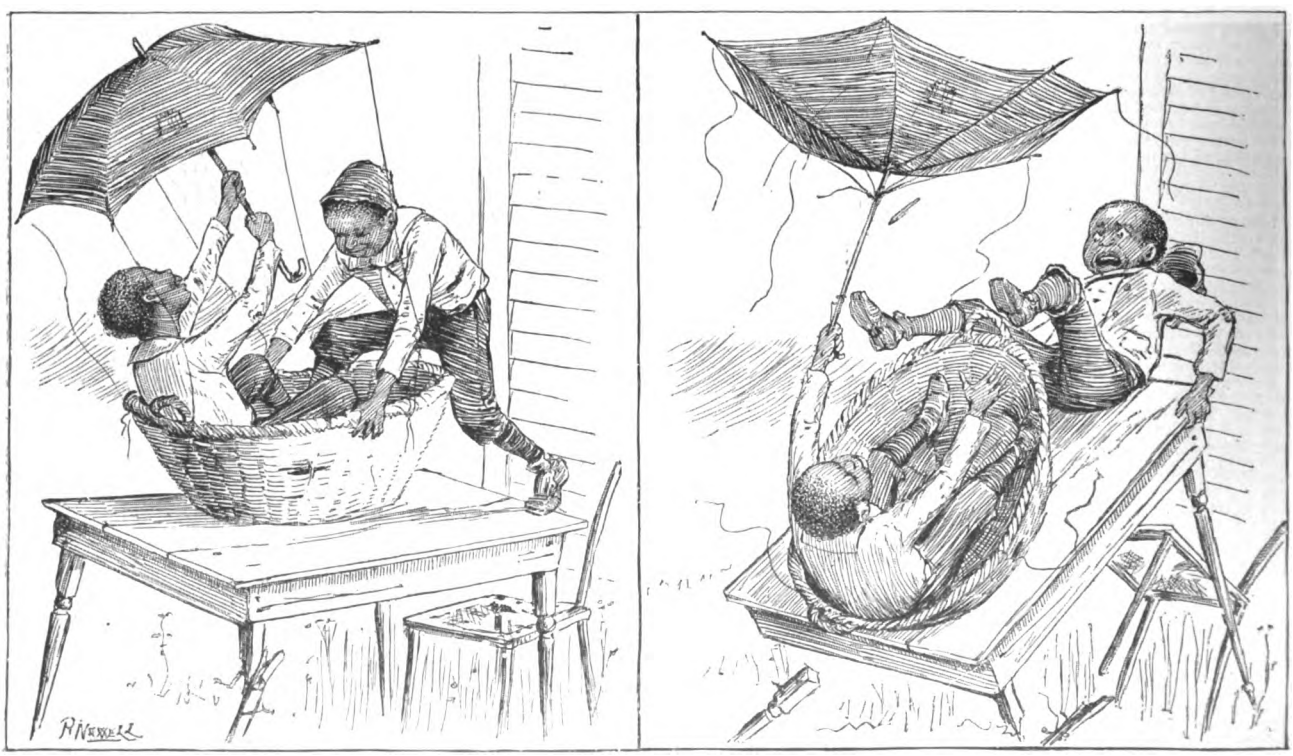
Early next morning a great stir was noticed in the ranks of the captured elephants. A huge female was observed standing beside the prisoned tusker, and doing her best to liberate him. It was the calf's mother, that had made her way over eight miles of country between the scene of her loss and the hunting camp to trace out her young one and bring him home. This feat she had accomplished in the middle of the night, and through a dense forest; nor was it easy to discover how she had followed his track so correctly and speedily.

The mother and child worked together excitedly at the nooses and knots. When the prisoner fell over from exhaustion, the mother tenderly helped him to his feet, and renewed her labors. Her devotion cost her her liberty, for, as she was giving up the struggle in despair and moving off, she too was captured, and the pair forwarded to the station together.

### AN INTEMPERATE MONKEY.

Not long ago there arrived in Paris a wealthy family, who took rooms at a fashionable hotel, and who had with them a monkey, the pet of the children. One afternoon after dinner Jacko made his escape from his quarters, and slipped into the family's private dining-room, where the remains of a dinner were on the table. Jacko flitted about, helping himself liberally to whatever attracted his fingers, and finally drank from a half-filled champagne bottle. This proved so delightful to his palate that he drained the bottle, and became intoxicated. He began to howl, and to jump as probably no monkey ever jumped before. If he could have sung a song he would have done so; but not knowing how to make more noise in that manner, he pulled the cloth from the table, smashed the dishes, and flung glasses and silver all about the room.

The crashing and smashing of glass and china ware soon brought the terrified owners and their servants upon the scene, two of them receiving sauce-boats full in the face as they rushed in. After a sharp fight and the entire ruin of the clothes of some of the rescuing party, Jacko was seized in a corner, and when last seen was weeping bitterly under the arm of a strong chamber-maid, who was slapping him vigorously enough to bring him back to his senses and teach him temperance.



A BALLOON ASCENSION.

"JUMP IN QUICK, GINGER; DE BALLOON AM MOVIN'."

IT WAS INDEED.

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 290. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, MAY 19, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




UNAPPRECIATED ATTENTIONS.


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## MONKEY MISCHIEF.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

A MONKEY'S chief delight is in mischief, and it does seem as if a spice of cruelty in the mischief makes it have a greater relish for Jocko. Captivity makes most animals lose their spirits, but the monkey, unless he is sick, is always ready to play some prank.

Nothing seems to give a monkey quite as much pleasure as copying after his human master, and many are the funny stories told in consequence. Sometimes poor Jocko's fun turns out badly for himself, but as a rule he may be trusted to come off free from harm.

The monkey that stole his master's razor and tried to shave himself was unlucky enough to slice off a piece of his cheek. That was bad, certainly; but it is doubtful if he suffered any more than the monkey that saw his master bathe his forehead with cologne for headache, and tried to imitate him. Instead of cologne, however, the poor fellow got hold of a bottle of ammonia, and slopped that on his head. Ah! how he did chatter and dance about when the stinging stuff reached his eyes and nose! You may be sure that monkey never touched a bottle again.

Jocko has such a serious air when he is planning his mischief that unless one is always on the lookout he will accomplish it. A story is told of a monkey that took the greatest delight in watching the nurse wash his master's baby. The family was divided as to whether he enjoyed Miss Mabel's shrieks or the performance as a whole. One day the question was settled.

The family was at dinner down-stairs, when there came a terrible wail from Kittie, and another and another, till one of the boys jumped up and ran to the nursery, where the noise came from. There was Master Jocko copying, as well as he could, the actions of nurse with little Mabel. Only Jocko's baby was poor Kittie, who was wailing, spitting, and scratching with all her might. No doubt Jocko looked upon the resistance as quite in order, for Mabel never could be washed without many protests.

Those people were fortunate in that the monkey did not insist upon trying his experiments with the real baby instead of the kitten, as once did happen. In this case the monkey, which was a large one, snatched the baby from its cradle, and, when pursued, climbed to the house-top, and there, to the anguish of the baby's parents, dandled and played with the little thing with great glee. It was only after great trouble that the baby was rescued.

We are used to seeing monkeys kept only as pets or as curiosities; but in Africa and Asia they are sometimes trained to serve their masters in many ways. They are so given to mischief, however, that they can never be very trusty servants.

An example of this is shown in the story told of a baboon which had been left in charge of the kitchen while his master went off for a while. On the stove was a pot in which a chicken was being boiled. The baboon sat very quietly for some time, but at last his curiosity got the better of him and he lifted the lid from the pot.

Well, you can guess the rest. The chicken smelled good, so he smelled again; then he took a little taste; then he took another taste; and behold! when Sir Baboon had finished tasting there were only some bones left.

When he had eaten the chicken up, it seemed to occur to the baboon that his master might be angry when he looked into the empty pot. What to do to avoid the certain punishment that was in store for him was the greedy fellow's great concern now.

He sat in the doorway looking very much cast down, when suddenly a bright idea seemed to strike him, and he hurried quickly but stealthily to a field, not far away, where a number of crows were feeding. He drew as near to the birds as he could without frightening them, and then, hiding his head, remained as motionless as a log of wood. In a little while the incautious crows approached so close to him that he was able by a quick movement to capture one of them.

In a second he had wrung the crow's neck and was on his way home again. Once there and seeing no signs of his master, he triumphantly tossed his crow, all unplucked, into the pot, and then sat down, quite satisfied that his theft would never be discovered. No doubt it was always a mystery to that baboon how his master discovered that the crow in the pot was not the chicken he had left there.

## ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

"PHYLLIS AND BRUNETTA."

NAN hurried to Phyl's room as soon as they reached home. The lamps had not been lighted, but in the twilight she saw how eagerly Phyllis was watching for her return, and as soon as she had laid aside her things she sat down to talk quietly with her about her proposed journey and Dr. Barlow's coming.

It came out then how anxious poor Phyllis had been for some time upon the same subject, and Nan felt fresh pangs on making this discovery, but it helped her greatly that Phyllis felt hopeful, indeed convinced, that the journey to New York would be successful. She hated to have Nan leave her, for at such a time, in spite of the difference in their years, Phyllis looked to her little cousin for sympathy and advice. Certainly no one seeing the two girls that evening, hand in hand, Phyllis on her couch, where of late she had rarely been able to sit up long, Nan on a footstool at her side, would have realized that they were the same who not more than two years before had left Bromfield together, Phyllis so perfectly satisfied with the success of her expedition, so sure that she would make something of her little cousin, Nan so entirely ready to be guided.

Yet here they were, their positions almost reversed, Phyllis anxious for Nan's point of view, her sympathy, her direct, straightforward sort of counsel; Nan loving and admiring as ever, and yet conscious of how much and why Phyllis needed her.

"So you see," Nan was saying, as Laura came in with the lamp, "if you go to Annie Vandort's first, and have the consultation there, it won't be as though you were among strangers."

"Phyllis, won't you tell Laura all about it while I run down to the Emporium a moment? and do try to persuade her that she is to go with you."

Laura smiled, and as Nan passed her she put out her hand, saying, pleasantly: "Nan, do get Joan to give you a look into Lance's room. She and the boys have been at work over it, and it's quite worthy the return of an Indian chief."

One of the attic rooms had been prepared for the travellers, and on running up to it Nan knew by the shouts of laughter from Joan and the younger boys that they

* Begun in No. 272. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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felt their efforts highly successful. Laura's description was certainly a correct one, for the children had despoiled the cabinet of curiosities which had graced the College Street drawing-room, and had brought a variety of objects from the beach for the adornment of the room, and as the unpainted beams had been daubed over with red and blue paint, the Indian idea was further carried out.

Joan, seated on the edge of the bed, was indulging in one of her wildest fits of laughter, and as Nan appeared in the doorway she exclaimed, "Oh, Nan, we've been having such fun; and do you know"—Joan added this rather soberly, and as if it had suddenly occurred to her to speak of it—"you have been so grave to-day I really was almost afraid you would not enjoy it with us. It is horrible when any one gets too solemn or old for any fun like this."

Joan looked at Nan with her face screwed up to its utmost capacity, but Nan's peal of laughter was most reassuring, and as Lance and Philip were heard rushing up the stairs, she had an opportunity of showing Joan and the boys that she was as appreciative an audience as ever.

Tea passed off very merrily, and afterward there was a happy hour in Phyllis's room, where Lance insisted on Philip's opening his portfolio, and it turned out that his best picture was a water-color sketch, which he called upon them all to criticise, and if possible guess the subject. He admitted that the idea had been taken from an old classical story. It represented two girlish figures walking along what seemed to be a street in ancient Rome, the taller of the two, magnificently attired, was casting wondering looks at the other, who, plainly dressed, was followed by a slave robed gorgeously.

No one understood what it meant, although they all declared that it was most successful as a picture, and insisted that Philip should tell the story.

"You see," he said, as the picture, handed from one to another, was again in Phyl's hands, "we had all been discussing names, when I started the question of what *Phyllis* came from. Everybody quoted her as a country girl, but I knew that I had read of her somewhere as a great lady of fashion, and so it turned out. It seems that in Rome Phyllis and Brunetta were rival beauties, and for a long time they stood on equal terms. A great festival was to take place, and Phyllis had made for the occasion a superb dress of cloth of gold, in which she intended to outshine Brunetta; but when the great day came Brunetta appeared dressed in the very simplest fashion, while the slave who stood ready to carry her train was clothed in the same material as Phyllis wore, and you can imagine the scene which took place."

"Poor Phyllis!" said her namesake, smiling softly. "I hope, girls, when I get my cloth of gold dress, you won't treat me so shabbily."

"But Phyllis was a country girl too," said Laura, "a neat-handed shepherdess."

"I know," said Philip, and he rather shyly produced a second sketch, in which this other Phyllis was very prettily portrayed.

"And what sort of a person was Joan?" said the young lady of that name when they had done admiring this second picture. "Of course there was Joan of Arc, but I don't mean her. I've always had an idea of what a Joan would look like. Couldn't you draw me like this, Philip?" and Joan drew her face down with the most woe-begone expression.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Dick, "it would serve you right, miss, if your face were to stick that way."

"I thought it had yesterday," said Joan, quite calmly; "but I got it back just in time, and I think it would be as well to give it a little healthy rest; so don't come wanting me to imitate the next cross-eyed person you meet. It's perfectly dreadful," she added, turning to Lance, "the way these children insist on my imitating everything and everybody that comes along. Only yesterday we were going down the lane by Trueman's, and there was Master Alfred, saying, 'Oh, Joan! Joan! just look here! Show us how that pig ran along the road yesterday with its head all to one side.' Did you ever hear the equal of that?" Joan looked around with the calm of perfect contempt.

"Oh, Joan," said Alfred, "just get up now and give us the man at the circus last year."

A chorus of voices begged for this performance. Joan, however, would have refused had not Lance said:

"Come along, Joan. You ought to entertain us the first night home."

"And Philip has never seen you do it," said Bertie.

Joan grumbled and laughed together, but finally got up, and striking an attitude in the centre of the room, gave them a highly successful imitation of the man who had so long balanced a pole on the end of his nose in a travelling show that he went about doing and saying everything with his head tipped back and an expression as though he had to keep the end of his nose poised carefully as a support for something. This individual, at the end of the first part of the entertainment, had come forward and made a little speech, always catching at the imaginary pole, and sending the party of Rolfs into convulsions of laughter which it had been almost impossible to repress, until Nan had remarked how thin and pale he looked, and Bertie had wondered whether he got more than two cents a day for his tiresome little performance.

When the laughter over Joan's imitation had subsided, Bertie said, suddenly, "Oh, Nan, we never told you about the boy!"

"What boy?" said Nan and Joan together.

Phyllis looked troubled.

"Yes, indeed," she said; "it was stupid of me to forget it. While you were out to-day a most woe-begone-looking little boy came here, wanting to find Nan, whom he spoke of as the little girl what used to live in the big brick house, and gave a lady some flowers out of her garden. When he found you were out, nothing would induce him to tell his errand. He seemed dreadfully afraid that somebody would catch him and find out he had been here. All I could extract from him was that he belonged to Riker's show, that they were on the road, and would be in Beverley to-morrow."

"Nan! Nan! Nan!" cried Joan, springing up and down in her excitement, "don't you see what it is? Of course he has come from the little girl who's with that horrible woman."

Lance good-humoredly caught hold of Joan, and bidding her keep still a moment, turned to Nan for an explanation.

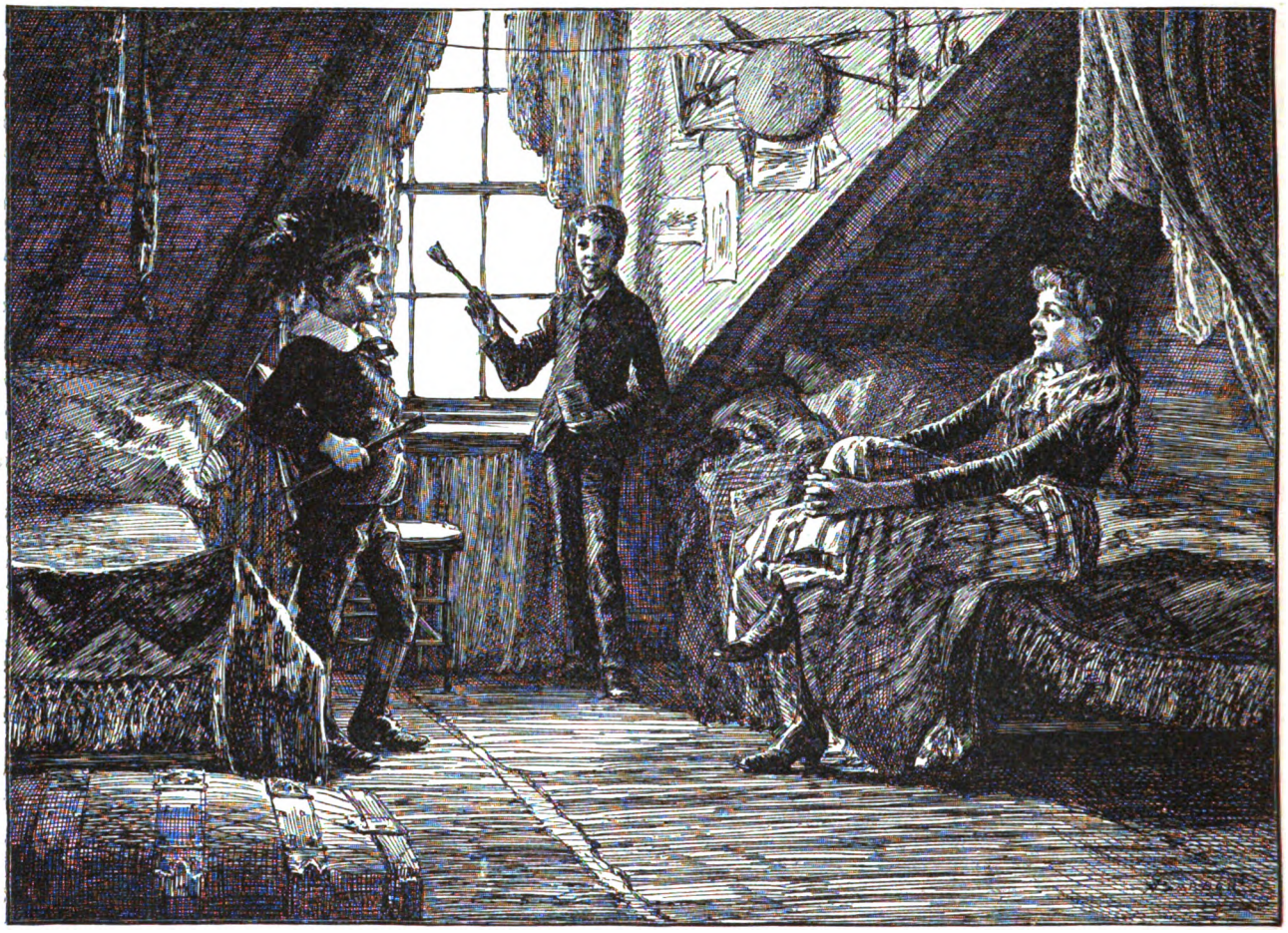
They all remembered that when Miss Rolf had allowed Nan to give Mrs. Travers and Dick a home, one of the poorer members of the theatre company had called at Rolf House with a little offering of money. Nan remembered as though it were but yesterday the wistful look on the poor woman's face when, standing in the beautiful garden, she had wished her Jamie had a chance of such a home. Joan told how they had heard of the poor actress's death, and that furthermore Janey had been taken by some man and woman who performed in a circus company, and who were supposed to be cruelly ill-treating the little girl.

A lively discussion followed as to the best means of finding the child.

"We must go to work carefully," said Lance, "for if those people want to keep her they will be very shrewd about it. There was a case something like this in Paris, where a woman was convicted of ill-treating and terrifying a little girl whom they used in the performance."

"Why, suppose this should be the same woman!" ex-

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"JOAN, SEATED ON THE EDGE OF THE BED, WAS INDULGING IN ONE OF HER WILDEST FITS OF LAUGHTER."

claimed Laura. "It is precisely what she does, so we heard."

After a little further discussion they all decided to attend the show, taking Dick Travers with them. If he recognized the child, then something might be done at once.

Nan flew down-stairs to ask Mrs. Travers for particulars of her old friend, and it was found that the child's name was Janey Powers.

"And do you know, miss," said Mrs. Travers, who always brightened up when there was any real kindness of heart or good-nature to be shown, "I'm almost certain that I recognized a relative of hers up to Beverley the other day. A boy it was who used to be in our company, and was a cousin of poor Powers himself. If it's the same, why, he works in the stables at your house."

Mrs. Travers had never consented to recognize the fact of the Farquhars' ownership of Rolf House.

"Powers!" exclaimed Nan; "why, that must be Jim." And a swift and not particularly pleasant recollection of him in New York came back to her mind.

Mrs. Travers continued: "The other day when I went down to see Mrs. Blake, I went around by your house, miss, just for the sake of a look at it, and I could take my word I see that Jim in the stable-yard. He got into some trouble in our company, and left it quite sudden, but for all, there was a good deal of grit in him, and we always said he wasn't altogether bad. I do believe if he knew that his little cousin was left in such a way he'd look after her."

Nan went back to Phyllis's room, where she found Joan and the boys searching the daily paper for an advertisement of the circus.

"Here it is!" Dick called out suddenly, and read aloud a very flourishing announcement of the performance to take place next day in Long's meadows, about one mile down the Beachcroft road.

It was decided that Lance or Philip should take Nan and the children with Dick Travers the next day, and with this prospect the younger ones went off almost too excited for sleep, the boys making plans for watching the neighborhood of the circus early the next morning.

The events of the day, the excitement of Lance's return, and the talk about New York and the consultation had been too much for Phyllis, and Nan was glad when, quiet having settled down in her room, she had assisted her cousin to bed, and could sit down beside her for their usual evening reading and a few words together.

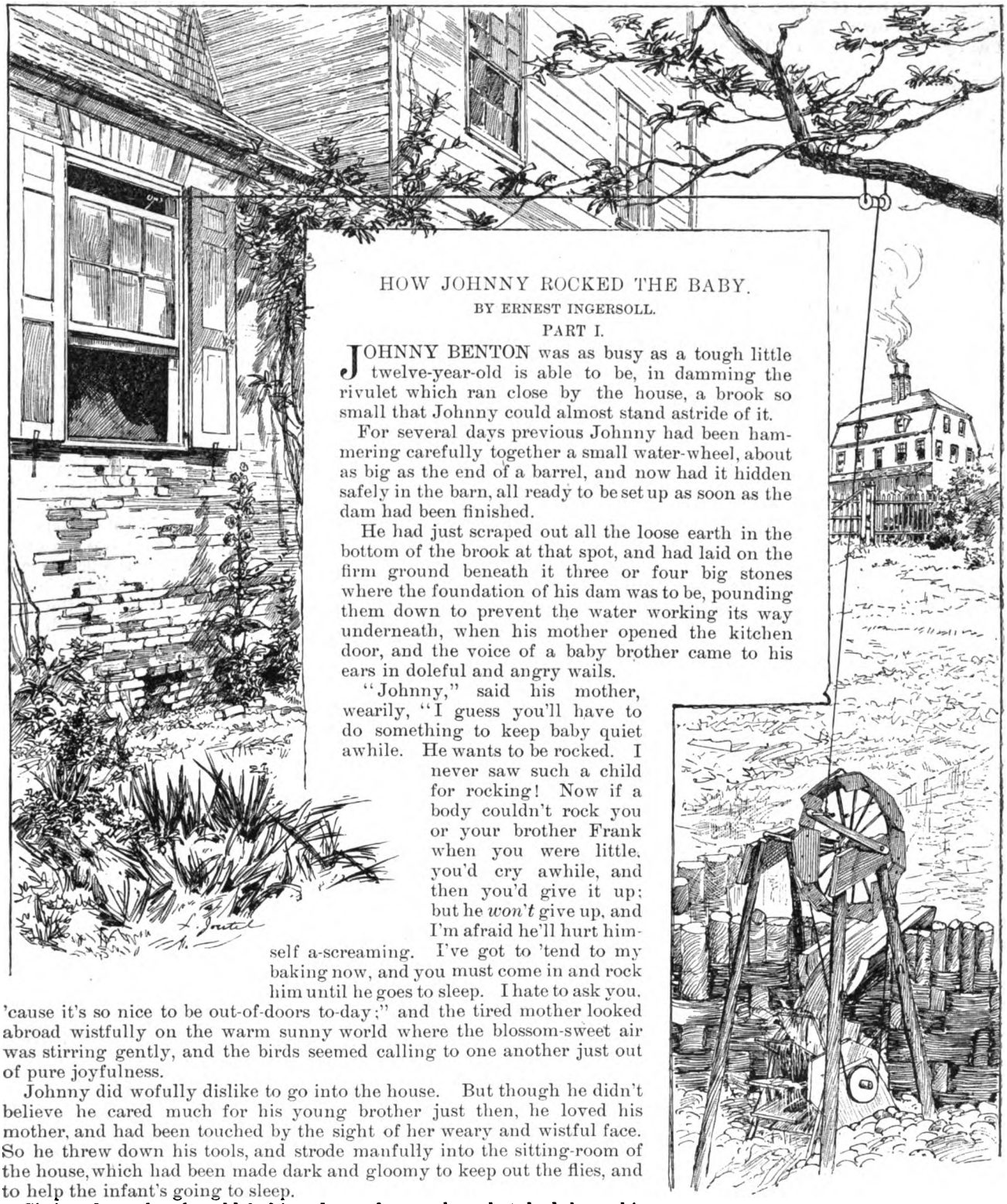
The clasp of Nan's soft little hand, the sweet cheery tones of her voice, always soothed Phyllis, no matter how weary her mood, but to-night the younger cousin had to do more than usual before Phyllis was calm enough to sleep, and even when Nan fancied her asleep she saw under her closed eyelids that tears had forced themselves and were rolling silently down the delicate face.

Nan's arms in a moment were tenderly about her cousin, as she said, very gently: "Dear Phyl, I don't wonder at it. It seems as though you couldn't bear it sometimes, doesn't it? and I often think what a noisy, healthy, bothersome crowd we must seem to you."

But Phyllis only clung more closely to Nan, and murmured, "No, no, she was foolish to be so nervous and oppressed, and she felt quite, *quite* sure that the trip to New York would do her worlds of good."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## HOW JOHNNY ROCKED THE BABY.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

PART I.

JOHNNY BENTON was as busy as a tough little twelve-year-old is able to be, in damming the rivulet which ran close by the house, a brook so small that Johnny could almost stand astride of it.

For several days previous Johnny had been hammering carefully together a small water-wheel, about as big as the end of a barrel, and now had it hidden safely in the barn, all ready to be set up as soon as the dam had been finished.

He had just scraped out all the loose earth in the bottom of the brook at that spot, and had laid on the firm ground beneath it three or four big stones where the foundation of his dam was to be, pounding them down to prevent the water working its way underneath, when his mother opened the kitchen door, and the voice of a baby brother came to his ears in doleful and angry wails.

"Johnny," said his mother, wearily, "I guess you'll have to do something to keep baby quiet awhile. He wants to be rocked. I never saw such a child for rocking! Now if a body couldn't rock you or your brother Frank when you were little, you'd cry awhile, and then you'd give it up; but he *won't* give up, and I'm afraid he'll hurt himself a-screaming. I've got to 'tend to my baking now, and you must come in and rock him until he goes to sleep. I hate to ask you, 'cause it's so nice to be out-of-doors to-day;" and the tired mother looked abroad wistfully on the warm sunny world where the blossom-sweet air was stirring gently, and the birds seemed calling to one another just out of pure joyfulness.

Johnny did wofully dislike to go into the house. But though he didn't believe he cared much for his young brother just then, he loved his mother, and had been touched by the sight of her weary and wistful face. So he threw down his tools, and strode manfully into the sitting-room of the house, which had been made dark and gloomy to keep out the flies, and to help the infant's going to sleep.

Sitting down by the old-fashioned wooden rocker that had been his grandfather's, and where his father and himself had been rocked many an evening—how funny that seemed!—he began to agitate it so rapidly in his disgust that the little one very nearly fell out, causing it to scream its just protests all the louder. A sharp box on the ear from his mother's floury hand brought Master John to his senses, and settled him down to a proper gait.

"What this boy likes," he thought, as the wailing ceased and a smile took the place of frowns on the small chubby face, "is steady, regular rocking. In fact, father says that is what we all want—steady, regular occupation, and not to do things by jerks, desperately fast one minute, and nothing much the next."

"I wonder," was his next thought, "what Frank's up to. I'll bet he'll get that gold dollar father promised to the one of us who should make himself the most useful during this summer vacation. He's pegging away in the corn field all day, and here I am just doing nothing at all," and with that he gave so energetic a kick at the cradle (as if to make up for lost time) that it aroused the drowsy baby, and spoiled all the labor of the last ten minutes.

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"I'm just like old Spot—give a nice pail of milk and then kick it over. Here, mother, give me those apples; I can peel 'em while I'm sitting here."

"Do you think you can? Well, try it."

Johnny took the apples and went at it.

He had seen his mother doing it many a time, and had thought it just fun for her. Now he felt differently about it. Maybe there are other points in housekeeping which look easy, but really are hard. It was difficult, too, to peel the apples and rock the cradle at the same time. If he forgot to keep his toe jogging at the rocker, a yell from the small tyrant inside reminded him of the neglect, and altogether life seemed a burden.

"Johnny," said his mother, "I wish you would get more wood in my box. I can't leave my pies to go and get what I want, and now you are busy, so I am left without just the sort of wood I need for my baking. If you would remember to get more every morning, it would favor me a good deal."

All these incidents set the young man pondering. He was thoughtless, but not hard-hearted. He really wished to help, but hitherto hadn't understood how hard his mother worked or that he could spare her many steps.

Then his mind went back to his dam, and he studied out how he would better build it. Once before he had tried to block a little stream, and it had been two weeks before he could make his dam hold water. He tried to remember how the mill-dam down at the Corners was constructed, and wondered if he couldn't copy it. From thinking about the dam, his thoughts turned to the great wheel, and he did his best to recollect—and succeeded pretty well, for he had a natural taste for such things—just how the wheel was "geared," so that its turning over and over as the water poured upon it moved the machinery within. He thought it must be a great man who contrived that, and that it would be a grand thing to set up a mill when he got to be a man. The creek out by the orchard would be just the place, and the threshing-machine could be run by it, maybe, and so save—

Suddenly a thought struck him so new and bright that he forgot where he was, and shouted "Jiminy!"

That was an error. The baby opened both eyes and mouth wide in an instant, and once more the milk had been kicked over.

"I'm a bigger fool than Thompson's colt," he growled, then took the apples into the kitchen, and came back to steady and careful rocking while he thought out his new plan.

By-and-by the despotic little rogue was really asleep, and Johnny was free.

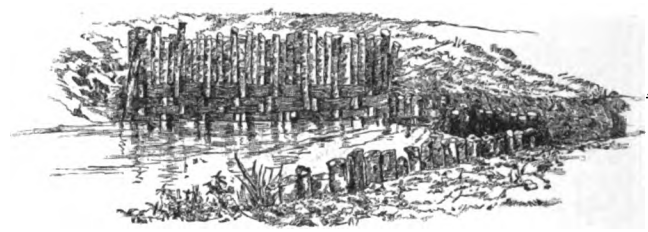
His first move was to get the hatchet. Then going to the wood-pile, he picked out a quantity of sticks as big as his wrist, and about four feet long. One end of each he sharpened, and so converted *sticks* into *stakes*, about three armfuls of them altogether.

Carrying these stakes to the brook where he had begun his dam, he began to set them upright along each side close against the bank, and close together, driving each one down just as far as he well could. Thus he made a row on each side of the brook for about a yard upward from the big stones.

This finished, he sharpened more stakes, and set them across the stream, just above the stones, to serve as the bracing of his dam. These latter stakes did not stand so high as the banks, for it was meant that the water should sometimes flow over them; and at the side opposite the house they were about four inches lower than the rest, and evenly squared on top.

When he went at it again next morning he saw that though his stones and stakes had not stopped the water, they had obstructed it enough to make it wash the bank in trying to get around the pickets. He saw, therefore, that he must weave willow brush into the side lines, and so make wattled fences which should shield the soft banks from the current. This took him all the morning.

His next care was to split a small hollow log, which he had searched out of the great wood-pile; to saw off a piece about eighteen inches long, and to clean its centre. This made a good trough equal in width to the paddles on his



wheel, or about five inches. This trough he set on top of the short stakes left at one side of his cross line, wedged it tight, and propped up the other end, which lay level up-stream, making a chute or spout through which the water would run before it could flow over the top of the dam; it was a small copy of the miller's great flume, or race, and gathered all the water into a narrow, strong stream to pour it full force upon the wheel, instead of having it waste its strength by trickling over the whole breadth of the dam.

That afternoon, between helping mother and attending to the baby, Johnny found time only to wattle the cross line of stakes and smear them with some sticky clay. This seemed enough to hold the water back while it was new, but he feared it would soon wash away; so the next morning he brought several barrow-loads of earth and dumped in behind his stakes and underneath the trough, ramming it down with a heavy stick. The water rose as fast as he worked, and though some leaked through, the bulk of it was held back, and slowly deepened until it began to shoot through the trough.

Bringing out his wheel, he arranged the pieces of planking upon which its axles were hung firmly in the bottom of the stream, just below the lower end of the trough, and then turned on a little water, by removing a part of the dab of clay with which he had stopped up the trough. The wheel began to revolve, and after a little tinkering spun smoothly and rapidly.

Stopping the wheel, he fastened to the axle on the side toward the house a crank like the handle of a grindstone. Right over the dam stretched the boughs of an apple-tree, and climbing this tree, Johnny marked a point on one of the big branches directly above his mill-wheel. This done, he dropped down, ran to the barn, and rummaged the tool chest till he found a piece of strong wire. Then going to his room, he brought out two big spools and a stout fishing-line.

Breaking the wire into two pieces, he passed one of them through each spool, bending the ends upward, so that the spool could spin, yet could not slide sideways. Again scrambling up the apple-tree, Johnny wound the two ends of the wire holding one of his spools around the limb at the spot he had marked in such a manner that the spool hung beneath it. Passing over it one end of his fish-line, he hastily descended, and found by pulling on the cord that the spool turned at the slightest touch.

So far, so good. Stopping the wheel again, he tied one end of the cord to the outer end of the crank, and attached to the other end of the cord a small stone. When he turned on the water the wheel spun round, the crank, to which the fish-line was tied, travelled in a circle with it, and at each revolution the cord, rolling the spool under it, lifted the pebble several inches.

"If it can do that, it 'll do the other thing," said the delighted millwright, and hastened to prepare his machinery for its final usefulness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## JANE AUSTEN, THE SUNBEAM OF STEVENTON PARSONAGE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE story-loving young people, who are familiar through their study of literature at school with the most noted names in English fiction, do not know how much pleasure there is before them if they have not yet read any of Miss Austen's works. Sir Walter Scott delighted in them. Sydney Smith read them over and over. Lord Macaulay did not hesitate to say that he thought Miss Austen approached Shakespeare in her power of describing different characters.

So you must let me persuade you to read *Northanger Abbey*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Emma*, *Sense and Sensibility*, and *Mansfield Park*. Perhaps you will like them better for knowing a little beforehand about their author.

Jane Austen was born in 1775 at the parsonage-house of Steventon, in Hampshire, England. Her father was a clergyman. Her mother was a woman of rare talents and worth. Jane had five brothers and an only sister, named Cassandra, whom she loved very dearly.

When only twelve years old Jane amused herself and the family by writing stories and plays, which were acted in costume by the brothers and sisters. Her education, which was thorough, was conducted at home by her parents and elder brother. During a part of her childhood the family group was enlivened by the presence of a clever and beautiful cousin, who, although quite young, had passed through some tragical experiences.

This lady was the Countess de Feuillade. An English girl, brought up in Paris, she had married a French nobleman, who perished by the guillotine in the Revolution, his chief offense being his rank. The widowed Countess found a home at Steventon Parsonage, which she brightened by her wit and grace. She taught Jane to speak French as though it had been her native tongue, and in time she became a still nearer relation by marrying, as her second husband, Jane's brother Henry.

The home at Steventon stood in a valley sprinkled with elm-trees and surrounded by meadows. A number of little cottages, each with its tiny garden, were scattered within sight on either side of the road. The parsonage, though large and convenient, was roughly finished inside. But the carriage-drive which led up to the front door through a velvet lawn, the terrace of the finest turf under the southern windows, and above all the hedge-rows, where Jane could find the earliest primroses and hyacinths, or the first bird's nest in the thick-growing copse, were outside beauties which made up for the plainness of the interior.

Her first three novels were written before she was twenty-one, but, perhaps fortunately, were laid aside for several years before they appeared in print, because the young author could find no publisher willing to bring them out.

In all her life she never had the luxury of a study or library of her own in which to write. She always sat with the family in the parlor, which was the general living-room. She wrote upon her lap on small sheets of paper, which could easily be put away, or, if visitors entered, concealed under a piece of blotting-paper. There was a creaking door in the room, which was left unoiled at Jane's desire, as if any one was coming it gave her timely warning, and she could hide her paper and pen.

Her books became very popular, and compliments poured in upon her from people in high station, but she remained, her life long, sweet, simple, and unspoiled.

One of her nieces wrote of her thus:

"As a little girl, I was always creeping up to Aunt Jane, and following her whenever I could, in the house and out of it. I remember this by my mother telling me privately that I must not be troublesome to my aunt. Her first charm to children was great sweetness of manner. She seemed to love you, and you loved her in return. She could make everything amusing to a child. As I grew older, and cousins came to see us, Aunt Jane would tell us the most delightful stories of fairy-land, inventing the tale at the moment, and sometimes continuing it for several days."

Miss Austen was gifted as a letter-writer, and often brightened her letters by lively rhymes suggested by some incident of the day. A Mr. Gell, for example, was married to a Miss Gill, and this odd conjunction was noticed in a droll little jingle:

"At Eastbourne Mr. Gell,
From being perfectly well,
Became dreadfully ill
For love of Miss Gill;
So he said, with some sighs,
'I'm a slave of your *ii's*.
Oh, restore, if you please,
By accepting my *ee's* *!*'"

Jane Austen was the sunbeam of the parsonage, because she was very unselfish.

There was but one sofa in the sitting-room, and during her last illness, a slow decline, she would never lie upon it. A young cousin begged to know why she preferred a couch made of two or three chairs, and found that Miss Austen feared lest her mother, who was aged, might resign the sofa in her favor if she appeared to like it.

She was a sincere Christian from her childhood, and though she had much to live for, she was cheerful and patient through the final months of weakness. She died in 1817. Uncomplaining to the end, she thanked everyone who did her any service.

A little while before all was over, a friend asked if she wanted anything.

"Nothing but death," she replied, and soon after she entered into the life eternal.

## A BELOOCHI WARRIOR'S LAST BLOW.

### A STORY OF THE FIRST AFGHAN WAR.

BY DAVID KER.

THE mountains of northern Afghanistan are a cold and dismal region in winter at the best of times; but never had they looked colder, bleaker, and more dismal altogether than just about daybreak on a chill, dreary morning in January, 1842. On either side of a deep, narrow, gloomy gorge vast black precipices rose hundreds of feet into the air, flecked with streaks of ghostly white by the snow that had lodged in the clefts and hollows. Here and there among the rocks the skeletons of a few leafless trees looked gauntly down upon the dreary valley, which seemed as dark and silent and lonely as the mouth of a tomb. In the heart of that savage solitude it might well astonish any one to hear several words of *English*, and those, too, spoken by the voice of a young child.

Three figures had just issued from a deep cavern, or rather cleft, in the rock, in which they seemed to have taken shelter for the night. The foremost—a tall, gaunt, sinewy Asiatic, with his shaggy black hair twisted into long curls after the Beloochi fashion, a heavy Afghan jezail (rifle) on his shoulder, and a long dagger in his silken girdle—looked just the man for such a wild region; but the slight, delicate-featured English lady who followed him, and the little girl whom she led by the hand, were the very last people that one would have expected to meet in the depths of this grim wilderness.

Both looked pale and worn, as if such rough travelling were far too much for their strength; and a very pretty sight it was to see how careful the fierce warrior was of them both, helping the mother whenever she stumbled among the sharp stones, and carrying the child in his strong arms through the great snow-drifts that had swept

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across the narrow break-neck path every here and there. But all this while his keen black eye kept glancing back over his shoulder, or looking restlessly from side to side, as if expecting every moment the appearance of an enemy.

How they had come there is easily told. They were the wife and daughter of Colonel Harcourt, an English officer, who, having been detached to take charge of a hill fort on the British line of advance upon Cabool (the Afghan capital), had left them with the main army as being more likely to be safe there. But now the army itself, having been driven out of Cabool by the Afghans, had been attacked among the mountains in its retreat toward the frontier of India, and completely destroyed. Amid the general slaughter, Mrs. Harcourt and her little Minnie had been saved with great difficulty by their friend Ismail Beg—a brave Beloochi chief in the English service, who was now doing his best to bring them safely to the fort where Colonel Harcourt was in command.

But even Ismail's strong nerves trembled as he suddenly saw far in the distance a line of dark figures coming on over the frozen hill-side swift and merciless as pursuing wolves. The Afghans were on their trail.

Had he been alone, the daring Beloochi would have feared nothing, for he had faced worse odds before now, and if he had to run for his life, few men in those mountains could have overtaken him. But as he looked at the tired woman and the helpless child, his heart sank within him. He caught up Minnie, and strode onward through mud and snow, while the little girl nestled her golden head against his shoulder as if feeling quite safe in his hands. But there was no one to carry poor Mrs. Harcourt, whose delicate feet were already sorely cut by the sharp stones; and do what they might, the pursuers gained upon them, uttering yells of savage triumph, which made the lady shudder, and Ismail clinch his teeth grimly.

Just then a sudden turn around a sharp corner showed them, high on the rocky ridge beyond, the fort for which they were making. But between them and it yawned a hideous chasm several hundred feet in depth, spanned by one of those perilous bridges which one sees also in South America, consisting merely of two ropes, one above another, the lower for the feet and the upper for the hands. Hanging above that dreadful gulf, the two cords looked no bigger than spider's threads; but this was their only chance.

Snatching off his scarf, Ismail blindfolded Mrs. Harcourt with it, and bidding Minnie shut her eyes and cling tightly to his neck, he led the mother forward to the ropes, placed her hand on the upper one and her foot on the lower, and told her to go forward and fear nothing until she felt herself on firm ground. Then he stepped in front of her, and holding the child in one arm went fearlessly along the terrible passage.

At that moment the Afghans came over the brow of the hill behind, and raised a howl of fury as they saw their prey about to escape. One man levelled his rifle at the fugitives, but instantly lowered it again, for they could not fire at Ismail without the risk of hitting Mrs. Harcourt or Minnie, whose ransom would make them rich for life. If it was possible to take the pair alive, the Afghans were determined to do it.

And now the excitement of this race for life and death rose to a height. Down came the pursuers with frightful yells, plunging headlong through the snow, while the fugitives crawled foot by foot along the perilous bridge. Now they were half-way across, now three-quarters, and now, with a long, deep breath of relief, the brave Beloochi set down Minnie upon the opposite bank, and placed Mrs. Harcourt beside her. But as he rose to his feet again, three rifles cracked at once, and poor Ismail fell heavily upon his face among the stones.

"Shavash!" (well done) roared the Afghan leader. "Forward, comrades, there is no one to stop us now."

Shouting wildly, the cruel gang darted toward the bridge, and were already some distance along it, when Ismail Beg, mortally wounded though he was, raised himself on his knees with a last effort, and with one furious slash of his dagger cut the upper rope right through. One wild cry rang through the air as the fierce pursuers fell headlong down the black unfathomable depth below, and then all was still.

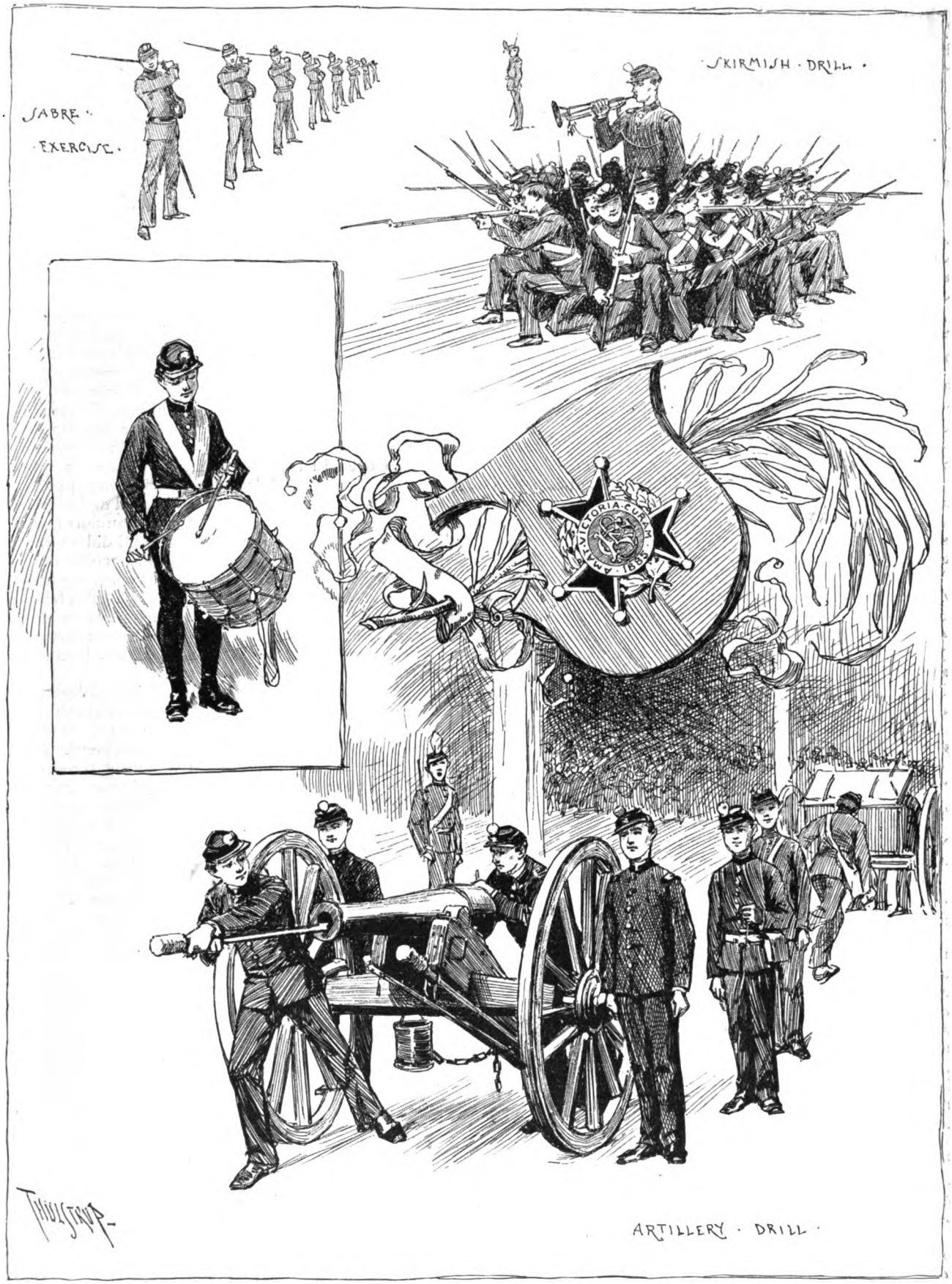
That very evening Colonel Harcourt, having seen his wife and child safely established in the fort, sallied forth at the head of a party of his best men, and brought in the body of poor Ismail, which was buried next day with military honors under a tree in a corner of the great courtyard, with a simple wooden cross over it, upon which the Colonel engraved with his own hand:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."



HIS FIRST PAIR OF BREECHES.

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MILITARY MANŒUVRES OF SCHOOL-BOY SOLDIERS.—See Article on Page 458.

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## A MILITARY PRIZE COMPETITION.

ONE often meets in the streets of New York boys from seven or eight to seventeen or eighteen years of age, dressed in a neat dark blue uniform with gilt buttons, and military caps bearing the monogram "B. S. C." These are the Berkeley School Cadets, pupils of a private institution devoted exclusively to preparing boys for college. The master of the school, Dr. John S. White, is an ardent believer in military drill as a means of physical exercise and of general discipline, and he manages to inspire the boys with a thorough belief in it as well. He was himself prepared for college in the Boston Latin School, where they have long had this kind of exercise, and when there was the major of the battalion. On leaving college he went back there as a teacher and had charge of the drill, and in his own school he has carried it to a wonderful degree of perfection.

Teachers of other military schools often wonder at his success, but it is due simply to his method. He does not put new boys into the companies and leave them to blunder along and pick up a knowledge of the movements. He first sets them to practicing without guns until they learn to move properly on their feet. Then they are trained in the manual of arms until they overcome the first awkwardness and clumsiness of action, and finally they are distributed in the ranks according to age and size.

The selection of officers for appointment or promotion is made in such a way as to keep interest and rivalry awake, and to encourage good behavior. All the classes, of small as well as of large boys, have a chance to wear the stripes or straps of officers as they become perfect in the drill, provided they conduct themselves with propriety. No boy who has marks for misconduct can become an officer, and one who is already an officer is degraded to the ranks if he incurs more than one such penalty for any cause.

The main purpose of the drill is physical exercise, in order to keep the boys in good health and spirits, and give them a manly bearing, as well as to give them an idea of the military service, in which any citizen in this free country may be called upon to take part in some great crisis.

Three times a week the corps marches from the school to one of the city armories in the forenoon for a drill of forty minutes. It is found that they lose nothing in their studies by the time given to this exercise. They show more freshness and quickness for the change, and are apt on those days to do better in their studies than when they do not leave the school-house, while the interval of one day between the drills prevents it from becoming monotonous or irksome.

There are nearly two hundred boys in the school, large and small, and the battalion of cadets is divided into six companies, each with its captain, lieutenants, and non-commissioned officers. The battalion has a lieutenant-colonel as its chief officer, always taken from the highest class, and a major, adjutant, etc. The distinctions of rank are duly marked by the customary badges and differences in uniform and equipments. Once a year there is an exhibition drill and review, to which the friends and families of the cadets are invited. At this the whole battalion goes through the movements; the different companies have a competitive drill, the one which shows the greatest proficiency being rewarded with the honor of carrying the colors for the next school year. Volunteer squads which have been trained in artillery movements, bayonet exercise, and skirmish drilling show the degree of perfection which they have acquired, and the commissioned officers give an exhibition of sabre exercise. Experienced military officers act as judges, and usually some distinguished general is present to review the battalion.

As some of the boys have taste and talent for music and a fondness for drums and brass instruments, a band has been organized, which now contains sixteen pieces, and is led by a drum-major splendid in red uniform and a big bear-skin cap, and carrying the regular baton of his office.

The annual exhibition and review took place this year at the Twenty-second Regiment Armory, in New York, and was attended by fully four thousand people, who were interested in the school and the boys. General George B. McClellan was present to review the battalion, and was greatly pleased with the perfection of the drill. General Woodward was the head of the judges to decide upon the comparative merits of the companies.

The battalion entered at eight o'clock, headed by the band, and took possession of the floor, which was surrounded by the brilliant array of spectators. The drum-major, with his gay uniform and imposing bearing, the band with its special dress, the officers with their plumes and gold braid and shoulder-straps, the privates with dark uniforms and white cross belts, and the colors borne aloft by Company A, made a pretty picture as they marched with the firm and steady step of veterans. They went through their movements with wonderful grace and precision, and won frequent applause from the admiring lookers-on.

In the competitive drill, the companies, each under its own captain, took possession of the floor in turn, and went through the various movements with a precision rarely seen even in trained regiments. Scarcely was a break made or a mistake detected as the six companies, one after another, marched and counter-marched and wheeled and went through the exercises of the manual of arms under the command of their captains. All did well, but Company E, made up of boys under the average of age and size, carried off the colors, and well earned the honor by the almost absolute perfection of its drill. The friends of the boys in each company showed their favor and enthusiasm in generous applause, of which the smallest boys received most, not because they did best, but because it was wonderful they should do so well.

Some of the larger boys are practiced in artillery drill at their own desire and as a vigorous exercise, taking extra time for it one or two afternoons in the week at the armory of one of the batteries of the National Guard. They had a big gun and an ammunition wagon at the exhibition, and went through the movements of mounting and dismounting, changing the heavy wheels of the carriages, loading and firing. Another volunteer squad went through the skirmish drill, which included loading and firing, the commands being given by sound of the bugle. The bayonet and sabre exercises and a dress parade completed the entertainment, which was greatly enjoyed by the audience, and highly praised by the distinguished military guests.

The master of the Berkeley School not only finds that the military drill does not interfere with the progress of his scholars, but actually promotes it, and the boys are almost always in fine health and spirits. It helps general discipline, and promotes good behavior by an appeal to manly pride and a high sense of justice. Even the habitual wearing of the uniform is found to serve an excellent purpose. The first vanity soon wears off, and then the only thought of dress is that required in keeping the uniform neat and in good order. As all are dressed equally well, there is no outward badge of difference in worldly circumstances or social position, and the most wholesome feeling of equality is promoted. The boys are all on the same level, and take pride in the school and the cadet corps. Aside from their military organization they have a Legion of Honor, to which only those belong whose record for exemplary conduct is perfect, and as a badge of this each member wears a neat pin, with a bit of ribbon attached. The system of the Berkeley School seems admirably adapted to stimulate a sense of honor, a manly bearing, and the right kind of pride, and to take boys on the road to the highest of characters--that of the gentleman and scholar.

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# THE SKILLFUL HUNTSMAN.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

ONCE upon a time there was a lad named Jacob Boehm who was a practical huntsman.

One day Jacob said to his mother, "Mother, I would like to marry Gretchen, the nice pretty little daughter of the Herr Mayor."

Jacob's mother thought that he was crazy. "Marry the daughter of the Herr Mayor, indeed! You want to marry the daughter of the Herr Mayor? Listen: many a man wants, and wants, and nothing comes of it."

That was what Jacob Boehm's mother said to him.

But Jacob was deaf in that ear; nothing would do but his mother must go to the Herr Mayor's and ask for leave for him to marry Gretchen.

So off she went, though doubt was heavy in her shoes, for she did not know how the Herr Mayor would take it.

"So Jacob wants to marry Gretchen, does he?" said the Herr Mayor.

Yes; that was what Jacob wanted.

"And is he a practical huntsman?" said the Herr Mayor.

Oh yes; he was that.

"So; good!" said the Herr Mayor. "Then tell Jacob that when he is such a clever huntsman as to be able to shoot the whiskers off a running hare without touching the skin, then he can have Gretchen."

Then Jacob's mother went back home again.

"Yes," said he, when she had told him all that the Herr Mayor had said to her, "that is a hard thing to do, but what one man has done, another man can." So he shouldered his gun, and started away into the world to learn to be as clever a huntsman as the Herr Mayor had said.

So he plodded on and on until at last he fell in with a tall stranger dressed all in red.

"Where are you going, Jacob?" said the tall stranger.

"I am going," said Jacob, "to learn to be so clever a huntsman that I can shoot the whiskers off a running hare without touching the skin."

"That is a hard thing to learn," said the tall stranger.

Yes, Jacob knew that it was a hard thing, but what one man has done, another man could do.

"What will you give me if I teach you to be as clever a huntsman as that?"

"What will you take to teach me?" said Jacob, for he saw that the stranger had a horse's hoof instead of a foot, and he did not like his looks, I can tell you.

"Oh, it is nothing much that I want," said the tall man. "Only just sign your name to this paper—that is all."

But Jacob had to know what was in the paper before he would set so much as a finger to it.

Oh, there was nothing in the paper, only this: that when the red one should come for Jacob at the end of ten years' time, Jacob should promise to go along with him whithersoever he should take him.

At this Jacob hemmed and hawed and scratched his head, for he did not know about that. "All the same," said he, "I will sign the paper, but on one condition. It is this: that you shall be *my* servant for the ten years, and if in all that time I should chance to ask you a question that you can not answer, then I am to be my own man again."

Oh, if that was all, the red man was quite willing for that.

Then he took Jacob's gun, and blew down into the barrel of it. "Now," said he, "you are as skillful a huntsman as you asked to be."

"That I must try," said Jacob. So Jacob and the red one went around hunting until they scared up a hare.

"Shoot!" said the red one, and Jacob shot. Clip! Off flew the whiskers of the hare as neatly as one could cut them off with the barber's shears.

"Yes; good!" said Jacob. "Now I am a skillful huntsman."

Then the stranger in red gave Jacob a little bone whistle, and told him to blow in it whenever he should want him. After that Jacob signed the paper, and the stranger went one way and he went home again.




Well, Jacob brushed the straws off from his coat and put a fine shine on his boots, and then he set off to the Herr Mayor's house.

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"How do you find yourself, Jacob?" said the Herr Mayor.

"Very good," said Jacob.

"And are you a skillful huntsman now?" said the Herr Mayor.

Oh yes; Jacob was a skillful huntsman now.

Yes; good! But the Herr Mayor must have proof of




that. Now, could Jacob shoot a feather out of the tail of the magpie flying over the trees yonder?

Oh yes; nothing easier than that. So Jacob raised the gun to his cheek. Bang! went the gun, and down fell a feather from the tail of the magpie. At this the Herr Mayor stared and stared, for he had never seen such shooting.

"And now may I marry Gretchen?" said Jacob.

At this the Herr Mayor scratched his head and hemmed and hawed. No; Jacob could not marry Gretchen yet, for he had always said and sworn that the man who should marry Gretchen should bring with him a plough that could go of itself and plough three furrows at once. If Jacob would show him such a plough as that, then he might marry Gretchen and welcome; that was what the Herr Mayor said.

Jacob did not know how about that: perhaps he could get such a plough, perhaps he could not. If such a plough was to be had, though, he would have it. So off he went home again, and the Herr Mayor thought that he was rid of him now for sure and certain.




But when Jacob came home he went back of the wood-pile and blew a turn or two on the little bone whistle that the red stranger had given him. No sooner had he done this than the red stranger stood before him as suddenly as though he had just stepped out of the door of nowhere.

"What do you want, Jacob?" said he.

"I would like," said Jacob, "to have a plough that can go by itself and plough three furrows at once."

"That you shall have," said the red one. Then he thrust his hand into his breeches pocket and drew forth the prettiest little plough that you ever saw, and stood it on the ground before Jacob. "Plough away," said he, and then he went back again whither he had come.

So Jacob laid his hands to the plough, and—whisk! away it went like John Stormwetter's colt with Jacob behind it.

Out of the farm-yard they went and down the road, and so to the Herr Mayor's house, and behind them lay three fine brown furrows, smoking in the sun.

When Herr Mayor saw them coming he opened his eyes, you may be sure, for he had never seen such a plough as that in all his life before.

"And now," said Jacob, "I should like to marry Gretchen, if you please."

At this the Herr Mayor hemmed and hawed and scratched his head again. No; Jacob could not marry Gretchen yet, for the Herr Mayor had always said and sworn that the man who married Gretchen should bring with him a purse that always had two pennies in it, and could never be emptied, no matter how much was taken out of it.

Jacob did not know how about that: perhaps he could get it and perhaps he could not. If such a thing was to be had, though, he would have it as sure as the Mecklenburg folks brew sour beer. So off he went home again, and the Herr Mayor thought that now he was rid of him for certain.

But Jacob went back of the wood-pile and blew on his bone whistle again, and once more the red one came at his bidding.

"What will you have now?" said he to Jacob.

"I should like," said Jacob, "to have a purse which shall always have two pennies in it, no matter how much I take out of it."

"That you shall have," said the red one; whereupon he thrust his hand into his pocket and fetched out a beautiful silken purse with two pennies in it. He gave the purse to Jacob, and then he went away again as quickly as he had come.

After he had gone, Jacob began taking pennies out of his purse, and pennies out of his purse, until he had more than a hatful. Then he marched off to the Herr Mayor's house, with his chin up, for he might hold his head as high as any, now that he had such a purse as that in his pocket.

And now might he marry Gretchen?

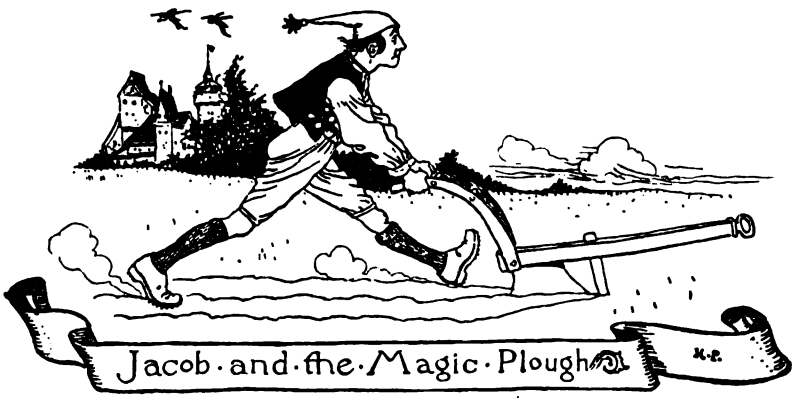
Yes; that he might! So said the Herr Mayor, for who would not like to have a lad for a son-in-law who always had two pennies more in his purse than he could spend?

So Jacob married his Gretchen, and between his plough and his purse he was busy enough, I can tell you.

So the days went on and on until the ten years had gone by, and the time had come for the red one to fetch




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Jacob away with him. As for Jacob, he was in a sorry state of dumps, as you may well believe.

At last Gretchen spoke to him. "See, Jacob," said she, "what makes you so sad?"

"Oh, nothing at all!" said Jacob.

But this did not satisfy Gretchen, for she could see that there was more to be told than Jacob had spoken. So she teased and teased, until at last Jacob told her all, and that the red one was to come the next day and take him off as his servant, unless he could ask him a question which he could not answer.

"Prut!" said Gretchen, "and is that all? Then there is no stuffing to that sausage, for I can help you out of your trouble easily enough." Then she told Jacob that when the next day should come she would do this and that, and he should do thus and so, and between them they might cheat the red one after all.

So when the next day came, Gretchen went into the pantry and smeared her clothes over with honey. Then she ripped open a bed and rolled herself in the feathers.

By-and-by came the red one. Rap! tap! tap! he knocked at the door.

"Are you ready to go with me now?" said he.

Yes; Jacob was quite ready to go, only he would like to have one favor granted him first.

"What is it you want?" said the red one.

"Only this," said Jacob: "I would like to shoot one more shot out of my old gun before I go with you."

Oh, if that was all, he might do that and welcome. So Jacob took down his gun, and he and the red one went out together, walking side by side, for all the world as though they were born brothers.

By-and-by they saw a wren. "Shoot at that," said the red one.

"Oh no," said Jacob, "that is too small."

So they went on a little further.

By-and-by they saw a raven. "Shoot at that, then," said the red one.

"Oh no," said Jacob, "that is too black."

So they went on a little further.

By-and-by they came to a ploughed field, and there was something skipping over the furrows that looked for all the world like a great bird. That was Gretchen; for the feathers stuck to the honey and all over her, so that she looked just like a great bird.

"Shoot at that! shoot at that!" said the red one, clapping his hands together.

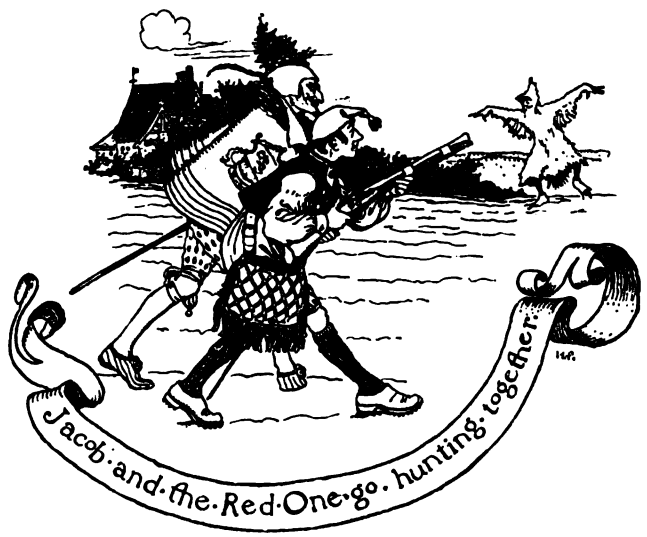
"Yes," said Jacob, "I will shoot at that." So he raised his gun and took aim. Then he lowered his gun again. "But what is it?" said he.

At this the red one screwed up his eyes, and looked and looked, but, for the life of him, he could not tell what it was.

"No matter what it is," said he; "only shoot and be done with it, for I must be going."

"Yes; good! But what *is* it?" said Jacob.

Then the red one looked and looked again, but he could tell no better this time than he could before. "It may be this, and it may be that," said he; "only shoot and be done with it, for they are waiting for me at home."




"Yes, my friend," said Jacob; "that is all very good; only tell me what it is, and I will shoot."

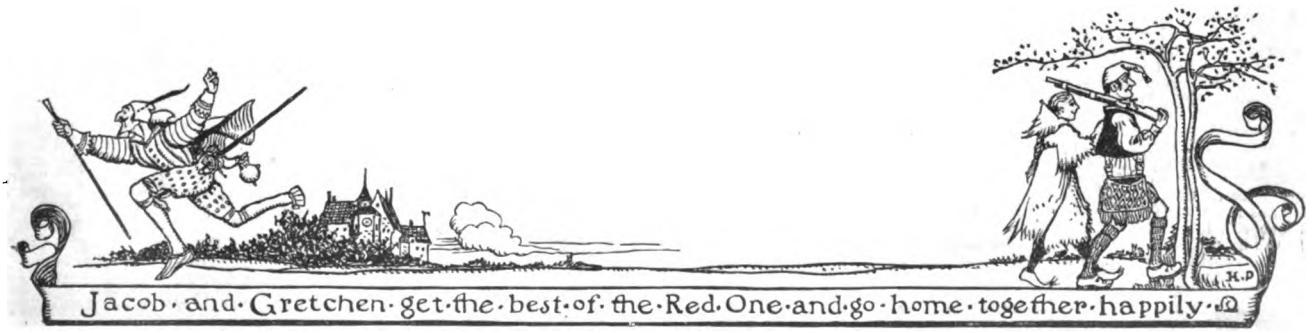
"Thunder and lightning!" bawled the red one; "*I do not know what it is!*"

"Then be off with you," said Jacob, "for since you can not answer my question, all is over between us two."

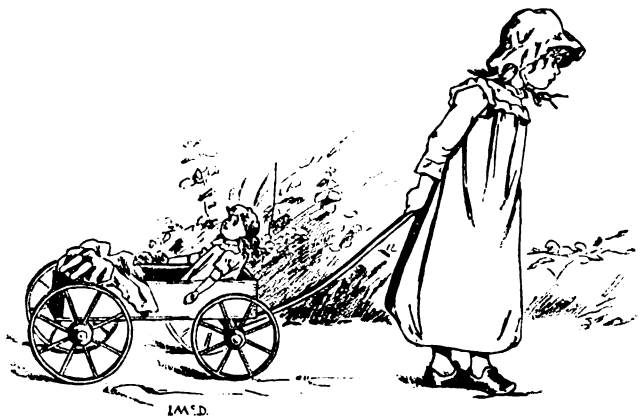
At this the red one had to leave Jacob, so he fled away over hill and dale, bellowing like a bull.

As for Jacob and Gretchen, they went back home together, very well pleased with each other and themselves.

And the meaning of all this is that many another man besides Jacob Boehm would find himself in a pretty scrape only for his wife.




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A GROWING GIRL.

My dolly's grown so heavy,
I don't know what to do;
I used to drag her easy
When she was only two.

But now she's nearly four years old,
And all the neighbors talk
To see me drag this great big girl—
She'll have to learn to walk.

J. McD.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

NEXT week the children who like to play outdoors in the pleasant weather and the sunshine will find some charming games described in the Post-office Box.

Now, as a great many letters are waiting for your bright eyes to read them, we will begin with one which has come from the Orkney Islands; and then, after finding those islands on the map and locating them, as I hope all the little students in geography will make haste to do, we will visit with other little writers in many widely separated parts of the world:

DEERNESS, ORKNEY.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought perhaps you would like to hear from this far-off island, and if you do, I will write another time. I live in the Orkney Islands, which are situated north of Scotland. My home is in a manse in the parish of Deerness. We are eleven miles from Kirkwall, the county town. To an American our county would look very bare, because there are scarcely any trees. In our parish the only trees are those in our garden, and they only grow about ten feet high; but we have the sea to make up for the want of trees, and grand fun we have boating and fishing and bathing in the sea. I have a pretty white Chilian dog called Fidget, and a bay pony called Cherry, which I ride nearly every day. We drive into Kirkwall to do our shopping. There is an old cathedral in Kirkwall, a very handsome building, in good preservation, 760 years old; it is used as the parish church. There are the ruins of two palaces, and a few trees grow among the ruins.

This is the first year we have had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; our aunt gives it to my sister and me for a birthday present all the year round, and we both like it very much. I do not go to school, but have lessons at home. My sister goes to school in Edinburgh, and when she came home at the summer holidays she brought two young friends, and a lovely little kitten, called Toosie. We had splendid fun when they were all here, riding and driving, boating, fishing, and picnicking; then they all went back to school, and left me with Cherry and Fidget and Toosie and my lessons; so I am very glad always when YOUNG PEOPLE comes. I like the stories and pictures. I am twelve years old. GRAHAM P. M. R.

LENNOX HALL, LICHFIELD, STAFFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, and I think it is one of the nicest papers I ever read. I have seen letters from many little English girls, so I thought I would write you one. I am only nine years old. I go to school every day except Saturday. Last winter I got a beautiful prize for French; it was a pretty book. I only live near Lichfield, but I am staying there on a visit to my cousins. I live in the country. We have lovely skating in the winter, and we often have picnics in the summer. Do American children have them? I am going to New York this autumn, and if I have time will call and see you. Is it too late to send you a Christmas card? I hope not. I had such a quantity of Christmas presents! I had a gold locket from my father, a silver brooch from my mother, a lovely book from my uncle, a photograph album from my aunt, a pretty flower vase from one of my cousins, another book from another cousin, a bottle of eau de Cologne from my sister, a picture frame from my brother, a pony from another aunt, a cup and saucer from another uncle, a necklace from my grandmother, and an immense walking and talking doll from a friend. I got forty cards, sent fifty away, and made twenty-six presents. On Christmas-eve we had some amateur theatricals, and after that we all sang the lovely carol in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and parted.

I wish some little girl would tell me how to make pen-wipers, because I have tried so often to make them, and can not. I can crochet edging and knit antimacassars. I will be glad to send patterns to any one who would like them.

I think "Rolf House" a lovely story. When you write that little bit at the end of a letter, it almost seems as if you were talking to each one. I have formed a little club; it has twenty members. It is a sewing club for the poor little girls and boys in the hospitals; its motto is, "Always do good." Will you put it in your book? I am afraid this is too long a letter, but I must ask you if you think I write very badly. I am considered to do so. Please print this, if you do not think it too bad. With love to all my American cousins across the sea, I am

Your little friend, MARIAN ESTHER L.

P.S.—I am the president of the club.

Picnics are favorite diversions of American children. I thank you very much for the pretty card, with its memories of the holiday season so long past. I think, dear, that "Always do good" is a beautiful motto for children to adopt. You write very well.

MALDON, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four months, and I like it very much indeed. I take it in monthly, and I am going to have it bound at the end of the year. I send you a good receipt for taffy:

Five ounces of butter, half a pound of sugar; melt the butter, and when it is boiling fast put in the sugar. It will be rather light taffy when it is done.

I don't know whether you can understand the receipt, but I was told how to make it. I have to put it in my own words.

I have a little dog named Pepper; he is such a dear little pet! I am sure he would make you laugh if you saw his funny tricks. My sister has a little Persian kitten. I have a little cousin Fleda, and if anybody gives her a penny, she will go to the baker's and say "Bun," and if the people don't come, she will put down her penny and take a bun, and run out of the shop. We have a bull-dog whose name is Tinker, because he is so white, and a retriever whose name is Eske. I used to have a donkey, but he was so bad-tempered he would not let anybody harness him. His stable was next to our horse's loose box, and he would undo the bolts of the loose box, and then the stable door, so that in the morning the horse and the donkey would be walking about the yard. I am only twelve years old, and I have five nephews and two nieces. The eldest is eight years old, and the youngest was born on the 4th of last February. POPPET.

CULLEOKA, TENNESSEE.

I live at Hot Springs, Arkansas, but am going to school here. I thought I would write and give you a description of the "Thermal City," as it is sometimes called.

In a deep gorge, between two bold and rugged spurs of the Ozark Mountains, 55 miles southwest of Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, and 23 miles west of Malvern, on the Iron Mountain Railroad, 1200 feet above the sea-level, lies the famed Hot Springs Valley. It is about a mile in length, scarcely a stone's-throw in width, and though crooked as a corkscrew, its general course is north to south. Through it, with many windings and turnings, babbles a crystal brooklet, fed by countless springs, both hot and cold, and christened the Hot Springs Creek. Far above, on either side, tower the precipitous Ozarks—vast, frowning peaks of gray and scar-seamed stones, clad in the beauty of pine, hemlock, ivy, laurel, moss, and ferns, and their tall summits wreathed in snowy clouds. The one on the east side of the creek is Hot Springs Mountain, and from it alone flow all the thermal waters which have given the region its celebrity. The 66 flowing fountains of thermal waters are situated 100 feet above the level of Hot Springs Creek; have a temperature ranging from 98 to 160 degrees Fahrenheit, and a natural discharge of 333 gallons every minute, or 482,400 gallons every day, an amount sufficient to bathe 19,000 persons daily.

I am thirteen years old, and have a good many pets. My favorite is one of my ponies.

LANNIE S.

SATSUMA, FLORIDA.

All the other little boys and girls write about their pets, so I think I will write about mine. I have a pet cat and two chickens. I have no little brothers or sisters, but I have a dear little cousin; she is only two months old. I like "Rolf House" very much so far. I would like very much to see this letter printed, as it is the very first I ever wrote to a paper. MYRA A. W.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little boy ten years old, and have been lame since I was eight, though I am getting well now. I have taken your paper only a short time, but I like it very much indeed, and am always glad when Friday comes and brings the mail. I have a little dog; its name is Cubbie, and it is just as cute as it can be. It is a shepherd. I am trying to teach it to sit up, but it is almost too young to learn tricks yet. We have a cat also; he is a great big Maltese, and we call him Thomas. I do not go to school, but study at home. I study reading, writing, geography, spelling, and arithmetic. I have a brother, but he is away from home, and there are two girl cousins living with us and going to the university here, so I don't get lonesome very often.

WALTER C. L.

SANDOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT.

I have just begun to take in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; I like it very much, and thought I would like to do my best in writing a small letter. I live at Sandown, in the Isle of Wight. It is very pleasant in the summer, but rather dull in the winter. I have five brothers and sisters, all younger than myself; I am twelve years old. I have no pets except a dear little brother, who is much better than any pet. We used to live at Newport. We had eighteen fowls, and a lovely garden. I liked it much better than Sandown. I used to have a black and white cat, but she died, and now I have no pet. I hope my letter is not too long; it is my first. I go to school at Sandown, and learn music, which I am very fond of. I also learn French, but I do not like it at all.

EDITH M. C.

EDWARDS, MISSISSIPPI.

I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for some time, and enjoy reading it very much. I like Jimmy Brown's stories best of all, and "Wakulla" next. I live in quite a flourishing little town of about nine hundred inhabitants. We have three churches here, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school. I am twelve years old, and have eight brothers and sisters. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, history, arithmetic, geography, writing, grammar, and dictionary. KATE B.

ROARING BRANCH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have taken this paper for three years, and think it is the nicest paper published. I have two boy cousins here who take it. I have two pets, an organ and a little black dog, and love them both very much. The dog is the most bother, because he is all the time running off. I have two brothers, but no sister. One of my brothers is a conductor, and the other is a telegraph operator. I did not go to school last winter, but studied at home; papa heard me recite, and he gave me as a prize a large scrap-book for getting my lessons well. I made two of the articles for Easter, the pitcher and camp-fire, and presented them to mamma at the breakfast table; she was quite surprised. You always make me think of a teacher I went to school to once, and I just loved her. And she had such great big black eyes! Now I wonder if you look like her. Do you? Your friend, EMMA E.

If I make you think of a teacher, you will not mind my giving you and the other children a bit of a lesson, will you, dear Emma? You say you have two pets, a dog and an organ. Now, darling, we can make a pet only of some person or creature who can give us some sign of love in return for our petting—a pet must be alive. You may be fond of flowers, but a flower is not a pet. You may like your organ or your last new book, but do not call it one of your pets, please.

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT.

Papa has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since I could remember. I like the Post-office Box very much. I came to Bridgeport last year, with papa, mamma, sisters, and brother. Papa came to this city to build his type-setting machine. My home is five miles from Louisburg, North Carolina. I had a rabbit that died a week or two ago, and a dog named Prince. Papa gave Omega a rabbit too; hers was named Snow and mine Violet. Papa said he gave them to us because we were the "babies." When I came up

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here I staid a week in Washington and New York. I hope this letter isn't too long to print, for I want to see it in the paper. Tom Thumb is buried here. This little piece of evergreen came from his grave. Love to the Postmistress. I would be very glad to see her. C. B. F.

West Branch, Iowa.

I study at home. Mamma thinks I learn fast. I began last winter. I have not been at school, as I am not strong. I am nine years old, and have one brother, Ralph, and a sister, Emma; I am the eldest. I have made the camp-fire and the pitcher; they look very nice. I sent for the picture of the bicycles; it is very pretty. Bertha S. C.

Nemours, Delaware.

How I came by the paper was this way: my uncle gave it to me for a Christmas present. I like it very much. The story that I like reading most is "Rolf House." I have a black-and-tan terrier six months old, named Jip; I have a white cat, but she has no name; and I have twenty pigeons, but they are all common ones. I live four miles from Wilmington. I go to school at home, and study reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, French, and Latin. My teacher has requested me to write to you, and see if you would think it worth while to publish my letter. I am eleven years old. Eugene du P., Jun.

California Gulch, Montana.

I am a little girl ten years old. This is my first letter. I have one big brother; he has taken Harper's Young People for over three years, and we like it very much. I do not go to school, but my mamma teaches me at home; I study reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. I have a great many cousins whom I have never seen, but I should love very much to visit them in New York. We have several pets—two horses, two cows and calves, a cat and kitten named Tiny and Jet, and a dog called Nep; we have also lots of pigeons and chickens; but I get very lonely, as I have no one to play with now. As I have been quite ill, mamma says I must not write too long. I will say good-by. Maude N. K.

## MAY AND ROVER.

May was a little girl. Mamma had said she might play with Rover in the garden. Rover was a big Newfoundland dog. He had a saddle and harness, and little May used to ride him when papa was at home; but she was riding alone to-day.

She heard a rustle in the bushes, and she was afraid at first, but she soon got over it as she saw a little fairy. The beauty of the little thing's wings made May clap her hands for joy. May's sister Kate had told her a great many fairy tales, and she wished to see a fairy, and now she saw one.

The little fairy said, "Come with me, child." She left Rover and went. To her astonishment the wood was a sort of alley, with grass growing on the walls and ground, and lots of little creatures like the one who had spoken to her were dancing in it. She found that she herself was small, and Rover was a little dog.

She watched them for a little time, and then she heard her name called. She opened her eyes and found that she was on the ground, with her papa bending over her and Rover standing beside him. Then her papa told her that he had bought a new tent, and they were going to eat lunch in it. She never forgot this day. Lucia B. T.

Stewartsville, Indiana.

My sister has taken Harper's Young People four years, and I have read a great many letters in it, but never any from this place. I have four sisters, and one little brother three years old. I have no pets. We have two cats and one dog, but I do not like a dog nor a cat for a pet. We have a very gentle horse, and I go riding quite often. I went to school this winter, but school is now out. My studies were reading, arithmetic, grammar, penmanship, and geography. I was thirteen years old the 26th of January. I like to read Jimmy Brown's stories very much. Allie T.

Whitley.

The fine dry weather has been favorable for our playing at tops, which is a nice recreation after school. Summer will soon be here, and I shall have many pleasant games, such as cricket and boating, all of which I enjoy very much. You must have many friends writing to you from all parts of the world. I live by the seaside. It is a nice open place; not many trees, but very pleasant. We are having fine weather down here. I think I must conclude now, having no more to say at present. Arthur R.

Newport, Isle of Wight.

We have the ruins of Carisbrooke Castle near us. We have very pleasant walks sometimes. I have no brothers nor sisters, nor any pets. I live with my mother and auntie. I should like to see some of the places the little friends in your paper write of. I have only taken it this year, and I like it better than any other magazine that I have seen. "Rolf House" is my favorite story. I go to school every day, and study music and drawing. Every week we have a little singing class at school. I will write again some day and tell you about the pleasant country that we have here. I am eleven years old. Your loving friend, Frances D.

Quincy, California.

I live on a farm three miles from Quincy, and go there quite often, as we have a buggy; I drive when papa does not go. I have never gone to school, but study at home, and recite to mamma. I help mamma do the work; I almost always do all the ironing, and help wash sometimes when mamma is tired, and always get breakfast, and do lots of other little things. I have made bread, pies, cake, and cookies. I have not many pets, but have a dear little brother named Harry. He will be three years old next June. He is very cunning, and can sing little songs. He calls the little chickens dumplings, and likes to feed them. I have had very bad luck with my pets. I have three cats, named Nig, Tom, and Daisy. A little while ago our pet kitten, Twilight, got some poison mamma put out for the rats. Papa buried her in the garden. I planted flowers on her grave; some are in bloom now. I have a flower garden; the ivy, pansies, and daisies are in bloom. We have thirty-eight little chickens, six calves, and two little colts; one is black, and the other is red. I was thirteen last July. N. Maude W.

Glenwood, Iowa.

I am a little girl ten years old. My papa is in New Mexico, and mamma died about half a year ago. I have a big orchard to play in, and we have three cows and a calf, a pig, and ever so many baby chickens. I am a member of the G. R. S. Society, which is for the benefit of the poor. Fanny A. is president, Maud C. treasurer, and May R. secretary, while Neva R., Effie S., Ella S., and myself are members. We have relieved several families. For pets I have a black kitten named Mars, a white one named Muff, and my sister Winnie has a spotted one called Jupiter. My birthday was the 12th of March, and I had a surprise party, consisting of our society, and I received many presents. Katherine R.

Your little society is doing good.

## TO MY CAT.

I have a cat whose name is Puck,
And he is always in good luck;
He steals my milk, he steals my beef,
He's always up to some mischief.

And when I go into the press
And turn the key, he's sure to guess
That I will give him something good
In beef, or fish, or dainty food.

And when he gets his own fair share,
He growls and growls like a big bear,
Then cocks his tail when he is done,
As if to say he growled in fun.

And then he slips into his box,
And licks himself and smooths his locks,
Then goes to sleep so snug curled up.
A jolly cat is our big Puck. I. D. H.

Greenock, Scotland.

Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have a little sister seven years old. I go to school, and study arithmetic, spelling, reading, mental arithmetic, writing, and drawing. I like Harper's Young People very much. My grandma lives in Philadelphia, and I go to see her very often. I went to the Zoo. I saw a chimpanzee in a glass case; they had his case heated by steam, because he is used to a very warm climate. I saw two seallions. There were three elephants and a hippopotamus. Ruth S.

Sheridan, Oregon.

I am a little girl ten years old. My little sister and I take Harper's Young People; we have taken it only three weeks. I have two dolls; one of them is a very large one. I have been going to a school three miles distant, but they are building a school-house near us now. I study reading (I am in the Fourth Reader), spelling, geography, and arithmetic. My papa lives on a farm. I have two brothers and two sisters; my brothers' names are Willie and Hugh, and my sisters' names are Louisa and Nannie. Lillie S. M.

Newton, Massachusetts.

A little reader of Harper's Young People would like to tell you how much she enjoys your paper. We have no pets, except a cat, that does not seem to care much about us. A few days ago this cat had three kittens; we are going to keep two of them, and give them pretty names. I live on a large place, and my grandfather and cousins live here too. We have two nice hills to coast down in winter, and we have a summer-house too, which is very nice and cool in summer, because there is a river called Charles River very near it. We had a dog whose name was such a long one that I think I shall leave it out. This dog died a few days ago, and we miss him very much. Anna C.

Beaumont, Texas.

I am a boy eleven years old. I have not been taking Harper's Young People very long, but I like it very much. I have no pets except three little kittens. I once had a little squirrel; his name was Tom. He would run about and play with me. He was drowned in a cistern. I have seen all the other boys and girls' letters in print, and would like to see mine. Jimmie L. K.

I will write for the first time. I have read the letters in the Post-office Box, and I think they are splendid. I have no pets to speak of, except a canary-bird. I am a little girl twelve years of age. I live on a large farm, and have a brother older than myself, and a sister younger. I go to school, and study reading, arithmetic, spelling, geography, and grammar. Hattie C.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMAS.

1.—In gate, not in door.
In wheat, not in flour.
In toe, not in finger.
In late, not in linger.
In you, not in me.
In shoe, do you see?
In bake, not in fry.
In uncle; come try.
In run, not in walk.
In gabble, not in talk.
My whole, when written, brings to mind
A famous battle-field you'll find.
Harry R. Buck.

2.—In hark, not in listen.
In glare, not in glisten.
In rook, not in eagle.
In pin, not in needle.
In dress, not in hat.
In bird, not in bat.
In back, not in front.
In bark, not in grunt.
In oar, not in scull.
In sense, not in dull.
My whole, if you have guessed aright,
A name renowned has brought to light.
Harry L. Buck.

3.—In eat, not in drink.
In lily, not in pink.
In never, not in now.
In peace, not in row.
In haste, not in slow.
In happy, not in woe.
In niece and in cousin.
In two, not in dozen.
Whole is the name of an animal.
Ina L. Seaman.

4.—In seven, not in eight.
In present, not in late.
In robin and in wren.
In pencil, not in pen.
In mountain, not in lake.
In give, not in take.
Whole is the name of something dear,
Which all are glad to welcome here.
Ina L. Seaman.

5.—In mad, not in bad.
In you and in your.
In Lou and in Louie.
In sad and in sour.
In red, blue, and green.
Whole is an animal that lives in the house.
Edith Cooley.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 287.

No. 1.—The letter R.

No. 2.—There is a little modest flower
To friendship ever dear.
'Tis nourished in a humble bower,
And watered by a tear.

No. 3.—
E lk.
A le.
S et.
T ie.
E nd.
R un.

Answer to charade on page 432 is "Aladdin."

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Kate L., Susie Prentice, L. D. C., L. Mott, Sydney L. Killam, Florence May, E. T. N., John Post, Maggie Lake, Andrew Ainslie, Theodore Pritchard, Fannie James, John R. Emmons, David McDonald, Hugh Armstrong, Lewis Bailey, and Benjamin Seymour.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

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THE TWO ORPHANS.

## A MOOSE-BACK RIDE.

BY MEL EDWARDS.

I HAVE read of thrilling adventures on horseback, bear-back, camel-back, and elephant-back, but never was I a witness of so ludicrous a mishap, and at the same time so narrow an escape from death, as befell a friend of mine while we were on a hunting excursion last summer.

Instead of following the usual route of sportsmen, we had sought out the less-frequented places, and about the middle of June we found ourselves camped on a small lake tributary to the head waters of the Aroostook River, many miles from any human habitation, with no company but our old guide and two hounds.

It was a beautiful place, the little sheet of water nestling so cozily among the hills, with a small island, containing about three acres, in the centre, upon which we had pitched our tent. On the west side of the lake especially the hills or cliffs rose abruptly, and presented an almost unbroken mass of rock, towering nearly perpendicularly for fifty feet above the water before sloping off to give a foot-hold to the tall trees with which they were crowned, the only exception being a narrow ravine about midway down the lake, and nearly opposite the island, where a small stream had forced its way through its rocky barriers.

For several days, what with the beauty of the scenery and the delightful climate, we were content to enjoy camp life in a quiet way. But after a while we began to long for more active employment, and felt that a spice of adventure would add zest to our enjoyment.

One morning, when we had been nearly a week in camp, and angling for trout, with which the lake abounded, was becoming somewhat monotonous, Will remarked that he would give something if he could carry home the antlers of a moose which he had killed himself.

"A moose is't ye want?" asked old Jim. "I've ben thinkin' o' thet meself, an' I'll tell ye how ye kin git un 'fore night. Ye see thet run? Wa'al, we'll go over, an' you boys fin' a good kiver wheer ye kin see ennything thet cums down along thet way, an' I'll take th' dogs back in th' woods. Ef we start er moose on thet side o' th' lake, he's a'most dead sure ter cum down through thet cut, fer ez soon ez he fin's th' dogs is on 'is track, he'll pint fer th' water, so's ter drown th' scent, an' thet's th' on'y place on thet side wheer he kin git ter th' lake."

In less than an hour we were snugly hidden where we had a full command of the gulch, which was here only about eight rods across, and nearly free from underbrush.

After a long time, as it seemed to us, we heard the deep bay of the old hound, accompanied by the sharper yelp of "the purp," as Jim called him, away in the forest toward the west, telling that they had scented their game. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and suddenly, with a rush and a clatter as he came along the rocks, a full-grown bull-moose burst upon our sight. On he came, with his head well up, and his wide-spreading antlers laid back along his neck to prevent their catching on the trees, until he was nearly opposite our cover, where he stopped for an instant, as if he scented us. That instant decided his fate, however, for Will raised his rifle as quick as a flash, fired, and the moose dropped as if struck by lightning.

Drawing our hunting knives, we sprang forward.

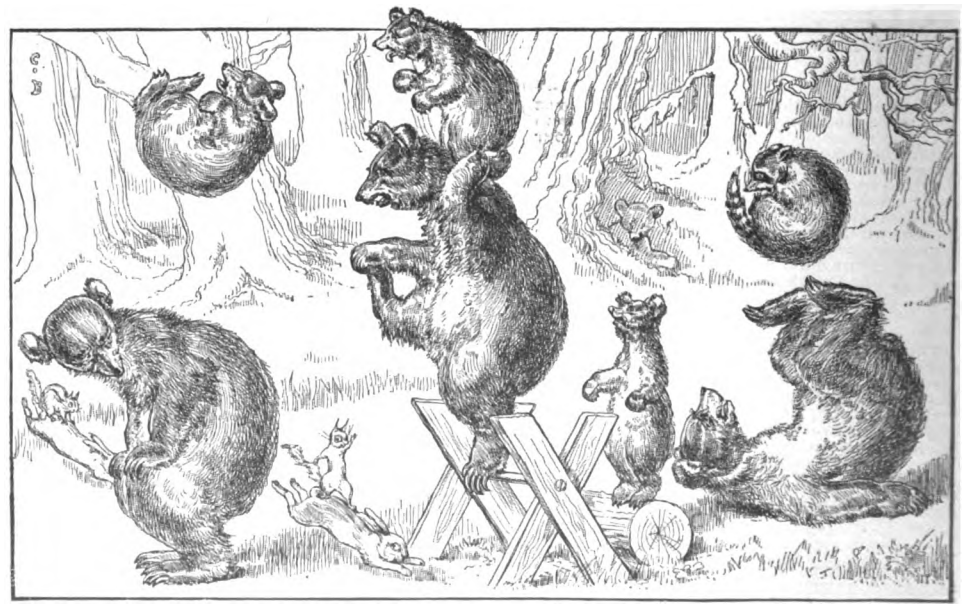
"Hurrah!" shouted Will, leaping on the animal's back and grasping his horns; "what a splendid set of antlers! I'll—"

He never finished that sentence, for with a mighty bound the moose sprang to his feet, and was off like the wind down the ravine toward the lake. Will's clutch upon the horns saved him from being thrown on the rocks, and he still clung to them with desperate energy. The moose himself, throwing them back, as usual when running through the woods, unconsciously kept him from being torn away by the brush through which he passed.

So they shot along—the frightened moose and his still more frightened rider—to the lake, into which they plunged. Will, who had partially recovered his presence of mind, and who had the moose at a great disadvantage in the water, used his knife, which he still held, so well that he soon left him quiet enough in about six feet of water, and swam to the shore.

When Jim came, we drew the moose to the land and dressed him. We found that the bullet had struck him at the base of the horn and glanced off, doing no damage except to stun him.

Will carried the head and horns to his city home, and had them nicely mounted as a reminder of his *moose-back ride;* but I have never heard him express a wish to repeat the adventure.



THE CIRCUS VISITS PELTYVILLE—STARTLING EFFECT UPON THE OLDEST INHABITANTS.

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 291. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, MAY 26, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




THE RESCUE OF DAISY.—SEE "THE SANKATY BRANCH ROAD," PAGE 466.


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## THE SANKATY BRANCH ROAD.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

IT seemed very strange to have the Sankaty Branch express train whizzing and shrieking through their huckleberry pasture and south meadow, and almost running into their potato patch.

Neb was afraid that a spark from the engine would set the buildings on fire, or that some of his poultry, or even his spotted calf, would be run over, and his mother was afraid the engine would get off the track and run into the wood-shed.

The cows and oxen and pigs and ducks and geese didn't know what to make of it, and Bucephalus, the old calico horse, kicked up his heels every time he saw it coming—a thing which he hadn't been known to do before for fifteen years. The warlike old gobbler seemed to feel that here at last was "a foeman worthy of his steel," and strutted bravely up to it, but retired in great confusion when a cloud of smoke blinded him, and a shrill shriek from the whistle drowned his furious gobblings.

The lame duck that had been brought up very tenderly in a basket of cotton batting, and was a great pet, was killed on the track, and then Neb felt obliged to shut the poultry up.

It was undeniably a great inconvenience to have a railroad track laid across a quiet little farm, and Neb and his mother, who owned the farm and lived alone upon it, had almost gone down upon their knees to Mr. Fenton, the president of the road—who lived about half a mile from them, in a fine mansion surrounded by stately grounds, upon which scarcely an impudent frog dared hop—begging that the track might be laid a little to the eastward, upon some unused pasture land where it would annoy nobody. But it was a little more convenient to build a bridge across the Sankaty River at this point, and Mr. Fenton thought it was of very little consequence that the Pennymans, who lived on a little farm that was hardly worth a thousand dollars, stock and all, should be annoyed. He was not a polite man, and he dismissed them with a sneer that made Neb's blood boil.

But what could he do? He was only fifteen, and small of his age, and one of his legs was twisted, the result of a disease he had suffered from in babyhood, so that he walked with great difficulty. He was the only protector his mother had, and for her sake he must make the best of things. He was the man of the family, and not only manager of the farm, but the only workman, except in haying time, when he had to hire a helper. The farm was all they had, and they must still get their living from it, even though the railroad had taken its way through it "by right of eminent domain"—a phrase which awed Neb and his mother, but which simply meant that the law requires private persons to part with their property when it is wanted for public uses.

Neb resolved to sleep with one eye open until after the midnight train had passed, but he found he could not do that; and after a few weeks, when they had become accustomed to the noise, and no calamity had occurred except the untimely death of the lame duck, Neb began to think the railroad might not be so bad after all, and his mother said the trains were "kind of company for her in the night when she couldn't sleep."

But when haying time came Neb was constantly anxious lest a spark from the engine should chance to alight upon one of his hay-stacks. The hay in the south meadow, his best and largest crop, was always a weight on Neb's mind from the time it was cut until it was safely stored in the barn. He watched every cloud in the sky, and walked every night to the corner to see, in the daily paper, Old Probabilities' weather prophecies. And when the south meadow hay was all down he dreamed that Old Prob was raking it up with a fiery-tailed serpent for a rake, and the serpent had a bald head and spectacles just like Mr. Fenton!

Neb thought such a dream as that must mean something, but his mother said it came of eating cold cabbage for supper. Neb's mother was a very sensible woman. The very next day Old Prob predicted rain, but Zeb Higbee, the tin peddler, came along, and said he "forgot more weather larnin' every night when he went to bed than Old Prob ever knew, and it wa'n't a-goin' to rain."

Neb wanted to believe that, because that south meadow hay needed to stay out longer, and he could see no signs of rain, except a tiny black cloud away over in the west, that seemed likely to be swallowed up by a huge white cloud soon. And so he did not get the hay in. But, lo and behold! when he went out after supper, the little black cloud had swallowed the big white one, and its appetite having apparently increased in that way, it was now swallowing every other cloud in the sky.

Neb hurried to the barn just as fast as his crooked leg would let him, pulled out the hay-cart, drew poor Bucephalus, surprised and unwilling, away from his well-earned supper, had him harnessed, and was rattling away to the south meadow, in, as he would have said, less time than it takes to say "Jack Robinson." Roy Fenton, a boy of about his own age, coming up from the river, stopped him.

"Have you seen anything of my little sister Daisy?" he asked. "She ran away from her nurse and followed me down to the river, and I said I'd look after her, but the fish were biting splendidly, and I forgot her, and she strayed away. It's getting dark awfully fast, and they're almost crazy about her at home."

Neb chirruped to Bucephalus, and the old horse tore along as if he understood that Neb wanted to get his hay in quick, and join in the search for Daisy. She was a flaxen-haired mite, not four years old. If Neb didn't like her father, he wanted to find Daisy. "Now, 'Ceph, old fellow, if we are not lively, this hay will all be spoiled, and your old ribs will be rattling next winter."

Neb worked with a will, but he couldn't help pausing occasionally to look around in search of Daisy. He knew there must be many people seeking her, but still he felt as if he were selfish to be attending to his hay when she might be wandering round the fields and woods, frightened in the fast-gathering darkness, or perhaps falling down the river's high, steep banks.

The distant whistle of the train struck on his ear: the 6.55 express was coming. It was not seven o'clock yet, but it was almost as dark as night. Neb was on the bank of the river now, and his hay-cart was full and running over. As he turned Bucephalus homeward, the flutter of something white on the other side of the railroad bridge caught his eyes. It might be—yes, it *was* Daisy's white dress. She had spilled her basket of berries on the track, and was sitting composedly down picking them up.

For an instant Neb stood motionless with terror. Then he rushed toward her. But the railroad bridge over the river lay between them, and the space between its planks was so wide that Neb, with his twisted leg, could not cross. He might possibly crawl over on his hands and knees, but that would take too long.

He shouted to the child to get off the track, but the wind carried his voice away from her. He cried, in an agony, "Help! help!" but there was no answer.

How could he stop the train, whose rush and roar he could already hear? It was too dark for him to make himself seen if he should rush before it. If he only had a lantern! But there was not time to get one from the house. A sudden thought struck Neb like an inspiration. He might have—he *had*—a match in his pocket! It had been there for two or three weeks, since he burned the brush heaps behind the barn. He backed Bucephalus up to the track, and tipped up the cart. The whole load of

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hay lay upon the track, and when Neb touched a lighted match to it, instantly it blazed up.

He had not ceased to shout for help—the train might not be stopped in time—and Roy Fenton came running up, with his father not far behind, panting and breathless.

"She's over there on the track—*Daisy!*" cried Neb, his face deathly white in the glare of the fire.

The train came whizzing on—it all happened in so much less time than it takes to tell it!—through the pine grove into the huckleberry pasture.

"What on earth does it mean—that fire on the track?" cried the engineer, and whistled for "down brakes." Within a few rods of the fire, so near that the smoke of the engine mingled with its smoke, the train came to a stop. Roy Fenton, who had stood as if petrified with horror, ran to the bridge, and made his way over. The fire lighted up every timber and rail of the bridge, and Roy was lithe and agile, and he was soon back again with Daisy in his arms—Daisy, who was mourning for her lost berries, but delighted with the "pretty fire," and perfectly unconscious of the great peril from which she had been rescued.

The people had come thronging out of the cars, and the story of what had happened spreading rapidly, they crowded around the little flaxen-haired girl, now safe in her brother's arms, and they made the air ring with shouts for Neb, who hadn't the least idea that he was a hero.

Mr. Fenton, hard and proud man as he was, burst into tears when he tried to thank Neb, and could only put a trembling hand on his shoulder.

The people on the train insisted upon making up a purse to pay Neb for the load of hay he had burned, and for the cart, which had also taken fire, and was almost ruined. Bucephalus had kicked up his heels to such purpose at the first sound of the train as to clear himself from the cart, and had departed for parts unknown, not returning until the next morning.

Mr. Fenton declared that it was his privilege to make good Neb's losses, and Neb said he didn't want any pay, but nevertheless the money was collected and thrust into his hands as the train started on again—more money than the whole harvest of Neb's little farm would amount to; so there was no danger that Bucephalus's bones would rattle, even though the hay had been burned up.

Mr. Fenton discovered that farm-work was not suitable for Neb, on account of his lameness, and that the railroad company was in need of a trustworthy boy for a responsible position in its office at Sankaty.

Sankaty being only five miles away, Neb is not obliged to leave home, but goes up and down on the train every day. And he is able to hire a strong and capable man to manage the farm, so the crops are twice as large as they used to be. But there never has been a crop that did so much good as that south meadow hay, although all that was not burned was spoiled by rain that night.

Mr. Fenton's opinion as to the feelings of the Pennymans had now changed so much that if the railroad had not already been built, and they had repeated their desire to have it change its noisy course so as to run over the unused pastures, where it would be almost out of hearing, it is possible that he might have used his influence to gratify their wish. But there the iron track was, and there it must stay; and, after all, it had brought good luck to the poor widow's family.

The Pennymans are so prosperous now that they can build a new house and barn at a distance from the track if they choose, but they have grown accustomed to the trains. Mrs. Pennyman says she should be lonesome away from it. The old gobbler turns his back upon the engine with calm disdain; the ducks and hens have learned better than to go near it. Only old Bucephalus, although he has grown very fat and lazy, by reason of living high and having a younger horse to do the farm-work, has so long a memory that he still kicks up his heels at it.

## AMONG THE PRAIRIE-DOGS.

BY MRS. A. B. M.

THE prairie-dog is found all over the prairies and plains of the West, from Minnesota to Texas. This little creature does not in the least resemble a dog; on the contrary, one might take it for a small woodchuck, but its sharp chatter bears some resemblance to the bark of a young puppy; hence its name. A full-grown dog is about a foot in length, the body is thick, the legs short and stout, feet large, and furnished with five distinct claws, those of the forefeet being much the largest and strongest, for burrowing in the earth. The head is rather broad and flat, the eyes large and bright, the ears very short and rather small, yet peculiarly sensitive, as they take notice of the slightest noise. The dogs have tiny cheek pouches about three-fourths of an inch in depth and half that in diameter, which will be filled by a small acorn or half a tea-spoonful of small seed. The front or cutting teeth are large and prominent, well suited to procuring its food, which consists chiefly of roots, grass, and seeds.

The color of its back is a reddish-brown intermixed with a few black and white hairs, and all tipped with white or a lighter shade of the original color, the throat and under part of the body are of a dingy white, the tail the same color as the back, terminating in a brush of black hair. There is one peculiarity about this little appendage—the dog never barks without giving it an emphasizing jerk. These little animals are very fond of each other's society, and thousands of them are congregated in some of the large warrens, or towns.

This town we saw appeared to be laid out with some order, as there were long continuous pathways or streets with burrows upon each side. About the mouth of every burrow is a mound of earth two or three feet in diameter and eighteen inches or two feet high, directly about the entrance. This is built to prevent the water in stormy weather from filling their nests.

A shower came up while we were in camp, and during the time it was gathering, the little villagers turned out in a body and examined the banks about their homes to see if everything was in proper shape. We saw some scratching up the earth and patting it down again, as though they had found a weak place and would strengthen it. As soon as the storm had passed, another inspection took place, and if any damage had been done it was immediately repaired.

Although we saw no advertisement of "rooms to rent," the owners of many of the burrows were not allowed exclusive use of their homes, for rattlesnakes and small burrowing owls scarcely as large as a quail had taken possession of some of them.

There is no doubt that the owls prey upon the young dogs when opportunity presents, but the little ones never venture far from their mother, and are safely housed with her in the warm nest during the night, when the owls are most active. Where the young dogs were running about, the old ones seemed watchful of the owls; otherwise they paid little attention to them, passing and repassing them frequently.

In the rattlesnake the dogs have a deadly enemy. Day or night they are not safe from its attacks, and no burrow is secure from its invasion. The deep, softly lined nests are admirably adapted to its comfort, where it finds a bed already prepared, and palatable food furnished by the young dogs.

The next day several snakes were killed while sunning in the pathways, and several others made their escape into burrows. Generally when a snake entered a burrow, two or more dogs were seen to come out of that hole or one a few feet distant, but in most cases they returned to the burrow after a few moments, having given his snakeship time to get settled. One of those that were killed had breakfasted upon young dog.

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PRAIRIE-DOGS AND THEIR ENEMIES.

About the middle of the afternoon a snake was seen to glide into a burrow, and some one near by soon said he believed there was a fight going on in that burrow. Several of the party gathered about it. We could hear a slight noise as of a struggle going on in the depths of the hole. Directly the snake came out, and we could see that he had been bitten just back of the head, and was bleeding freely; possibly it would have died, but the lookers-on did not wait to see, but killed it immediately. It measured over three feet, and its tail was ornamented with nine rattles and a button.

At the end of a half-hour a dog came out, stood up and looked about, then gave a series of short, quick barks, seemingly full of distress, and then disappeared in the burrow; directly the dogs came flocking from all directions, and several ran into the burrow, the others soon dispersing. We waited some time, and were about to return to camp, when we saw a pair of bright eyes peering from the hole, and in silence we waited to see what was about to take place. Satisfied that there was no danger, the head disappeared, and in a minute three dogs emerged, dragging the dead body of a companion, one of the heads of the family, killed by the snake. They dragged it to the edge of the mound and returned to the burrow.

Snakes and owls are not the only enemies the dogs have, for quite early in the morning we noticed a great commotion among the inhabitants of the town; hundreds were running as for life, and darting into the nearest holes without evincing any of their usual curiosity—for in most cases the tail hardly disappears before a pair of bright eyes are peering from the burrow. Directly a large hawk darted among them, seizing one just as it had reached a hillock. The hawk rose a few feet, but the weight of his captive was too great, and he descended to the earth once more; clutching his prey more securely, he slowly rose again, but a report of a gun was heard, and the "air pirate" and his victim fell to the earth, both dead.

Though the men of the party were ready to resent attacks made upon the dogs by their natural enemies, they could not resist the temptation of trying to catch some of them for pets; but not one of the quick-motioned little animals did they capture.

A few days after leaving this town we again camped in the vicinity of a small dog town, where we also found owls and snakes. On one hillock we counted five owls, and concluded the whole family were out. Here we saw another snake enter a burrow. Directly a pair of dogs emerged from a hole possibly fifteen feet from the one the snake had entered. They ran in different directions. Soon we saw a large number of dogs gathered about the entrance where the snake disappeared. A consultation seemed to be held, and then they fell to work filling up the passageway and entrance. That one completed, they repaired to the one from which the dogs had emerged, and filled that in the same way; after which, amid much barking and chattering, they dispersed.

Many of the towns are built far from water, and at one time the idea was common that the dogs were able to do without water; but the fact that they made free use of it when confined in cages, and without it will pine away and die, was difficult to reconcile with the first supposition.

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Recently a Mr. Leech, a frontiersman of experience, has asserted that the dogs dig their own wells, each village having one with a concealed entrance. It matters not how far down the water may be, the dogs will keep on till they reach it. He says he knows of one such well two hundred feet deep and having a circular stairway leading down to the water, and every time a dog wants a drink he descends this staircase, which is no mean task. Had we learned of this before passing through the dog towns, we should have searched for the wells, and have endeavored to prove the assertion, as well as gratify our curiosity, for several of the towns were far from water, and there was much querying among our party as to how the little citizens existed without it.

## A JAPANESE DAIMIO.

BY WILLIAM ELIOT GRIFFIS.



LOOK at this picture, and notice the difference in the shape and expression of the faces of all three men. The old man in the tree is a peasant, and the man down in the corner is a servant, while the gentleman with a fan is a prince and noble.

Old Japan was like the Germany of fifty years ago, divided up into a great many petty kingdoms and principalities. Some of them were so small that a man with seven-leagued boots on could jump over several of them in a row at one leap. Now, and since 1872, all the little "countries" have been melted into one great nation, Dai Nippon, or Great Japan.

The ruler of each of these dukedoms in Japan was called a Daimio, or "great name." The Daimio had nothing to do but dress in fine silk clothes, wear two gold-handled swords, and a wide-sleeved coat, "winged," or projecting at the shoulders, handle a fan, eat dainty food, and play ball or read novels. The real business of government was carried on by his counsellors, called *Karo*.

The Daimio and gentlemen of his court paid great attention to his top-knot, and the barber was a man of importance. The crown was shaved bare, but the rest of the hair was gathered up in a long queue, and waxed until it was so stiff that it would stand up like a ramrod. Then it was bent over like a gun trigger or a flail, and made to rest on the scalp.

The mark of high rank, "blue blood," or aristocratic birth was a long, narrow, oval face, with a very small mouth, lengthened nose slightly hooked, oblique eyes, with considerable distance between eyebrows and eyelashes, smooth face, small hands and feet. This was the ladies' ideal of a fine beau, and the desire of every Daimio was to be like the pictures of Daimios.

If you will study carefully the Japanese crape-paper pictures on Japanese fans, you will always find that the faces of the common folks are painted broad and coarse, while those of lords and ladies are smooth, long, narrow, and oval, with a mouth like a button-hole.

The old man in the tree has done something to please his lord, the Daimio, who is motioning to him with a fan to come down that he may invite him to his house. I lived a year in a Japanese Daimio's dominions, and knew of several occasions on which he rewarded old men who were jolly and kind to children. "For," said he, "the surest way of keeping the young respectful to the aged is for the old to delight in the company of the young."

## ROLF HOUSE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,
AUTHOR OF "NAN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXII.
### "LINKS."

NEXT day promised to be an eventful one.

Dr. Barlow telegraphed to say that he would arrive at four o'clock, and Nan and Joan, with Lance, held a council as to who should form the circus party.

It was decided finally that Phyllis would be sure to feel worried if Nan remained at home, but Lance concluded he ought not to go, so David Travers formed the only escort, as Philip was

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obliged to go into Beverley on business. The morning was a busy one. It was Nan's class day, and it seemed to her as though her six pupils were unusually stupid; but she was expecting a new one whom her late customer the day before had promised, and in the intervals of directing the latest feather stitch she kept her eyes on the door.

It opened suddenly; there was the sound of a cheerful voice, some one talking eagerly, as a lady, followed by a little girl of about twelve years old, came into the room.

Nan started up, while the new pupil's rosy face broke into smiles of delight.

"Oh, Aunt Jennie!" she exclaimed, turning to the lady; "this is the girl who brought back Beppo."

And thereupon Jennie Morrison, Beppo's little mistress, explained that she was visiting her aunt at Beachcroft, and was *oh!* so glad to see Nan again!

Laura had come into the room, followed by Joan, and some explanation was necessary, and Jennie found a willing and sympathetic listener in Joan, who at last drew from Nan the admission that, having chanced to find the little dog—she did not say where or how—she took upon herself the discovery of its rightful owner.

"And you never said a word about it!" exclaimed Joan, and as Nan answered by a simple "no," Jennie added,

"And she wouldn't even tell us her name; but we used to watch for her nearly every day after that."

Nan stood still a moment, pondering, before she said: "There were reasons why I didn't want to tell. That was all. My only part in it was to see that the little dog got safely home again;" and then she added, suddenly: "Did you bring him with you? I hope if you did you will be careful not to lose him here."

Jennie declared that they had kept a careful watch upon him ever since, and although Nan did her best, it was hard to fix the little girl's attention upon her work, and when the rest of the class had gone she lingered to beg that Nan and her cousins would come to see her, and to arrange for a lesson in the needle-work every day.

Her aunt, Mrs. Morrison, warmly seconded the invitation, while Joan looked so eager to accept it that before they left it was settled that the three girls should take tea with Jennie on the Friday evening following.

Mrs. Morrison was greatly interested in talking of the Emporium with Nan and Laura, and from her they learned how many people knew about their new life in Beachcroft, and how well disposed toward them every one felt.

It seemed easy, Nan thought, to talk to this lady. Something there was about her so gentle and refined, different from Mrs. Apsley's hearty, good-natured way or old Miss Rogers's sweet, prim little method of advising and sympathizing. Mrs. Morrison said very little, but Nan longed to have Phyllis see her, and before she went she made the request, a little timidly, that if the lady came again she would go up to Phyl's room.

An hour later there came a knock at the front door, and a messenger with Mrs. Morrison's compliments brought a huge basket of roses for Miss Rolf, and a little note saying that their new friend would call the next morning.

It had been an easy matter for Mrs. Morrison on returning to her pleasant house on the hill to give orders for a basket of the choicest roses in the garden, and to write the little note, but how delightful the attention seemed to Phyllis and the girls.

Phyllis's room was decidedly improved by the flowers, and it looked very cheerful, they all thought, as they went away after their early dinner to the circus, but Nan felt that it was hard to leave just as Dr. Barlow was coming, although Joan and the boys kept her excitement and anxiety at the proper pitch all the way into Beverley.

It was a long time since Nan had had an opportunity for anything like a talk with David Travers, and as they walked toward the circus grounds she enjoyed hearing of his work, and his confidence that very soon he would be earning more than his mere board.

The boy had a natural instinct about flowers: a love of gardening, of bringing growing things to life and blossom, which was really an education in itself, for his sympathies with nature brought out all that was refined and interesting in his character. The rougher sports of boys of his age had no attraction for him compared with the happiness of tending his beloved plants, and he talked to Nan of Bon Silenes, Mermots, Jacques, and Maréchal Neils, of tulips, daffodils, and passion-flowers, with all the enthusiasm of an artist, and Nan, looking up at the boy's plain-featured, earnest face, with its look of keen intelligence, its sweetness of expression, could not help thinking what a happy change had come into it since she had seen it first, wan and hungry, as he stood timidly pleading for work on the river-bank that day which seemed so long ago.

But as they entered the meadow where two or three tents were pitched, and where the usual crowd of boys were gathered, Nan could not help feeling how all along her life since she left Bromfield had seemed to be like a succession of links which, put together, formed a chain leading her—where? She could not think, but could only ponder on the strange Providence which seemed, whenever one of the links had fallen away, to insure its being picked up at some future date and restored to her chain. If they were happy enough to find poor little Janey, might not her life be woven into theirs for some future good?

## Chapter XXXIII.

### THE DELAMORIS.

THE general aspect of all country circuses is the same, and yet I am sure the sense of novelty and fascination is renewed at every experience by all young people, and a great many of their elders.

Certain it is that our party felt thrilled by a pleasant sense of excitement as they made their way into the principal tent and along the boarded seats to the places Nan had chosen.

The children had eagerly seized upon the programmes, which presented the usual flourishing account of riders, acrobats, trained ponies, world-renowned clowns, etc., etc., and fourth in order came the announcement of the famous Delamori family:

**MADAME MARIE DELAMORI,**
THE STRONGEST WOMAN ON EARTH,
*Will go through her Startling Feats of Muscular Effort.*

**LITTLE FANCHETTE DELAMORI,**
IN HER GREAT KNIFE-THROWING ACT.

**M. PIERRE DELAMORI,**
THE ONLY WIRE ACROBAT.

The music of the band, the first dashing entrance of white horses and gayly attired riders, the jokes of the clown, all seemed to pass before Nan and Joan in a sort of confusion, so eagerly were they waiting the entrance of Madame Delamori.

Two men entered rolling in a huge cannon, and then a little child, a girl of about ten years old, appeared at the curtained entrance, and with a quick, half-terrified look about her, advanced to the centre of the ring.

"Janey," whispered David, in a tone of horror, and yet satisfaction, to Nan.

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"Let us keep still," was the answer; but David's eyes were fixed intently upon the poor little figure.

As she stood there waiting for the appearance of her supposed mother there was something unusually attractive and yet painful about the little girl. Her flimsy dress of gauze and silk, the badly applied rouge upon her cheeks, the unnaturalness of her position, could not entirely take away a certain sweetness and refinement which the child certainly possessed; but what was painful was the look of care and suffering, of terror, which were only too clearly shown in the little face, and the way she glanced from time to time over her shoulder, while the band crashed away to herald Madame Delamori's entrance.

A huge woman, swarthy and bold in appearance, and gaudily dressed, marched into the ring, followed by a tall, rather slimly built man, and as a burst of applause greeted her, Joan whispered under her breath, "The wretch! I'd like to pound her into pieces."

But the "strongest woman on earth" turned a smiling countenance in their very direction, as she caught the little girl up in her arms, as an acrobat or gymnast might test his strength before beginning any special feat. Even then they could see the abject fear which Janey felt. The red spots on her cheeks looked startling in their contrast to the pallor which spread over her face, and when two men prepared to lift the cannon upon Madame's shoulder, a look which pierced Nan to the heart came into the child's eyes.

"If she would only see us!" whispered David, straining his gaze toward his poor little friend, whose glance, however, was riveted upon the French woman as she slowly and heavily balanced the cannon, nodding her head in Janey's direction to signify that her time had come.

The men lifted the child up lightly, and she stood on one end of the cannon, the smile which she had been taught to assume crossing her face, her hands poised high above her head.

Around the ring Madame Delamori walked with this tremendous weight upon her shoulders, and then standing in the centre, smiled upon the audience while her husband applied the match, Janey's hands still above her head, clasping each other so tightly that the nails seemed to pierce her flesh, and with a loud report and a whizzing burst of flame and powder, the cannon went off. Janey sprang to the ground, and a burst of applause greeted this part of the performance.

All sorts of feats of strength followed, Monsieur Delamori being carried about, swung hither and thither in a trapeze act as lightly as was Janey, whose little figure was also tossed about in the most terrifying and startling feats, all of which the huge French woman performed as easily as she walked about the ring; but it was evident that the child submitted through fear, as the strained look of terror never once left her eyes.

At moments when they dared to venture upon it the Rolfs and David did everything to attract her attention, but so far it had been in vain.

And now the upright board on its stand was wheeled in for Monsieur Delamori's knife-throwing act; and Janey, in obedience to a look from Madame Delamori, took her place, her arms held tightly to her side, her gaze riveted upon her mistress.

The next moments seemed terrible to Nan, who could only in a confusion of dread and anxiety see the knives whiz through the air, striking on all sides of the terrified little figure, sometimes almost grazing her cheek, once catching in a lock of her fair hair, when her fright seemed intensified, and yet she dared not move. But the direction of her glance wavered; she moved her eyes; they rested for the space of half an instant upon David Travers's face and figure, as the boy in his anxiety leaned forward, his whole look seeming to call out to Janey.

A quiver, followed by a sudden swaying movement of the little figure, startled the audience; the next moment one of the sharp blades struck her arm.

At such a moment of suppressed excitement on the part of an audience it takes very little to produce an uproar. The hurt was slight, but the stream of blood, the sharp cry of the child, the sudden stopping of the music, all made an impression of something far more serious, and in a moment half a dozen people were in the ring. Madame Delamori was standing over the child, whom the ring-master picked up, and carried quickly behind the scenes.

David had been the first to leap over the low railing on to the saw-dust, and he made no hesitation in darting through the curtained doorway.

In the rough place where half a dozen men were lounging he inquired with feverish anxiety for the child, but received only curt answers, and as the ring-master came bustling forward, he was rudely ordered out of the way.

"No, sir," said David, bravely standing his ground. "I want to see Janey Powers, and I'll stay here till I do."

The ring-master, a coarse, brutal-looking man, laughed insolently. "You will, will you?" he said, taking the boy by the shoulder. "I think I have a thing or two to say on that subject. Here, Jake," he added, snapping his whip, and looking over his shoulder at one of the men, "just help this young gentleman back to his place, will you?" and before David could say another word he found himself in the ring, obliged to make the best of his way back to his place; but he had contrived to take a glance around the inner part of the tent, which showed him that the performers were not there, but in a smaller tent directly outside, and this he communicated to the excited little party.

It was evident that to push inquiry any further just then would be a mistake, and they were forced to sit still, while the ring-master, coming forward, explained to the audience that little Fanchette's wound was very slight, and that she would be able to perform that evening.

"I can come again, can't I, miss?" David said to Nan, who nodded quickly an assent. While Joan whispered:

"Suppose we go outside, and skirmish round the other tent a little?"

Nan and David seconded this idea, and leaving the boys to as much enjoyment of the scene before them as was possible, the three older ones left the tent, and hurrying by the ticket office, made their way into the open air.

The smaller tent was directly in the rear of the large one, and our party made their way through the groups of boys gathered about, and who did not see anything out of the common in three young people who evidently, like themselves, were anxious to look in upon the actors' tent, especially as rumors of the accident had already reached the out-of-door non-paying portion of the audience.

David led the way cautiously to the smaller tent, and with a sign to the girls to keep silence, he applied his eye to a torn portion of the canvas.

What he saw made him clinch his hands angrily together, and Joan, watching for such signs, fairly jumped up and down in her excitement.

Inside the tent only the Delamoris were visible. Janey, her hand rudely bound up, was cowering in one corner, while over her stood the French woman, talking violently and scolding angrily, the child being evidently in too much terror to dare the least resistance.

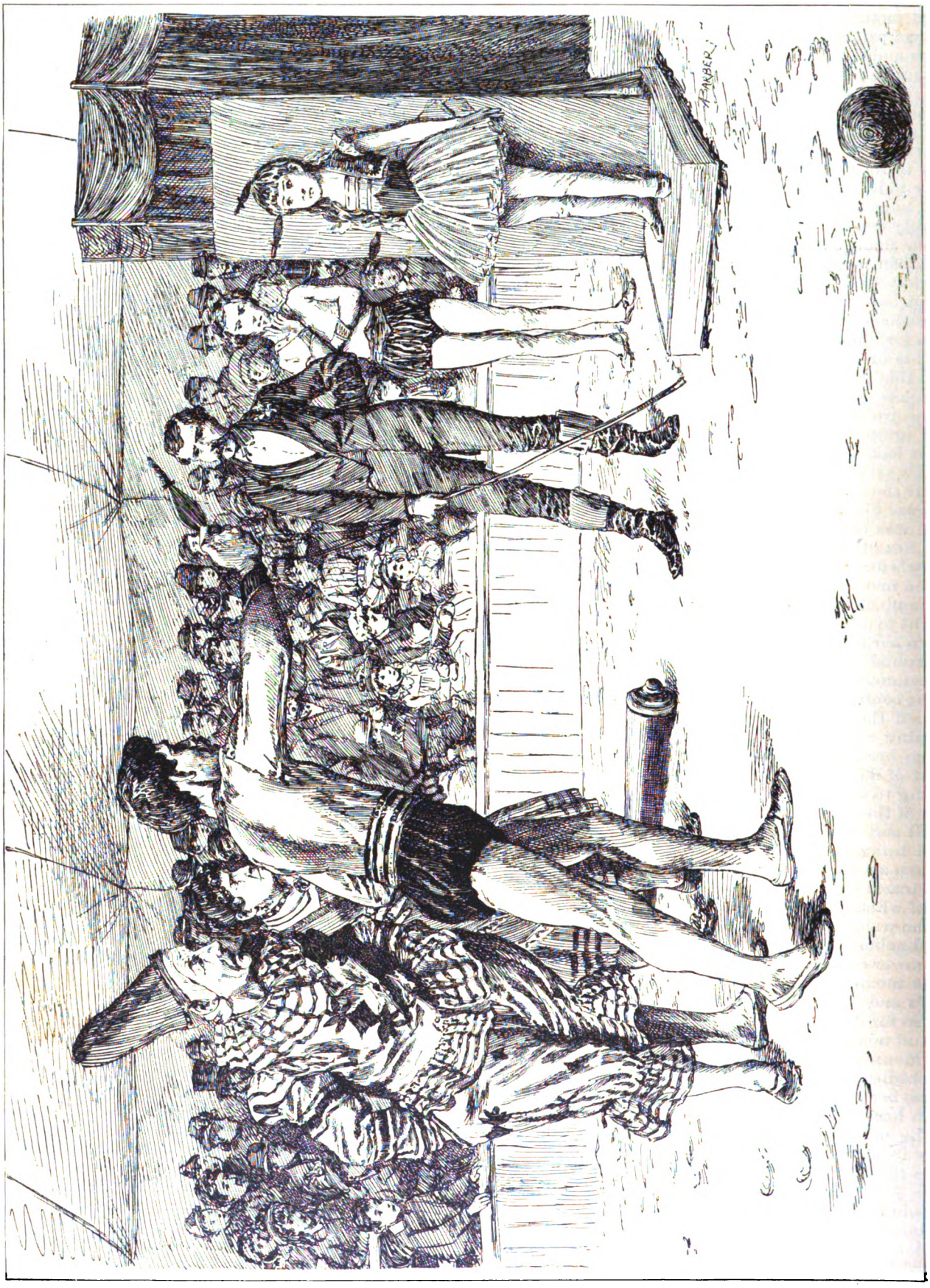
David started back and hurriedly explained what he had seen.

"What shall we do?" the three young people ask each other, for to be rash, even in Janey's defense, then might spoil everything.

It was decided that they should do their best to get some message to the little girl; meanwhile they could return home for advice and consultation, and David should come back for the evening performance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"THE KNIVES WHIZ THROUGH THE AIR, STRIKING ON ALL SIDES OF THE TERRIFIED LITTLE FIGURE."

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A ROYAL DUEL. See Article on Page 480.

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## HOW JOHNNY ROCKED THE BABY.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

PART II.



JOHNNY had now a water-wheel which would turn properly under the force of the current of the small stream he had so skillfully dammed. He had put a crank on this wheel, and to the end of the crank had attached a line which ran through a pulley made of a spool, and suspended to an apple bough over the wheel, and which was moved by the turning of the wheel with sufficient force to lift a stone of considerable size.

Just opposite the dam, and about ten feet distant, was the sitting-room window. Now, as always in warm weather, it was open at the top. To get a ladder, lean it against the side of the house, and climb up to where he could see over the sash into the room, was the work of only two minutes. There lay the baby in his cradle sound asleep, and Johnny could hear his mother ironing in the kitchen, singing very softly to herself. A honeysuckle climbed about the window, and a tall, half-wild bush of yellow roses grew close by it, where scores of bees were humming, too. Leaning past the roses, Johnny punched two small holes in the window-cap near the right-hand corner (which was about the same height above the ground as the apple-tree bough), and fixed firmly into them the wire support of his other spool pulley. This arranged, the free end of the cord was passed through it, and allowed to fall inside the room. Then Johnny put away his ladder and went into the house.

"Look out!" whispered his anxious mother as he entered: "baby's asleep."

"I'll take care of him," he answered, in the same guarded tone, and tiptoed his way into the sitting-room.

The cord hung too loosely to feel and obey the motion of the crank at this distance; but when Johnny had cautiously taken up the slack, he saw that it drew quite strongly, showing that both the spool pulleys were working well.

Measuring with his eye about the length required, Johnny made a loop in the cord. This done, only one thing remained to the fulfillment of his designs, but this was fearful, for the baby was almost certain to be awakened.

Some minutes passed before he could summon courage for this, but finally, going to the cradle "with a manly heart," he began to drag it as gently as possible over toward the window. His care was wasted. At the first motion there was a flinging up of pink fists and a yell. Baby was awake and cross.

"There, John!" came his mother's voice. "I told you you'd wake him; and it was so hard to get him to sleep! I'm so sorry! I *did* want to finish that ironing!"

No wonder the poor woman was vexed. Johnny felt it.

"Go back to your work, mother," he said. "I'll get him to sleep again. Never mind him. I'll rock him first-rate," and good-humoredly pushing his mother out of the room, he placed the cradle where he wanted it, drove a short nail into the rocker, and hooked to it the loop in his cord.

His notion, you see, was to make the turning of the water-wheel rock the baby, by pulling the cord up and down.

It did rock it, sure enough, but in a very surprising way. Instead of the gentle, even moderate, movement which Johnny had already learned to be "what the baby wanted," the rapid whirling of the wheel made that cradle dance and jiggle like a wheat-hopper.

The little occupant at first was silent with amazement. Perhaps he thought himself trotted on somebody's knee, or tossed in a blanket, or shaken up by an earthquake; but in ten seconds astonishment gave way to indignation, and the disappointed lad was glad to unhook his cord and devote himself to quieting the bothersome brother.

It was with a rueful face that at last the boy went out and gazed at his machinery. Power enough was there, but its service was all at fault. How should he reduce the speed, yet save the power?

"I'm up a stump," he said to himself, meaning that he was thoroughly puzzled.

Resolved not to ask his father, Johnny cast about for some information on the subject.

"I'll go down to the mill at the corners, look over the machinery there, and see if I can't get a hint."

Two days passed before he had an opportunity. Then, study the rattling cog-wheels, belts, and beams, as much as he might, it was long before he met with any part which seemed to throw light on what he needed to know. Finally, in one corner of the mill, he found a pump working in just the slow and regular way he wanted his cradle to move. Examining the arrangement very carefully, he went home and began to imitate it.

Taking the crank off his water-wheel, he set upon the end of the axle, in its place, a pulley about as big as the palm of his hand, which he made by sawing a thin piece off a round stick and nicking the edge.

Then he drove two long stakes into the bottom of the brook beside his wheel. The tops of these were nearly as high as his head above the wheel, and driving them was very hard work, for he had to stand on a shaky barrel and use a heavy hammer. When they were down tight, he fastened them pretty close together, by nailing on a short cross piece with a nick in the top. Then he set up two more on the other side in just the same shape; but that was an easier task, because they were driven into the bank.

A big pulley was the next thing needed—one as big as the bottom of a wash-tub. To make it seemed almost too great an undertaking, and casting about for some substitute, Johnny happily thought of his hand-cart. That had wheels of the desired size. To turn one of these into a pulley by tacking bits of thin board to the felloes on each side, so as to make a sort of groove all around the tire, was only a matter of time and trouble.

When it had been prepared he put a tight, strong stick through the hub for an axle, set the big cart-wheel pulley on his frame—the ends of the axle resting in the notches of the cross pieces, and fastened it so that it would turn easily and without sliding sideways.

This big pulley hung directly above the small pulley on the water-wheel, and when a piece of clothes-line had been bound snugly around both so as to gear them together, the whirling of the little pulley, turning with the water-wheel, caused the big pulley to revolve also. But the cart-wheel was so much the larger of the two that it would get around only once in the time that the other was making five or six revolutions; hence it moved five or six times as slowly as its furious little neighbor.

Turning on the water, Johnny found that the two pulleys revolved smoothly together, connected by their clothes-line belt, and all was ready for the next step.

This consisted in attaching to the end of the axle of the big pulley a crank such as had been used before, only longer. To this he fastened his cord, running it through the spools as before, and was now ready to attach it to the cradle and try again.

This time, however, he waited until mamma had taken the baby out for a walk. Hooking the cord to the rocker, the empty cradle moved gently and regularly with the slow and even motion of the crank on the big wheel, and though he piled on books enough to more than equal the infant's weight, the machine still did its work.

Just then his mother returned.

"Take the baby, Johnny, and keep him quiet if you can; you'll have to rock him, I expect. There! He's fretting now! Put him in the cradle while I get supper."

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Johnny dutifully took the "kid," carried him into the sitting-room, laid him in the cradle, hooked the cord to the tack in the rocker, and saw that everything worked rightly. Then he stepped into the kitchen and ran out-of-doors.

"That's the way he tends the baby, is it!" his mother exclaimed to herself. "That boy 'll catch it some of these days if he isn't more faithful. 'Twon't be a jiffy before that child 'll be a-screaming again."

But no noise was heard, though Johnny had not come back—in fact, he was standing outside the sitting-room window waiting to see some fun.

"That's curious," the mother said to herself, after a while. "I never knew the child to go straight to sleep again like that, and Johnny didn't rock him half a minute. I'm going to see what it means."

Pushing the door softly open, she peeped in. Nobody was there—nobody at all; yet that cradle was rocking steadily back and forth, and baby calmly slumbered.

"Well, I never!" the good woman declared, with wide-open eyes and a half-scared feeling. Rather timidly she stepped nearer, and saw a cord looped about a button on the rocker, running up through a spool at the window, and thence straight out among the roses and apple leaves. Following it with her eye, she traced it through another pulley and down to where the crank arm of a water-wheel kept ceaselessly turning round and round, steadily pulling the cord, rolling the spools, and rocking the baby.

Johnny did "catch it," as his mother said he would; but *it* was the prize dollar for greatest usefulness, since for many a week after that his little machine saved both the mother and himself many precious hours of labor and time.

THE END.

## BAGH-WALLAH; OR, A GORKHA BOY'S FEAT.

BY DAVID KER.

"FIVE HUNDRED RUPEES REWARD.
The above reward will be paid to any one who shall catch or kill the man-eating tiger which has killed several persons in this district during the past month.
(By order.)
"T. H. BRANCEPETH, Commissioner."

Such was the proclamation which, printed both in English and in Hindustani, had already drawn an eager crowd in the market-place of a town in northern India.

Some of those who could read were reciting it to others who could not, and many an eye sparkled at the thought of a reward which would give them more at one stroke than most of them had been able to save by years of labor.

"Rupees are good," said a gaunt, half-clad water-carrier, "but they can not help a man much when he is killed and eaten."

"And, besides," added a keen-eyed Puharri hunter, with a long gun over his shoulder, "what's the use of hunting a beast that can not be killed? This is no tiger, but a magician in the shape of one. Thrice I have fired at him, and you know, brothers, whether old Ismail's bullets are apt to lose their way; but I never even scratched his skin."

"Ismail speaks the words of wisdom," chimed in a broad-shouldered cooly beside him. "Have not pits been dug for this beast? has not poisoned meat been strewn in his way? have they not tried to net and trap him? and has he not escaped all? He who would slay an enchanted tiger had need to be an enchanter himself."

All this while no one had noticed a figure a little apart from the crowd, looking fixedly at the paper through the thicket of heads around it. It was that of a slim, brown, sinewy lad, whether man or boy was not easily told, for the face was perfectly smooth, and the height barely that of a boy of fourteen. But, boy or man, he was a soldier, as might be seen by his round flat cap, and dark blue uniform trimmed with white. The by-standers knew him at once for a Gorkha soldier from the mountains of Nepaul, two regiments of whom, commanded by English officers, were then lying in camp about three miles from the town.

"Five hundred rupees!" he muttered, "and my mother is growing old and sickly, and less than that would make her comfortable for the rest of her life."

About an hour later Colonel Swordsley of the Gorkha Infantry was somewhat surprised to hear that a private of his own regiment was very anxious to speak to him. What the Gorkha had to say appeared to amaze him still more, judging from his exclamation of astonishment.

"Do you know what you're doing, my boy?" he was heard to say. "Don't go and throw away your life like a madman. That rascally tiger has killed half a dozen men already; what can *you* do against him single-handed?"

"Every man must die when his time comes, Colonel Sahib" (master), answered the young soldier, firmly; "and who is this pig of a tiger, that one should let him eat up men like sheep? If I kill him, my mother will be rich; if I should die myself, I pray the Colonel Sahib to be good to her."

"She shall never want while Philip Swordsley lives," said the Colonel, more moved than he would have cared to confess. "Go, then, since you *will* go, my brave fellow, and good luck to you!"

Had any one been passing through the forest of Kamadeo that afternoon he would have been considerably astonished to meet there a man who, instead of making haste to get out of that dangerous jungle, seemed bent on getting deeper and deeper into it. And stranger still, instead of creeping softly along, with bated breath and eyes cast timidly around on the watch for the terrible "man-eater," he walked fearlessly through rustling leaves and crackling twigs, singing a lusty song at the top of his voice, as if on purpose to draw the tiger's attention.

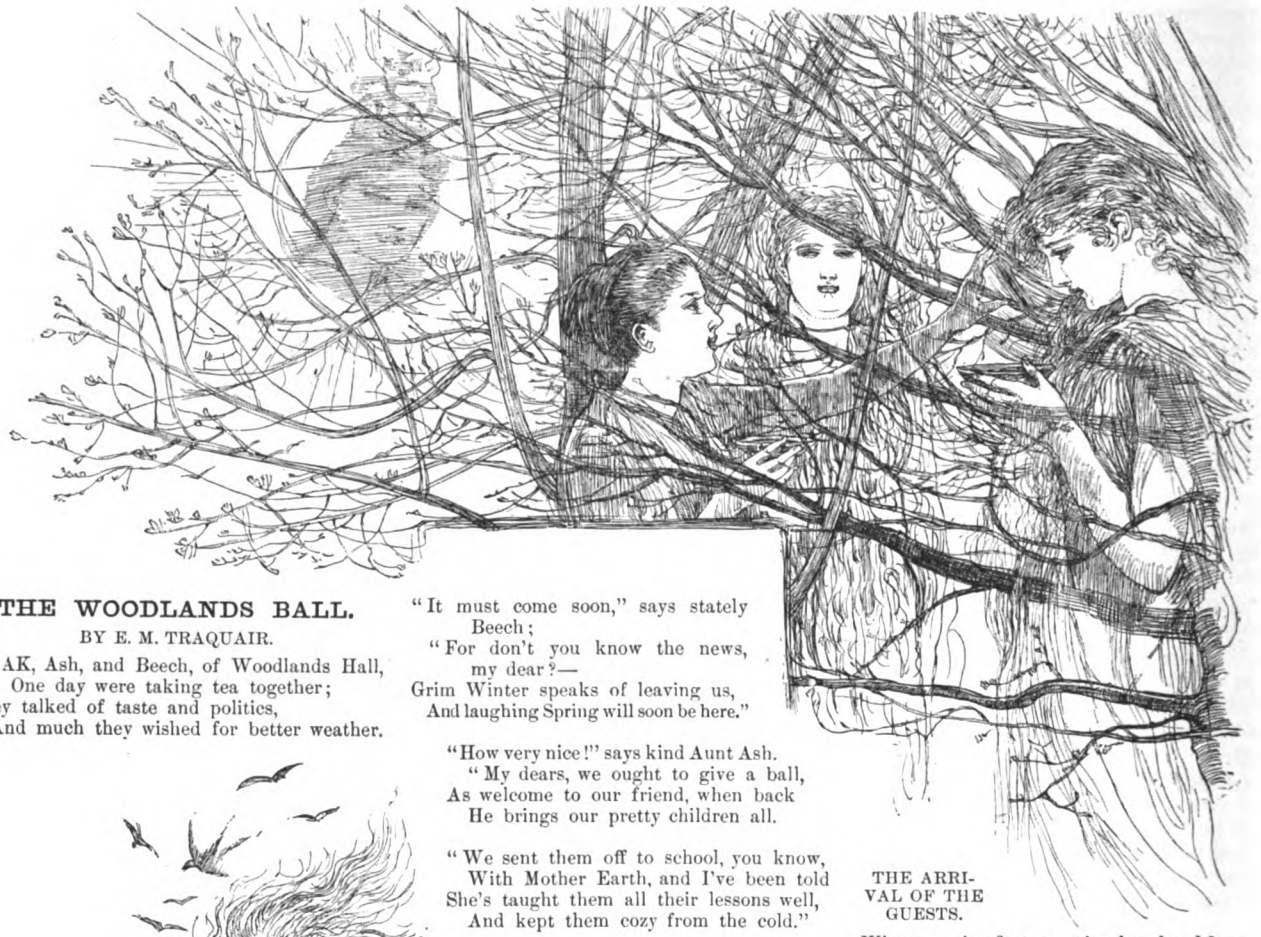
But our young Gorkha—for he it was—knew well what he was about; and utterly hopeless as a fight between that slender lad and a full-grown tiger would have seemed to any one else, *he* did not think it hopeless by any means. His sinewy limbs, with hardly any clothing to hamper them, were as supple and active as those of the tiger itself; and although he carried no weapon but a knife, that knife was the terrible Nepaulese "kookri," with a blade as long as a bayonet and as broad as the palm of a man's hand, against which, when handled by a Gorkha, neither man nor beast has much chance.

No ear less quick than the young warrior's could have heard that stealthy tread behind him, but *he* heard and understood it in a moment. Quick as lightning he wheeled round, just as a huge mass of striped yellow fur shot up out of the bushes at him with a hoarse hungry roar.

But the wary Gorkha was not to be caught so easily. Flinging himself on the ground, he let the tiger fly harmlessly over him, while at the same moment a quick upward slash of his knife cut the sinew of the beast's hind-leg, and stopped its leaping once for all. The wounded monster turned furiously upon its enemy with a sharp, snarling cry. Any other man might well have trembled to see that savage face close to him, with its fiery eyes and gaping jaws, from which the great white teeth stood out like spikes. Not so the Gorkha. He sprang to his feet, the terrible knife flashed and fell, and the dreaded "man-eater" lay dead before him, with its skull cloven almost in two.

The camp resounded that night with cheers for the "Bagh-Wallah" (tiger-man), and the British officers added many a silver rupee to the reward which he had so gallantly won. But the young hero himself took it all very quietly, and when I saw him a few days later seemed to think much more of his mother's pleasure in the money that he had earned for her than of his own credit as the bravest man in the regiment.

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## THE WOODLANDS BALL.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

OAK, Ash, and Beech, of Woodlands Hall,
One day were taking tea together;
They talked of taste and politics,
And much they wished for better weather.

"It must come soon," says stately Beech;
"For don't you know the news, my dear?—
Grim Winter speaks of leaving us,
And laughing Spring will soon be here."

"How very nice!" says kind Aunt Ash.
"My dears, we ought to give a ball,
As welcome to our friend, when back
He brings our pretty children all.

"We sent them off to school, you know,
With Mother Earth, and I've been told
She's taught them all their lessons well,
And kept them cozy from the cold."

The cards were sent; the sun shone out,
And soon each flow'ret peeped to see
If Spring, their friend, had kept his word,
And made their gloomy tyrant flee.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE GUESTS.

Who was the first to raise her head?—
Timid white Snowdrop, just out of bed.
Then came wee Crocus, gorgeously dressed;
Green were his stockings, yellow his vest.

Dear little Daisy, dainty and fair,
Laughing at Buttercup's dandified air,
Hung on his arm as they tripped o'er the grass,
A rustic and happy young lover and lass.

Two beautiful sisters come next into view,
One dressed in pink and the other in blue.
And with them Anemone, fond of the shade,
And tender Wood-Sorrel, a timid young maid.

Pensive Forget-me-not lifts her blue eyes;
Vainly to laugh and be merry she tries.
Wall-flower whispers a fond lover's tale
To gentle sweet Lily, surnamed "of the vale."

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Violet sweet bashfully trips o'er the lea,
Half hoping that no one her entrance may see;
Speedwell comes smiling in kirtle of blue,
Primrose in yellow, pale, pretty, and new.

Conceited Narcissus looks conscious and prim;
Proud Daffodil saunters with Woodbine and him.
And many another young dandy and belle:
Their names, if I tried, I never could tell.

And thus the wee flowerets came one and came all,
Flocking to dance at the Woodlands Ball.
But where was the music?—Why, South Wind's song
Rang merry and sweet as the day was long.

THE BALL.

How all went off 'twere vain to tell;
In truth, it was a merry time.
The livelong day they danced and sprang
To South Wind's cheery chime.

The Sun went down to rest, but sent
A feast of dew to every one;
The Moon and golden Stars looked down—
Delighted they to see the fun.

But sudden, mid the frolic mirth,
The sky grew dark, the air was chill;
The Frost-Wind whistled down the vale,
And scattered snow-wreaths on the hill.

The pretty darlings, pale with fear,
Fly hither, thither, everywhere,
Or droop their tender golden heads,
And fall upon their faces fair.

But when the Sun at morn arose,
And found the flowers he loved were gone,
In burning wrath he threw his rays
Their cold and cruel foe upon.

Away he slunk. The flowers began
To come back shyly one by one;
Bluebell rang out her chimes once more,
And all again was mirth and fun.

This happened at the Woodlands Ball
(I tell the tale as told to me);
And when there is another one,
May you and I be there to see!

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LOVELY MAY.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

### A NEW SERIAL STORY.

ALL those who read that fascinating story, "The Lost City," recently published in these pages, will be delighted to hear that a new serial story by the same author will be begun in the next issue of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

It is entitled:

### "INTO UNKNOWN SEAS,"

BY

DAVID KER.

The title sufficiently indicates the character of the story, for what strange adventures are not possible to those who voyage into "unknown seas"?

The author, Mr. DAVID KER, who is a special correspondent of the *New York Times*, is one of the most energetic and adventurous of travellers. There is hardly a country in the four continents which he has not visited. Among the steppes of Central Asia or the deserts and jungles of Equatorial Africa he feels as much at home as in London or New York. His life has been full of adventure, and it is this personal experience that makes his stories so real and so fascinating.

"Into Unknown Seas" will be handsomely illustrated by Mr. T. DE THULSTRUP.

### SOME PRETTY OUT-DOOR GAMES.

NOW that the pleasant weather invites you all to stay out in the sunshine, perhaps you would like me to put you in mind that there are many charming games in which both girls and boys may take part, and which will give you good exercise as well as frolic and fun. Those of which I shall tell you to-day are taken from a beautiful book entitled *Games and Songs of American Children*; it is published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and is a perfect treasury of information on this subject.

The first game I shall describe has the pretty title of

#### BLUE-BIRDS AND YELLOW-BIRDS.

A ring of girls with their hands clasped and lifted.

A girl called, according to the color of her dress, blue-bird, black-bird, yellow-bird, red-bird, enters, and passes into the ring under an arch formed by a pair of lifted hands, singing to any suitable tune,

Here comes a blue-bird through the window,
Here comes a blue-bird through the window,
Here comes a blue-bird through the window—
High diddle dum day!

She seizes a child, and waltzes off with her, singing,

Take a little dance and a hop i' the corner,
Take a little dance and a hop i' the corner,
Take a little dance and a hop i' the corner—
High diddle dum day!

After the dance it is the turn of the child who was chosen partner to lead as before, changing the name of the bird to whatever is the color of her dress.

#### SHEEP AND WOLF.

This is a very ancient game of hiding. A wolf is chosen by counting out. He conceals himself, and then indicates that he is ready by howling. The rest of the party, who are supposed to be sheep, walk round the corner in a casual way, until one calls out, "I spy a wolf," whereupon all immediately take to their heels. Whoever is caught by the wolf before reaching home must himself be wolf for the next turn.

Shall I tell you some favorite ways of counting out for games?

(1.) Red, white, and blue,
All out but you.

(2.) Engine No. 3,
Out goes she.

(3.) Little man driving cattle,
Don't you hear his money rattle?
One, two, three,
Out goes he (or she).

(4.) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
Mary sat at the garden gate,
Eating plums off a plate.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

(5.) Intery, mintery, cutery, corn,
Apple-seed and apple-thorn.
Wire, brier, limber lock,
Five mice in a flock;
Catch him, Jack,
Hold him, Tom,
Blow the bellows,
Old man out!

(6.) William a Trimbletoe,
He's a good fisherman,
Catch his hands, put them in pens;
Some fly east, some fly west,
Some fly over the cuckoo's nest.
O-u-t spells out and be gone.

One more game, and then we will read our letters:

#### QUAKER, HOW IS THEE?

"Quaker, Quaker, how is thee?"
"Very well, I thank thee."
"How's thy neighbor, next to thee?"
"I don't know, but I'll go and see."

The question must be made with a rapid movement to and fro of the right hand. The second child inquires of the third, and so on all round. The same question is then asked with a gesture of the left hand; after this has gone round, with both hands, left foot, right foot, both feet, finally by both feet and hands at once, which makes a nice long game and great fun.

---

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Almost every little girl seems to write you a letter, and so I thought I would. I am going abroad on the 13th of May, and I don't like the idea at all. We expect to sail in the *Fulda*, one of the steamers on the North German Lloyd line. Our yard is just twice as big as any other on our block, because my aunt lives next door, and we have had the fence taken down between the two houses. It is very pleasant there, and we have five trees, one of which is just the same age as my eldest brother. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years, and I like it ever so much. I have two brothers, but no sister, and I want one dreadfully. I am very fond of animals, and especially kittens; in the summer-time, when I am in the country, I have a great many. I had one little tiny kitten I called Grover, after Cleveland, and it died. I wrote a piece of poetry to him, telling the way it died, and I thought I would send it to you.

"HAMLET" (age 11).

I am sorry there is no room for the tragic story of the kitten.

---

CLARKSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA.

Clarksburg is situated on the West Fork River, a branch of the Monongahela. It is one hundred and two years old, and is a very pleasant place in the summer. We are going to have a new custom-house, and a new court-house too. The academy I attend is old, but a good school. There are nine class-rooms; I am in the fifth. I have neither been absent nor tardy this year. This is all I can think of now. AGNES S.

A very good record.

---

LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

We came to Lakewood a little more than a year ago. It is a great winter resort for invalids, who come here to breathe the fresh pine air. There is a large hotel here, called the Laurel House, which is full almost all winter; it accommodates three hundred guests. As the other children tell of their pets, I will mention mine. My canary-bird is named Dick; he is a beautiful singer, eight years old. My sister Anna has one named Daisy, and my other sisters, Mary and Isabel, have a bird named Pet. We have a dark bay horse; his name is Jim. He is so gentle that I ride him. I also drive him with the phaeton. Our dog is Dash; he is large and handsome. We also have a cow named Nellie, and about seventy-five chickens. Trailing arbutus grows here in abundance; I inclose a few pieces of it. I am very fond of reading; my favorite authors are Miss Alcott, Miss Warner, and Mrs. Lillie. "Rolf House" is splendid, and so was "Nan." Jimmy Brown does not write so often as I should like.

ELEANOR F.

Thanks for the sweet arbutus.

---

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I live in one of the prettiest squares in this beautiful city. The street cars run past the door, and they are very convenient when you are in haste. I go to school at the Franklin Building, and at noon we eat our lunches in the Park. The watchman does not like the children to get on the grass, but he can not keep them off very well. Inauguration-day I went to see the procession, which I liked very much, only it took such a long time in passing. At night I went to the President's to see the fire-works, which I liked very much. When we were coming out of the gate to go home, some troops marching down the Avenue fired five thousand rockets, which fell all around us; I did not like that much. The city is beginning to look very pretty, for the leaves are coming out on the trees, and the grass is growing green. EMILY G. S.

Washington must be very beautiful now with the roses in bloom.

---

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl six years old. I went to Kindergarten awhile, but now I go to school, and am learning to write, but I couldn't wait so long to write to you, so mamma is writing for me. I have a canary, but I think more of our horse; his name is Dandy, and I pat him every day, and he is just as nice and gentle as can be. Mamma and papa always allow me to drive a little when we go to ride. I love HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and couldn't do without it. I will not write any more, for fear you will not print it, and I do hope you will. I would like to see you. When I can write well enough, I will write you a letter myself. EILLEEN H.

I hope this little girl will be able to write to me, all by herself, a year from to-day.

---

SARATOGA, NEW YORK.

I am now at Saratoga, on my grandmother's farm. I have lovely times here. I thought you would like to hear about my pets. I have a beautiful little pony named Fanny, a lovely black lamb named Florry, and a little calf named Snowdrop. I am eleven years old. I have no brothers or sisters, but would like to have one. I have a dear little cousin, whom I love; he is so smart and cunning. I hope there will be room enough for this letter, as I would so much like to see it in print. My papa has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number, and I think it is the prettiest and nicest paper I ever read. I send you these flowers with love. EDITH J. S.

Thank you, dear.

---

LOVELAND, COLORADO.

We have taken this paper three years, and hope to take it for many years more. My father is dead, and my mother teaches school here. I have an older brother, who is away at college. Loveland is a little place about nine miles from the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. We walk up there sometimes in the summer after cherries. I have one pet, a big cat. We have eighteen hens besides a rooster and twelve little chicks; I have two more hens set. I have a garden every year, and raise vegetables. Day before yesterday ten inches of snow fell, though my garden is up. I have a scroll-saw, and can make brackets. I have read quite a number of books. I liked "Wakulla" very much. My sister also writes. This is my first letter. I have never been out of Colorado in my life.

EUGENE B. S. (aged twelve).

---

I think we would all like to go to school if we could have so pleasant a teacher as our next correspondent.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

I wish to tell the readers of the Post-office Box a little incident that occurred in my room at school some weeks since. It was in the physiology class, and the lesson was on "The Hand." "Man is the only animal that has a hand," I read from the text-book. "Think of that, children," I said, "man is the only animal that has a hand,"

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whereupon one of my youthful charges, Howard C., eagerly inquired, "*Doesn't a lady?*"

Of course the boys and girls who read this charming magazine never eat candy or chew gum in school. Surely not: I wonder if they have ever heard of such a thing. Shall I tell them what I have done in our school? I have drawn up a pledge, as follows:

"We, whose names are written below, do promise that we will not chew gum or eat during school hours for the remainder of this term."

I think most of the children who have signed this pledge—they sign voluntarily, of course—will keep it. I regard my pupils as a sacred trust, and I dearly love some of them. My advice to the children is this: Make your school-days bright and happy: then in the years to come, it will be a pleasure to you to look back upon them; and try to act in such a way that your teachers can think of *you* with pleasure. It is very easy for teachers to love boys and girls who have courteous manners, pleasing ways of speaking, and honest hearts. J. B. H.

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

My brother has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since Christmas, and he likes it very much indeed; so do you mind my writing to you? I am lame, so that I like to read and to write very much, for it rests the pain for me to sit still. I have found a nice receipt for cream candy for the cooking club that Ruth M. belongs to, and I hope they will like it. It is like this:

Two cups of granulated sugar, half a cup of water; add a quarter of a tea-spoonful of cream of tartar dissolved in water as soon as it boils. Boil ten minutes; don't stir. When done, it will be better if dropped in cold water. Add butter half the size of an egg just before taking off the stove. Flavor to suit.

I am just eleven years old, so please excuse my mistakes and bad writing. MADGE O.

WEBBERVILLE, MICHIGAN.

I am a little boy six years old, but I can not write, so I am going to ask my sister to write this. I have been ill for a week, but I am getting better now. We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a year, and like it very much. My sister and brothers read the stories to me. I do not go to school, but I read in the First Reader to mamma. My brother and I have a trapeze and swing in the barn, and we have a good deal of fun playing with them. EDDIE P. M.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

I wrote you a letter last year, but it was not published, so I thought I would write again, and tell you of a cunning little squirrel my brother caught. His name was Tib. He would get on the window-sill and catch all the flies. Sometimes Tib would get in mamma's work-basket, and before she would know it he would have all the pins off the cushion, and even slip under the arm of the old Wheeler & Wilson sewing-machine while it was running. He would do many other cunning things. One day we heard a funny noise in the chimney, and at first did not know what it was. After a short time mamma went out, and saw that Tib had climbed up the chimney, and then down a cherry-tree that stood near it, where poor Tib was killed by a dog. We once had a raccoon, but had to give him away, because we could not keep him chained; he would slip his head through his collar, and run away, or climb high up in a tree where we could not get him. We have the last four volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE bound. EMMA S.

PESCADERO, CALIFORNIA.

I live in a small valley in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Our nearest neighbor is over a mile away, and our nearest lady neighbor is more than two miles distant, while the girl nearest my age is eleven miles away. I have two brothers and two sisters; my eldest sister is away at school. I would be very much pleased if some of the girls of my age would write to me; my age is thirteen.

LILLIE MANLEY.

SUISUN, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I do not take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but our school does, and I read every book. I enjoy reading the letters ever so much. The stories are interesting as well as instructive. A week ago I went on a picnic, and had a very nice time. I thought I would send a wild flower cross and some ferns that I got in the woods. If I go to the sea-shore next vacation I will send you some shells and sea-moss if you would like some. I would like to correspond with Miss Eva S. P., if she will not object to corresponding with a stranger. She can tell me about England, for I would like to hear about it ever so much, as I can not go and see it for myself, and I can tell her about California. I will send you my address, and if she writes she can send you the letter, and you can send it to me. I suppose she would like to know my age if she writes to me: I will be sixteen in July. "Rolf House" and "Archie's Adventure" are very nice stories. If this letter is printed I would like to write again, if you have room for it in the Post-office Box. You have so many letters that I am afraid you will have no room for mine, but I thought I would try, for people say there is nothing like trying. Yours truly, ZAIDEE.

Thanks for the beautiful pressed flowers, which perfectly retain their color.

HONESDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.

Honesdale is situated in a beautiful valley between two large hills. It is on the Lackawaxen River, twenty-five miles from its mouth, where it empties into the Delaware. It has about 8000 inhabitants. The streets are straight, level, and at right angles. Large maple shade trees form arches over many of the streets. The sidewalks and crossings are of stone. It has a large park in the centre of the town, which contains a soldiers' monument, erected by the ladies of Wayne County soon after the war. There is also a large fountain in the park. Honesdale has one of the handsomest cemeteries in the State. On the east is Irving Cliff, a rock 800 feet almost perpendicular above the town, upon the summit of which is a large new summer hotel, called the Irving Cliff Hotel. It is 185 feet long and four stories high, with two large towers. A long range of the Moosic Mountains can be seen in the west, and part of the Catskills in the east, eighty miles off. The view from the cliff is beautiful. Mountains, hills, villages, lakes, and rivers may be seen almost at a glance; every house and street in Honesdale may be seen at once. On the west are the coal-works of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, with its inclined planes and its mountains of coal. I am a boy almost ten years old, and am in the Fourth Grade, Class A. I love my school and my books. FRANK A. D.

Thanks are due to Frank for writing so interesting a letter.

SUFFIELD, CONNECTICUT.

I live on a hill, and have a very pleasant walk to school. Most of the way is shaded by elms. My papa and his brother set the trees out when they were boys. I live in my papa's old home. My school is north of our house. I pass the parsonage and the church, and hear beautiful birds singing all the way. The oriole builds its nest in our trees. When I am at the school-house I look at the beautiful landscape—much more beautiful than any other I know of. The little church looks down from its perch on the hill at the green valley, dotted here and there with farm-houses, with now and then a church spire. I have been told that fifteen could be counted on a clear day. At my left, I see the United States Arsenal in the city of Springfield, Massachusetts, ten miles away, and into Holyoke and Tom, twenty-five miles away. I enjoy my HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; my papa gave it to me for a Christmas present for two years. GRACIE L. H. (ten years old).

I am a little girl nine years old. I live in Louisville. Every summer we go to the country. We have a tricycle and a baby wagon and a lovely sled. We have about a dozen dolls, and a bride and groom. ANNA MAY P.

GIBRALTAR, SPAIN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little boy seven years old. I live in Gibraltar, where there are a great many soldiers and cannon-balls. I like to speak Spanish better than English. I have no pets to play with. I have one little brother and three sisters. We have no garden, but we play on the terrace on the top of the house. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I go to school every day. This is the first letter I have ever written, so I hope you will print it.

ARTHUR WILLIAM C.

We are very pleased to have Arthur's first letter in the Post-office Box.

CHOCCOLOCCO, ALABAMA.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I have been a subscriber to your paper for more than a year, and think it the best paper ever published. When I go to school I study grammar, geography, arithmetic, word-book, reading, and writing. I am studying at home now, and taking music lessons. I have one sister and three brothers; their names are Lida, Mallory, Jimmie, and Cleveland. I have no pets except my little six-months-old brother. My sister takes music lessons too. Our teacher's name is Miss MacB. We all love her very much, and like music very well. I practice two hours every day. I enjoyed reading "The Ice Queen" and "Nan" so much! JESSIE M. D.

SALEM, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl six years old. We play games every Friday or Saturday night. We have the magic lantern (and there are some funny pictures in it), and some card games, such as Snap, Dr. Busby, Authors, etc., at other times tableaux, and last night we tried the game that little boy wrote to you about in one of his letters, of looking at a number of things on a table, and then trying to remember afterward what we saw. We liked it very much. My sisters take your paper, and I like the little letters; mamma reads them to me. My sister Daisy, eleven years of age, is our "chicken mother"; she has five little chickens, and a lot of hens setting. I have a big family of dolls, and two cats, called Glossy and Flossy. The buds are bursting, and the birds are singing, and it is a pleasure to see the snow-drops. I can read and spell, and have hard words. We had a happy Easter, and in the morning we had fun hunting around the garden for our nests and candy eggs.

Your little friend, MARY GRAHAM T.

Little writers must never allow themselves to be teased if their letters do not appear in the Post-office Box. So many children write that it would be impossible to make room for every letter. The Postmistress reads and enjoys everything the little correspondents send, and is always very, very sorry when she thinks that a child will be disappointed and watch in vain to see his or her name in the Post-office Box. Sometimes, too, a letter can not find its place for weeks after you send it, so you must all be very sweet and patient.—**Helen N.**: Thanks, dear, for your lovely pressed flowers. What a pretty, plain hand you write!—**Daisy E. S.**: You need not despair of writing beautifully by-and-by. You form your letters very well, especially your capitals.—**Ben Howell G.**: I am sorry to hear of your poor white pigeon that could never be kept clean. Can somebody suggest a pretty and appropriate name for a club?—**B. A. B.**: Many thanks for your account of the nutting party. It is very well written, but rather too long for the Post-office Box.—**Corrie B., W. P. A., Mattie B., Bessie T., Beth C. L., Lulie G., Nina M. B., Nora G. G., Mabel A. B.,** and **Gertie M. W.** will accept thanks for their letters.—**Ila B.** must write again.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

TWO NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

1.—I am composed of 14 letters.
My 14, 1, 12, 6 is a body of water.
My 4, 5, 6, 14, 7 is to subdue.
My 8, 16, 2, 12 is a duty.
My 15, 13, 12, 3 is one of the books of the Bible.
My 9, 10, 14 is a bird of the forest.
My 1, 10, 11, 12, 3 is not asleep.
My whole is something anxiously hoped for by many readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

GRACE EDNA MURRAY.

2.—I am composed of 9 letters.
My 3, 6, 9 is a name which boys should never give to their father.
My 5, 4, 3 is a color.
My 7, 6, 2 is a body of water.
My 1, 6, 2 is food for horses.
My 7, 8, 3 is the opposite of good.
My 7, 5, 4, 6, 9 is the staff of life.
My 2, 4, 6, 5 is a period of time.
My whole is a city in Hindostan.

E. C. BROWN.

### No. 2.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A color. 3. Not higher. 4. A great city. 5. A narrative. 6. To endeavor. 7. A letter. GWENDOLINE O'BRIEN (aged twelve).

### No. 3.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A precious stone. 2. A division. 3. A girl's name. 4. A metal. V. DE M.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 288

No. 1.—Cat. Frog. Gnu. Horse. Ape.

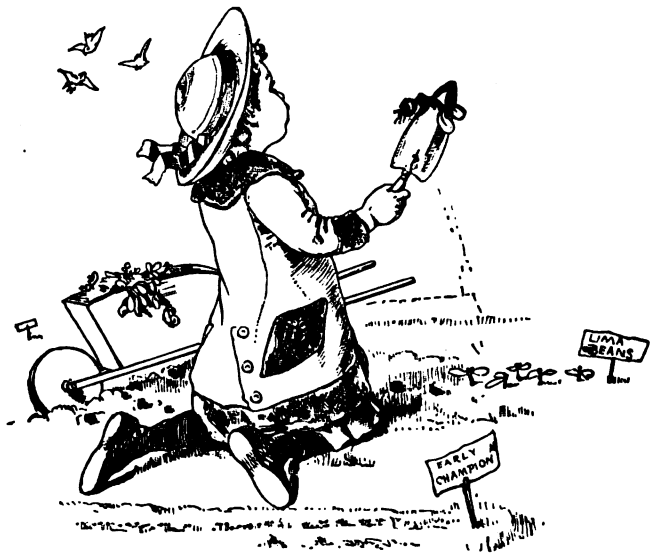
No. 2.—
```
    A
  A P E
A P R I L
  A I R
    L
```

No. 3.
```
A rdrossa N
N evad  A
D  ee   P
R osenda L
E  rn   E
W emys  S
```

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Henry L. King, E. C. Wilkins, Grace Pearl Macomber, John Henderson, Flossie A. Nickerson, Rosalie Longaker, Herbert H. Morrison, Morris Anderson, J. D. Overton, Helen W. Gardner, Mignon, Cockade City, L. P., Alexander J. Christie, Minnie Maynard, Ella Armour, Jessie Fayerweather, Laura Thompson, Jeanie Podeston, Margaret Wells, Richard Ring, Jackson Wallace, J. T. S., Arthur Hayes, Thomas Eldridge, and Morris Anderson.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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A LITTLE GARDENER.

## A ROYAL DUEL.

TWO foresters, who in the month of December last were passing through the rocky defile of Strathglass, in the Scottish Highlands, saw a remarkable sight, namely, a combat between an eagle and a stag, which forms the subject of the illustration on page 473.

A herd of red deer were feeding in the hollow, led by a stag with splendid antlers. Overhead a golden eagle was hovering. Suddenly he swooped down upon the neck of the hart, beating the animal's head with his powerful wings, and striving to tear out his eyes. The stag tried to defend himself with his horns, and succeeded in tumbling his assailant violently into the heather, screaming, and with torn plumage. But the bird speedily recovered, and again swooped down, this time on the haunches of his victim, and therefore out of the reach of his horns. His talons were buried in the stag's coat, while his beak tore at the bleeding flesh. It looked as if the bird would actually conquer, when the stag tried a new stratagem. He flung himself over in a complete somersault, so as to fall upon the eagle, positively rolling himself down the heather slope. Bruised and battered, the eagle lost his grip, and fell once more with tumbled feathers to the earth, while the stag set off at full gallop, and sought the friendly shelter of a pine wood. He was not a whit too soon, for the eagle attempted to renew the attack.

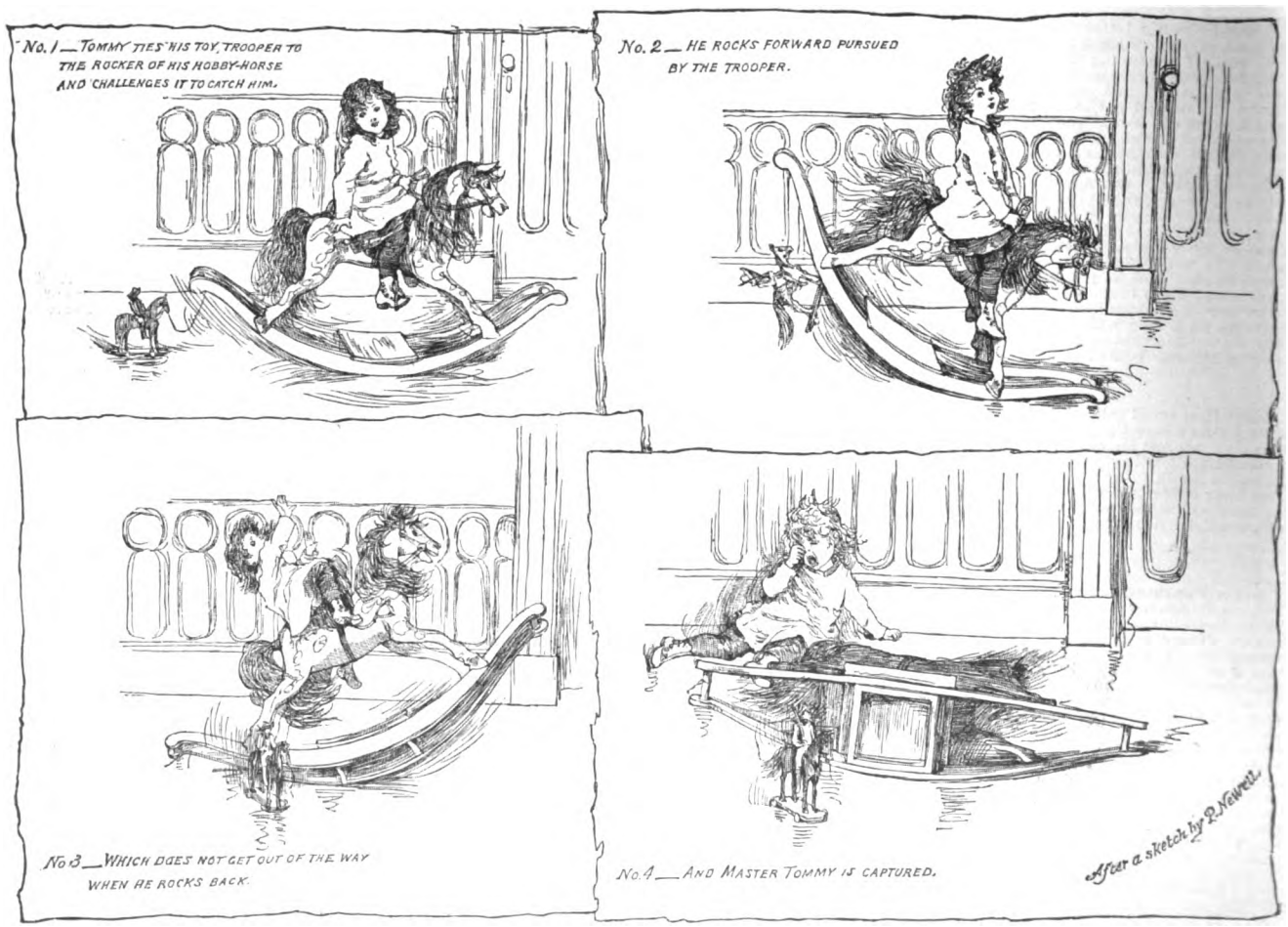
Finally the hart, thoroughly beaten and dismayed, disappeared in the dark shadows of the wood, while the eagle, somewhat ruffled from the conflict, was last seen soaring away beyond the crags of Corrie Mor. It was a terrible duel, in which the king of birds triumphed over the "monarch of the glen."

## CHARADE.

THE noble deeds of honored dead
With sadness I rehearse,
And in a country church-yard once
I made immortal verse.

Behead me and curtail, and then,
Wherever you may dwell,
I'll be your comrade in your walks,
For I *understand* you well.

Beheaded and curtailed again,
I'm left to close this rhyme:
I'm the first of all eternity
And the final end of time.



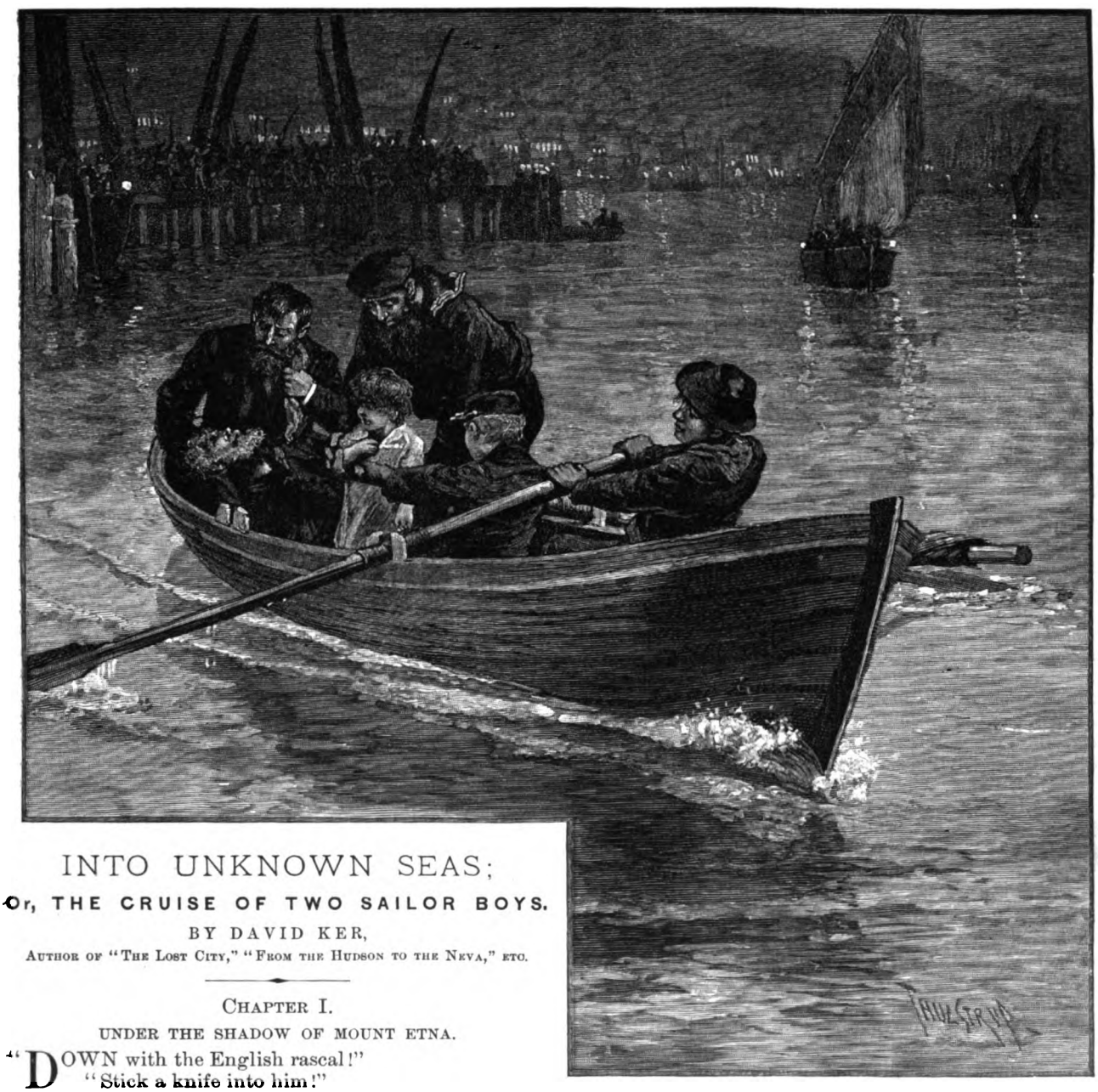

TOMMY AND THE TROOPER.

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HARPER'S
# YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 292. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 2, 1885.
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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"IT WAS A LONG PULL AND A DANGEROUS ONE."

## INTO UNKNOWN SEAS;

### Or, THE CRUISE OF TWO SAILOR BOYS.

BY DAVID KER,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST CITY," "FROM THE HUDSON TO THE NEVA," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF MOUNT ETNA.

"DOWN with the English rascal!"

"Stick a knife into him!"

"Help, comrades! don't let the rogue escape!"

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"Pitch him into the sea, and let him swim home if he can!"

The sun was setting over the green sloping hills and dark orange groves of the Sicilian shore, and its slanting rays lighted up the dim, narrow, tunnel-like streets of Catania and the blue sea beyond, while high above all towered the great white dome of Etna, just beginning to change to crimson in the glow of sunset.

But the tumult within the town harmonized very ill with the peaceful landscape all around. Seldom had such an uproar been heard in that sober old jog-trot sea-port, and the towns-people who were issuing from their houses for a quiet saunter in the cool of the evening turned round in amazement at the yelling mob of red-capped fishermen, olive-cheeked fruit-sellers, leather-jacketed muleteers, big scarlet-shirted peasantry from the surrounding hills, and greasy, tattered, barefooted vagabonds from the lowest quarters of the city, that came rushing and roaring down the straggling, dirty, uneven street leading to the harbor, while a shower of stones, dirt, broken tiles, decayed fruit, and refuse of every kind literally darkened the air.

The three men who seemed to be the objects of this savage attack had the fair complexion, crisp brown hair, and sturdy build of Englishmen. Two of them were dressed like common sailors, but the third, a tall, handsome man of four or five and thirty, who overtopped even his stalwart comrades by nearly half a head, was evidently a person of superior rank, although his weather-stained and almost threadbare suit of navy blue made no very showy appearance.

His cap had been struck from his head by a stone, and a thin streak of blood was creeping down his broad, high forehead. But the hurt, serious as it looked, had evidently done little to disable him, for he still bounded on like a deer-hound, carrying on one arm with apparent ease a thin, pale, hollow-faced little native boy, whose small black eyes were fixed in a stare of helpless terror.

The increasing uproar of the fray had drawn the attention of two sailor boys who were lounging in the stern-sheets of a ship's boat a little way out from the water's edge, as if waiting for some one whom they expected, and they stood up to see what was going on.

"Sandy," cried the taller of the two, a spare, high-cheeked, keen-eyed lad of fifteen, with the unmistakable New England stamp on every line of his gaunt, sinewy frame, "I guess they're having a free fight over there; s'pose you go ashore and show 'em how Wallace and Bruce and the rest of your boss fighters used to lay out any feller that riled 'em."

His companion, a square, thickset, red-haired fellow, about a year younger, who showed the freckled skin, hard features, and small gray eye so common on the west coast of Scotland, turned his face toward the shore, over which the first shadows of night were just beginning to fall, and looked keenly for some moments, without speaking, at the eddying mass of wild figures that came howling round the corner of the Strada Marina (Marine Street).

"Man, Jamie," said he at length, with a sly twinkle in his small, deep-set eyes, "Wallace and Bruce were doobtless varra great men, and the greatest of a' their qualities, in my opeenion, was that they ne'er meddled wi' a battle that didna concern them."

But at that moment the tide of flight and pursuit burst out upon the low quay fronting the harbor, and the glare of a large fire lighted there by some of the boatmen to cook their fish showed the two boys a sight that made their bold blood boil with excitement.

The three fugitives had reached the water's edge, the tallest man still carrying the child, who was clinging convulsively to his neck. They had evidently meant to seize a boat and pull away from the shore with all haste, but now they found, to their dismay, that there was no boat within reach, and a savage yell from the pursuing rabble, who were now closing in on every side, their brandished knives gleaming wickedly in the red fire-light, showed how they exulted in the sight of their prey fairly trapped at last.

But these hunted men came of a race which, as Cawnpore and Bunker Hill have shown, is never more dangerous than when hemmed in and seemingly hopeless of escape. As the crowd of ruffians came howling on, the tall man set down as tenderly as a mother the little crying trembler that nestled in his arms, and then turned upon his pursuers, the boldest of whom recoiled from the stern gleam in his large, piercing eyes, as he caught up a broken oar that lay on the ground beside him.

Once, twice, thrice, the terrible weapon whirled round his head, and came crashing down into the mass of hideous faces and tossing arms, and with every blow fell a man. The two sailors, arming themselves with rails torn from a half-destroyed paling behind them, hammered away like giants, heedless of the bruises inflicted by the countless stones that rained upon them from the rear rank of the mob.

Jim and Sandy exchanged one look, and the next moment their boat was flying at the utmost speed toward the scene of action.

But quick as they were, their help came not an instant too soon. One of the two seamen, struck on the head by a heavy stone, had fallen to the ground; and although the other sailor and his tall leader fought like lions to defend the prostrate man and the equally helpless child, such a struggle could not last. The mob, gathering courage as they saw their enemies begin to fail, raised a yell and made a sudden rush, as if to sweep them bodily into the sea.

Just then the boat ran alongside, and Jim, leaping ashore, caught up the child, while Sandy clutched the wounded man by the shoulders and dragged him into the boat. The other two made a furious charge upon the nearest assailants, and then, before the latter could rally again, sprang on board the little craft, which instantly shot away into the darkness, the savage cries of their baffled pursuers echoing hoarsely after them like the roaring of wild beasts.

"Are you hurt, Smith?" asked the tall man (who was sitting with the wounded sailor's head supported on his knees), as he suddenly felt his other comrade lurch heavily against him.

"It ain't nothin', Cap'n," replied the man, faintly. "One o' them land-lubbers got his knife into my shoulder, that's all."

Like lightning the man addressed as "Captain" tore off the handkerchief that was knotted around his neck, and bound up his companion's hurt as skillfully as any surgeon. Then, turning to the two boys, he said, in a voice which, clear and sweet though it was, sounded (as Jim afterward declared) "jist like Gineral Washington reading the Declaration of Independence":

"My lads, these two men of mine are too much hurt to row, so I must ask your help. Put us aboard that craft yonder with the two green lanterns in the binnacle, and I'll give you fifty *lire* apiece" (ten dollars).

"I guess we'd do it without that, mister," replied Jim, heartily, "for you're the smartest fighter I've seen this voyage, or my name ain't Jim Selden. But if you feel like paying for the job, I'm there!"

It was a long pull, and a dangerous one to boot; for the burning lava that poured down into the sea from the crater of Etna two hundred years ago (and scorched up all Catania like a leaf in its passage), hardening by degrees, has filled the whole harbor with bristling spikes of black, jagged rock, some above the water, others just below it. But at last they ran alongside the shadowy hull, and at the tall stranger's lusty hail a ladder was promptly lowered, up which the sailor who had been knocked down was helped by his two companions.

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"How do you feel now, Edwards?" asked the tall man, kindly.

"Thank'ee, my lord, I'm only a bit shaky," answered the wounded man, with a feeble attempt at a laugh.

Another moment and the mysterious passengers were gone; the strange vessel itself vanished into utter blackness as her lights were extinguished, and nothing remained save the gold pieces, which the Unknown had put into their hands as he bade them good-night, to assure the boys that all this was not a dream.

"'My lord,' eh?" said Jim at length. "Well, he's a decent fellow for a lord, anyhow. Well, if this don't go ahead of Fenimore Cooper, I'm a Mexican! Now, Sandy, let's pull ashore again; we're in big luck to have time to get back before the third officer comes down to go aboard, for he'd make it hot for us if we weren't there on time."

But by this time the darkness had become so intense that even the distant lights of the town looked dim and ghostly, while the bristling rocks around them were so utterly blotted out that, with all their caution, they more than once grazed a lava reef without being able to see it. A dead, unnatural silence seemed to weigh upon the thick, close air; and three or four big drops fell sullenly from the great gulf of blackness overhead. Then suddenly there swept through the still air a strange unearthly moan, swelling all at once into a deep hoarse roar. In a moment the whole sea was one whirl of foam, and our two heroes, blinded with lashing spray, were flung over each other into the bottom of their boat, while the boat itself, half filled with water, was whirled away with irresistible force out into the open sea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A NOVEL HOME-MADE YACHT.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

"JACK, do you remember the last time Uncle Will was home? He had just come from South America, and he had a little sail-boat. He said the natives down there had used the boat for hundreds and hundreds of years. Did he show it to you?"

"Show it to me!" exclaimed Jack. "He gave it to me. It's in the house now."

"I'm going to make a boat like that," continued Bob. "Uncle Will said the natives went away out to sea in just such boats; and he said, too, that they could sail fast in a good wind. You are good at figures, Jack, and if you will tell me what the dimensions ought to be of a boat like that—say about fourteen feet long—I'll make it."

"All right," answered Jack. "I'll make the figures if you will make the boat."

The boys had been standing by the shore of one of the small lakes in the interior of New York. They walked quickly to the house, and Jack produced the miniature boat.

"Now look," said Bob. "See how easy it is to make! It's made all of logs, and there isn't a nail about it. The mast is a small sapling, and there isn't the sign of a halyard about the sail. When you want to set sail you just put the notch of the boom against the mast, rest it in this upright, and the thing is done. To take in sail you unship the boom notch from the mast, and the whole thing collapses in a jiffy. Uncle Will says you can't upset one of these boats. Now let's see. There are six logs. How wide ought each one to be, Jack, if the boat is to be fourteen feet long?"

With a foot rule, paper, and pencil Jack made his calculations, and announced that the boat ought to be four feet wide if fourteen feet long, which would require each log to be eight inches in diameter.

"Just the thing," exclaimed Bob. "We can use those pine logs down near the lake. I think they taper just enough to make the boat curl up in the bow."

"I'd like to know," said Jack, "what the tapering of the logs has to do with the curling up of the boat."

"I'll show you when we get the logs down on the shore. Let's go and roll them down now," answered Bob.

The logs were rolled down near the water, and laid side by side. They lay close together most of their length, but of course separated as soon as they began to taper. Then Bob showed his cousin that in bringing the ends together they would naturally turn upward, and thus give to the boat the curve which was necessary to form a proper bow.

Bob now ran to the tool-house, and brought back the various tools he would need, and then, by frequently referring to the model, he proceeded step by step with his new yacht until it was finished.

With an adze he roughly pointed both ends of each log. The under side of each log was then chipped away, so as to slope smoothly to each end for a distance of about three feet (Fig. 1, *a*); that is, eight feet of each log was left in a natural condition, and the ends only were chipped away, or, as a carpenter would say, bevelled.

Four feet seven inches from the bow Bob cut on the inner side of each of the two middle logs an indentation an inch deep and eighteen inches long (Figs. 1 and 2, *b*). Thus when the two logs were in place an opening two inches wide and eighteen inches long was made which ran from the deck to the water, and was intended for letting the centre-board slip through.

The difficult part of the work had now been reached—how to securely fix the logs in place. Bob studied the matter over carefully, and came to the wise conclusion that he must first fasten the bow ends firmly before attempting anything else. This he did by rabbiting and bolting—a very simple but very effective process. The slide of an ordinary domino box shows the principle (Fig. 3).

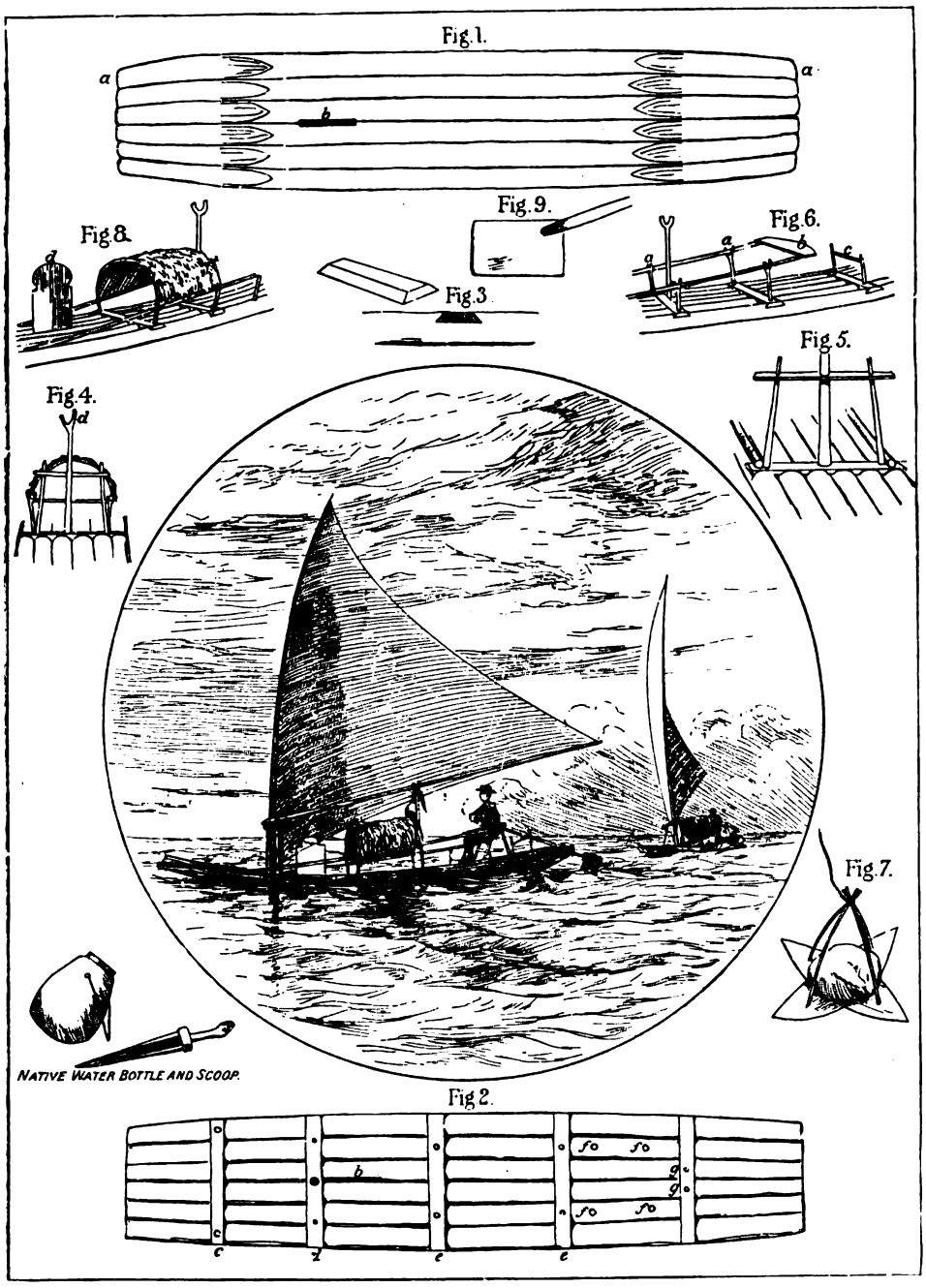
With a chisel and hammer he made a cut into each log on the upper side about one foot six inches from the bow. The cut was six inches wide at the surface, ten inches wide at the bottom, and three inches deep. When the logs were put together in position, these cuts formed a continuous groove across the bow. A piece of tough wood was cut to fit this groove, and then pushed into place. Through each end of the inserted piece of wood a hole three-quarters of an inch in diameter was bored with an auger, the hole continuing through the log underneath. Pins of dry wood were whittled to fit these holes snugly, and were driven into place. By this means the logs were firmly fixed at the bow (Fig. 2, *c*).

Two and one-half feet further aft the logs were again rabbited together, and, as before, the slide was six inches wide on top, ten inches at the bottom, and three inches deep, and the bolts were one and a half inches in diameter. A similar rabbit was made two and a half feet further aft, at the same distance, another beyond that, and a final one two feet three inches from the stern. Care was taken to have the pins or bolts of very tough and very dry wood, the dryness being necessary in order that the bolt should swell when in the water, and thus become tightly fixed in position.

The hull, as it may be called, was now completed, and the upper works came in for their share of attention. A secure place for the foot of the mast to step in was the most important matter, and before arranging for that it was necessary to obtain the mast. Jack said it ought to be as long as the hull, and Bob decided that it ought to be four inches in diameter at the base. With his father's permission, he selected and cut down a sturdy little black spruce-tree which stood up so straight and erect that Jack said that it must have grown up for the very purpose for which they wanted it.

Besides the mast, an almost equally long but much more slender pole, with a fork at the heavy end, was needed for the boom; also a pole similarly forked, but only three

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PLANS FOR A NOVEL HOME-MADE YACHT.

feet six inches long, was required for a rest for the boom. Hickory saplings were cut for these purposes, the branching roots making a suitable fork for the boom, while the joining of a branch made the fork for the upright rest. The cuttings from the spruce furnished all the other small poles that were required.

In the middle of the second slide from the bow a hole was bored four inches in diameter, and as many inches deep (Fig. 2, *d*). One foot on each side of this hole another hole three inches in diameter and three inches deep was bored. Stout pieces of wood eighteen inches long were driven into the two outside holes, and on top of them was fitted a piece of two-inch plank eight inches wide, having a hole four inches in diameter bored through it to correspond to the hole in the slide. The mast was now put into place, and was found to fit snugly (Fig. 5).

In each of the next two slides two holes three inches in diameter were bored, each hole being just over the middle of the second log from the outermost one (Fig. 2, *e*). Into the holes in the slide nearest the bow two uprights eight inches long were fitted. Into the holes in the slide nearest the stern two uprights twelve inches long were fitted. Each of the four uprights was forked at the upper end.

In the second log from each side of the hull holes three inches in diameter and three inches deep were bored one foot from the slide last bored in (Fig. 2, *f*). Similar holes in the same log two feet nearer the stern were also bored (Fig. 2, *f*), and finally two holes were bored in the last slide the same size as the preceding holes, but over the two middle logs (Fig. 2, *g*). Uprights fourteen inches long were driven into the four holes in the logs (Fig. 6, *a*, *a*), and uprights sixteen inches long fixed in the holes in the slides. Through these last uprights holes had been bored one inch in diameter and three inches from the upper ends. Through these holes a cross-piece was run (Fig. 6, *c*). On this the steering oar was to rest.

Starting from a point a little forward of the mast, two poles (one on each side) were extended along the four uprights, resting in their forked upper ends. Across the after-end of these poles a board of one-inch plank was securely fastened. This formed a seat for the helmsman (Fig. 6, *b*). The character and construction of these fittings can be seen in the diagram (Fig. 6) and in the illustration of the boat under sail. Over the forward part of the upper deck Bob fastened arched boughs, which he thatched with spruce branches. This was for a cabin when shelter was required (Fig. 8).

Immediately aft of the cabin a hole was bored in the third log from the port side—the left-hand side Jack called it in his ignorance of nautical terms. This was to receive the forked upright rest for the boom (Fig. 4, *d*). The centre-board was merely a piece of two-inch plank eighteen inches wide (Fig. 8, *d*), so fitted that it could be let down or lifted up through the opening made for it near the bow. It was needed in place of a keel, which the boat lacked.

The helm was a piece of inch plank two feet long and eight inches wide, to which was pinned a stout but not heavy pole four feet long (Fig. 9). The pole met the board at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the steering was done in the same manner as sculling.

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The anchor, as will be seen by the illustration, was a most simple affair, consisting of a piece of plank cut into four deep scallops, and of four pliable boughs, each set in a scallop and meeting together over a stone thus imprisoned on the board (Fig. 7).

Where it touched the mast the sail was nine feet long. It was not on rings, so as to slip up and down the mast, but was fastened securely to the mast at regular intervals. At the outer corner of the sail the end of the boom, which was nearly ten feet long, was firmly tied. The boom was now rested by its fork against the mast, and was sustained from falling to the deck by the forked upright placed for the purpose. The sail was thus set. To take in sail, it was only necessary to lift the fork of the boom from the mast, and down would come the canvas in an instant.

## MR. THOMPSON AND THE WOODCHUCK.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

MR. THOMPSON had joined the party which went to drown out woodchucks. Not that Mr. Thompson had anything in particular against the woodchucks, but 'Lisha, the hired man, had announced that "them woodchucks is a-eatin' up the cauliflowers, an' I reckon we'd better drownd some of 'em." Now Mr. Thompson was especially fond of cauliflower, and that may perhaps explain his anxiety to make away with the woodchucks. At all events, he had offered his services, and was stationed in the shade of a hedge, gazing steadily at a large burrow.

The method of drowning out woodchucks is simple, but is apt to be somewhat tedious. You have only to find a woodchuck's burrow which looks as if it was inhabited, and pour water down until it gets too wet for the woodchuck, and he comes out; that is, if the hole which you are pouring the water down does not connect with half a dozen others. In which case the sly animal makes his exit quietly by one of these, and leaves you to deluge his house until you get tired.

It was in view of this fact that Mr. Thompson was stationed by the burrow under the hedge while the rest of the party were at work upon another on the other side of the hedge some little distance away. How long he sat there he does not know, for he says that he became engaged in deep thought. The impertinent young man who boarded at the house asked if Mr. Thompson always snored when he was thinking—a question which Mr. Thompson treated with proper contempt. However, he had been sitting there some time, when his attention was attracted by a low, sharp bark at his side. He looked down, and there, seated on his hind-legs, sniffing in a cautious manner with his funny blunt nose, was a large woodchuck. His brown fur was just a little wet and muddy, and he gazed upon Mr. Thompson with an evident air of disapproval.

"Well?" said Mr. Thompson.

"Well!" repeated the woodchuck, rather gruffly. "No: it is not well at all, unless you people are trying to make a well out of my house. Well! I should think not. Why, there are two feet of water in the cellar now, and more coming. Well!" And the woodchuck's voice had risen to an indignant pitch, and he glanced at Mr. Thompson savagely.

"Bless me! that is too bad," murmured Mr. Thompson. "Where do you live?"

The woodchuck pointed silently to the burrow which Mr. Thompson had been watching, and then remarked, sadly: "That is one entrance. They are pouring water down the side door over in the other field."

"Wa'al, I reckon this feller ain't to hum," came in 'Lisha's voice from the other side of the hedge. "We'd better go an' hunt up another burrer before dinner-time."

"Oh, leave Thompson alone!" This was in the voice of the impertinent young man. "He's probably asleep. Hark! hear him snore!"

Mr. Thompson was indignant, but kept silent, for he wanted to continue his conversation with the woodchuck. Presently he heard 'Lisha say: "Wa'al, come along. I kinder guess we kin find another burrer without huntin' far;" and then he could hear them walk away.

"They have given it up," said the woodchuck, with a sigh of relief; then added, with a chuckle, "It is not the easiest thing in the world to drown out a woodchuck. What did you want to try it for?"

"Well, the fact is," began Mr. Thompson, in an apologetic manner, "you see, 'Lisha said you were eating up all the cauliflowers, and he wanted to stop it, and so—"

"And so you thought you'd help him," said the woodchuck, good-naturedly. "Well, beyond a little dampness in the cellar, which will soon soak away, there is no harm done; and as for the cauliflowers, if you had a family as large as mine, you'd need to get cauliflowers."

"You have a large family?" said Mr. Thompson.

"Four," replied the woodchuck. "Come in and see them."

"Oh, thanks, but I doubt if I could get down that hole," said Mr. Thompson, hesitating.

"Try it and see," laughed the woodchuck.

Mr. Thompson put his hand up to take off his hat preparatory to diving into the burrow, and, as he half expected, he found that his head was no longer covered with long scanty hair, but with rather short, stiff fur. He



"'HI, THERE! HOLD ON!' HE SHOUTED."

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looked at his hands. Sure enough, they were paws, and the fingers were tipped with strong, curved claws. He hesitated no longer, but followed his new-found friend down into the burrow.

They walked down an inclined passage about six feet, and then came to a place where it ran into another similar passage. The floor of this was quite wet, though the water was rapidly soaking away in the sandy soil. Following this for a few feet, his guide suddenly turned off into a gallery that was perfectly level, and perhaps six feet in length. From this still another passage extended to the surface of the ground.

"You see," said the woodchuck, "we have plenty of ways of getting out if we are attacked. The first burrow, where your friends were pouring down water, extends several feet further down, and is made in that way on purpose to keep us from getting wet when the rains are severe. You notice that we have been going up all the time since we left the wet passage. But here we are, and here are the youngsters."

Mr. Thompson looked around him. Curled up on the floor lay the four young woodchucks, evidently fast asleep through all the excitement. When Mr. Thompson and the old woodchuck entered they awoke, and all began to talk at once, after the manner of young woodchucks.

"Where's mamma?"

"Did you bring us anything?"

"Who is that with you?"

"I'm real hungry."

"Do keep quiet, children," said the woodchuck, in an indulgent tone that showed plainly the young ones were spoiled. "Do keep quiet. I have a friend with me. What will he think of you?"

But here the shrill little voices began again, and Mr. Thompson beat a hasty retreat. The old woodchuck followed him, smiling good-humoredly. As they reached the surface he remarked,

"You are not used to children, Mr. Thompson."

Mr. Thompson admitted that he was not, and added that he was a bachelor. The woodchuck laughed, and said:

"Well, we don't have much trouble with our children. They begin to shift for themselves when they are a month old, and when they are two months old they leave us altogether."

"What do you find to eat principally?" asked Mr. Thompson.

"Clover and roots mostly, then cauliflowers, cabbage, apples, and other fruits and garden vegetables. We eat a great many worms and insects, so that on the whole we do about as much good as harm. Then we only eat two meals a day, our breakfast at about an hour after sunrise, and our dinner at about sunset. We sleep most of the winter, and eat very little; so you see we are not so extravagant, after all."

The woodchuck was so good-natured about it that Mr. Thompson's heart smote him for the part he had taken in the affair, and he blurted out,

"I'm sorry we started to disturb you at all."

"Don't mention it," replied the woodchuck, politely. "But look out," he added; "here comes a man."

"There's two of 'em!" came through the hedge, in the voice of the impertinent young man.

"You shoot the big feller, and I'll let the little chap have it," said 'Lisha.

"All right." Click! click! Mr. Thompson looked around. Through the hedge he could see 'Lisha and the young man just preparing to shoot. His woodchuck friend had already made a flying leap into his burrow.

"There goes the little feller! Let's both bang at the big 'un," exclaimed 'Lisha.

Mr. Thompson realized his peril, and suddenly found his voice. "Hi, there! hold on!" he shouted, in terror. "Who are you shooting at?"

"Wa'al, ef thar ain't Mr. Thompson!" exclaimed 'Lisha. The young men both dropped their guns and crawled through the hedge. "Whar's the woodchuck?" asked 'Lisha, as he stood beside Mr. Thompson, who suddenly found himself lying in exactly the same spot in which he had been before he met the woodchuck.

"He's gone back into his house," replied Mr. Thompson. "He says his cellar is full of water," he added, absently.

"Who—what—whose cellar!" inquired 'Lisha, in amazement.

"The woodchuck's, of course," growled Mr. Thompson, as he strode off. Mr. Thompson's remark had betrayed him, and he was compelled to tell the whole story at the dinner table. Miss Angelina believed it all, while the young man made all manner of fun of it, and insisted that Mr. Thompson was asleep and dreamed the whole affair.

"I suppose I dreamed that you two blood-thirsty villains were going to shoot me!" said Mr. Thompson, scornfully, as a parting shot, when he left the table.

## BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

### THREE RULES FOR HAVING A GOOD TIME.

PANSY was asked to a party the other day, and was quite undecided whether to accept the invitation or to stay at home. I happened to know that the lady who was to give the party was a very kind and lovable woman, and a charming hostess. Young people always enjoyed themselves in her house; besides, she had been a schoolmate of Pansy's mother, and it was hardly courteous for Pansy to slight her invitation unless she had a very good reason.

You see, children, your aunt Marjorie is rather old-fashioned, and she thinks that when people are good enough to want you, you should, as a rule, gratify them if you can.

I tried to ascertain the reason of Pansy's hesitation. She frankly told me that, in the first place, she was afraid her dress was too plain; in the second place, she was very shy and timid in company, and always felt as though everybody were gazing at her; and in the third place, most of the guests would be strangers to her, and she did not like meeting strangers.

Three reasons: No. 1, dress too plain; No. 2, shy in company; No. 3, dislike to strangers.

Pansy is not the only girl whose good times are spoiled by just such absurd reasons as the three above.

Now let me give her and all of you my three rules.

No. 1. Never mind your dress. A simple, quiet dress is in the best taste for a young girl. The granddaughters of Queen Victoria are always very modestly and plainly dressed, and it is quite evident that they bestow very little thought upon their gowns and hats, which are what their beautiful, sensible mother thinks fit for them. A pair of bright eyes, hair in nice order, and rosy cheeks, will set off the simplest attire.

No. 2. Never mind your shyness. As soon as you have paid your respects to your hostess, look around for somebody shyer than yourself, somebody who is not being pleasantly entertained, and take upon you the duty of making the next half-hour pass delightfully for that person. You will forget all about your own shyness.

No. 3. Don't feel like a stranger, and do not suffer other people to seem to you like strangers. Wherever you go you will find wonderfully attractive persons; and if you fare in the world as Aunt Marjorie does, you will always be finding new acquaintances who will be worth a great deal to you. Look upon every stranger as *a possible new friend.*

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## DANDELIONS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

AGAIN the dandelions,
The beautiful and bold,
That cover hill and valley
With dainty cloth of gold:
A gallant troop in yellow,
Their looks are full of cheer;
The fields are glad to see them,
And so am I, my dear.

I like their sturdy freedom;
They never seem to care
What neighbor may be near them,
But, having time to spare,
They turn a city door-yard
Into a fairy bower,
Or light a lonely by-path—
A torch each sunny flower.

The baby loves to hold them
In tiny dimpled hands,
For posies have a meaning
Which baby understands.
The little yellow flowers
That nod and smile so gay
Are just like happy children
Who have a holiday.

I fancy Spring has bidden
These darlings of her train
Besprinkle bits of brightness
Broadcast on hill and plain.
They shine like stars a-twinkle
Amid the dewy grass,
And beckon with their beauty
Each little lad and lass.

## JACK AND HIS YOUNG DOCTORS.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

WHEN Allie and Frank met at the dock a few days after the incident of the little girl's rescue from the river, their first inquiry was for Jack. Mr. Calef was there, but his faithful follower was nowhere to be seen.

"Wonder what's happened?" said Allie. "Perhaps Jack's sick. He'd be sure to be with his master if he wasn't."

"I'm not so certain of that," replied Frank. "He may have taken offense at something, and staid away."

"We did nothing to offend him, I'm sure," Allie answered, "and he's too noble a dog to quarrel with his master."

"There's where you're wrong, and you haven't learned all about Newfoundlands. They are splendid animals, brave, and very fond of children, and probably the best dogs to have where large ones can be allowed."

"That's true," said Allie, "and they understand a great deal that's said to them, not only in words but in short sentences. They have fine memories, not only for friends, but for enemies. I was reading this morning about a traveller passing through a village in England, and out of pure wantonness gave a sleeping Newfoundland a blow with his whip. The animal made a rush at him, and pursued him out of the village. Twelve months later the same man was leading his horse through the village, and he had not been near it in all that time. The dog saw and remembered him. He set upon the traveller, seized him by the leg, and would have bitten him severely if some by-standers had not driven the dog off. One gentleman, Mr. Youatt, mentions a Newfoundland he once owned that recognized him five years after he had parted from him. The dog left his new master to protect his old one from some tramps that were making their way through the bushes to stop him."

"I don't dispute a word of all you've said," replied Frank, "and stories of the Newfoundlander's fidelity could be told by the dozen. But the animal has his faults, like other dogs, and like men and boys as well. He is said to be changeable in his friendships and enmities."

"Yes; but doesn't he have a reason for it?"

"Sometimes he has, but not always. My uncle once owned a Newfoundland called Nero that would never follow him nor be friendly, and yet he had always treated the dog as kindly as possible. Sometimes the animal would go hungry rather than take food from my uncle's hands, and he attached himself to a neighbor, Mr. Johnson, who never gave the brute the least encouragement."

"What did your uncle do with Nero?"

"He gave him to Mr. Johnson, who got along with him all right for several months. One day the dog was amusing himself by howling in front of the house, and his master told him to stop. He did not mind, nor did he when the order was given two or three times. Then Mr. Johnson handed a short whip to his coachman, and said, 'Give Nero a thrashing.'

"Would you believe it! From that minute Nero showed a great dislike for the gentleman, but never appeared to resent it toward the coachman. He seemed to understand that the servant had done what he was ordered to, and laid the whole blame on the master. Nero didn't go inside the house after that unless his master was away, and he absolutely refused to follow Mr. Johnson, though he would come when called. He didn't exactly misbehave, but he was indifferent and careless about everything, and of no further use."

During their conversation the boys walked to the head of the pier, and just as Frank concluded his story they reached the spot where Mr. Calef was standing. Allie inquired where Jack was.

"Jack staid at home to-day," was the reply. "He isn't feeling well, and didn't want to come with me."

"What's the matter with him?" asked Frank. "I hope he didn't take cold the other day?"

"That's not very likely," said Mr. Calef, with a laugh. "Some varieties of dog will take cold easily from a sudden bath, but that isn't the case with Newfoundlands. I've known Jack to plunge in when the ice was running in the river and the water very cold. But he didn't suffer any harm. I wouldn't have him do it often, though, as even a Newfoundland can't endure everything. What the matter is with him to-day I can't exactly say. His eyes had a heavy appearance; he was dull, and not at all playful, and when I sent him to drive a stray cow from the yard, he barked in a listless sort of way, and didn't pursue her beyond the gate. But he was taking his medicine when I left home, and will probably be all right by evening."

"What did you give him?"

"Oh! I didn't give him anything," was the reply. "Jack is his own doctor, and selects his own drugs. I place them at his disposal, and he chooses for himself."

The youths were a little puzzled at Mr. Calef's answer, and Allie ventured to ask the names of the drugs with which Jack was supplied.

"They are five in number," said Jack's master—"pure air, plain food, cleanliness, exercise, and grass. If you ever keep dogs, remember that you can not have them strong and in a healthy condition without these things."

"Jack had probably been eating something he ought to have let alone," said Allie, "and that's what upset him."

"Quite likely, and the medicine he was taking this morning was grass. You've often seen a dog go into a field and eat grass, haven't you?"

"Certainly I have," answered both boys in a breath.

"Dogs need it to aid their digestion. A friend of mine who has had great success in raising dogs says he thinks it is owing to his allowing them to eat grass three or four times a week he hasn't lost a dog by distemper in four or five years, while others have had half their packs die on their hands."

Frank asked what was the proper food for a dog.

"Where only one dog is kept around a house, as we keep Jack, the scraps from the table, with an occasional slice of

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"WELL, WHO ARE YOU?"

bread or a piece of meat, are enough for his support. A dog in health has an appetite for more than he should eat, and it is probable that more dogs die from overfeeding than from any other cause. And he should always be fed on the ground, and not on a plate or board."

"Why is that?" asked Frank, with a look of surprise.

"Because," replied Mr. Calef, "he needs a certain quantity of earth or lime to keep his stomach in good condition. In winter it is well to mix a little loam from a flower-pot with the food he eats."

"That explains something I've never understood," said Allie. "I've observed that when you give a dog a bone on a plate or on a board he takes it off to the corner of the yard, or out on the ground and rolls it over and over in the dirt, while he's eating. I see now why he does it: it's to get the proper amount of earth mixed with his food."

"You've hit it exactly," said Mr. Calef; "and now about food for dogs. Give Jack and his kindred plain food, clean and wholesome, but not rich, and restrain the appetite rather than encourage it. Give your dog an occasional bone for keeping his teeth white, and developing the muscles of his neck and jaws; let him have plenty of water to drink; give him less meat in summer than in winter, but remember that though vegetables are good for him, he is by nature a carnivorous animal, and meat should be a part of his diet at all times."

"Haven't I heard about feeding dogs on oatmeal?" one of the boys asked.

"Yes," was the reply; "oatmeal is an important article for feeding hunting dogs where they are kept in packs. The most successful keepers of these dogs in England are very careful in the selection of their oatmeal, and also in preparing it; some of them boil it for not less than two hours, and one successful keeper boils it four hours. When it is cooled it is mixed with meat broth, and occasionally with tallow scraps or finely chopped meat. In summer the best vegetables for dogs are cabbages and turnips, and of the two I prefer cabbage."

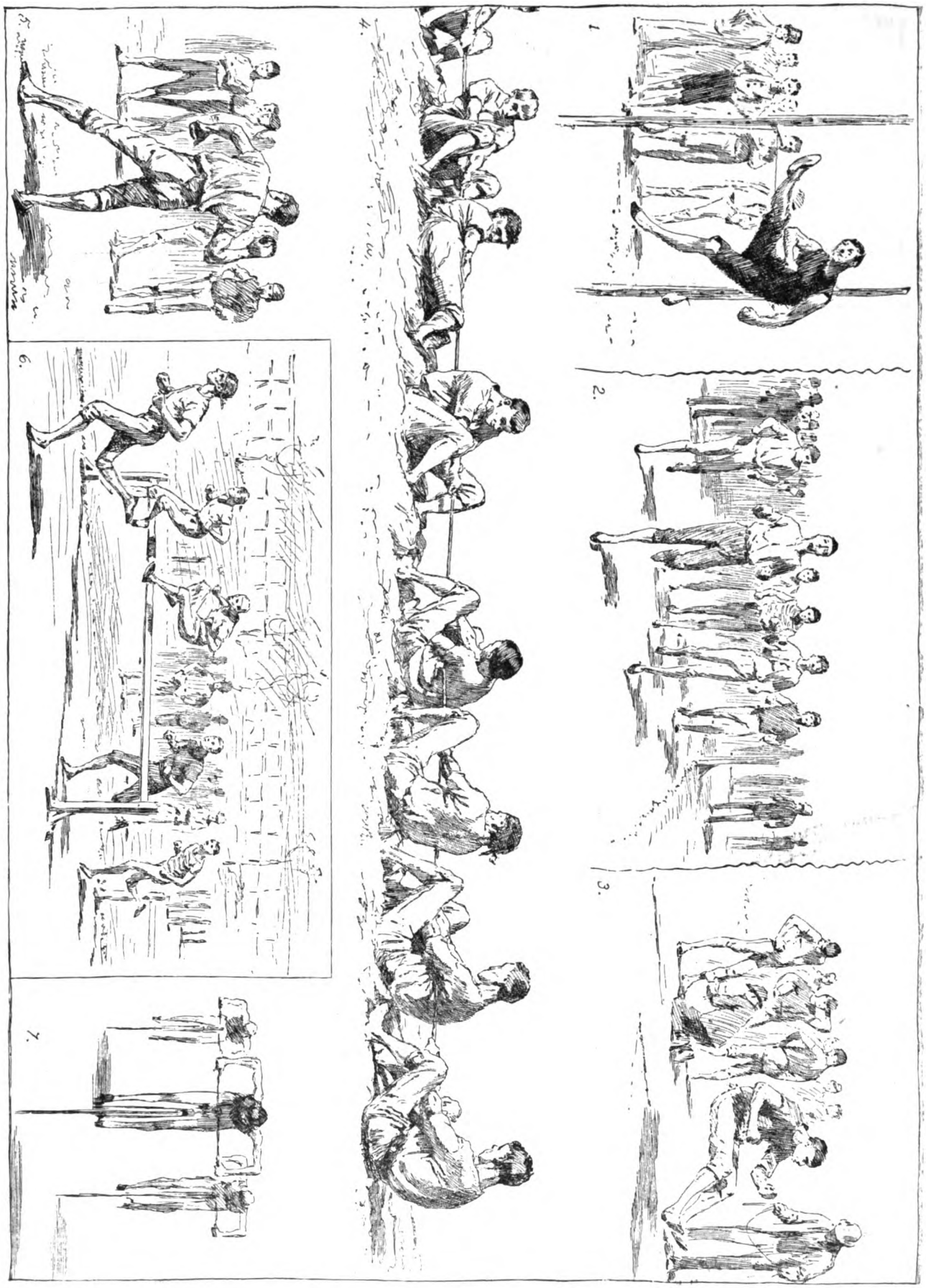
"But will the dogs eat them?" inquired Frank.

"Not if they can get meat," was the reply; "but if cabbage is boiled with meat, and chopped up with a little broth and oatmeal, few dogs will refuse it when hungry. Turnips should be mashed, mixed with oatmeal and broth, and perhaps with tallow scraps."

Before the boys separated, Allie told Frank the following story, illustrating the Newfoundland's fidelity:

"In a severe storm a ship was wrecked near Yarmouth, England, and everybody on board was lost. A Newfoundland dog swam ashore, bringing the captain's pocket-book in his mouth; he landed amongst several people who tried in vain to take it from him. After looking at every one of those present, he walked up to a gentleman who had attracted his attention, and delivered the pocket-book to him: then he returned to the beach, and watched with great attention for everything that came from the wrecked vessel. The dog was afterward kept at Dropmore, by Lord Granville, and when the animal died he wrote an epitaph, in which the incident of the pocket-book was recorded."

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ATHLETIC GAMES OF THE INTER-SCHOLASTIC ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 490.

1. HIGH JUMP. 2. QUARTER-MILE RACE. 3. BROAD JUMP. 4. TUG OF WAR. 5. PUTTING THE SHOT. 6. HURDLE RACE. 7. BICYCLE RACE.

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## RIVAL SCHOOL ATHLETES.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

THE thoughts of members of some half-dozen schools in New York city were undoubtedly on the weather when they opened their eyes on the morning of Saturday, May 16. For in the afternoon of this day the Seventh Annual Games of the Inter-scholastic Athletic Association were to come off.

Neither grand stand nor "field seats" were completely filled, but the small boy in broad collar and straw hat who sold programmes at five cents apiece, was heard to lament that the rush of business had been such as to muddle his accounts, causing him to tear up his memorandum of receipts in despair, and confine himself solely to pocketing the inflowing nickels.

Now let us take a look at one of the programmes. Here, under the head of "Special Notice," we find the fact set forth that "no event will be contested unless representatives from at least two schools start." The school winning the most contests is to be presented with the Championship Cup, which latter, in dazzling silver brightness, is to be seen standing on a table near the scoring board.

No. 1 on the list is the 100-yards dash, for which only five come forward to toe the mark.

Their costumes are more noticeable in every case for lightness and looseness than for variety of color, although the heads of one or two are wound about with red or blue silk handkerchiefs. But, look, they're off! or, no; they've been called back! In his nervous eagerness, each of the five has evidently imagined he has heard the pistol's report. At last, however, it flashes out, and off they dart.

In eleven and a quarter seconds the cry, "Wau-ho-a! Everson! Everson! sis, boom, a!" proclaims the winner of No. 1 to be No. 1—W. S. Scott, of Everson's. And now, before the excitement over this has had time to entirely subside, four tall lads present themselves as contestants for the one-mile walk.

They remind one of upright engines driven by piston-rods, as they lunge out with elbows crooked, and arms working to apparently as much purpose as their legs. One fellow gives up on the first lap, then another drops out, and the race is finally won by a member of the Lyons School, who has maintained his lead from the start.

For the running high jump Everson School scores another victory, with a record of 4 feet 10 inches, and in the 220-yards run, amid wild cries of "Go it, Billy!" its worthy representative, Scott, again comes in first.

But already the School of Languages is beginning to prove a formidable rival. Harry Goetchius wins for it the half-mile run; in the final heat of the 120-yards hurdle race, with hurdles three feet high, he once more, and by a very close shave with Mosle, of Everson's, comes off victor; and in the one-mile run, by a spurt near the finish, he fairly covers himself with glory, by coming to the fore a third time, to be greeted by the ringing "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! N—Y—S—L!" of his rejoicing friends.

Among the other events that have meanwhile taken place may be mentioned throwing the base-ball, which was also won for the School of Languages, by a throw of 284 feet 3½ inches, and "putting the shot" (weighing 12 pounds), in which the Berkeley School contestant came off victor, with a score of 35 feet 3½ inches. One of the efforts with the base-ball almost took the cup literally off the table.

The final 100-yards race for boys under fifteen is won by R. K. Mulford, of Wilson & Kellogg's, in 12⅖ seconds, and the quarter-mile race again brings the Everson boy Scott to the front.

Next comes the tug of war, for which, it appears, the School of Languages was awarded the colors last year.

There are four "men" on a side, and after considerable "grip-taking" they announce themselves as ready, the pistol rings out its sharp signal, and back drop the eight, as if the bullet had penetrated the heart of each one of them. How they strain, haul, tug, and kick the dirt up into little mounds with their feet, like dogs after woodchucks! At first neither side appears to gain anything, and the excitement is intense, but now see how one of the School of Languages boys bends to his work until his face is fairly touching the rope, and when "Time!" is presently called, once again the cheer "N—Y—S—L!" sounds out victoriously on the May air.

The final number on the programme is a two-mile bicycle race. There are four competitors, one of them being H. G. Smith, from the School of Languages, on whom naturally the interest centres, as thus far the competition for the championship is a tie between his school and Everson's.

The start is from the saddle, each machine being held by a friend of the rider until the signal is given. And what a pretty sight it is, after they are off, to watch the graceful, silent wheels skim swiftly around the track, with the sunshine twining itself in among the nickelled spokes in flashing sheen. But look! one of the boys is evidently growing discouraged, slows up, and presently runs off to one side. Is it Smith? No, for here he comes.

"Go it!" "Keep it up!" and "Don't you see they're tiring?" are some of the stimulating cries from friends and school-fellows, while around and around scud the three young 'cyclists, six times, seven times, and now they're on the homestretch. Hurrah, Smith wins in 8 minutes 27 seconds, and the School of Languages has the cup!

The games over, a rush is made for the field, and when the result is officially announced, what a rousing cheer goes up from the little, big, and middling-sized N. Y. S. L. boys, while the kindly countenance of their principal beams forth its sympathetic joy. Then "Three cheers for Everson's!" is called for by the victors. These are given with equal heartiness, and are evidently highly approved of by a large white dog that has occupied a prominent position on the grand stand, and now comes in with a short, sharp bark by way of "tiger."

## ROLF HOUSE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

### PHYLLIS GOES TO NEW YORK.



UNTIL Nan's return Phyllis lay very still upon her lounge, quietly waiting.

Dr. Barlow had arrived, and the preliminary talk had been gone through with, but in spite of Mrs. Travers's and Laura's and Lance's sympathy and their many soothing services, Phyllis felt restless until Nan came back.

It was nearly five o'clock before the familiar step sounded coming through the adjoining room, and Nan entered, flushed and eager, almost forgetting the scene at the circus in her anxiety for Dr. Barlow's report.

"Ah!" exclaimed Phyllis, joyfully, "I am so glad! Nan, he thinks I may get to New York at once, and Lance says you and he find there is money enough." Phyllis half raised herself up in her eagerness.

"Yes, indeed," said Nan; and sitting down by the

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lounge, she added: "Oh, Phyl, I'm so glad! And don't you like Dr. Barlow? Isn't he kind? Where is he now?"

"He has gone up to friends of his here," answered Phyllis—"those very Morrisons. He will stay there all night, and Mrs. Morrison has sent down to ask you all to go up there to tea this evening."

"*I* can't do it," answered Nan, promptly, "but the others might as well." And she proceeded to tell her cousin the result of their expedition, and how David was to stay for the evening performance.

Phyllis tried to shake Nan's resolve about Mrs. Morrison's invitation, but in vain, and then she admitted that she would enjoy a quiet evening with her and Lance very much, and when the rest had departed, the trio left behind had a very cozy and satisfactory time, although they were all anxious about little Janey Powers; but David Travers was to be relied on even in such an emergency, as Nan knew.

Lance and Dr. Barlow had planned carefully for Phyl's journey. Laura was to go with her; the Vandorts were ready and anxious to receive her and care for her tenderly as long as she needed to remain with them, and as they all thought no time had better be lost, it was agreed that the little party should start as soon as Phyllis could be made ready. Lance would be escort, as his own work in New York was waiting for him.

David came back late. Nan ran down-stairs to meet him, but one glance at his downcast countenance showed her that he had no good news to bring.

"'Twasn't any use, miss," he said, dolefully; "I found they'd gone, those Delamoris, and the circus people wouldn't give me one bit of satisfaction. The man at the ticket office seemed kind of sorry, and told me Janey was awfully treated, and he said if only I was a relation I might have the right to go after her."

Nan thought for a moment, feeling almost as disheartened as the boy. "David," she exclaimed, "don't let's give it up. I'll try and think of some plan to-morrow."

Suddenly a happy idea crossed her mind. If Jim Powers was really a relation of little Janey's, why could not he be sent in search of her?

The next two days were full of occupation for every one in the household. The Emporium, the household work, could not be neglected, and Phyllis had to be made ready for the journey, so that heads and hands and hearts were all busy. The travellers were to start on Thursday, and that morning saw the household up at a very early hour. Nan went at once to Phyllis's room, where there were various last things to be done, and she would have discussed the question of Janey with her cousin but that she feared to add any cause of excitement to her already nervous state of mind. She decided that as soon as the party were safely in the train she would make an expedition to Rolf House in search of Jim, and although it would have been a great comfort to take Joan into her confidence, she feared to do so lest something about the stealing of Beppo would be brought to light.

By two o'clock the carriage in which Phyllis was to drive to Beverley came to the door, and as she was carried down they all felt something very solemn and sad in this departure, for who could tell what the doctor's verdict was to be.

They were gone. Nan stood on the Beverley platform watching them whirl away, anxious yet hopeful, and then she turned toward Main Street, and thence to the neighborhood which she knew so well.

Nan walked slowly, going up through the orchard and lower gardens of the dear old place, and to her great satisfaction saw Jim standing in the window of the harness-room, mending an old bridle.

He started, and on sight of Nan's figure in the doorway drew back, something sullen and defiant coming into his face. But her first words caused a slow change in his expression.

"Jim," Nan said, very quietly, anxious to conceal her own nervousness, "I've come here to tell you about a cousin of yours. At least I think she is your cousin."

And sitting down on one of the wooden chairs, Nan very gently told him of little Janey and the cruel position in which she was placed.

"And you say I can find her?" he exclaimed, moving forward and looking at his visitor with shrewd yet anxious eyes.

"I'm sure you can," said Nan, promptly; "and, Jim, if you need a little money for it, I can give it to you. You have only to follow up Riker's circus on the road, and be careful not to let them know who you are until you see her, and if there's any trouble about it, telegraph to me."

Jim stood still, looking at Nan with a very strange expression.

"Why, I thought," he said, finally, "that you were poor."

Nan smiled. "Not so poor but that I can give you a little money for this, Jim," she answered, quietly. "I don't suppose I ought to trust you, but if you promise me to go at once, I will."

Jim did promise, and for all her doubts of him Nan could not help believing that he would make the effort in the right way, for he seemed really anxious to find his little cousin.

They arranged that he should ask leave to go away for a day. Nan gave him five dollars, and promised more if he returned with Janey, or if he could send her proof that he needed it on the way.

It was evident that before she left the lad tried, however clumsily, to express his thanks and to say something else to her, but when he hinted at her change in fortune Nan could not say anything, and only turned the subject by agreeing to meet him there on the next day but one, and so departed. Nan did not know that the one soft spot in Jim's heart was for his little cousin, but he, concluding that she did, felt all the more surprised and grateful.

By seven o'clock that evening he had obtained the needed permission from the coachman, and started off on his journey.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### NAN KEEPS HER APPOINTMENT.

NAN was a little late for tea, but Joan and the boys were waiting, and they all tried during the meal to be cheerful and hide the loneliness they felt since Phyllis's departure.

When the boys had gone out, and the tea-things were cleared away, Nan and Joan sat down in the deep cushioned window-seat of the Emporium, Nan having some doilies to finish, and Joan glad of a chance for a little quiet talk.

Now that her visit to Jim was over, Nan was ready to give Joan the details, and it need scarcely be said that the latter listened with great interest.

"And what will you do if he brings Janey back?" Joan inquired, rather anxiously.

"Oh, some place will have to be found for her," said Nan. "I felt that, whatever happened, she must be taken away from those people. Just think if only Aunt Letty were here how much we might do!"

And then, both girls feeling this topic a dangerously sad one, began to talk of Phyllis and Laura at Brightwoods, fancying them comfortably established, as indeed, could they have looked in upon them, they would have seen was the case.

Neither of the two sisters had ever experienced anything so luxurious as the room prepared for them by Mrs. Vandort and Annie.

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"'OH, PHYL, I'M SO GLAD!'"

Phyllis had borne the journey fairly well, but as soon as she arrived she was put directly to bed, a delicate luncheon brought in to her, and then the shades of the room drawn, and an hour or two of perfect quiet enforced. She slept delightfully, waking in the pleasant spring twilight to lie still, looking about her with a quiet sense of comfort and well-being, and of enjoyment of the many beautiful pictures and other objects in the room. Through the windows she could see the dainty green, the apple blossoms, and the first flowers of spring-time, and if a longing came over her to once more walk about and feel one with the bloom and brightness of the season, she realized how much she had to be grateful for in the kindness, the tenderness, every one had shown her since her imprisonment.

The evening passed quietly and pleasantly. Mrs. Vandort, Annie, and Laura sat with her, talking on cheerful topics, and so sleep came in a restful way, and the next morning found her brighter than any of them had dared to hope. The three physicians whom Dr. Barlow had selected arrived at eleven o'clock, and the consultation was long and thorough. Phyllis had made them promise to tell her frankly their verdict; but when they returned to speak with her, it was evident that they were much perplexed, and hardly knew how to express just what they had to say. The fact was that they had learned from Mrs. Vandort the straitened circumstances in which the Rolfs were placed, and it was hard to explain to Phyllis that her only hope lay in a course of treatment which would be both tedious and expensive. But the frank and questioning gaze of the young girl made it impossible for Dr. North, the senior physician, to deceive her. Briefly but gently he told her just what they thought. If she could follow their advice, there was every reasonable hope of a cure.

Phyllis listened, said nothing for a moment, until Laura, standing by her side, put one hand in hers with a pressure the elder sister understood, and then Phyllis lifted her eyes gently to the old physician's face.

"Thank you, sir," she said. "We must think it over."

But even as she spoke she knew that thinking would do no good. There was no chance at present of her undertaking such a course as the doctors prescribed. Had they not told her it would take at least a year of care from a trained nurse, and the regular attendance of a physician?

When the doctors had gone, Phyllis very quietly and gently talked it over with Lance and Laura, and I am afraid they were rather a mournful party, in spite of Lance's assurances that somehow, somewhere, the money must be made to be forth-coming. Needless to say that Mrs. Vandort's generous heart prompted her to make Phyllis an offer of all that was required; but the young girl would only thank her affectionately, but repeat that it could not be; that she must wait and think.

The little home party looked anxiously on the morning of the third day for a report from Laura, and the result, as may be imagined, was not encouraging. Laura wrote just what the doctors had said, and of how hopeless Phyllis seemed to feel.

It was all that Nan could do to keep Joan from breaking down completely, and when at four o'clock she started off to keep her appointment with Jim Powers, the sight of Joan's face, pressed against the Emporium window, filled her with melancholy.

Before this their need of money had not stared them in the face so sternly, but now the feeling that it was for

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Phyllis's whole future made Nan's heart very heavy as she rode into Beverley. The thought of visiting Rolf House in such a frame of mind oppressed her keenly.

She had told Jim to expect her about five o'clock, and as she left the cars on Main Street she walked quickly, for not only was there a feeling of rain in the air, but the sky was sultry and overcast; the foliage on the trees in College Street, the gardens on each side, looked dark with shadows of the approaching storm, and as Nan entered the lower garden gate a dash of rain-drops fell upon her face, and she quickened her steps, running into the carriage house, as anxious to avoid a wetting as to meet Jim.

No one was in sight.

Nan looked about her; called "Jim!" once or twice; wondered for a moment, and then, thinking that the boy might be above, went up the ladder and into the loft; but no one was there.

She turned, sorry that she would be compelled to go to the house and inquire for Jim, but anxious to do so at once if it was necessary, in order that she might start for home. She turned, but made only one step forward, when she stopped, with an exclamation of surprise.

Looking at her with an expression of malicious glee, Bob appeared leaning over the trap-door on the floor of the loft; silent, but with gleaming eyes, and a smile of cruel satisfaction on his face.

"So *this* is how you come prowling around other people's houses, is it, Miss Goody," the boy said, maliciously, and speaking slowly, as though he enjoyed prolonging what he had to say. "Nice sort of a girl *you* are! What are you after, I'd like to know?"

Nan stood still, trembling a little, but determined he should not discover that she was frightened.

"I was looking for Jim Powers," she said, calmly, and moved toward the ladder. "Let me pass, if you please, Bob. I must hurry home."

"Oh, you must, must you?" cried the boy, with a grin. "Well, we'll see about that. I don't know whether I shall let you go for an hour or two, Betty and I will settle some old scores perhaps first. Do you remember what I said once, that I'd pay you off for taking my dog, and I guess my time has come."

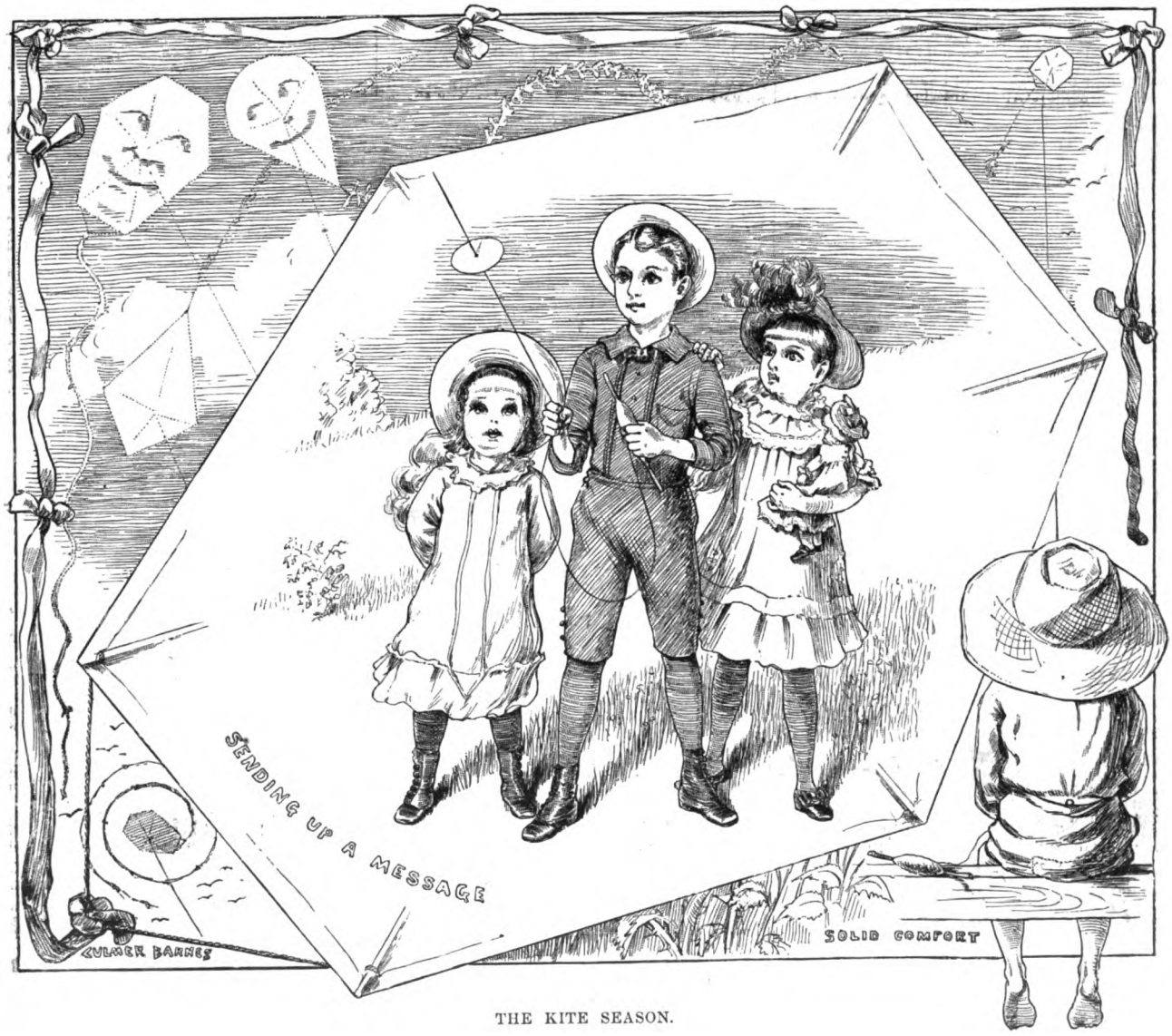
"Bob, I *must* go. Let me pass. I will call out for some of the men if you don't."

But Bob only laughed derisively.

"No use," he said, shaking his head. "There ain't any one around. Jim isn't home yet."

"Let me pass, *please*, Bob," replied Nan, unable to hide her annoyance. She came to the top of the ladder, and tried to force her way; but the boy was too quick for her. With a bound he descended one or two steps, banged the door down, and Nan heard him push in the bolt, with a shout of laughter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]




THE KITE SEASON.

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# OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THREE letters describing what the writers observed during a morning walk are published in the Post-office Box this week. Others will appear later. Now I want the little pens to send me something very bright about the subject I am about to give them. It is "A Journey Round the Breakfast Table." You may tell me where the oatmeal grows for your porridge, where the coffee comes from, and the sugar, the pepper, the salt, the ice in your water, the wheat which makes your bread, and all you can find out about a breakfast.

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STANWIX, CARLISLE, CUMBERLAND, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a boy ten years old, and have six brothers and sisters, three older than myself. In our house we have a book-case that belonged to the great poet Mr. Wordsworth. Our house is situated in the middle of the Cumbrian Plain, and has a splendid view all around it. We have also a lot of swallows and starlings that build in the gables of our house. One day a starling came down the drawing-room chimney, and sooted the carpet and ceiling. It was a very beautiful one. I have never written to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE before. We can see Langholm Monument on Whita Hill, twenty miles away, on a clear day. I go to Grosvenor College, and study French, Latin, drawing, reading, spelling, geography, and arithmetic. In winter, robins come to the door and stay till we give them some crumbs. Some get into our greenhouse, and we have to let them out. I am your faithful reader,

ARNOLD MOFFET B.

I wonder if you have ever read a very beautiful book entitled *The Starling*, by Norman Macleod. If you have not yet done so, you have a rare treat before you. I should like to own a book-case which Wordsworth had owned.

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Such a letter as the following deserves to be read with care, and I thank the writer for sending it to us all:

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—In the Post-office Box—the dear Post-office Box, which no one loves better than I do—you ask us children if we know whose wife Xantippe (I can not bear to make a capital X, it always looks so queer) was. She was the wife of the Grecian philosopher Socrates, who was put to death, 399 years before Christ, on a charge with three propositions: he, said his judges, did not believe in the gods of Athens, introduced new gods, and misled young men. The first charge was true to a certain extent, for Socrates was opposed to such worship as was rendered to the god Bacchus. As to the second, Socrates declared a belief in one Most High God, and "struggled after the truth in the darkness," but I never heard that he instituted or even tried to institute any new worship. As a basis for the third charge, it was said that Alcibiades, one of the pupils of Socrates, had frequently obeyed the philosopher in preference to his own father. In reply to this statement Socrates said that this thing often occurred in other matters: men consulted physicians about their health, and obeyed their generals in war, rather than their fathers. But three hundred and eighty voices sentenced the virtuous philosopher to die by being poisoned with hemlock. Xenophon, one of the best of Socrates's pupils, was away in Asia at the time of the trial, but Plato, another pupil, and one of the wisest men that have ever lived, endeavored to defend his instructor; but when he stood up on the platform and began, "O ye Athenians! I am the youngest man who ever went up in this place—" "No, no," cried the judges, "the youngest who ever went down."

There is much more that might be said about Socrates, but my letter is growing long, and I will just add one more paragraph for a description of an incident that showed the patience with which Socrates dealt with his scolding wife Xantippe. In a fit of temper this sharp-tongued woman delivered an angry lecture to her husband, and finished her harangue in an appropriate manner by throwing some water at Socrates's head: whereupon the philosopher smiled quietly, remarking, "After thunder follows rain." I trust that the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," proved true in this instance.

Your devoted reader, H. R. G.

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CHEBOYGAN, MICHIGAN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We have four dogs, named Pomp, Ned, Sport, and Ring. I have a pet bird named Goldie. I am cleaning house—not the big house, but the play house. It is in the side yard, and it is built like a real house. It has one door, two windows, and a stoop on two sides. I scrubbed the floor yesterday, and shook the carpet and laid it on the grass. James is going to put up a line for me, and I shall hang the carpet on it and beat it. I am going to wash the windows, too, but I do not know just when. Perhaps mamma will get me a little stove. James is going to put in another window, and fix a lock on the door, because tramps go in there to sleep sometimes. I thank you, dear Postmistress, for your message, and I send you my love. In three more months I shall be eight years old. Good-by.

EFFIE G. H.

---

SAN LUIS POTOSI, MEXICO.

I am a little girl nearly seven years old. My sister Netita and I are the only girls in our school who can speak English. I do not go in the afternoons. I write and draw, and am in the First Reader. I have one sister. We have two kittens and a dog; the dog's name is Sultan. We have a velocipede, and ride in the Alameda in front of our house. We have no American, but some Mexican, playmates. I staid at home to-day because I am sick with a cold.

Your little friend, ANITA W. T.

---

REABURN, MANITOBA.

My sister and I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and would not like to be without it. One of my aunts, who lives in Toronto, subscribed to it for us; she did not know that papa had already done so. We get them both every week, and we give one to some friends of ours. The snow has all gone, and we picked the first wild flowers on the 26th of April. I inclose you some. I am nine years old, and my sister is eleven. We live on a farm. LILIAN F. C.

Thank you very much for the flowers. They were lovely.

---

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—My little boy, who is not big enough to do it himself, will have me write to ask whether the fairies ever came back to Dame Margery's bed of tulips. I have told him the tale says they didn't, but he replies, "Perhaps they came back after the tale was finished, dad; do ask the gempleman, else let us go to Tavistock and see." Can you tell him?

Now I am writing, I may tell you an anecdote of my little boy that will perhaps please some of your small friends. One night I found him going to bed with a huge mince-pie in his hand. "Harold," I said, "if you eat that to-night, you'll dream of lions." He stared at me a minute, and then said, "Sabage ones, dad?" "Yes, savage ones." He raised the pie to his lips, then paused, and said again, "And tighas?" "Yes, tigers too." Once more he carried the pie to his mouth, hesitated, and asked, "And *jabberwocks?*" "Certainly." He gave me the pie hurriedly, saying, "Keep it till morning, dad."

Harold has an auntie in America, and that is one reason why he likes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. HAROLD'S DAD.

EPWORTH, ENGLAND.

I'm afraid I don't know what the fairies did, but when I find out I'll tell Harold.

---

FLORENCE, ITALY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I hope you have received my last letter from Tassia. Since then I have seen Genoa and Pisa in travelling from the Riviera to Florence, where I am now. I am going to a boy's school soon, which I shall like a great deal. My aunt sends me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which I like very much. GEOFFREY F.

---

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing this little game in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. My brother and I have named a new game of "Catch; or, Drivers and Slaves." Each driver must be furnished with a whip and a bit of strong string. There must not fail to be a timer. This timer takes no active part in the game; he only must arrange how long the slaves may go before the drivers set off after them, then again, how long after that he will signal them back. There must be no doubt about the timer possessing a watch. As many as like may play at one time, only the drivers may not outnumber the slaves, nor the slaves the drivers. When a driver has caught a slave, he ties the slave's hands behind his back and hurries him to the "home," or place where the timer is, but if the slave is caught and shows resistance, and meantime the signal for return is heard, he must leave the slave and rush for "home." The consequence is that if the drivers have caught every slave, they stay drivers, but if even one is missing, all give up their strings and whips, and are slaves. We have made only two rules:

I. That every slave who falls is free to get up.

II. If any one is mean enough to cheat, he is put out of the game.

NOTICE.—The whips are a kind of *sauve-garde* for the slaves, and not to be used on any slave.

H. B. F.

---

## BIRD LIFE.

See the birdies on the bough,
How they chirp and sing!
Twitter, twitter, fast then slow—
Now they're on the wing.

Away they fly, and perch again
On some luxuriant tree,
And then begin their song anew
In joyous harmony.

Oh, pretty birds, how sweet your song,
But one can never tell
To charm all hearers with its notes—
The far-famed nightingale.

This little songster issues forth
From out its pretty nest,
At evening-time, when other birds
Have gone in peace to rest.

It then begins its melody—
A melody which ne'er
Can be forgot by any one
Who doth its carol hear. F. P. P.

This dear boy, who writes so lovingly to the Postmistress, is assured that his affection is prized. When he goes away to school, she hopes he will not be homesick, but will have jolly boys for playmates, and kind tutors to make the path of learning smooth, and she will be glad to hear all about the games.

---

## THE CAT AND THE MICE.

A FABLE.

In the kitchen of a large house there once lived a mouse that had five little ones. Now nobody knew this except the cat, and she was determined to make a meal of them some day.

At last Christmas-day came, and all the occupants of the house were in the best room, so Pussy thought it a good chance to lay out her plans, which she did. She went to the larder and got a large piece of cheese, and put it about a yard away from the entrance of the hole where the mice lived. She then got the servant's bonnet, and putting it on the ground a short distance from the cheese, hid herself under it; all she had to do now was to wait.

Presently she heard a scratching noise, and peeping through a hole in the bonnet, she saw Mrs. Mouse and her two eldest children looking wistfully at the cheese. She gave a little chuckle, for she knew that they would soon come right out. She was right, for in another minute the three mice were eagerly eating the cheese; in a short time two more came out, and before they had eaten much the last one came running out for his share.

Now Pussy did not know how many children Mrs. Mouse had; so, thinking that some more might still come out, she kept quiet. After a while one of the mice went back to the hole again, having satisfied his hunger; but Pussy, thinking that he had gone to fetch some more of his companions, was so glad that in her joy she knocked the bonnet half off. This so frightened the mice that they ran back to their home as fast as ever they could. Pussy dashed after them, but was too late.

She went back to the cheese (which was about an inch in length), and began eating it; the tears were almost in her eyes, because she was so savage at having thus lost such a treat.

But just then Jane, the servant, came out with Pussy's and Rover's dinner. She saw Pussy eating something, and also saw the crumbs of cheese on the floor, so of course she thought that Pussy had stolen the cheese and eaten it; to make sure of it she went to the larder, and of course found the cheese dish empty. She was very angry, and gave Pussy a beating. She then gave both the dinners to Rover, who enjoyed them heartily. Rover wonders why he had such a good meal that day, but Pussy doesn't.

GEORGE R. (age 13).

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

Poor Jane! What became of the bonnet?

---

## WHAT I SAW IN A MORNING WALK.

One morning I went to the grocer's for mamma, and on my way back my attention was attracted by this sign, "This stor will open on or about the firs of May as a firs class confectionery and ice-cream saloon." How funny that the longer words were correctly spelled, while "store" and "first" were incorrect! That reminds me of a sign I saw while taking a morning walk in Newark, New Jersey. The sign was nailed on a firkin, and read thus, "Socket Mackerel." This was probably

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meant to inform lovers of soaked mackerel that the firkin contained some. But to go back to my morning walk.

On my way back from the grocer's I also saw a man who did not keep his word, as I will show you later on. Our coffee-pot had taken it into its head—I should say its spout—to leak that morning, and so I had taken it to the tinsmith's to be mended, but had neglected to ask him when it would be finished, so on my way back from the grocer's I went in and asked him when I could have it. He said, "This evening, miss." That evening I went for it, and it was not finished, and all the workmen had been dismissed. As that evening was Saturday, I could not get it the next day, and on Monday it would not be done in time for breakfast. Think what misery—two whole days to drink coffee cooked in a pipkin! It made me shiver to think of it. I expected to get a lot of ground coffee in my mouth at every swallow. But it was not so bad after all.

That was all I saw in *that* morning walk; but if I could put all the funny things of all my morning walks together, I am confident that I could make you laugh. C. M.

---

NEW YORK CITY.

One morning as I was out taking a walk I heard a little noise in a tree near by, and on going to see what was there I saw two little sparrows in a nest. There had been a storm the other day, and the mother bird had been blown out of the nest. Taking the nest, with the little birds in it, I went home. On reaching home, I put the little birds, nest and all, into a cage, and kept them until they grew large enough to take care of themselves; then I let them go. A. S.

---

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

In my morning walk before school I noticed the green grass looking so bright and beautiful, just as if it had come up by magic. The sweet-scented flowers of the magnolia-tree were all in bloom; the maple-tree was already putting forth the glory of its delicate little yellow leaves; the tall and stately sycamores were beginning to put forth their buds; the willows, with their tender little pointed leaves, were hanging their heads to give shade to the passer-by. All nature was bright and beautiful. I listened to the birds that sang so sweetly, the sunlight beaming down upon me through the trees. The merry voices of the children in the orphan asylum that I passed rang out over the fields; some of the children were swinging, some were enjoying seesaw, others were playing tag. There is a large detached house just below our own. Some men on the roof were letting down the worthless concrete in buckets, while others on the street were preparing new concrete. On the other side of the building men were hauling up tar in buckets. Men inside the house were tearing down the plastering; new plaster was being made and strained outside. I stopped a little while to watch the men strain the plaster. I was so glad the old house was being put in order, because it has such a beautiful lawn around it, and such magnificent trees. I saw a great many other beautiful and interesting things, but if I should attempt to mention them all, my letter would be too long. I am a little girl nine years old, and am very glad to have such a nice subject for a letter.

JEANIE L. DE F.

---

NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

We are two school-mates who have come together this afternoon to write to you. We are both very fond of cooking, and often tease our mothers to let us cook. We have not yet tried much except cake. We both belong to large families, and do a certain portion of the house-work every day. We are very fond of pets. Julia has a parrot, which is very cute; its name is Flora. Mary has a dear little black dog named Benjie, who has many tricks. We know you have a great many requests to print letters, but please print this one, as we have a very certain reason why we should like to see this in the Post-office Box.

MARY and JULIA.

---

NEW YORK CITY.

Tell H. B. F. to procure a box for his turtle, and have a quantity of sand put in it; fix it so that one corner of the box has more sand than the other, so as to form a sort of hill with the sand. The turtle will like to bury himself in it sometimes. Keep it damp. In giving the pet food, put it in a dish with water, not enough to keep it swimming all the time, for it would get tired very soon if you did, but just enough to cover its back. Feed it on live flies or small bits of raw beefsteak; it will also take bread-crumbs once in a great while. LOUISE R.

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SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

It will soon be a year since this charming weekly was first welcomed in our home as a birthday gift to my younger brother. I thought probably you would like to hear from some of us in the Alamo City. We were delighted with "Wakulla," the more so, perhaps, from living in a house almost the image of "Go-Bang" and owning a nice old dog named Bruce. If this is published, and Nellie A. sees it, I will send her a plant from Mexico and a small box of Spanish moss in exchange for some of the trailing arbutus she writes of. I would like so much to correspond with some English girls about fifteen or sixteen years old! I fancy I could send them some interesting letters about the points of interest around San Antonio—the old, time-worn missions, etc. Maybe some of the little readers who visited the Exposition noticed in the Texas Department an oil-painting of Mission San José, by my sixteen-year-old brother. Hoping this is not too long for a little corner in the Post-office Box, your friend,

MAMIE B. THOMAS,
219 Oakland Street.

I fear the trailing arbutus will all be gone for this year, Mamie; but Nellie may like to arrange some other exchange with you.

---

SOUTHPORT, CONNECTICUT.

My younger brother began taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE last January. We all like it so much! I am especially interested in "Rolf House." I have two sisters and two brothers. We all go to school except the youngest; we have a governess, and our school-room is a room fitted up in a house nearly two hundred years old, the old homestead of papa's family. Papa owns one of the many grist mills on Mill River. In winter my brothers and I enjoy skating on the pond, and in summer we gather great numbers of water-lilies. I am making a quilt which takes 440 blocks, and thirteen pieces for each block, making 5720 pieces in the whole quilt. LORETTA B. P.

What patient eyes and nimble fingers you must have, dear child!

---

PONCHA SPRINGS, COLORADO.

I am a little girl ten years old, and never have written you a letter, although I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE over four years. My mamma is writing this for me: I have broken my arm, and can not write very plainly now. I was skating on roller skates, and although I can skate very nicely, I fell and broke my arm. I have suffered a great deal, and hope no other little girl will fall and have such a bad accident. This little town is situated in a beautiful valley, the valley of the Arkansas. High mountains are all around us, and covered with snow; some have snow on all the year round. I spent several winters in Mexico among Indians and Mexicans. Wouldn't you like to have me write and tell you about one of my Indian friends? SUSIE C.

Yes, dear, let us hear about your Indian friends. I always *did* think those roller skates dangerous, and have expected to hear that some child was hurt as you have been.

---

WARREN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy eight years old, and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since I can remember. I liked "Wakulla" very much, and was sorry when it was finished. This is my first year in school, and I am learning to speak German. I have never seen a letter from this place, so I thought I would write one, and as this is my first letter, I hope to see it in print. BERT R.

---

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I wish I lived in some foreign country, so as to have something interesting to write about. My name is Florence, and I have many pet names, such as Florrie, Flora, Flo, etc. A dear little friend of mine calls me "Podie." I love pets of any kind, but I certainly *do* love kittens or cats. I had a darling little kittie called Muff, that would sit on the organ and watch me while I played; he loved music. But he died, and I just feel as though I never could have another pet. I have a big wax doll, of which I am fond. I have no brothers nor sisters. I am twelve years old. Perhaps you think that a great girl twelve years old is too big to play with dolls, but I don't, and I mean to play with them till I am eighteen.

I go to school, of course. I have taken about a term and a half of music lessons on an organ. It seems to me if I had a piano I should be perfectly happy. I love to make up instrumental pieces. I have composed and written two pieces, and have begun "Pansy Waltz" and an organ voluntary.

In Corry, where I live, we have a reading-room, in which I love to read, for I am almost a bookworm. The Corry people are very much interested at present on the subject of bonds. We have some to pay.

Papa takes HARPER'S MONTHLY, mamma the BAZAR, and I my dear HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am reading "The Red Glove" and "East Angels" in HARPER'S MONTHLY and "The Shop in Soho" in the BAZAR, and all of my own paper. I am also reading "The Rise of Silas Lapham" in the *Century*, all of *St. Nicholas*, and *The Little Ones*.

I have a dear friend, L. B., who is now in Harrisburg. She and I write each other one or two letters a week.

Which of these names do you think is prettiest for my big wax doll—Pansy, Bessie, Belle, Daisy, Lulu, or Queenie?

I never read a more interesting story than "Rolf House." I just despise the Farquhars.

I would like to correspond with a girl in Florence, Italy; Florence, Alabama; Florence, Idaho; or Florence, Arizona.

I am afraid this is too long to be printed, but I hope not. Good-by.

P. S.—I can set type. My papa is an editor and owns a printing-office. I hope you won't make "pi" of this letter. F. H. C.

Queenie is a pretty name for a doll.

It was so nicely written, dear, that nobody could have an excuse for making "pi" of your letter.

---

RAPIDAN, BLUE EARTH COUNTY, MINNESOTA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have just been reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE that we received last Friday, and in the Post-office BOX I saw the letter from Bertie E. B., Allenton, Missouri, in which she told about the first flowers, so I thought I would write and tell you about the flowers we have here. The wood-lilies (trillium, dwarf) and wind-flowers (pasca flower) are almost done blooming, but the May-flowers (hepatica), bloodroots (*Sanguinaria canadensis*), adder's-tongue, Dutchman's-breeches (wild dicentra), dog-tooth violet, and several varieties of anemones, besides buttercups and the violets, are just beginning to blossom. I have begun to study botany this summer, and think it such a very interesting study.

Dorothy J., London, England, says the spelling looks so funny to them. But what seems strange to us is that all the English correspondents say they "take in" YOUNG PEOPLE: here we would say "we take it," or "we subscribe to it."

Would Emmie N., Sunderland, England, please write to me? I would like very much to correspond with some girl in England, as I have a number of questions I would like to ask, and they would take too much room in the Post-office Box. If Emmie N., or some other girl of my age in England, will just please write to me, I will do my best to make it a pleasant correspondence, and will answer all questions she wishes to ask as well as I can.

I am fifteen years old, and study grammar, algebra, physical geography, and physiology. With good wishes to you and all the many thousands of your correspondents, I remain

EDITH COOKE.

---

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

THREE WORD-SQUARES.

1.—1. A fall. 2. A passage. 3. Within. 4. A piece used in a game of chess, also a foot-soldier in Hindostan.

2.—1. A girl's name. 2. A word meaning awl (obsolete). 3. A number. 4. A boy's name.

3.—1. A path. 2. A sour substance. 3. A pleasing quality. 4. A garden of olden time.

E. MABEL W.

### No. 2.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. To form into a mass. 3. Kelp. 4. A seaman. 5. Arranged in due order. 6. Narrations. 7. The interior space in a temple. 8. Certain coins. 9. A letter. NAVAJO.

### No. 3.

A RIDDLE.

Riddle me ree, if you can, my dear:
I go to court when the queen is there,
I'm found in the kitchen the very same day,
And into the pudding I pop and stay;
I stand near her Majesty's chair.
Riddle me ree, now please guess me.

MOTHER BUNCH.

---

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 289.

No. 1.—

```
      B                F
    O R E            P A T
  B R A K E        F A I R Y
    E K E            T R Y
      E                Y

      C                F
    A R K            L A P
  C R E E K        F A V O R
    K E N            P O T
      K                R
```

No. 2.—Chick-weed. Malden-hair.

No. 3.—Anemone.

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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Eleanor Sedley, Frank B., Ella Thomas, Theodore Judson, Anna Dean, John P. Cundell, Laura Breese, Daisy Rankin, Charlie Best, Al Bert, Fannie Jeanson, Louie Creamer, Emily Raymond, Randolph W. Holland, Edith L. Alban, Florence B. North, Gertrude C. Underhill, W. Sperber, J. Pearce, R. Holt, M. Sharra, L. Bostwick, Harry Pyne, Blanchard, and George A. Lowe.

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[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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## A HANDFUL OF VIOLETS.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

"OH, violets, sweet violets!"
Cried a dainty little maiden,
As, her hands with blossoms laden,
She came dancing to my room.

"Shall I tell you where I found them?
Through the brown earth they came springing
And I heard a bluebird singing,
'Oh, the violets are in bloom.'

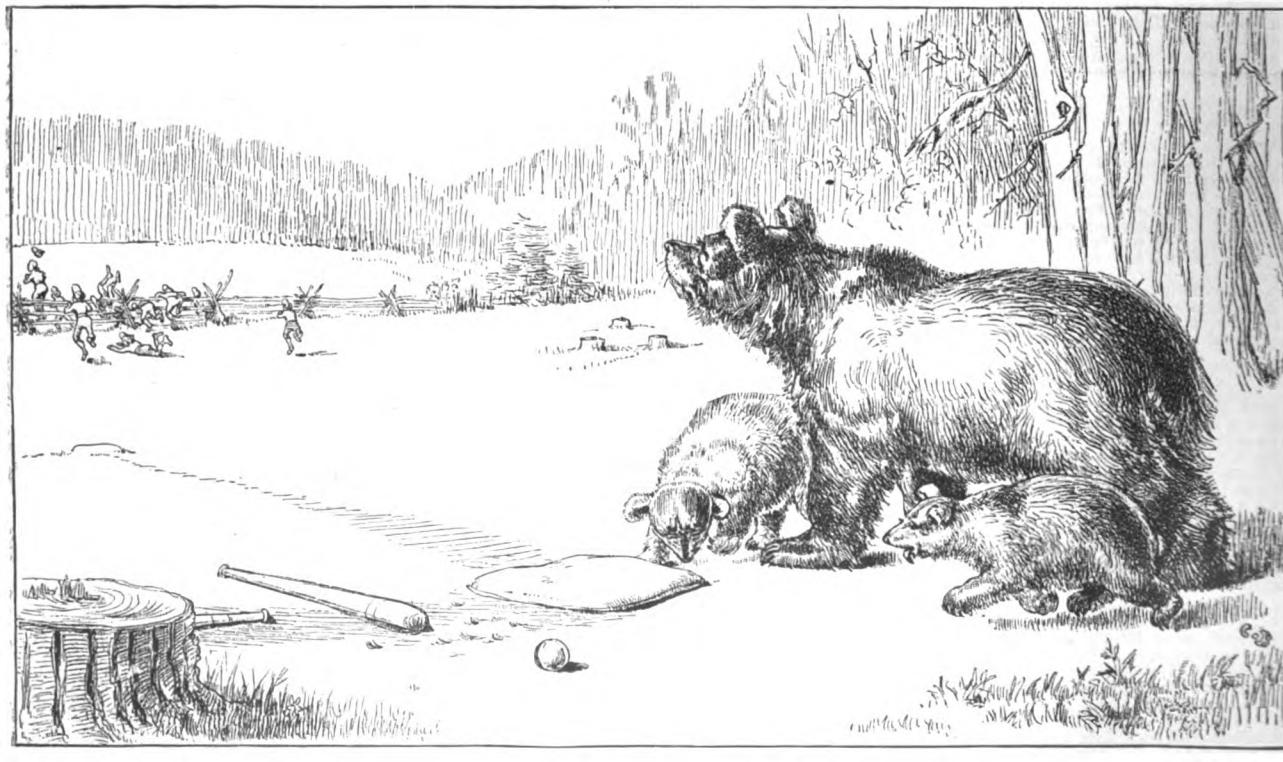
"What have they all been doing
Through the winter long and dreary?
Don't you think they must grow weary
In waiting for the spring?
Is there any one who tells them,
While their long, long nap they're taking,
That they must not think of waking
Till they hear the bluebird sing?"

What could I do but kiss her,
This dainty little fairy,
Who, with footsteps light and airy,
Brought the violets to me?
Oh, where among Earth's blossoms
Is there one so sweet and tender
As my Violet, fair and slender,
And the woman she will be?

## ABOUT LION-TAMING.

THERE is no truth whatever in the idea often circulated that lions, tigers, and other inmates of the "performing cage" are drugged or otherwise stupefied before the master with the whip enters their den and proceeds to set it in an uproar. Another common belief is that red-hot irons are employed in taming the creatures, or are always kept in readiness lest accident should occur. No lions or tigers are ever cowed with a red-hot iron nowadays. As a rule, lion-tamers are not very fond of taking a cage of young cubs and training them. It has been found that the beasts so brought up are quite as treacherous and uncertain as any new-comers who are at once taken in hand for show purposes.

It is a fact that lions vary decidedly in disposition and tastes. Some behave well enough so long as they are not punished, and go through their various feats willingly; others are furious if they are forced to leap about or act in the den, but do not object to being whipped. The danger to the tamer is four times as great in the management of a cage containing both lionesses and lions as in one where are only the males, and it is almost always the case that the lady stirs her lord up to mischief, often at the cost of a human life.



BASE-BALL AT PELTYVILLE.—A HOME RUN.

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

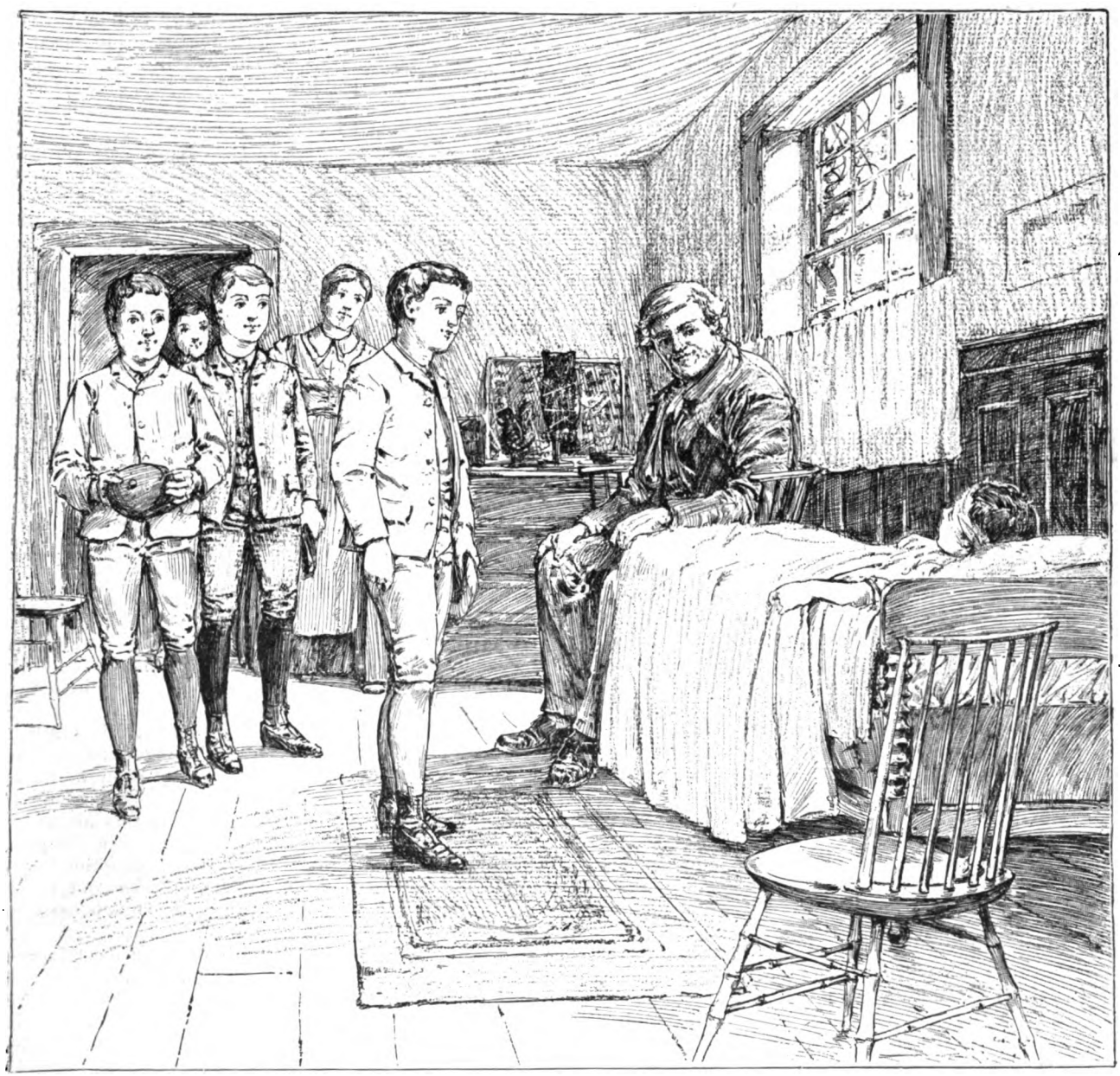
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 298. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 9, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

"'IT MADE US FEEL MEAN TO SEE HOW GOOD POP MILLER WAS TO HIM.'"—SEE STORY ON PAGE 498.

DRAWN BY CHILDE HASSAM.


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## THE "RED RANGERS."

BY KIRK MUNROE.

TOM BURGESS had come to Berks to spend the summer with his uncle, Squire Bacon, greatly to the delight of his cousin Hal. He arrived one evening in the spring, and went to school with Hal the next day, so as to get acquainted with the Berks boys as quickly as possible. After school he was introduced to so many boys that he got their names all mixed up, and was sure he should never be able to tell which belonged to whom. He was about to beg his cousin not to present any more of his friends just then, but to give him a chance to become a little acquainted with those whom he had already met, when Hal suddenly cried out:

"Oh, here's Will Rogers, Captain of the Rangers, and a regular brick. Hi, Will! come here a minute. This is my cousin, Tom Burgess, and he's going to stay here all summer."

The slender curly-headed fellow thus introduced shook hands cordially with Tom, and said he was glad to welcome him to Berks, and hoped they should become as good friends as he and Hal were. Then he said he must hurry home, as he had to make arrangements for that evening's meeting of the Rangers. As he started off on a run, he turned back and called out, "Be sure and come to-night, Hal, and bring your cousin with you."

Tom had noticed that Will's handsome face was very pale, and was disfigured by a livid scar across his forehead, apparently that of a recently healed wound. His curiosity was so excited by this that he could hardly wait for his latest acquaintance to get out of hearing before asking Hal how it came there, and who the Rangers were.

"Who are the Rangers! Well, I should think you'd better ask! Why, what a stupid I am, to forget to tell you the most important thing of all! Let's sit down here on the sunny side of this stone wall, and I'll give you the whole story."

After they had seated themselves comfortably in a warm spot, Hal began, and narrated as follows:

"You see, Will Rogers, the fellow you have just met, was always getting up something for us boys to do. We had all sorts of clubs, and secret societies, and orders of Red Men, and such things; but they didn't any of 'em last long, 'cause Will was always reading about something new, and wanting us to try it. Last winter, some time just before Christmas, he got hold of an awfully exciting pirate story, and the day after he'd read it he came to me and said he'd thought of a perfectly immense scheme, and if I wanted to be in it I must assemble at their barn door at seven o'clock that evening. Of course I wanted to be in it; so I went.

"A lot of the fellows were there, and Will let us in and took us upstairs in the dark to the door of a room in the loft. He told us to wait there until we heard three loud hand-claps, and then to enter the hall in single file, and on no account to speak a word until the Great Panjandrum spoke to us. Then he went inside and shut the door, leaving us outside in the dark, and wondering what was up.

"In a minute we heard the hand-claps, and we went in as he had told us to. At one end of the room, which was very small and low, and smelled of old harness, was a big box like a platform, with a little box covered with a white cloth like a table on top of it. Behind the table stood a figure all in white with a black mask over its face. On the table were two hollow bones with lighted candles stuck in 'em. On the wall, behind the whole outfit, hung a square of black cloth with what I thought was a base-ball and two bats painted in white on it; but Will told us afterward that it was a pirate flag, and they were skull and cross-bones.

"The light was kind of flickery and dim, and the white figure was awful solemn, until it spoke; then we knew by the voice it was Will. He said:

"'Minions of the Lamp, Sea Kings of the North, Terrors of the Red Men, Wild Rovers of the Spanish Main, and Brothers in Deeds of Daring.'

"You see, we had been all of those things at different times; only I hadn't ever been a Minion, and don't know exactly what they did; but I know all the rest.

"When he had called us our names, as deep down in his throat as he could say 'em, he went on and said, 'The time has come for boys to free themselves from tyrants, and to assert their rights. We have assembled in this ancient stronghold, at this solemn midnight hour, to organize a band of robbers, whose name shall become a terror to the surrounding country, who will lend their powerful aid to the cause of boys, and who will levy tribute from all men. Who of you are ready to join the Red Rangers of the Rio Grande, and pledge them your names and fortunes? Let them raise their right hands, and let all cowards leave the hall, and beware that they betray nothing.'

"Nobody dared be a coward, so we all raised our hands, and then we all took an oath to burn, rob, kill, and destroy all enemies of the Rangers. Each fellow had to repeat the oath separately after Will, who flashed the light of a bull's-eye lantern that he had hid behind the box, in his face, all the time he was saying it. It was just an elegant oath, I tell you, only I can't remember it now.

"We had another meeting next night, and Will was elected captain, and me lieutenant of the band. After that we had a lot of meetings, and arranged all the grips and pass-words, and did everything up ship-shape. After a while the fellows got tired of having only meetings, and wanted to strike terror into the heart of somebody, and have some booty to divide, or do something exciting. So Will said he would organize an expedition that should harrow the enemy the next Saturday night."

"I suppose he meant 'harry' the enemy," said Tom.

Without noticing the interruption, Hal continued: "We didn't know until we started who was going to be harrowed; but after we'd got out of the village, Will said it was old Pop Miller, the hermit, who lives out on the Lake road all alone, and is humpbacked. He used to be awful cross to boys, and try to hit 'em with his stick, when they ran after him on the street, and called him old Hippety-hop.

"He had a yellow dog that he called Midas. It was a regular coward on the street, and would run if you only picked up a stone; but in his own yard he was as brave as anything, and would come tearing at you if you even touched the fence. So we asked Will what he was going to do about Midas.

"'Oh, I'll fix him all right,' he said, and he held up a brown paper parcel that he carried.

"When we got pretty near Pop's house, Will made us go into ambush behind some trees, while he went on alone to 'ree-conoiter,' as he called it. Pretty soon we heard Midas bark, and then Will came running back to us, all out of breath. He said he guessed that was about the last of that dog's bark, for he had thrown over the fence a big piece of poisoned meat that would soon quiet him.

"He said old Hippety-hop came and looked out of the window when Midas barked; but didn't see him because he was hiding behind the big lilac bush.

"We waited there quietly, until we were 'most frozen, and some of the fellows began to grumble, and say they didn't think that sort of thing was much fun. When Will heard 'em he got angry, and commanded silence, and said that all grumblers or cowards could either retire, or remain and be shot at sunrise, just as they pleased.

"This made the fellows shut up, 'cause they didn't want to do either, and they were afraid they'd be laughed at, too, for being cowards.

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"At last Will ordered us all to put on our masks—they were made of white cloth, and some were black—to examine our weapons, and see if they were ready for instant use, and to prepare to advance. I didn't see the use of examining our weapons, 'cause we only had broomstick guns and lath swords, except Will, who had an old cavalry sabre without any scabbard, that was his uncle Ben's; but we examined 'em, and I reported they were all O. K.

"Then Will said, 'Red Rangers of the Rio Grande, the enemy is before you. He is intrenched, and his works must be carried by storm. As we expect no quarter, so we will give none; the contest must be to the bitter end. Your captain expects every man to do his duty, and, remember, the more of you that fall in battle, the more booty there will be to divide among the others. Rangers, advance!'

"Just then Cal Moody, a little chap, 'most a whole year younger than me, began to whimper and say he didn't want to be killed.

"Will heard him, and said, very fiercely, 'Ha! have we a coward among us? Let him be bound to yonder tree until our return, when his execution will take place. We have no time to attend to such trifles now.'

"So we tied Cal to a tree with his own tippet, and marched away.

"When we got to Pop Miller's front gate we waited to see if Midas would rush out at us; but he didn't, and we didn't hear anything, except a kind of a whining out in the old barn. Then Will said the enemy's sentinel had been silenced, and ordered me, with half the band, to guard the front of the castle, while he and the other fellows crept softly around to the rear entrance. When we heard his bugle blast we were to rush in and capture the enemy. He didn't really have any bugle, only an old tin Fourth-of-July horn; but he called it a bugle, and we knew what he meant.

"There was just a light in one room, and we could see the enemy through a crack in the blinds, sitting reading. We kept mighty quiet, and I tell you I felt kind o' shaky, too, while we were waiting there in the cold for the signal. I didn't know exactly what we were a-going to do anyway when we heard the bugle blast, and I wondered if old Hippety-hop had his stick handy.

"You've no idea how dreadful the moonlight made the fellows look in their masks—some black and some white. They all seemed kind o' shivery, too, but I suppose it was the cold.

"All of a sudden we heard an awful noise from the back of the house. It wasn't the bugle blast, but was a sort of a crash and a scream. It scared us so that we all started and ran, tight as we could, out of the gate, and down the road. Just as we heard the noise I was peeking through the blinds at old Hippety-hop, and I saw him jump up and grab his stick, and go for the back door.

"I didn't see any more, 'cause I ran with the rest, and we didn't stop till we got back to our old ambush. Cal Moody wasn't there. He didn't want to wait and be executed, so he had untied himself and run home.

"We waited in the ambush a few minutes, talking in whispers about that awful scream, and wishing some of the other fellows would come and tell us what it all meant. Then we saw a boy come running down the road, and we hollered for him to stop and tell us what was up. We didn't know who he was at first, 'cause he'd forgot to take off his mask, but as soon as he spoke we knew it was Abe Cruger. He said Will Rogers had fallen down an old dry well, and he guessed he was killed. He said Mr. Miller and the boys were trying to get him out, and he was running to the village for the doctor.

"Then we all went back to Pop Miller's house, and found him and the rest of the band standing around a hole with lanterns and a rope. The hole, opening right in the white snow, looked dreadfully black, and we could hear a sort of a moaning down in it.

"They let Si Carew down with a rope and a lantern, and he called up that Will was alive, but insensible, and that his head was cut open and bleeding awfully.

"Then some men from the village came, and they got 'em both out, and took Will into Pop Miller's house and put him to bed, and the doctor sewed him up, and said he must not be moved for a long time, and pretty soon he had a fever, and raved.

"I found out afterward that just as Will was going to blow a bugle blast on his tin horn for the attack, he jumped off a pile of snow on to a rotten board over the old well, and it broke and pitched him in. When he got to the bottom his head struck on the sabre he carried, and got cut open.

"I tell you, we fellows felt pretty bad when we heard the doctor say that Will's wound was a very dangerous one, and that he might die. It made us feel mean, too, to see how good Pop Miller was to him. Why, you would have thought Will was his own son, the way he waited on him and nursed him. Of course Will's mother went right out there, and staid all through the fever and took care of him; but Pop was mighty good, and was always thinking of something nice to do for 'em both.

"He was real good to us boys, too, when we went out to see how Will was getting along, and some of us went every day. He said he hadn't ever got acquainted with boys before. He felt awfully bad about his dog Midas, which was found dead out in the old barn, and said it was the only friend he had in the world. We told him how sorry we were, and that if he'd take us for friends we'd try and be as good as a dog, and I've got an elegant bull-pup in training for him, so I guess that 'll be all right.

"While Will was sick in Pop's house we Rangers got into the way of cutting the old gentleman's wood and doing his chores for him, and when after a month Will was carried home, we somehow kept it up.

"Pop's got just the boss collection of butterflies, and when we go out there he shows 'em to us, and tells us all about them. He's going to help us make collections for ourselves now that spring's set in good and warm, and we can catch 'em, too.

"Will only got out about two weeks ago, and the first thing he did was to reorganize the Rangers, and make 'em into a relief corps. That means we're going to do all the work about Pop Miller's place, and relieve him from his troubles, for he's poor and sick, you know, and we're his only friends, till he gets the bull-pup. Our name's been changed, too, from the Red Rangers of the Rio Grande to Pop Miller's Ready Rangers, to show that we're ready to do anything he says.

"You never saw such a changed fellow as Will Rogers is. He's just as different as anything since he's been sick, and he says all the bands he forms now are going to be to help folks, instead of to rob and harrow them. He says he is not going to read another blood-and-thunder story, for they're all the lowest-down, poorest kind of trash, and it just makes a fellow feel ashamed of himself to read it. We all say so too, and we Rangers are going to try and have every bit of it kept out of Berks, and we'll do it, too."

"Our meeting this evening is to make arrangements for digging and planting Pop Miller's garden, and making it the best anywhere round.

"We've torn up our old skull-and-cross-bones flag, and we've got a new one—white, with a red axe and a bull-dog on it—to show that we're always ready to work for and protect our friend Pop Miller, the very nicest old gentleman in the world, if he has got a humpback."

"Well," said Tom Burgess, "I think I'd like to join you."

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## HOW TO MAKE A BARREL HAMMOCK.

BY JOHN RICHARDS.

TO make this hammock procure a clean barrel, take off the hoops, and carefully draw out all the nails. Then draw a pencil line crosswise three inches from and parallel to both ends of each stave. Then, with a five-eighth of an inch auger bit (using the pencil line as a centre),

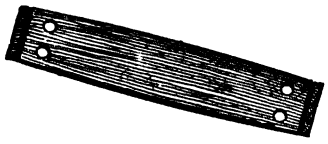


FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

bore two holes at each end of all the staves, leaving an equal margin on both sides, and sufficient room in the middle to prevent breakage. As some of the staves are wider than others, you will have to use your own judg-



FIG. 3.

ment in the distance apart you bore these holes (see Fig. 1). To fasten the staves together obtain a piece of stout rope about twenty feet long. Thread the rope first through the holes from the outside part of the staves, then through the following hole (Fig. 2). Repeat this until one side is finished.

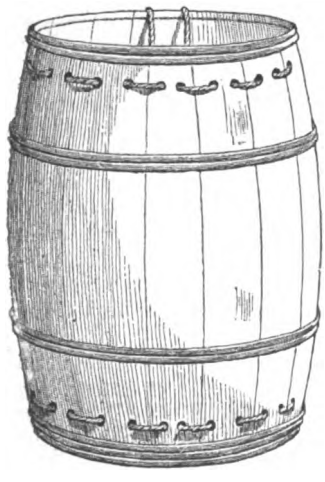


FIG. 4.

Thread the other side in the same manner (Fig. 3), tie the ends of the rope together, and to the loops on either end; fasten the stays long enough to conveniently swing the hammock. A space of about one inch should be left between each stave.

The hammock thus made will be found durable and much more comfortable to recline in than one would imagine, though perhaps not as safe for swinging in as the ordinary twine hammock. But then it is a novelty.

This hammock will be found convenient for camping parties; the barrel can be used to pack camping equipments and provisions in. The holes having been bored and the rope threaded through before it has been taken apart (Fig. 4), it can be taken to pieces and formed into a hammock on arriving at the camp grounds.

## FLOWERS OF HISTORY.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

FROM the earliest times flowers have been selected by nations, families, and individuals as their emblems, become intertwined with their history, and surrounded by pretty myths and legends as well as interesting facts. Thus Egypt was typified by the lotus or papyrus, and the stately palm was the symbol of Judea, while among the early Greeks the winners in the Olympian games were honored with garlands of wild olive, in the Pythian games with laurel crowns, while the victor in the Nemean contests carried off a wreath of parsley.

The rose, in all her infinite varieties, has well been styled the queen of flowers, and is probably surrounded by more legends than any other flower. The ancient Romans revelled in roses, and made the most extravagant use of them. No classic feast was complete without this "earth star," a white rose (the emblem of silence) being suspended above the board as a hint to the guests that the conversation was not to be carried beyond that room and that circle of friends. Hence we get the Latin phrase *sub rosâ*, under the rose, privately.

The spacious hall prepared by Cleopatra at Cilicia in which to meet Mark Antony was carpeted to the depth of eighteen inches with the "bloom of love," as the flower was called, and at one fête given by the tyrant Nero the sum expended for roses alone is said to have amounted to one hundred thousand dollars. Chaplets of roses bound the brows of poets and orators, shed their delicious perfume upon wedding feasts, and covered the tombs of the wealthy dead, who left large sums for this purpose.

The red rose, as most of my young readers know, is today the national flower of England, where it first appeared on the Great Seal in the reign of Edward IV., and in the coinage on a rose royal in the time of Henry VI.

The thirty years' "War of the Roses," between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, is too well known to bear repetition; but the "pale white rose" was also the flower of the unfortunate Stuarts, and upon one occasion, when Ronsard had composed a poem on the garden sovereign, Mary Queen of Scots sent him a royal gift of an exquisite rose of silver, valued at five hundred guineas.

Rough and rugged Scotland has chosen the prickly thistle, symbolizing independence, for its emblem; and the story runs that in the early history of hilly Scotia, under the cover of night, a party of Norsemen once attempted to surprise a Scottish army. Silently and stealthily they stole through the darkness, when suddenly one of the soldiers trod upon a thistle. He uttered a loud cry of pain, and in an instant the sleeping Scots were aroused. They flew to arms, and succeeded in driving back the advancing foe. The plant was adopted as the national emblem, together

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with the motto, "Wha daur meddle wi' me?" which, however, has since been changed to "In my defense."

Ireland, on the other hand, has a soft, modest flower, the sweet white clover, or shamrock, for by the aid of its tiny trefoil, three leaves in one, St. Patrick is said to have explained the doctrine of the Trinity. The Druids also held clover in great repute, and the ancients depicted Hope as a little child standing on tiptoe, holding one of these blossoms in his hand.

As Irishmen wear the shamrock in honor of St. Patrick, so formerly did the Welsh don their badge, the rather unsavory leek, upon St. David's Day, for it is supposed their patron saint directed the Britons under King Cadwallader to wear leeks in their caps, and thus adorned, they conquered their enemies the Saxons.

"Charge for the golden lilies!" shouted King Henry of Navarre at the battle of Ivry, and the iris, or fleur-de-lis (a contraction of *fleur de Louis*), long appeared as part of the national arms of France. The legend of the origin of this reads like a fairy tale, and is mainly a poetical myth. It was in the time of King Clovis, whose device was three ugly black toads, that a pious hermit was one night visited in his retreat by a radiant angel, who delivered to him an azure shield upon which were emblazoned three golden lilies.

"Carry it to Queen Clotilde," commanded the angel.

Next day the hermit obeyed, and the Queen in turn handed the shield to her husband.

The black toads gave place to the lilies, and led by this heavenly token, the army of the King was victorious on all sides; and when the battle of Tolbiac had been fought and won, the soldiers, in a frenzy of joy, gathered and crowned themselves with the fleur-de-lis that grew near the field in bountiful profusion.

The gaudy tulip is a child of Persia, its name being a corruption of the Persian word for turban, which it somewhat resembles. This flower is most curiously interwoven with the history of Holland.

The craze for tulips that broke out there in 1634 is the most singular mania that has ever turned a community topsy-turvy, for rich and poor, young and old, were all infected with a desire to possess rare and costly bulbs. A single bulb styled *Semper Augustus* was sold for £400, a fine carriage, and pair of horses, while another is said to have brought the astounding price of £1200.

Many amusing stories are related in connection with this wild craze. One is of a sailor who on going into a merchant's counting-house saw a valuable bulb, which he mistook for an onion. Thinking it would prove a fine relish with the red herring he had for his dinner, he quietly popped it into his pocket and carried it off. Not long after, the merchant missed his treasure, and, half distracted, rushed after the sailor, whom he found calmly finishing the last morsel of his mild-flavored onion. It was a royal meal, so far as price was concerned, and the poor tar paid for it by six months in a dreary prison.

At last a panic came, reducing hundreds of people to beggary. Government was appealed to to avert the calamity, but all in vain. Down came the price of tulips with a run, and hundreds of persons who had put all their money into tulips were ruined. The tulip mania was at an end, but in spite of these disasters the stiff, gay flowers are still general favorites in Holland, and stand like battalions of fairy soldiers about the quaint little summer-houses where the Dutch come to enjoy their coffee on pleasant warm afternoons.

Besides their country's emblem, well-known individuals have adopted flowers or plants as their family crests, the most noteworthy, perhaps, being the broom of the Plantagenets (*Planta genista*). Skinner tells us that it originated with a prince of the house of Anjou, who had killed his brother in order to obtain his principality. Overcome by remorse, he afterward repented, and made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, wearing a sprig of broom-corn, the symbol of humility, and every night scourging himself with a rod made of the plant *genêt*. Name and crest were transmitted to his princely descendants, until when Henry II. became King, he was called "the first royal sprig of *genista*."

The first Napoleon while Consul asked Josephine what



## MOTHER NATURE, MILLINER.

A CAST-OFF hat, quite full of holes,
One boisterous winter day,
Went hurrying, skurrying out o' town
With a breeze that came that way.

Over a hedge, across a field,
This ancient hat went sailing,
Till it settled down in a sunny nook
Behind a rustic paling.

But when the gentle spring-time came,
This hat, so old and homely,
Put all the city hats to shame,
'Twas trimmed so sweet and comely;

For from each ragged rent and hole
Sweet flowering vines were springing,
And blended in harmonious hues
Around the crown were clinging.

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gift he should bring her on her name-day. "Only a bouquet of violets," was the reply, and the flower being unattainable in Paris, the morning of the *fête* found Napoleon impatiently looking for the purple blossoms which he had ordered from Versailles. While waiting he received from an unknown hand an exquisite bunch of violets, and hastened off to present them to his wife.

A pretty incident is told of the last Emperor Napoleon. When paying court to Eugénie she at first refused his suit. He however persevered, and at length one evening, at a large company in her mother's house, the beautiful girl appeared in an exquisite violet toilet. Violets adorned her hair, violets looped her dress, and a bouquet of violets was in her hand. Instantly all present understood that Eugénie had accepted Louis Napoleon.

The late Lord Beaconsfield's favorite was the cheerful little primrose that has been poetically called "the firstling of spring," "the posie," and "the key of May," and many Englishmen now wear the sulphur-colored flower on the 18th of April in memory of Lord Beaconsfield.

President Cleveland's floral pet is said to be the American daisy, and he is said to have given it the place of honor in the conservatories at the White House. It is a dear, winsome little flower, and almost universal in its luxuriance. It might be most appropriately selected as our national flower, for what could be more emblematical of the Union of States than the numbers of white petals, large and small, cemented about one common centre, and I hope the time will come when the "eye of day," or the "little shield," of America, will be twined in the historic wreath of national flowers side by side with the rose and the lily, the German corn-flower, the cherry blossom of China, and the hardy chrysanthemum of Japan.

# ROLF HOUSE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### A DISCOVERY.

FOR a moment annoyance absorbed every other feeling. Nan stood still, not dreaming that Bob would not open the door, yet indignant to think he had even attempted to lock her in. Then she heard him run down the ladder and out of the building, while a flash of lightning, vivid and terrible, was followed by a peal of thunder which set even Nan's steady nerves quivering. The tall trees whose branches swayed against the windows of the loft were rocked back and forth in the storm; the rain pelted against the panes of glass; and in fifteen minutes poor Nan found herself in almost total darkness. And she did not feel in the least heroic. Vexed, alarmed, and nervous, she sat down on an old bench, and for a moment gave way to a genuine fit of crying.

The noise of the wind and rain, the rumbling of the thunder, made it useless for her to think of calling for help; and as the darkness closed in around her she could only sit still, hoping that Bob's desire to "pay her off" might not last, or, if it did, that some one else would come to her rescue.

But an hour passed, the moments dragging wearily, and Nan's courage dying away as she thought of the possibility of the boy's keeping her there all night, while at home what would poor Joan and the rest of them be feeling? She got up and moved about the loft, feeling her way in the thickly gathering shadows to the window which overlooked the kitchen-garden and rear of the house. Lights were shining there; she could see some figures moving about in the upper rooms, but very soon nearly all the shades were drawn, and the pelting storm shut out the view, frightening the poor child into a hasty retreat across the loft again. Once she groped her way to the trap-door and knocked upon it loudly, but with no result save the waking of echoes below. Bob had known that she would be powerless to find assistance when once he had locked her in securely.

Poor Nan! she prayed with feelings of wild fear, and yet a sense that help *must* come. Alone, in darkness that now made her fear to move, she crouched against the window, praying tremblingly, yet with all her heart and strength. Another hour had passed, and how it happened Nan never knew, but she fell asleep leaning against the old bench, awakening half an hour later to a terror such as in all her healthy young life she had never felt before.

She sprang to her feet, rushed forward blindly, stumbled, knocked over some large object, which fell with a crash, and then, to her intense relief, the sound of some one calling her name reached her ears.

"Yes, yes, I am here," Nan cried out, trembling between hope and fear.

"Is that Nan?" said the voice, a very childish one—Tina's—and Nan could hear the little fingers pushing at the bolt. Oh! what *would* she do if they could not push it back?

"Try hard, Tina dear," poor Nan called through the crack of the door, and soon she heard the creaking of the bolt; then slowly, and with evident alarm, Tina moved the door back.

Nan was free!

"How did you find me?" was Nan's first inquiry, as Tina, standing on the ladder, looked up in the darkness, trying to see her cousin.

"Bob said he saw you come in," said the little girl, in a very solemn tone. "We were in the window upstairs. I waited until Louise went down, and then ran to see for myself."

"You darling Tina! But I have knocked something over," said Nan, feeling her way to kiss the child's face. "Do you think you could run back to the house and get some matches and a bit of a candle? I want to see what has happened. But, Tina, don't let any one know I am here."

Tina still enjoyed mystery, and slowly descended the ladder, while Nan seated herself so that she could see the door, and at the approach of Bob make her way down.

The little girl was only gone a short time, but it seemed half an hour to Nan before she returned, wet through by her short journey across the garden, but holding a candle and some matches in her hand.

Nan helped her up into the loft, lighted the candle, and walked carefully across to the place where the accident had occurred.

She had knocked over an old sideboard, the drawers of which had tumbled out upon the floor, bits of leather, harness, old newspapers, and some books lying strewn in every direction.

Nan gathered the things up hastily, sweeping them into the drawers, not attempting to restore the dilapidated old piece of furniture to its former position. Tina held the candle, talking to Nan, asking all manner of questions as to where she lived, why she had gone away, and when she was coming to see them again.

Nan had answered so brightly and cheerfully that when

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suddenly the words seemed to die upon her lips, Tina looked amazed, and said, plaintively,

"What's the matter, Nan?—what is it?"

But Nan made no answer. She was holding a long piece of paper in her hands, and Tina could see that her fingers trembled, and that her breath came in a sort of gasp.

How she rose to her feet, put the paper in her pocket, helped Tina after herself down the ladder, Nan never knew. She felt like some one acting and speaking in a dream.

When they were standing out in the garden, the rain beating upon them seemed to rouse Nan to a certain consciousness of herself, and that she and Tina were being drenched through.

"Come—come in the house, Nan," said Tina, clinging to her cousin's hand.

"Yes," Nan answered, still dazed: "I will go into the house, Tina, for a moment, and then I must go home."

She could not afterward remember how Tina urged her along the path and to the side door—she knew, in fact, very little but that she was going into her old home, down the lamp-lit hall, and up the staircase she knew so well toward Aunt Letty's old study.

Mrs. Farquhar, Tina knew, was here, and the little girl wished her to see that Nan was wet through, and must be asked to remain all night. But Nan's first strong impression was of the suddenly opened door, the sight of the dear old room, with the candles lighted in the sconces, the air fragrant with roses, just as it used to be, but oh, how strange to come back to it in this way, and instead of Aunt Letty to see Mrs. Farquhar's delicate, languid figure on the lounge, to hear, instead of a welcome, the exclamation of surprise, and "Is that Nan Rolf? Good gracious, Tina, where have you been?" as Mrs. Farquhar rose, casting a look of annoyance and displeasure on both Nan and her little daughter!

And then Nan, looking straight at Cousin Mary, smiled very curiously. She was wondering if she *really* were awake, not dreaming, as she seemed to hear herself saying:

"I have only come in for a moment. I must go right away, Cousin Mary."

And she stooped down, kissing Tina warmly, with her arms about the child's neck.

Tina began to cry most piteously.

"I will come back again," Nan said, earnestly. "Don't cry, Tina dear, and thank you *so* much." And to Mrs. Farquhar's complete surprise and evident annoyance, Nan, not at all embarrassed, looked at her again, saying, gently, "Good-by, Cousin Mary," and she looked around the room with the same strange smile.

What did it mean? thought Mrs. Farquhar, as Nan turned down the staircase. But, in fact, Nan herself was too bewildered to know. She felt as if she must go at once to some one to whom she could relieve her mind, and hurrying out of the house, unmindful of the storm, with a tumult of many thoughts—of Joan, Phyllis, Janey Powers, of little Tina who had come to her rescue, and in a curious dreamy way of herself—she ran down the avenue and out into the street, along which she hurried in the direction of Dr. Rogers's house.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### THE WILL.

DR. ROGERS returned from his trip to Virginia by way of New York, in order to see the Brightwoods household, and to judge of Phyllis's condition for himself. He agreed fully with the opinion of the New York doctors, and spent an hour trying to persuade Phyllis to let him act for her in this as though he were her father; but he had not succeeded. Phyllis, never sweeter or more patient, thanked him over and over again, but asked time to "think" a little further. It was evident, however, that her unwillingness arose chiefly from a dread lest the effort should prove a failure, a fresh disappointment to herself and to them all.

The good Doctor left her on Saturday morning, going back to his hotel in New York in a depressed frame of mind. The care-worn look of Phyl's face, the sharpened outline, the weary expression about lips and eyes, had pained him inexpressibly.

At Brightwoods, where the burden of home cares was removed, the young girl had not felt so keenly the necessity of "keeping up," and in consequence the real extent of her weakness and suffering became apparent.

The Doctor thought of her mother—how like her Phyllis looked, and shook his head, murmuring, "It may go the same with her—the same."

Suddenly a voice at his side roused him. The hotel porter was saying, politely, "Some ladies to see you in the parlor."

"To see *me*?" said the Doctor, wonderingly.

He turned in the parlor door, and faced his sister Amy and Nan and Joan Rolf.

"Powers of creation!" ejaculated the Doctor, looking from one to the other. "What does *this* mean?"

It seemed to mean that his three visitors were in a great state of excitement. The Doctor had never seen Miss Amy in anything like such a frame of mind. She kept up a smart rat-tat-tat on the floor with the end of her parasol, her bonnet was pushed to one side, some car cinders were resting on her nose, and her bright black eyes were snapping and dancing in the most excited way.

As for Nan and Joan, they seemed too much overcome to speak, and when the Doctor said, "Come across to my room," and led the way to a long airy apartment on the other side of the hall, Miss Amy broke forth with:

"John Rogers, wait until you hear our story. I declare I don't know *how* we reached here alive."

"What is it?" said the Doctor to Nan, who stood in the window, smiling rather faintly, and looking at him with earnest eyes.

Miss Amy and Joan now sat speechless in their chairs, but Nan said, quietly: "Doctor, last night I had to go up to Rolf House to see Jim Powers about a poor little cousin of his, and I—that Bob Farquhar locked me into the loft. It was all dark when it rained, and stumbling about, I knocked over an old sideboard. Everything tumbled out of the drawers, and in picking them up I found this." Nan's voice trembled as she put a paper in the Doctor's outstretched hand.

There was silence for fully five minutes, while the Doctor walked to the other window, opened the paper, and his eyes once upon it, seemed riveted there. A pin might have been heard falling; Nan looked down into Broadway, where the throng of people, vehicles, cars, and omnibuses seemed all floating in unreal mist before her eyes. Once Joan caught her breath with a kind of gurgle; once Miss Amy's parasol fell with a clatter; but the Doctor did not move until he had read the first page of the paper slowly, glanced at the last once or twice. Then he lifted his eyes and looked straight at Nan.

"You know what this is, my child?"

"I think so, sir." Nan's voice was only a little steadier now, but her lips and eyes had a look of forced composure.

Joan gave a sort of groan, which she checked, ending it in a nervous sob.

"Heaven be praised!" said the Doctor, solemnly. "Of course there is no question that this paper is your aunt's last will; but why was it not found in all the search, and how came it in the loft?" Nan was silent. Dare she suggest that either Bob or Jim Powers had concealed it there? The idea had occurred to her, but she would not harbor it, and now only shook her head, and the Doctor went on: "All that can be made out later, I suppose. We

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"'WHAT'S THE MATTER, NAN?—WHAT IS IT?'"

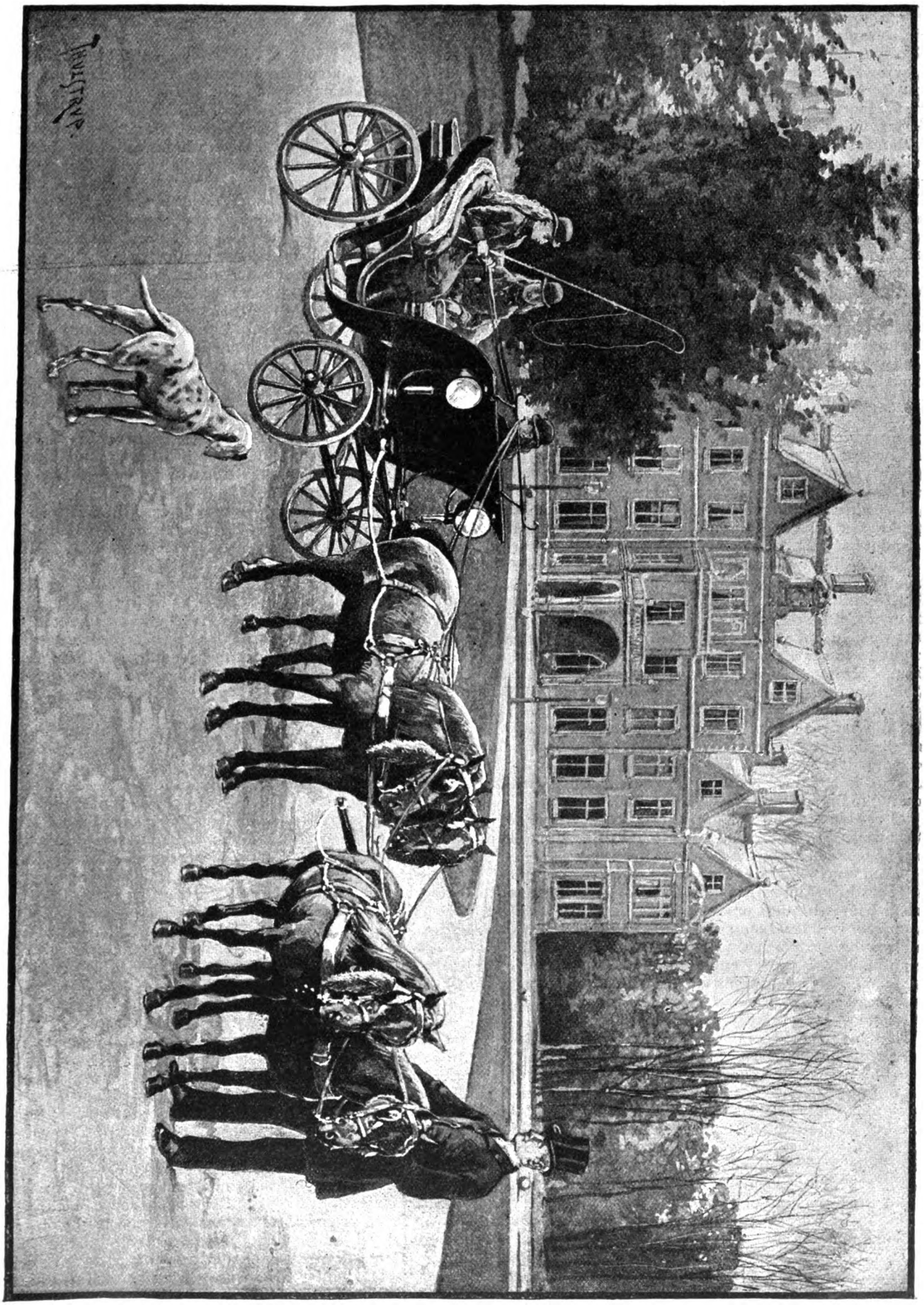
have enough to do at present in making good our claim:" and he shook the paper, laughing so pleasantly that it was infectious, and the whole party joined him.

They all knew enough of what the will contained to feel very comfortable over it, and satisfied that they could know of details later. The next half-hour was one to be remembered delightfully ever afterward. It was decided that for the present Miss Rogers and the two girls would remain at the hotel. The Doctor bustled off to engage rooms, and in his absence Joan gave full vent to the ridiculously high spirits she was in. Miss Amy, for the twentieth time, commented on what her feelings were when Nan had appeared the night before at her door, drenched with rain, but full of the excitement of her great discovery, and Joan repeated again her account of their anxiety at Beachcroft, just what the boys said and did, and how "perfectly overcome" she felt on being sent for into Beverley, and there hearing the news.

Nan felt as though she could hear the same story over again a dozen times; but there was new occupation when the Doctor returned with a very polite chamber-maid, who led the way to a pretty sitting-room fronting Fifth Avenue, out of which two bedrooms opened.

Neither of the girls had ever staid in a hotel before; Joan had rarely been five miles beyond Beverley, and had never seen a large city, so that the fact of being in New York was sufficient cause of enjoyment and wonder in itself. Indeed, as she presently remarked, to think of every-

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THE YOUNG PRINCESSES OF WALES AT SANDRINGHAM.—SEE PAGE 506.

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thing that had happened already, and then to contemplate the future, was really too much for her. She declared she would not try to do it, but just take things as they came.

She sank down into one of the luxurious satin easy-chairs, and leaning back as far as possible, gazed about the room with a look of profound satisfaction.

"Here I am," she remarked, "ready for *anything* that may happen. If that door over there," waving one hand majestically toward it, "were to open, and a slave walk in with a tray of jewels on his head, I shouldn't be a bit surprised, but should expect such things to happen every other minute."

"Here comes the Doctor," said Nan, laughing. "He said he would send for Lance at once."

And the words were hardly spoken before Lance himself came into the adjoining room.

Nan rushed forward to meet him. But when she held her hands out and he grasped them firmly in his, they could only look at each other without speaking; for, happy as the moment was, the joy in both hearts being not for themselves so much as for others, words would not come. Lance knew well enough that his little cousin's first thought had been for Phyllis and all of those to whom she had meant to be so very good. It was not the possession of wealth for money's sake or for any fame that it would give her which stirred the pulses of the young girl's heart, and made the eyes that were raised affectionately to her cousin's face so soft and tender. From the moment she had realized that Rolf House might be her own again Nan had steadily tried to remember the many times in which, speaking of what she might one day have in her power, her aunt had said, "Remember, it is yours only *in trust*."

"Do they know it out at Brightwoods?" was Lance's first inquiry.

"No," said Nan. "The Doctor is going to let Phyllis know about it very quietly this evening, and he thinks that we had better remain here for a day or two, as it might be too much excitement for her to see us all out there. He is going back to Beverley to-morrow to see Mr. Field, Mr. Jeness's partner, you know, about the will."

"Who were the witnesses?" inquired Lance.

"Why, a man and woman down at Ramstolora Village," said Nan, "which shows us that Aunt Letty must have had it with her that last day. I suppose Mr. Jeness knew of it, but then, you see, the poor man died without coming to his senses after the accident."

"I've always wondered," said Joan, "how the people in story-books *really* felt when they found wills, or heard of murders, or suddenly became great heiresses."

"And now you know, do you?" laughed Lance.

"Certainly," said Joan. "When we go down-stairs to lunch I intend to feel precisely like a heroine. But Nan, I suppose, is the real one; still, don't you know, in stories the heroine always has some particular intimate friend. I can be that, anyhow," and Joan flew to the mirror over the mantel, and, making an entirely new grimace, turned back, remarking, "Expression of Miss Joan Rolf in her character of the heroine's intimate friend."

They all laughed, even Miss Amy enjoying not only Joan's fun, but her sense of the romantic side of the situation, and luncheon being ready, the party went down into the dining-room, declaring that Joan should be watched every mouthful she ate, but she retorted that Nan was not at all up to the mark in her part, and the Doctor, inquiring into the cause of the chaffing that went on, gave it as his opinion that Nan made an excellent sort of a heroine, taking everything so quietly and as her natural right.

But when the kind old man came to bid her good-by, as he and Lance were starting for Brightwoods, there was animation and ardor enough in the way she said,

"Oh, Doctor, tell Phyllis and Laura how glad I am—and that anything that is mine *must* be theirs."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE DAUGHTERS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT SANDRINGHAM.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

WHEN the Prince of Wales decided upon making a country home for himself and family, one of the chief considerations was that his children might have a certain freedom, an out-of-door life, a cheerful combination of study and fresh air exercise, which was quite impossible at Marlborough House, which, you know, is the Prince's town residence. At the latter place the young princesses are necessarily under restraint, for, according to etiquette, they can not walk about freely in the streets; they can not even drive or ride on horseback without a certain formality, and the gardens of Marlborough House are scarcely large enough to be a comfortable play-ground.

So it came about that the Prince and Princess of Wales decided upon a country home for themselves, a house that should be fine enough, well enough built, and luxurious enough to embody the idea of a royal dwelling, and which should be certainly more home-like than anything they had yet enjoyed. I well remember hearing from one of the ladies who constantly visited the Princess of Wales, and who was a cherished guest at the country home when completed, how interested the little girls were in the new place, how delighted they were to be taken there to look over everything, even before the purchase of the house was complete, and how the Princess Victoria picked out a flower garden for herself.

No little American girls ever welcomed the idea of going to the country more joyfully than did these three little daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales—the young people, by-the-way, who, now that their aunt, the Princess Beatrice, is to be married, will soon be regarded in Great Britain as the first young ladies in the world.

Sandringham House is a beautiful building, irregularly built, and surrounded by gardens, groves, terraces, and lawns. The Prince's children can indulge all their most rural fancies in flower gardens, lakes with swans upon them, tennis-courts, archery parks, or, indeed, when winter comes, skating, which is sometimes very good.

At Sandringham their life is decidedly simpler than elsewhere, although there, as in other places where they live or visit, the Princess of Wales is an exacting mother so far as good behavior is concerned. I have been told an anecdote concerning a little visitor who brought with her a very pretty French doll, and for some action of hers which one of the princesses disliked, the doll was hidden behind a chest of drawers. As soon as the fact was reported to the Princess of Wales, the offending little princess was obliged to present her visitor with her own best doll, and when the mother of the child tried to remonstrate, the Princess said, quietly and firmly, that she did not think examples of extreme politeness to those about them could be too early or severely enforced. The royal doll in question, when last I heard of her, occupied a place of honor in little M—— J——'s school-room.

The princesses of Wales are three in number. The eldest, Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar, born February 20, 1867; the next, Victoria Alexandra Olga Mary, born July 6, 1868; the third, Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria, born November 26, 1869. The eldest, Princess Louise, is already a young lady, having made her entrance into home society, and it may be worthy of notice, especially for young American girls, that her costume on that occasion was of the very simplest—white *crêpe* and Breton lace.

Until the nursery period among the princesses is at an end the children are kept under certain rules laid down by the Princess herself, superintended by the head governess and head nurse, and always strictly followed out. For example, even at Sandringham, the children only come at stated intervals to see their parents, and their studies and hours are carefully arranged. Breakfast-time

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in the country they all look forward to as a delightful hour, for the children are permitted to join their parents in that sociable family meal. I once read part of a letter written by a visitor at that place, where an amusing description was given of the little Princess Maud pleading for a second cup of coffee, and being consoled by sitting next to her mother and drinking some milk-and-water tea instead out of a mug with an appropriate inscription upon it.

There are nearly always guests in the house, who learn to know the young princesses while there far better than they could do in a year of formal visiting in London. The children delight in receiving their mother's visitors in their own apartments, and take a pride in showing their collections of minerals, pressed leaves, ferns, flowers, etc., or other articles which belong to their rural life. Besides their own sleeping-rooms, the apartments devoted to the young princesses include a pleasant school-room, a special sitting-room or parlor, and a room where at times their meals are served. For their special service are four servants, two governesses, and a tutor.

Since they were very young the three princesses at Sandringham have been well known to all the people in the county, for there they visit as freely among the cottagers as does the Queen at Balmoral. They take long walks in the country-side, attend the balls given to the household and the cottagers, and at Christmas-time they have always been allowed to be present, and take a leading part in the festivities. At the little church so well known, not only to the neighbors, but to tourists, because of its exquisite lych-gate, now a rare form of architecture, their sweet young faces are familiar to many people, the Princess Victoria being, as a general rule, considered more entirely English in type, though something undeniably Saxon characterizes all three.

The education of the Princess of Wales in her simple Danish home developed an intense love for out-of-door sports, in which she still excels, and which she has encouraged in her daughters. It is said that no young lady in Great Britain handles a tennis racket so well as the young Princess Maud, and the Princess Victoria is a capital "whip." At Sandringham their little carriage and "four-in-hand" of exquisite gray ponies is a familiar sight, and really the princesses' driving is so good that the watchful attendance of their groom is scarcely needed. This man, and a younger footman from Denmark, are in the devoted service of the young princesses, who are free to drive about the pleasant Norfolk roads and lanes, their careful mother well knowing that for all the firmness of the little hands holding the white ribbons so deftly, a stronger pair are always ready to take the reins if danger is at hand. I remember seeing a rough pen-and-ink sketch made many years ago by a visitor at Sandringham, where the eldest princess was represented seated on her father's knee proudly driving a pair of small bays.

It is at Sandringham that the special talents as well as the characteristics of the three princesses are best known, the Princess Victoria's remarkable gift for music, the cleverness of the Princess Maud for modelling, the genius for elocution of the oldest sister, Louise, all being known and admired by their Norfolk friends with almost as much pride as though the young girls were not maidens of the highest rank in the country.

The destinies of these royal children at Sandringham is, we need not doubt, the subject of much speculation among the cottagers and neighbors, who know well the tall, lithe, plainly dressed young figures, the gay voices, the fluent and always kindly speech which, when they are at "home," as Sandringham is called, become so pleasantly familiar. But, as I have said, one of the young princesses is already "grown up," and her sisters will soon make their entrance into society, and so in a year or two the happy nursery and school-room at Sandringham will be deserted.

# INTO UNKNOWN SEAS;*

## Or, THE CRUISE OF TWO SAILOR BOYS.

BY DAVID KER,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST CITY," "FROM THE HUDSON TO THE NEVA," ETC.

### CHAPTER II.

#### ALONE ON THE SEA.

WET, cold, hungry, sorely bruised by their fall, alone upon a stormy sea in an open boat half full of water, with the furious gale driving them farther and farther from land every moment, and not a gleam of light to guide them through the inky blackness that shut them in like a wall, the forlorn boys might well have given way to despair. But both had already been in too many perilous scrapes to be easily scared by any danger, however formidable. Jim sprang aft, and seizing the tiller, put forth all his strength to keep the boat's head to the sea, and prevent her falling off into the trough of the waves, which would have been certain destruction.

Meanwhile Sandy had rummaged out the bailer, and fell to work manfully to clear the boat of the water which she had shipped when the squall struck her; and in this way more than half an hour passed without a word spoken on either side, both boys being far too busy for talking.

It is very good fun to sit snugly by the fire after a good supper, and read of storms and wrecks, and think how bravely one would have faced the danger one's self; but when it comes to actually *doing* it, the fun feels unpleasantly like earnest. Let a man cling for fourteen hours to a few strands of wet, slippery cordage, with the sea breaking over him like a water-fall, and the salt-water stinging half a dozen open gashes in his face and hands; let him float about for days in a small boat, cramped up among twenty or thirty starving wretches like himself, without a drop of water to cool his tongue, or a hand-breadth of shade to shield him from the burning sun; let him work for hours at the pump of a leaking vessel, with his fingers swollen and blistered, and head reeling from fatigue, and his strained limbs sinking under him, knowing all the while that a moment's rest may cost him his life—and *then* let him talk if he pleases about the "fun" of facing a storm and his own contempt of danger.

"Sandy!" cried Jim at length, shouting with all his might, as the only chance of being heard through the roar of wind and wave, "hand over that soup-spoon; you must be pretty well tired of ladling out."

"Well," answered Sandy, with a grim chuckle, as they cautiously exchanged places, "there's nae short allowance wi' this soup, I maun [must] admit; but I'm thinkin' there's jist a wee bit mair *salt* in it than there should be."

Jim had a pretty easy job in bailing the boat dry, for she had shipped hardly any water after the first sea. But Sandy, strong as he was, found it no light work to manage the rudder, which jerked and thumped like a chained beast striving to break loose.

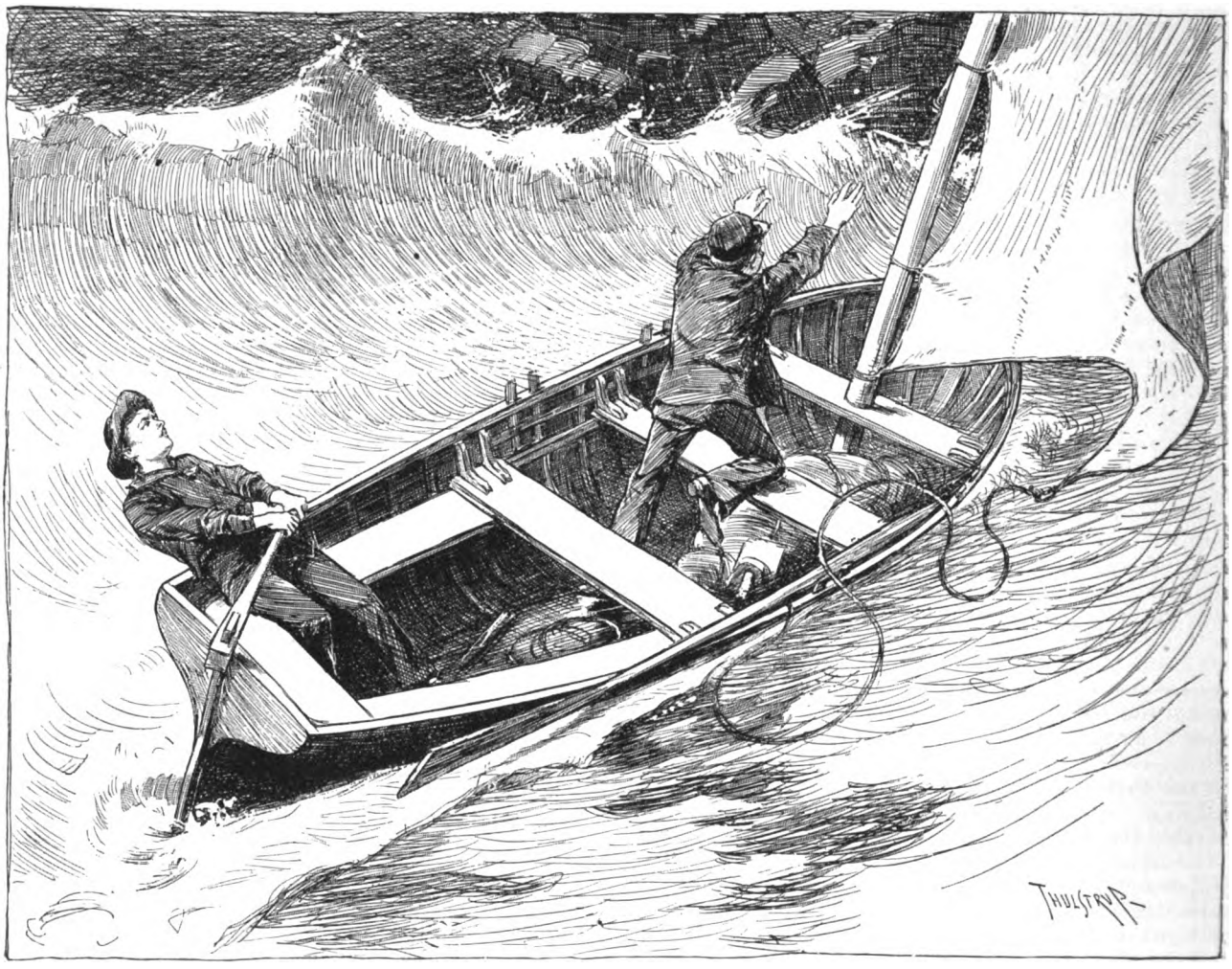
It was true that the boat was behaving wonderfully well, and riding the great waves as buoyantly as a duck. But it was hopeless to think of trying to hoist the sail; and even could they have done so, how were they to know which way to head? All that they could do was to let her drive before the gale, with the chance (as they well knew) of being either driven upon a lee shore or dashed to pieces against some passing ship.

Suddenly Jim, who had gone to the bow to look out, shouted, or rather screamed, to his comrade, "Port your helm! hard a-port!"

Sandy obeyed, not a moment too soon; for the next in-

* Begun in No. 292, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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"'STARBOARD!' YELLED SANDY, WHILE HE BROUGHT THE SAIL CLATTERING DOWN."

stant they actually grazed the side of a bark which was scudding southward under bare poles.

By the dim light of the poop lantern (which had warned Jim of her approach only just in time) they caught one flying glimpse of the great black hull, and the bare masts and spars standing gauntly up over it like giant skeletons, and the set face of the steersman looking white and spectral in the ghostly glimmer, and the dark figure of the lookout at the bow—all seen and gone again in the same moment, like a shadow in a magic lantern.

"Pretty close shave, that," muttered Jim, through his clinched teeth. "It wouldn't have done any good to hail her, neither, for she couldn't have helped us if she wanted to. Well, I'd give fifty dollars, if I had 'em, to know where on earth we are."

But vainly did he strain his eyes into the inky blackness around, unbroken by a gleam of either moon or star. The creaming foam of the furious sea was the only thing visible, and it was by feeling rather than by sight that he knew—he could himself hardly tell how—that the wind was about to change.

Like lightning he sprang aft and seized the tiller.

"I'll steer a bit, Sandy," cried he; "I'm quite fresh again now, and you stand by to bail her out, for she'll want it before long."

He had scarcely uttered the warning when it was made good. The wind suddenly shifted several points to the eastward, and stirred up a cross-sea, which, despite all their efforts, filled the boat as fast as Sandy could bail it out. Had this lasted long their case would have been hopeless; but the clash of contending waves gradually gave place to the long, even roll of the open sea, and Jim, peering watchfully into the darkness, cried, suddenly:

"I know where we are now, Sandy. Do you see that glimmer out yonder to starboard? That's Cape Passaro Light, and once we're round that point we'll be clear of Sicily."

"Clear o' Sicily, say ye?" replied the Scot. "Weel, I hope oor third officer winna wait to gang on board till we come back wi' the boatie. But what 'll we do noo?"

"There's only one thing *to* do, I reckon, and that's to keep straight on; for if we try to put her about, we're bound to swamp her right away. She's got her head right for Malta, which ain't very far to the south'ard, and if we can once get *there*, we're all right."

"Ay, *if* we can," muttered the Scot, resuming his work of bailing.

By this time the wind had begun to give signs of moderating, though the sea was still as high as ever; and now that the worst of the danger was past, our heroes began to feel hungry, as well they might. Luckily both had pocketed a biscuit or two before leaving the ship, in case they should be detained long ashore; and though now soaked into a pulp by the salt-water, the "hard-tack" was devoured to the last morsel.

But the food that stayed their hunger only increased their thirst, which soon became excessive.

"It aye [always] angers me to be thirsty at *sea*," growled Sandy Muir, savagely. "If ye're dry on the dry land, it's a' in keepin' wi' the place; but i' the midst o' watter

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and a' drippin' weet, it seems jist rideeculous to say ye're dry; it mak's a man feel sae like a fule!"

"It makes me feel like a very thirsty fool, I know that," said Jim. "But don't get mad, Sandy; there'll be rain enough soon to wash the red out o' yer hair almost."

A few minutes later, sure enough, down came the sheeted rain which is the usual wind-up of a Mediterranean squall. The thirsty boys stood with upturned faces and parted lips, sucking in greedily the big drops as they came pelting down, bringing strength and life along with them.

"I feel a heap better than I did ten minutes ago," said Jim at length, shaking himself with a grunt of satisfaction. "Now if the moon would only show, we'd be fixed all right."

The moon, however, did not take the hint, and it seemed to the impatient lads as if that night would never end. But although the sea ran high, the wind was falling fast, and after a while Jim suggested "stepping" the mast and hoisting the sail. This steadied the boat wonderfully, and our two heroes began to breathe freely for the first time that night.

But they were rejoicing too soon. Jim had taken the helm again, and Sandy was just slacking off the sheet that held the ring-bolt of the sail, when a faint gleam of moonlight showed a huge, black, shadowy mass that seemed to start up out of the sea almost dead ahead of them.

"Starboard!" yelled Sandy, while with one jerk of his hand he brought the sail clattering down. But it was too late. Falling into a cross-sea, the boat was whirled headlong toward the rocky islet, which now stood out terribly clear in the brightening moonlight. One giddy plunge through a swirl of boiling foam, and she crashed in between two projecting rocks, on the sharp points of which she stuck fast, while the two boys, flung head over heels upon the shingles beyond, rolled over each other like apples out of a bag.

"Well, that's *one* way of going ashore," said Jim, picking himself up with a laugh; "I've pretty nigh broken the rock with my head."

"Weel, it's jist the ither way wi' *me*," grumbled Sandy, rubbing his carroty pate ruefully. "I hae broken my heid wi' the rock."

But just at that moment they were startled by a fierce glare that shot up from the ground almost at their feet, crimsoning the rocks around them with a blood-red glow.

What could it mean? Was this desolate spot a volcano? or was it peopled with inhabitants more dangerous still? Noiselessly as shadows the two adventurous lads crept forward until they reached the edge of a deep hollow, from which the light appeared to issue, and looking down, beheld a strange and terrible spectacle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]




THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.

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LITTLE HARLEQUIN.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I read your suggestion in the Post-office Box, and I will try to write of what I saw in a morning walk. One morning in summer I started out for the woods. The air was cool and bracing, and it was not late enough for the sun to be too warm. As I passed along I could not help but notice the beautiful flowers strewn promiscuously over the soft, velvety carpet of grass, and the dew sparkling on the grass and flowers. My attention was attracted by the birds, with their gay plumage. Let me try to describe one scene. Looking up into the tree nearest me, I see a nest, and that exciting my curiosity, I look closer. Protruding over the edge of the nest is a little head. Pretty soon a faint kind of a chirp is heard, and then a sweet voice: it is the mother bird teaching the little ones to sing. As I pass on I come to a little nook in which grow ferns. I stop to pick a few, and also to dig some moss, which is still wet with drops of dew; these I put into my basket with some wild flowers. A little path leading off from the one I have taken suggests to me that there may be more beauties there, so I start off in that direction. Nothing is there, except what I have already seen, so I look around for more flowers. As I wander along I come to a bank which slopes gently down; it leads to one or two different paths, but I take the one to the right. There, just before my eyes, is the most beautiful spot I have seen this morning. It is a little bubbling spring, rippling over the smooth white pebbles. I stop and rest on the mossy bank, and then, taking a large green leaf near by and forming it into a cup, I stoop down and dip up some of the pure cold water. It tastes delicious—better than any I ever had, it seems; perhaps it is because I am so thirsty. Pretty soon after this, I rose and turned homeward, taking different routes, but seeing nothing more worth mentioning. GRACE G.

LUMBIN, ROSSENDALE, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

I am a boy ten years of age. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in since January; there are some very good continued tales in it. I go to school, and study the following subjects: geography, grammar, reading, writing, composition, and arithmetic. I like geography best, because it teaches us about different countries, their productions, and the manners and customs of the people. FRANK WILLIAM B.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

The other night we had a little pantomime of *Cinderella*, and afterward groups of statuary; we had a great deal of fun, and the audience thought it quite a success. We were glad to see "Rolf House," as we liked "Nan" so much. Every week we are waiting for Nan to find a new will, so that she may take Rolf House back from the Farquhars. Do you know whether she will or not? Last summer we had a little paper called the *Weekly Fun;* but it came out only every two weeks, so Anne H.'s father proposed calling it the *Weakly Fun*. To-morrow we expect to have our pictures taken in our *Cinderella* costumes. We would like very much to know what Susan Coolidge's real name is; do you know? Hoping this is not too long to print, we are your friends, KATIE E. G., BESSIE S. G., ANNE H.

The real name of the charming author whose *nom de plume* is Susan Coolidge is Sarah Woolsey.

I am waiting as patiently as you are to see how "Rolf House" is to be concluded and Nan made very happy.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have a Chinese hog and some guinea-pigs. Andrew (the man) made a nice rabbit coop for Bunchy (a rabbit). Good-by from CLARE.

It is not a very long letter, as Clare won't tell me anything more. She is a dear little girl with golden-brown hair and roguish blue eyes, a saucy pug nose, and a rose-bud of a mouth. She is a sister to be proud of, so cunning, so sweet, and so pretty, too. I wish I could see you, dear Postmistress. I think you have soft brown eyes and a lot of brown hair. I send you a few hepaticas that grew in my own garden. Now I must say good-by, dear Postmistress.

Your little friend, MIRIAM C. O.

Thanks for the pretty fancy about my hair and eyes, and for the flowers.

NUNDA, NEW YORK.

As you wanted the young people to write about what they saw in their morning walk, I thought I would. One morning in June I thought of taking a walk, so I started out. The sun was shining bright and warm, and the birds were singing. As I walked along, in a large yard I saw a bed of beautiful flowers—tulips, lilies, violets, and many other kinds. Next I went by a house on the piazza of which hung a cage with a bird in it. I thought the poor little bird would be a great deal better off if it were flying around in the fresh air. Across the street I saw a man with a hand-organ and a little monkey, which was dressed all in red. I crossed the street, and as the monkey held out his cap to me, I dropped in it a dime, for which the monkey made a bow. I met many gayly dressed ladies and girls, some riding and some walking. But the prettiest sight in my walk was that of an old man, feeble and nearly blind, trying to cross the street, and nobody offering to help him, when a bright little girl came along, and taking hold of his arm, helped him across. I could tell many more things that I saw before I reached home, but it would take too long.

I remain your true friend, LOTTIE J. G.

CAVE SPRING, GEORGIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—You ask us in the Post-office Box of May 5 to tell you of something we saw in our walks. I was not walking, but was sitting lazily in the shade eating bread, when I noticed a mocking-bird on the limb of a near tree. I threw a bit of hard crust to him. He flew down, pecked several times; then picking up the crust, flew to the creek near by, and lighting on a rock, dipped the crust in the water, after which he ate it with ease. I hope you will publish this, and see if any of the little folks have ever seen so wise a bird. STELLA D.

It looks very much as if that mocking-bird had something quite near reason, does it not?

Now for sister Ella's letter. I hope these girlies will write again. Perhaps they will tell us more about the bees and their habits:

Let me tell the little folks of our pets. First there is Tip, the pony, who carries us two at a time without a murmur. Then just ring the dinner bell, and eight large pretty cats scamper into the dining-room and take a seat on the hearth. We have flowers and dolls in abundance, but I think our apiary of seventy-five bee-hives would please the little folks more than any of the pets; there is always something new going on there, and we all watch with interest when the bee-smoker is called for. ELLA D.

HAMPTON, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Kitty C. says she likes the letters from Canada, so I thought I would write. Papa has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us children ever since it was published. We had Arbor Day all through Ontario to-day; we planted twenty-nine trees in our school-yard. We have card-board mottoes in our school; we bought the mottoes, and some of the girls worked them. We have a literary society organized in our school, and have debates. One of them was on this subject, "Resolved, that art is more to be admired than nature." It was decided in favor of nature. The next one is to be, "Resolved, that war causes more misery than intemperance." Besides the debates, we have readings, recitations, and singing. I have thirteen dolls, and we have three cats, and a horse named Daisy; our cats' names are Peter and Tabby, and the little white kitten is named Blanche. I am a little girl ten years old. My papa is a Methodist minister. I have two older brothers and a sister. EMMIE C. B.

Those debates must make the pupils think, I fancy, and give them practice in the use of words. But I hope only the older ones are obliged to take part in them. I would rather see Emmie playing the little mother to thirteen doll children than hear her opinion on those puzzling questions.

ABBEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I live almost in the country. I dearly love the South. I don't think I would like to live in the North one bit. I go to school every day. Vacation is almost here. We are to have an exhibition at the close of school. I went to a picnic last Saturday, and I had a splendid time. We fished all the morning until ten o'clock, then gathered flowers, and watched the mill-wheels, and rode on a truck, then we ate dinner, after which we fished again, and then gathered flowers and came home. We trimmed our hats with flowers, and we sang all the way home. There were thirty-two persons on the picnic. In one letter that I wrote you before, but which was not printed, I told you that I wanted to take lessons in painting. Well, since then I have taken lessons, and can paint very well. HANNAH H.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I go to Friends' West Philadelphia School, and I like it very well. Last week was Yearly Meeting Week, and we had no school. We have a holiday on Quarterly Meeting too, and last year one came on election day. I live in West Philadelphia, and in summer we often go to the Zoo and Park. In the winter I go to skate on the river. There is a little lake in the Park called Centennial Lake; that is very nice for skating too. Last fall I went to the Electrical Exhibition; it was very nice, but I could not understand the great machines. We have a dog and a cat, and some little minnows that we got a year ago. We keep them in a glass jar, with stones and a water-plant in, and none of them have died. Mamma is going to get a globe for them. I have a good many books, and like to read very much. If you have ever read it, don't you think *An Old-fashioned Girl* is a nice book? CHARLOTTE G.

I have read that book and like it, and I like the sort of girl its heroine is.

MOUNT SAVAGE, MARYLAND.

I am a little girl twelve years old, and live in a country town in Maryland. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE three years, and like it very much. "Rolf House" and "Wakulla" are my favorite stories. At the end of every year my papa has it bound for me. We have three cats and two kittens; one of the kittens is pure black, and so is one of the cats; we call him Snowball. My papa has a large garden. In summer we have lots of pretty flowers and vegetables. I think this will be enough for the first time. Your loving little friend, SALLY L. K.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am an only child and a girl, and I would be a spoiled child if I didn't have a mamma. I take violin lessons. I am ten years old. I have three pets—a canary, a paroquet, and a cat. The canary's name is Baby, the paroquet's is Little Boy Green, and the cat's is Jim. I think "Wakulla" is a splendid story, and I like Uncle Christmas very much. I am very fond of reading, and I have quite a library. As it is time to get ready for dinner, I shall have to say good-by.

RAE RUSSELL W.

NEW YORK CITY.

About ten days ago we found a little kitten, so young that its eyes had not yet opened, and it did not know enough to drink when we gave it milk. We fed it with a tea-spoon and kept it warm. Last Thursday it opened its eyes, and now every morning it has a bath, is wrapped in warm flannel, and sleeps like a baby for two hours afterward. We call it Pip, because, like one of Mr. Dickens's heroes, sister says, it has been "brought up by hand." To-night we tried Inez H.'s receipt for butter-scotch, and found it very good. SOPHIE W.

What a fortunate kitten to be found by children who have cared for it so tenderly!

NEW MIDDLETON.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—My sister is writing, and so I thought that I would write too. I have a pet kitten. I am five years old, and I am writing this all by myself. I have a hen sitting on seventeen eggs. We have a big white dog; his name is Bob. We have eleven large ducks and fourteen small ones. We have lots of chickens.

MADOLIN W.

Well done for a five-year-old girl!

AMSTERDAM, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I wrote you a letter before, and it was not put in the paper; please put this one in. We have been busy making a rabbit's house, and we are going to have two rabbits. I was nine years old in March, and have a brother seven. We enjoy reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and think "Wakulla" the nicest story ever written. I will say good-by now, or my letter will be too long. With love from WILLIE P. B.

I would like to see the rabbits—dear, gentle creatures.

GLENS FALLS, NEW YORK.

I have only lately begun to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I have three older sisters and one older brother. I live in a beautiful town on the Hudson River. Last summer, as I was going out on the stoop, a little canary-bird hopped in front of me. I opened the door and he flew into the house. I kept him

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until late in the fall, when he suddenly died. Also my kitten, Beauty, was killed by a large dog, so I have no pets now. I was very much interested in "Tom's Troubles," and was sorry when it ended. I go to school, and study reading, writing, history, grammar, geography, and spelling. Last year there was a large fire here; a whole block of stores and a few dwelling-houses were burned. I received a prize at school last June for not being tardy or absent a whole year; it was a book, *Kathie's Harvest Days*; did you ever read it? It is very good. Although I have taken this paper but five weeks, I intend to take it many years. FRANKIE LOUISE S.
(age twelve years).

I have not read it, but I like the title.

NEW YORK CITY.

Although I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number or near it, I have not written you a letter until now. I go to the Cathedral School, and study reading, spelling, geography, Catechism, and other lessons. In history, I am up to the year 1776, and I like it very much. I have no pets, but have four sisters and two brothers. I like "Rolf House" very much. I like to read the Post-office Box. I am nearly thirteen years old. BESSIE C.

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I am ten years old. I study reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and geography. The governess at our school is ill. My brother takes your paper in for my sister and me. I read all the stories in it, but I like "Rolf House" the best. When I read the Post-office Box, I thought I should like to write as other boys and girls do. ETHEL T.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

I saw a letter in the Post-office Box from Edinburgh, so I thought I would write and tell you about the school my sisters and I attend. It is called "George Watson's College for Ladies," and its pupils number more than nine hundred girls. There are three divisions, Elementary, Junior, and Senior; there are four classes in the Elementary, eight in the Junior, and eight in the Senior. We change rooms every hour. I am ten years old, and am in 3 Junior, and study all the branches of English, besides French and music. I practice an hour every day. My brother, who is five years old, goes to George Watson's School for Boys; it has more than two thousand boys. Previous correspondents have told about the beauty of Edinburgh. The suburbs are also very pretty. The Queen's Park is near our house; it has three lochs—Duddingston, Dunsapple, and St. Margaret's. Sheep and lambs graze about the Park. We get a fine view from the Lion's Head on Arthur's Seat. I am afraid this is getting too long, so I will close. I send an enigma. Hoping this will be published, AGNES C. S.

Thanks for this bright letter, and for the enigma also.

CHAMBERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought I would write you a short letter, and send some lace patterns for Bertha I. The second pattern is very pretty, and knits rapidly. I will be twelve years old on the 24th of May, so my birthday is not far off. Mamma gave me a beautiful bisque doll on Christmas; the doll has long yellow hair and blue eyes, and because her eyes are blue I call her Violet. Don't you think that is a pretty name? If you print this letter, will you please print it near my birthday, so as to surprise mamma? I will close now. From one of your little readers,
NELLIE K.

I am sorry it did not come quite soon enough to be published nearer your birthday than the date of this week's paper. I hope you had a very happy birthday, dear. Thank you for sending the patterns.

LACE PATTERNS.

(1.) Cast on 7 stitches. 1st row: knit 2, over, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 1. 2d row: knit 3, purl 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit 2. 3d row: knit 2, over, narrow, knit 1, over twice, narrow, knit 1. 4th row: knit 3, purl 1, knit 2, purl 1, knit 2. 5th row: knit 2, over, narrow, knit 2, over twice, narrow, knit 1. 6th row: knit 3, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 2. 7th row: knit 2, over, narrow, knit 6. 8th row: cast off 3, knit 3, purl 1, knit 2. Repeat from beginning.

(2.) Cast on 10 stitches. 1st row: knit 3, over, narrow, knit 3, over, knit 2. 2d row: knit plain. 3d row: knit 4, over, narrow, knit 3, over, knit 2. 4th row: knit plain. 5th row: knit 5, over, narrow, knit 3, over, knit 2. 6th row: knit plain. 7th row: knit plain. 8th row: bind off 3, rest plain. Begin again at 1st row.

("Narrow" means knit 2 together, "purl" means seam stitch, "over" means throw your thread over.)

ARKANSAS CITY, KANSAS.

I like all the serial stories very much, but "Nan" and "Rolf House" I like a great deal the best, and I think the Post-office Box is just splendid. You requested us to write a letter entitled "What I Saw in a Morning Walk." I did not take a morning walk, but I took an afternoon ride. I saw in the woods two beautiful springs. The first came out of a high bank, surrounded by bowlders almost as big as small houses. The second came out of a bank, and trickled down very prettily indeed. The water was almost ice-cold. Then we saw numbers of large oak, elm, cottonwood, and ash trees. Under the elm-trees we found mushrooms. I saw a good many red-birds. Then we climbed a very steep bank, and found the prettiest ferns and wild columbine. The woodvine leaves were climbing over the trees. That is not half that I saw.
Your little friend, LILLIE B.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

Our father has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us ever since it was first published. He has every volume bound, and we go through its pages when we have the time until the books look quite worn. We have learned very much since reading, and wait anxiously for its appearance from week to week. I am a little girl nine years of age. I have two sisters and a brother. We take piano lessons. We study English and German. Our papa is a physician; he too reads HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like ourselves laughs over the stories by Jimmy Brown. A year ago father was in the South, for his health—at New Orleans, at Galveston, through the Gulf of Mexico to Key West, Florida, from which place he sent us a large box of oranges and some nice shells, pine-apples, and cocoa-nuts. DOLLY G.

I hope this will not be Dolly's only letter to the Post-office Box.

BRANDON, VIRGINIA.

I am not from Brandon, Vermont; I am from Brandon, Virginia, and the pictures of Colonel Byrd and Miss Evelyn Byrd are at my grandmother's house, and Colonel Byrd was my great-great-great-great-grandfather. My aunt has the fan Evelyn Byrd used when presented at court. The spring flowers are coming out, and everything looks pretty. I send you a few of the first violets. I have three little canaries, about a day or two old. Your affectionate little friend,
BELLE R. H.

BRANDON, VIRGINIA.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am nine years old. I did take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but I now send it to my cousin, George S. I have two sisters and two brothers. My sister has a Shetland pony, and her godfather gave her a pony-cart and harness. ROBERT CLIFFORD H.

I have taken this paper for three years, and every number has been a pleasure to me. I now ask enough space in the Post-office Box to tell some of your other little readers that I am willing to help them begin a collection of stamps. I have been collecting for two years, and have nearly one thousand in my album, and I find the work both interesting and instructive. I have a great number of duplicate stamps, and if any of the readers who wish the commoner varieties which are necessary to begin a collection will send me a stamped envelope, addressed, I shall be very glad to send them some of my duplicates.
HATTIE G. FITCH,
208 East Franklin Street, Richmond, Virginia.

DISH-WASHING.

First a pan of boiling water,
With a foamy, soapy top,
Then the glasses, one by one,
Being careful not to drop;
Then the tea-spoons and the knives,
With a table-spoon or two;
Then the china and the tins.
Nothing now is left to do.
KATHARINE.

Thanks for pleasant letters are due to **Josie B., Anna W. D., Annie H. R.,** and **R. O. S.**—Will **Alice M. H.** write some day, and tell which of her studies she prefers, how her teacher prevents the girls from whispering, and what sort of tricks that cunning little kitten can perform?—**Herbert H.:** Thanks for your very complimentary letter. I regret that it can not possibly be crowded into the Post-office Box, but it is just as truly appreciated as if it were published.—**Cartie D. H.** and **Myrtle May B.** must try again.—Here is one stanza from a pretty poem by **Gussie R.** There is no room for the whole:

Two little children went one day
To play by the shady hill,
And to go after nuts, not far away,
Down by the worn-out mill.

**L. B. S.:** Thanks for your letter.—**Grace B.,** Lock Box 595, Plainfield, New Jersey, would like very much to receive a letter from Alice Pretzman.—**Sallie P. B., Velma E. C., Dora B., Susie and Lottie, Fannie and Emma S., Albertine H., Louis E. C., H. J. F., Pat M., Louisa R., Malvina K.,** and **Mary A. M.** must not be discouraged. Their letters are all very good, and they may write again.—**Dora E. B.:** Your patterns and directions for knitting will appear in a future Post-office Box.—What a very pretty name you have, **Ruby De G.,** and you have a sister **Beulah,** whose sweet, old-fashioned name is, I think, very beautiful indeed.—**Kate L.** and **Mary S.** may write again.—Who will write to the Post-office Box, briefly, telling **Lillie M.** and some other girls how a girl who has only a little pocket-money may use it so as to beautify her room. Give us the benefit of your ideas, you who have bright eyes and nimble fingers.—Boys, do you not envy **Charlie U.,** who has four dogs and a Maltese cat besides. And one dog is a noble St. Bernard—think of it!—and the other three are collies. Charlie ought to be a contented boy.—**Davie E.** has a dog named Judge, which is so wise a pet that he eats ice-cream.—**Alice M. S.** has a canary.—**Ross R. K.:** I am very, very sorry that you take pleasure in killing birds. Please do not amuse yourself in so cruel a way. The birds do a great deal of good in eating insects which ravage the farm, and their songs give much pleasure. There can be no delight to a manly boy in putting an end to such birds just for sport. I felt like crying when I read your letter.—**Pearl V. H.,** dear child, is learning to play the violin.—**Rosa H.:** I am sorry your exchange has been delayed.—**Hope L. B.** had a charming trip to England last summer. If she goes again, perhaps she will make the acquaintance of some of our little English correspondents.—**Grace H.** and **Florence A. B.** wrote very pleasant letters. Thanks to both.—**M. Elsie N.** likes "Rolf House." So do I.—**May F. S.,** 1085 West Monroe St., Chicago, Illinois, is fourteen, and would like a girl of her own age to correspond with her.—Among his other pets, **Jackson S., Jun.,** includes a turtle.—**Addie McD.:** Your first letter is a credit to you.—I say the same thing to dear **Lottie B.**—**Genevieve Van B.** is a little girl who can do something the Postmistress can not do. What do you think it is? It is to say her A, B, C's backward *very fast*.—**Harry P.** wrote a nice letter. Harry is a boy of whom I am proud.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—In star, not in moon.
In turkey, not in 'coon.
In eagle, not in crow.
In Lucy, not in Jo.
In Lily, not in Rose.
In ankle, not in toes.
Whole is the name of a little girl
Who wears her hair in bang and curl.
ADÈLE MORAND.

2.—In kick, not in slap.
In gown, not in wrap.
In wine, not in beer.
In fox, not in deer.
In sage, not in fool.
My whole is a useful tool.
AGNES C. STIRLING.

No. 2.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. Arrived. 2. Part of the verb to be. 3. A pronoun. 4. A letter.

No. 3.

A SQUARE.

1. To listen. 2. A book of mythology. 3. A Hebrew month. 4. Scarce.

No. 4.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A shrub. 3. Wants. 4. To count. 5. A letter.
O. D.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 290.

No. 1.—Gettysburg. Harper Bros. Elephant. Spring. Mouse.

Answer to Charade on page 480 is "Elegy."

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Amelia de M., Julia Brand, Ina L. Seaman, Stella C. R., Cora H. Swan, Jean B. G., E. M. S. B., George M. Gair, Fred Leser, Lottie Sims, Henry L. King, Rhoda Clark, Adèle Morand, Starr Emmons, Joscelyn Day, Andrew Thompson, Martin Canfield, Johnnie Betts, Amalie Ruysberg, F. S., Alice M. H., and L. B. S.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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"OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES,
AND IN YOUR MOUTH YOU'LL FIND A PRIZE."

## GENERAL CUSTER'S PETS.

AS the soldiers and citizens all knew the General's love of pets, we had constant presents. Many of them I would have gladly declined, but, notwithstanding, a badger, porcupine, raccoon, prairie-dog, and wild turkey all served their brief time as members of our family. They were comparatively harmless, and I had only the inconvenience to encounter. When a ferocious wild-cat was brought in, with a triumphant air, by the donor, and presented with a great flourish, I was inclined to mutiny. My husband made allowance for my dread of the untamed creature, and decided to send him into the States as a present to one of the zoological gardens, for in its way it was a treasure. While it remained with us it was kept in the cellar. Mary used to make many retreats, tumbling up the stairs, when the cat flew at her the length of its chain. She was startled so often that at last she joined with me in requesting its removal as soon as convenient. The General regretted giving it up, but Keevan was called to chloroform and box it for the journey. Colonel Tom printed some facetious words on the slats of the cover—something like, "Do not fondle." They were somewhat superfluous, for no one could approach the box, after the effects of the chloroform had passed away, without encountering the fiery-red eyes, and such scratchings and spittings and mad plunges as suggested the propriety of keeping one's distance. Some detention kept the freight train at a station over Sunday; the box with the wild-cat was put in the baggage-room. The violence of the animal as it leaped and tore at the cover loosened the slats, and it escaped into the room. The freight agent spent a wretched day. Chloroform was again resorted to, and it was deemed a good riddance when the animal was sent off. When we received a letter of thanks from the Scientific Board for so splendid a specimen, I was relieved to know that the wild-cat was at last where it could no longer create a reign of terror.

At one time the General tamed a tiny field-mouse, and kept it in a large empty inkstand on his desk. It grew very fond of him, and ran over his head and shoulders, and even through his hair. Women are not responsible for their fear of mice; they are born so. I had, fortunately, only to keep away from the desk when the little creature was free, for it was contented to consider that its domain. The General, thinking at last that it was cruel to detain the little thing in-doors when it belonged by nature to the fields, took it out and left it on the plain. The kindness was of no earthly use; like the oft-quoted prisoner of the Bastile, it was back again at the steps in no time, and preferred captivity to freedom.*

* From *Boots and Saddles; or, Life in Dakota with General Custer*. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.




THE
FIVE SENSES
LAID "BARE."
DRAWN BY DAN BEARD.

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

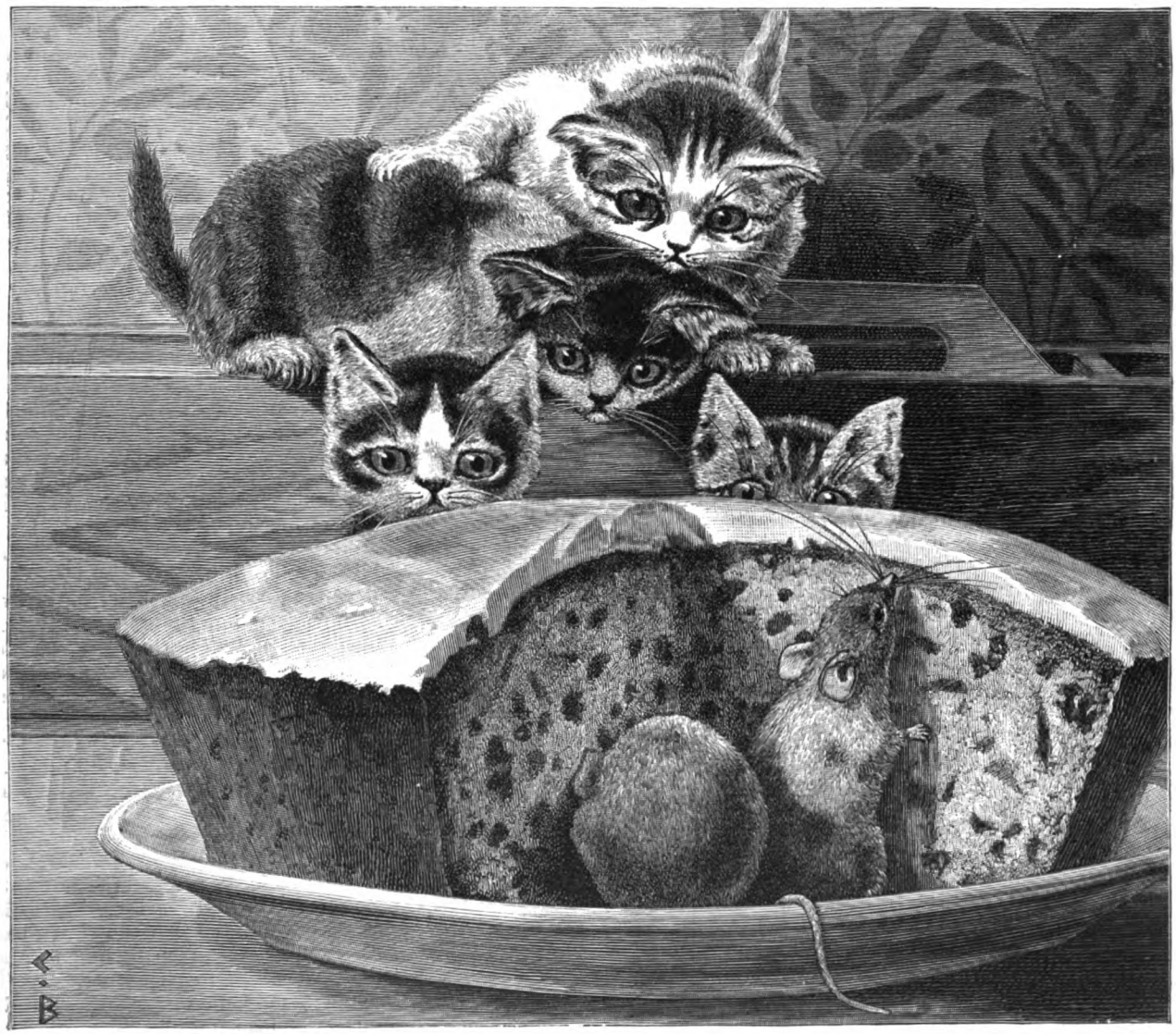
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 294. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 16, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THEIR FIRST EXPERIENCE—AWAITING DEVELOPMENTS.

DRAWN BY CULMER BARNES.


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# INTO UNKNOWN SEAS;*

## Or, THE CRUISE OF TWO SAILOR BOYS.

BY DAVID KER,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST CITY," "FROM THE HUDSON TO THE NEVA," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

### CHASED BY PIRATES.

THE hollow into which the boys were peeping was one of those deep, dark, rocky clefts—straight and narrow as if cut by the stroke of a sword—which are so common both on the mainland of Italy and among the surrounding islands. So perfectly was it sheltered by the rocks which walled it in, that from any spot but that upon which they were standing the fire that burned in the cleft would have been quite invisible.

Around this fire (which seemed to have been recently kindled, and was just beginning to burn up freely) were grouped about twenty men, whose dark complexion and matted black hair gave them the look of Greeks or Italians. A few were standing, others sitting, and many lying at full length.

Most of them had the red woollen cap, bare feet, and rough, tattered clothing of Italian fishermen. But their savage features, fierce, cunning eyes, and blood-stained hands, as well as the wounds that several of them were tying up, suited as ill with the character of peaceful and hard-working fishers, as did their ragged clothes with the shining coins, costly trinkets, and various other valuables which lay strewn on every side.

"Those fellows ain't fishermen, anyway," said Jim Selden in a whisper.

"*Fishermen!*" echoed Sandy, in the same tone. "If they be fishermen, they du their fishin' wi' dirks and bullets, and fling back into the sea a' the fish they catch when they hae dune wi' them. They may ca' themsel's fishermen, but *I* ca' them pirates."

Both instinctively drew back from the edge of the chasm as the terrible word was uttered, and for some moments they looked blankly at each other in silence.

"If these fellows find out we're here," whispered Jim at length, "our chance ain't worth a pea-nut. The only thing for us to do is just to clear out right away."

"Ay, ay, that's *a'* we hae to du—jist to clear oot!" answered Sandy, with an intensity of irony to which no words can do justice. "We'll jist swim back to Seecily, ye ken [know]; or we'll tak' a needle and thread and cobble the planks o' oor auld broken boatie thegither; or we'll catch twa sea-gulls, and ride awa' on the backs o' them—it's easy wark, nae doobt."

"There must be another way," said Jim, coolly.

About a hundred yards from the spot where the corsairs were gathered around their fire the chasm that sheltered them, widening as it sloped downward to the sea, ended in a deep, narrow basin, as smooth as a pond, for the two vast black cliffs that shut it in completely overlapped each other on the seaward side in such a way as to break entirely the force of the waves without and of the wind that drove them.

Through the narrow, zigzag entrance between these mighty rocks none but the lightest craft could pass, and the vessel that floated like a swan upon the smooth waters of the basin had the single mast, huge lateen-sail, and low black hull of the ordinary Italian fishing-boat. She was no doubt intended to pass for such, in the event of her being overhauled by an English cruiser; but she had evidently been built for speed, and doubtless found it advantageous at times to run as well as to fight.

A small shallop was towing astern of the felucca by a rope, but no one seemed to be aboard either craft, their masters doubtless considering them quite safe in such a hiding-place.

"Which shall we tak'?" whispered Sandy.

"The boat," answered Jim, in the same tone; "the other's too big for only us two to handle. As soon as these fellows are asleep we'll creep down to the boat, jump aboard, and clear out without sayin' good-by."

"And if we cut the riggin' o' the ither boatie a wee bit afore we gang, jist to hinder them from rinnin' after us," suggested Sandy, with a sly wink, "they canna complain, for they hae been *twisting ropes for themselves* sae lang that they'll soon mak' gude the dawmage."

Joke as they might, however, their position was serious enough. Pent up between a raging sea and a band of ferocious cut-throats (who might discover and kill them at any moment), their utmost hope was to succeed in flying once more into the midst of the waves from which they had just escaped—and that too in a small open boat, without food or water. Brave as they were, their hearts beat quicker as they saw the last of the savage gang sink down to sleep beside the fire, and felt that the time was come.

Silently as a creeping shadow they stole down into the hollow occupied by the sleeping pirates, through which lay their only way to the coveted boat. The untended fire had by this time burned so low that they could hardly see where to plant their feet among the outstretched forms of their enemies, although they knew that one slip, one stumble, even one false step, would be certain death. Holding their breath, and treading as cautiously as if walking along the brink of a precipice, they crept through the terrible camp.

And now they were half-way across it, and now they were almost at the farther side, and another step would have carried them safely into the darkness beyond, when Jim's extended hand struck a long gun that stood propped against a large fragment of rock. The piece fell right upon the bare foot of the nearest sleeper, who started up, just as Sandy pulled Jim down behind the bowlder.

At that moment the dying fire leaped up suddenly, and threw a fitful glare full upon the savage face of the ruffian. He was so near them that they could see plainly his sharp white teeth and gleaming eyes, and the long knife that glittered in his belt. For a moment their case seemed hopeless; but when the fallen gun caught the eye of their grim neighbor, he nodded as if satisfied, and pushing it aside, lay down to sleep again.

A few moments later they stood upon the edge of the basin.

How deep the water might be they had no idea; but this mattered little to boys who had thought nothing of swimming across the harbor of Valetta and back again. Plunging in as noiselessly as they could, they swam off to the boat; and while Jim rummaged out the light mast and small lug-sail with which it was furnished, Sandy scrambled on board the felucca, and began cutting the rigging with a knife which he had picked up in the hollow.

One rope was already severed, and Sandy's knife was half-way through another, when suddenly a large dog sprang out at him, barking furiously, from behind a pile of baskets in the fore-part of the vessel. One kick of Sandy's strong foot sent the fierce beast over the side into the water; but it was too late. An immediate bustle in the upper part of the hollow showed that the alarm had been given. Shadowy figures were seen flitting to and fro, and hoarse voices heard calling to each other.

Clearly there was not a moment to be lost. Sandy sprang back into the boat, and seizing one oar while Jim took the other, sent the light craft flying over the dark water toward the mouth of the basin. To thread that narrow and crooked passage in almost total darkness was no easy matter, and more than once they bumped violently against the projecting crags on either side. But at

* Begun in No. 292, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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length they gained the open sea, and hoisting their sail, flew southward as fast as a stiff northerly breeze could carry them.

"Well," said Jim, looking back at the huge shadowy mass of the islet, "I wish some of our small boys at home who fool away all their money on dime novels, and think a pirate the boss man of all creation, could see what we've seen to-night. Call those fellows 'kings of the ocean!' Why, they're just the meanest-looking set I ever clapped eyes on—that's what *they* are."

"Weel," said Sandy, "*I* didna see muckle o' their 'sternly handsome features,' or their 'proud, fearless bearing,' or 'the barbaric splendor of their equipment'; but it's likely they left them a' behind in their hurry to get hame. There's no muckle 'barbaric splendor' in bare feet and dirty red caps, onyway."

But at that moment the reckless lads caught sight of something which put an end to their joking once for all.

Day was just breaking, and what with the setting moon and the brightening dawn there was now light enough to see, as they glanced back toward the islet which they had left, the pirate felucca in full chase of them.

"Surely they won't dare to risk chasing us in open daylight, with so many ships around?" faltered Jim.

"It's mair risk for them to let us gang free noo that we ken their hiding-place," replied Sandy, ruefully. "It's life or death wi' us noo, man."

On came the felucca, bounding joyously over the deep blue waters, whose foam-flecked waves, still heaving with the recent storm, sparkled like diamonds in the broadening light that now lay like a wide band of golden glory along the sombre eastern sky. But amid all this freshness and brightness and beauty, Death came rushing upon them in the form of this graceful vessel, which, with its tapering mast and snow-white sail, looked more like some fairy vision of the sea than a nest of murderous ruffians.

It was soon evident that the felucca, despite her greater weight, sailed two feet to their one; and the hearts of the starving and exhausted boys died within them as their armed and merciless pursuers drew nearer and nearer, when suddenly Jim shouted,

"A sail! a sail!"

"Thank God!" cried Sandy. "She'll help us, for whate'er she be, she'll no be a pirate. Noo if we *can* but haud oot ten minutes mair."

But there seemed little hope of their holding out even half as long; for although the strange sail rapidly approached, the pirate was coming up almost as fast on the other side. The report of a musket from her bow was followed by the splash of a bullet in the water close astern of them. A second shot actually hit the rudder, and Sandy, who was steering, prudently lay down in the stern, leaving only his right hand for the enemy to aim at.

"Ship ahoy!" roared both lads at once, with a faint hope of being heard aboard the stranger. "Help!"

The cry was still echoing, when mingling with it came the bang of another musket from the pursuing felucca, followed by a sharp crack overhead; and in another moment the yard and sail (the ties of which had been cut by the bullet) came rattling down upon them with a shock that felled them stunned and senseless into the bottom of the boat. But just as the pirates swooped down upon their prey with an exulting yell, there came a deep boom like the roll of distant thunder, and the felucca's tall, slender mast, broken off close to the deck, plunged like a wounded bird headlong into the sea.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE MYSTERIOUS VESSEL.

WHEN our heroes recovered their senses (for the stunning shock which they had received had made them quite unconscious for a time) they could hardly tell whether they were dreaming or awake. The wide blue sea, the pursuing pirate, the advancing schooner, the gray, sullen sky, flushed with the first glow of dawn, had vanished like a dream; and their view was now bounded by the well-varnished plank walls of a snug little state-room, in which they were lying upon two well-cushioned settees, one on each side, with a trim little round table between them.

Where could they be? Aboard a ship of some kind, evidently enough; but what ship? Not the pirate felucca, certainly; for the velvet-covered cushions on which they lay, the neat panels adorned with paintings of various seaports, the walnut-wood book-case above Jim's settee, the carved-oak medicine chest above Sandy's, the spotless cleanliness of the little marble wash-hand stand in the corner, were more in the style of some luxurious ocean steamer. Had the strange schooner picked them up? and if so, what was she, and whither was she taking them?

It was only by slow degrees, however, that the boys noticed all this. After the cold, hunger, thirst, crushing fatigue, and deadly peril of their eventful night cruise, it was enough for them to be able to rest and feel themselves safe, and they were in no hurry to move. But at length the restless Jim (who could never remain still very long) raised himself on his elbow, and called out,

"Say, Sandy, where are we?"

"At sea, I'm thinking," replied Sandy, with true Scottish caution.

"Well," pursued Jim, springing up, "I'm not going to lie here all day, wondering whether I'm at the North Pole or off Sandy Hook. I'm just going right away up on deck to see what it's all about."

But to this enterprising plan there were two objections. Firstly, the door was locked; and secondly, some one appeared to have taken away all their clothes, and brought no others instead.

Sandy chuckled.

"Maist haste, warst speed," said he. "I'm thinkin' we maun just gang aboot in oor sheets, like twa ghaists taking a wee walk i' the kirk-yaird!"

"Ghost or no ghost," answered Jim, draping himself in his bedclothes like a Roman senator, "I've been having a square meal in my sleep, somehow or another. When we were out in that old boat I was as hollow as a pop-gun, and now I feel as if I'd just had a two-dollar lunch. Tell you what, though," he continued, "if we can't get out, we can take an observation through that port up yonder."

What they saw puzzled them more than ever. The mysterious vessel, whatever she might be, seemed intended more for ornament than for use, judging by the spotless whiteness of her deck, the holiday glitter of her well-polished brass-work, and her bright green quarter-rail, beyond which the blue sunny sea lay smooth and clear as if no storm had ever ruffled it since the world began. The few figures, too, that were visible on deck, in smart blue jackets, flat caps, and white duck trousers, looked the very picture of sailor-like trimness.

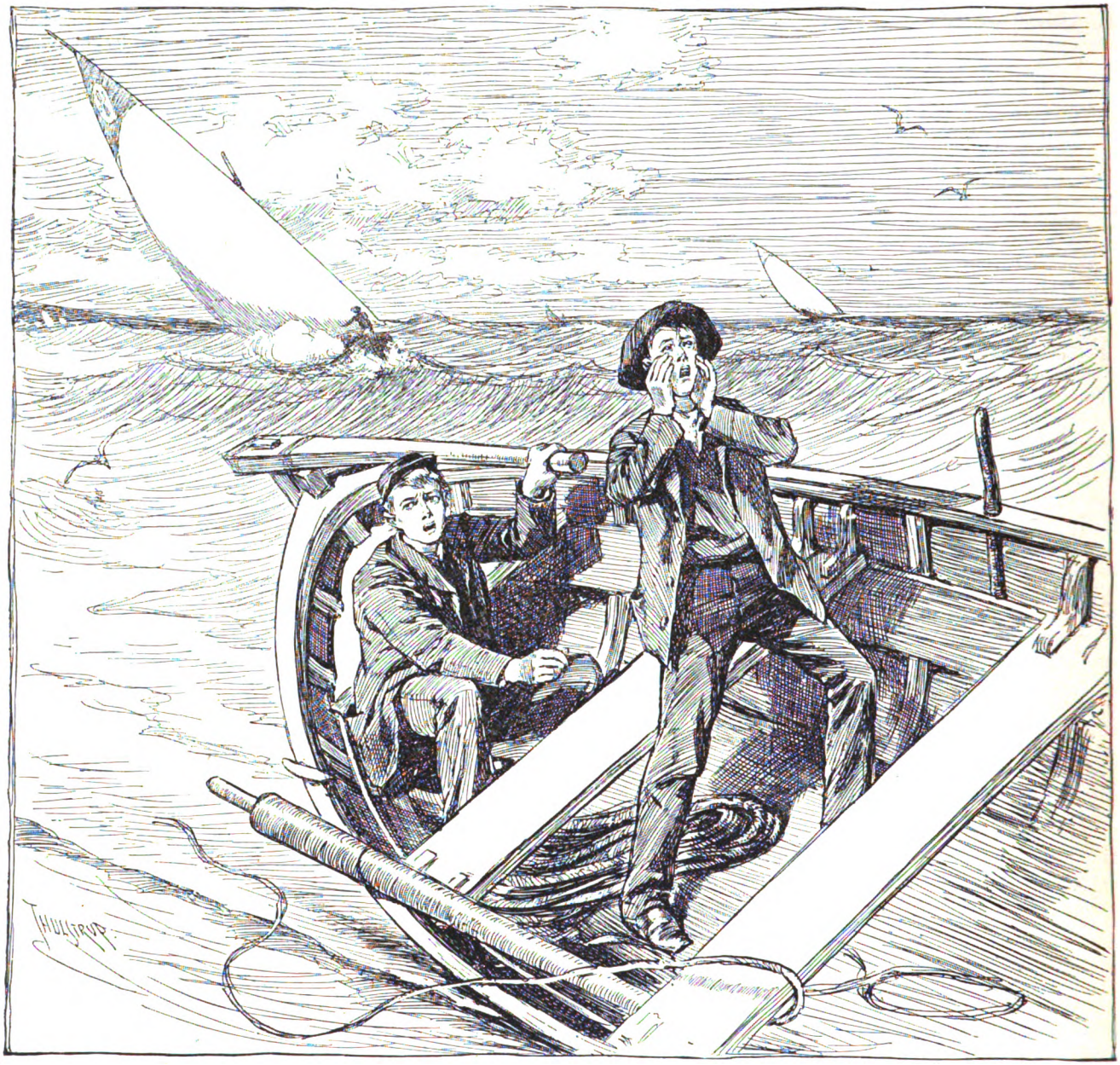
The strangest thing of all to our two heroes, however, was that the crew (what they could see of it) seemed to be entirely made up of *boys!* Look which way they might, not a soul was to be seen who looked a day older than themselves, and one or two were mere children.

"Is't a school, taking their holiday on the sea instead o' the dry land?" wondered Sandy. "If it gang by age, Jamie, we twa should be i' the first class, I'm thinkin'. Will ye be captain, and I first officer?"

"Here's a fellow coming," answered Jim, "who'd go ahead of us both at that game."

Sure enough, a big, black-whiskered man made his appearance, whom the silver whistle hanging round his neck showed to be the boatswain. He blew a shrill blast, and bawled an order, which our heroes could not catch distinct-

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"SHIP AHOY!"

ly, in a voice as deep and hoarse as the bellow of a bull. Instantly there came a patter of feet along the deck, and a dozen of the young crew were seen standing in single file, all clutching a rope. One of their number then struck up a song, and with every repetition of the chorus the whole gang pulled at the rope with a will:*

"Oh, when we sail through the English Channel—
Blow, boys, blow!
We've got to wrap our toes in flannel—
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow!

"'Oh, what is there to-day for dinner?'—
Blow, boys, blow!
'There's something that 'll make you thinner'—
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow!

"'Oh, what is there below that kiver?'—
Blow, boys, blow!
'There's fried shark and mosquito's liver'—
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow!"

"'Vast heaving!" shouted the boatswain, and in a moment the song stopped short, and the "hands" went over to the port side, where they were soon heard at work again to another tune, which, by the heartiness with which they all joined in it, seemed to be a general favorite:

"It's up aloft poor Jack must go—
Heave ho, blow the man down!
However hard the wind may blow—
Give us some time to blow the man down!

"Then up your leach-lines nimbly clew—
Heave ho, blow the man down!
We are the boys that can carry her through—
Give us some time to blow the man down!

"In Liverpool town, where I was born—
Heave ho, blow the man down!
'Twas early on a winter morn—
Give us some time to blow the man down!

"Then my old granny to me did say—
Heave ho, blow the man down!
'You are the boy that 'll win the day'—
Give us some time to blow the man down!

* Both these queer chants are genuine, and are set down very much as I first heard them.—AUTHOR.

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"We sailed away one winter day—
Heave ho, blow the man down!
For Christmas dinner we could not stay—
Give us some time to blow the man down!

"We sailed away to Mobile Bay—
Heave ho, blow the man down!
Two dollars and a half was the white man's pay—
Give us some time to blow the man down!"

But just then the sudden ceasing of the music showed that the work was done, and the singers were seen coming forward again, with the boatswain at their head. After them came a square, thick-set, powerfully built man of middle age, with one arm in a sling, at sight of whom Jim Selden called out eagerly,

"Sandy, I've seen somebody!"

"Have ye!" cried Sandy. "Weel, I'm varra glad to hear it, for he's an auld freend o' mine; and it's a remairkable fact that I meet him whaurever I gang."

At that moment steps were heard outside their door, and a clear, manly voice—the sound of which made them start—asked,

"Are they awake yet?"

"I heard 'em talkin' just this minute, your honor," answered the gruff tones of a sailor.

"I'll just go in and see how they're getting on, then," rejoined the other voice, as the key turned in the lock. "Good-evening, gentlemen."

A tall figure stood in the doorway, and the boys recognized with amazement the mysterious man whom they had saved from the mob at Catania.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HOW TO MAKE A TOY FLYING-MACHINE.

BY HORACE R. JOHNSON.

THE following description and cuts will show how to make a toy flying-machine, which will afford much amusement to the little ones, besides teaching the young mechanic the general principles of aerial navigation as it is slowly being developed in France. If properly constructed, the winged portion will, when the string is pulled, soar into the air, and remain suspended for some time at a height of about fifty feet; then, when the force is spent, descend to the ground again in a slanting direction.

It is really a very simple affair to make, and any boy with a moderate amount of "gumption," as the New-Englanders say, will be able to make the different parts in a few hours.

From a good piece of hard wood—ash, hickory, maple, or walnut—whittle out a handle similar in shape to the one represented in Fig. 1, *a*, about four and one-half inches long. Procure a piece of iron or steel wire about one-eighth of an inch in diameter and three and one-half inches long. Bore a hole in the centre of the top of the handle, lengthwise, about one and one-half inches deep, and insert therein the piece of wire so that it will be perfectly firm. It would be well to sharpen the wire, bore the hole but an inch deep,



## THE WOODLAND WEDDING.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

"WILL you be my little wife, Squirrel, Squirrel dear?" said he,
As he clasped her tiny paw. "Yes, I think I will," said she.
Then he begged her to consent to be wed that afternoon.
"That's too soon," she coyly said. "Not a bit," said he, "too soon.
I've the snuggest little cottage, on a lofty maple bough,
Stored with nicest things to eat, and quite ready for you now.
Say you'll come to it at once, and bring happiness to me."
"Well, I think I will; but pray do not tell any one," said she,
"For I'm sure if it were known that a wedding was to be,
Birds and wildwood people of every kind would flock to see.
Dear me! I know I'd faint." "I'll breathe never a word," said he.
"Mr. Owl shall be the parson, with one witness, and no more—
Mrs. Owl, who can be present without stirring from her door."

So there was a quiet wedding in the wood that pleasant day—
Bride and bridegroom both were dressed in furry suits of white and gray—
And nobody knew about it, save the parson and his wife,
Till at home the happy squirrels had begun their married life.
"And I think that *all* true lovers should be wed our way," said she—
"Without any fuss whatever." "You are right, my dear," said he.

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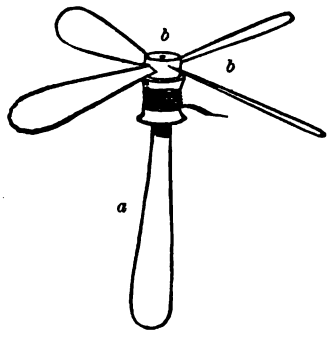


FIG. 1.

and drive the wire in for another half-inch. Now take a common spool about one and one-fourth inches long, and after scraping the paper labels off, insert downward from the top, about midway between the hole and the edge, a piece of strong wire, or what is handier, about an inch of a knitting-needle. This should also be firm, and project about half an inch.

The most difficult part to construct is the wheel (Fig. 1, *b*), and I should most heartily recommend those of you who are easily discouraged to make this first, for after it is completed the remaining parts, or those already described, can be perfected in a short time.

The hub (Fig. 2) is made of a small piece of well-seasoned pine or bass-wood, or you can use, if you choose, a piece of a thick spool—that is, one that carries but a hundred yards of thread. Cut it down so that it will be about an inch in diameter and five-eighths of an inch long, and bore a hole large enough to allow the wheel to turn easily on the end of the wire which you have fixed in the handle. Now mark off one end into quarters, and this will be a guide for you to divide the face of it into four equal parts. Next draw a line around the middle of the face, as *a a* in the same figure. Then use your own judgment, and place the points on each side of this line *a a* as represented. At these points little holes are to be bored to receive the ends of the wire wing frames. For the latter you will purchase forty-two inches of light brass wire, and divide it into four equal parts, making each one ten and one-half inches in length. Bend each into an oval shape, so that each wing will be four inches long and about two broad at the widest point. They should be the same form as Fig. 3, leaving the ends of the wire about one-fourth of an inch apart.

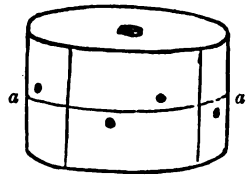
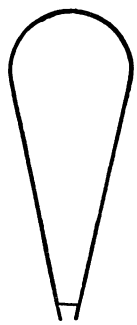


FIG. 2.

After this is done, cover the space between with the lightest and toughest tissue-paper you can find. You can purchase this at almost any toy store, where it is sold for making small kites. The covers should be one thickness only, and you should use as little mucilage as possible. You may now bore the holes for the wings (Fig. 2), which should be as deep as possible and still not reach the hole through the centre. Insert the ends of each wing frame into these holes, the latter being, as you perceive, in pairs. This will give each of the wings an angle, or "throw," as it is called, so that they will work like the wings to a small windmill.


FIG. 3.

All is now completed. To operate it, take a stout piece of cord, wind it about the spool, which turns on the wire in the handle, holding the same in your left hand, and winding *away from you* with the right. Now place your wheel on the end of the wire, as is represented in Fig. 1, so that the pin in the top of the spool will strike against one of the wings and cause the wheel to turn with the spool. Grasp the handle firmly in the left hand, and pull the cord quickly and strongly with the right until the cord is unwound and comes off. Your wheel will then mount into the air as described. Of course you must take good care not to get the wheel wet, for water will immediately destroy the paper wings.

## MARC'S CALF AND GORILLA.

BY F. B. STANFORD.

THE calf was a three-legged one, red and white, five months old; and the gorilla had once been a very active infant gorilla in his native jungle in Central Africa, but he had died of the blues, it was said, in his third year, and was now stuffed, and "sported" a single glass eye.

One moonlight night in early autumn, not very long ago, the calf and the gorilla were carried as quietly and secretly as possible from "The Highbury Museum of Natural Wonders" to a lonely place on the bank of the river that borders the village, where they were placed aboard of a gundalow—a large flat-bottomed house-boat used by the lumbermen on the river. Marc and his partner in the show business, Quincey Rogers, whose father owned the gundalow, were particularly anxious that no one should find out what they were doing.

There were two persons especially, George Walters and Andrew Scott, from whom they wished to keep their movements hidden. George was the chief proprietor of "The Dime Exhibition," the rival of "The Highbury Museum of Natural Wonders," which Marc managed; and the opposition between the two shows had reached a pitch of exasperation since Marc's father, Captain Lawrence, had brought home from Africa the stuffed gorilla and added it to his son's collection. The present project was to transport secretly in the gundalow the entire exhibit of the Museum to the State Fair, which was about to open at Highbury City, thirty miles distant.

"We're safe enough now," Marc ventured to remark, as soon as the calf was shut up securely in the boat.

"If Andy hasn't been lurking around somewhere behind the bushes," Quincey added, in a low tone.

"They'll find we've stolen a march on them this time," Marc continued, sitting down to recover his breath after his exertion.

It was midnight before they had carried all the minor curiosities of the Museum safely aboard; and then they lay down in the midst of them to seize an hour of sleep before the tide turned down-river, when they intended to start on their voyage. Quincey's father had given them the use of the gundalow for a week, and Marc's mother had provided a generous supply of cooked food. Everything was arranged, and they were anticipating a tip-top time and a shower of dimes. Nothing sat heavy on their minds except the anxiety that "The Dime Exhibition" might follow them. George and Andy had a cross-eyed dog and a dancing rooster in their show, that had fairly divided the honors with the wonders of the Museum.

At daylight they were well under way on their journey, and the village was several miles behind them. By eight o'clock a breeze sprang up, and they set the square-sail of the boat, which carried them on at a lively rate. But a few hours later, as they drew near a sharp bend in the river, they caught a glimpse of the road at that point.

"Who's that?" asked Marc.

"Upon my word!" said Quincey, struck with mild amazement. "If it isn't them!"

"We're in for it now," Marc answered, glumly, turning the boat's head out from the shore as far as he could with safety.

"Let's keep quiet, and not let them know we've seen them."

"What good will that do? They'll go to the fair all the same."

A tall, lank boy with his hands in his pockets walked out slowly to the edge of the bank.

"Say! hallo there!" he shouted. "Heave to."

Neither took any notice of him.

"What's your great hurry?" he called, in a sarcastic tone. "You may as well take it easy, for we'll be on the Fair Grounds before you are, anyhow."

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"They've got the best of us, sure enough," Quincey whispered.

"We'll see," answered Marc, savagely.

There was no time to be lost. They urged the gundalow ahead under all the sail they could rig, and took advantage of every extra spurt of breeze. The last five miles they got a tow from a passing steamboat. At four o'clock in the afternoon they transferred the collection to a truck team, and fifteen minutes later arrived at the Fair Ground, bag and baggage. George and Andy were ahead of them, however, and had pitched their tent on the space that Marc had previously secured.

"First come first served," said George, driving down the rope stakes with energy. "This is where the superintendent told me to set up, and here I am going to stay."

The superintendent, it turned out, had supposed that George's show was Marc's. When he found out the mistake, he settled the blunder hastily by giving Marc another space, directly opposite George's tent. Everybody could see at a glance that they were rival shows.

"It's to be nip and tuck," said Marc, "between our calf and gorilla and their pup and rooster."

By dark both shows were pretty well arranged. Marc and Quincey had a dozen cages placed around the walls of their tent, containing many rare birds with brilliant plumage, which Captain Lawrence had brought from various parts of the world. In the centre of the tent, near the entrance, was a monster oyster shell from the China Ocean, inside of which was a small tank containing young gold-fish. Besides these interesting curiosities, there were, among numerous other things, a noticeable collection of birds' eggs, a collection of rare coins, and an owl-monkey from Costa Rica.

George's show was not so large, and contained nothing from any foreign country. But he had several things that an uncle had sent him from Idaho, among which were Indian bows and arrows, moccasins worn by Apaches, and a hundred handsome specimens of minerals. He had also a small happy family in one cage, which contained a parrot that talked to a black cat, a meek rabbit, and a snapping-turtle. Then he had an educated rooster that actually danced when he exhibited him and requested him to favor the spectators with such a performance. Necessity, it is often declared, is the mother of invention, and being hard pressed for something to rival Marc's imported gorilla, he had hit on the idea of making use of this old rooster, which had been around the barn-yard a long while. Taking a sheet of tin that had done duty under a kitchen stove, he constructed out of it an ingenious floor to a small stage. Andy was hidden underneath with a lamp, and when the rooster was placed on it he kept him dancing about from spot to spot by heating the tin wherever he rested. So far, no one had discovered the trick, and the bird passed for a rooster of extraordinary brains.

When the banners of the two shows appeared stretched in front of the tents, a crowd began to gather. The fair was not yet opened to the public, but there was a large number of people—farmers, cattle-dealers, peddlers, and men engaged in one way or another on the grounds—who were strolling around. A German who had a balloon fastened near at hand, and advertised himself as Professor Kitchendorf, the renowned aeronaut, advised George to hire a hand-organ as an additional attraction.

"Eine show mitout music ist joost one-half de ting," he said; and three or four in the crowd agreed with him.

"Yes; give us some music, and 'liven up business," called out one.

Stimulated to enterprise by these suggestions, George and Andy, in an unlucky moment, made a bargain with a swarthy Italian to "grind" out the coveted melody in one corner of their tent.

But it was soon discovered the next morning, as soon as the fair opened, that the people's dimes were not to be enticed from them by the charms of a barrel-organ. A three-legged calf and a baby gorilla with a remarkable history were things not offered to sight-seers every day, and the crowd flocked to Marc and Quincey's show. They did, in fact, a "rushing" business most of the day and evening, while George shouted himself hoarse and the organ ground out tune after tune in vain.

Evening came at last, and then the grounds were illuminated by electric lights, until a thunder-shower scattered the crowd. Marc and Quincey closed the show finally, tired enough, and counted their money, which amounted to ten dollars and forty cents. They had secreted it in a mustard-box, which Marc put into a hole in the ground, blown out the lights, and lain down on some straw, when Quincey believed he saw the "organ-grinder" cautiously raise a bit of the canvas of the tent and peer in at them.

"You must be nervous, Quin," said Marc, sleepily. "I didn't see anybody."

"It was some one, anyhow," Quincey declared, creeping to the place and looking out. No one, however, was near. He lay propped up on one elbow until he became drowsy, watching and listening.

"Hallo! what was that?" he called at last, waking from a sound sleep and springing to his feet.

"It's our calf—out-doors somewhere," said Marc, excitedly, scrambling out into the darkness.

Both were so confused they could not discover from which direction the noise of the calf came. It was a wild night, too; the lightning was blinding, the thunder rumbled, and a brisk wind was rattling every loose thing in the neighborhood. Suddenly, while they stood hesitating, there came a broad flash, and the two boys were certain that they saw a great dark object going up and up above them, and the bleating of their calf seemed to be somewhere in the air near it. But in a moment it had ceased.

"Goodness! are we dreaming?" asked Quincey. "Has the lightning run away with the calf?"

They hurried back into the tent and lighted a lantern. Then it was discovered that the gorilla was gone also.

"It's a robbery," Marc declared, holding the lantern above his head and looking around, bewildered. "They've stolen both the calf and the gorilla."

"Who do you mean?" Quincey asked.

"George and Andy, of course. They're going to get even with us for beating them, I suppose."

Marc was wrong, however. Neither George nor Andy was capable of such meanness. But in the morning, when the disappearance of the calf and gorilla was made known, and it was found that Professor Kitchendorf's balloon had taken flight likewise, public sentiment in the immediate region began to set in against these rival showmen. The Professor stalked about in a towering rage.

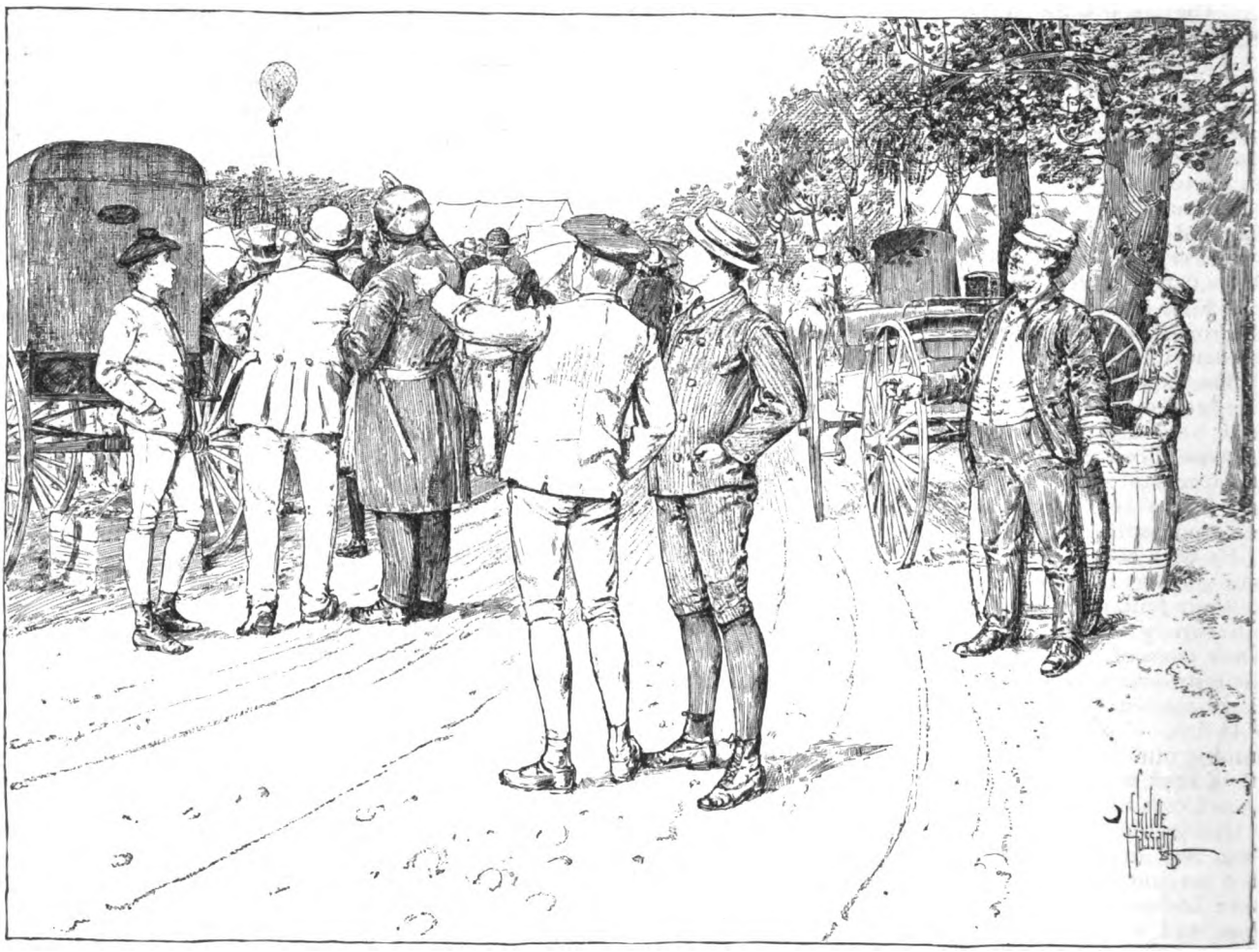
"I vill give tventy-five dollar," he said—"tventy-five dollar to anybodies vat vill bring me proofs dat dem young rascals did it."

By noon it began to look as though George and Andy would be obliged to pull up stakes and depart. They protested in vain that they knew nothing whatever about the affair. The excitement against them had got headway; everybody on the grounds by this time had heard of the caper, and a great crowd flocked to the vicinity to examine the premises, and listen to the enraged Professor. Soon there was a great hubbub, laughter, and shouts.

"There 'tis! there 'tis!" everybody cried, looking up at the sky.

The balloon was sailing over majestically from the top of a wood of tall pines at the back of the grounds. The long rope by which it had been fastened was dangling, and it had probably been caught during the night in the branches of the trees. The calf had his head over the edge of the basket, and bellowed in his loudest voice. The portly form of the gorilla could be seen bobbing back and

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"THE BALLOON WAS SAILING OVER MAJESTICALLY."

forth on the seat. Soon the attention of the entire Fair Ground was directed to the sight, and there was much laughter and amusement over the odd appearance of the gorilla. Professor Kitchendorf was now more excited than ever, unable to decide what to do.

"I vill give ten dollar, tventy, tventy-five dollar to das man who saves it for me," he shouted, jumping on a barrel. "Tventy-five dollar; yah, t'irty dollar!"

But the crowd only laughed at him.

"How shall we get it?" one wag called out. "We can't shin up on nothing."

The Professor kept his eyes on the balloon several minutes, while it drifted away, neither rising higher nor falling. When it had passed over the grounds, and gone at least half a mile off, he jumped and seized Marc by the arm. "Come mit me quick," he said, hurrying him through the crowd. "Ve'll catch it mit a horse und vagon."

Outside the entrance gate he hastily bargained for a team, and started with Marc up the road pell-mell.

"Ve'll catch it," he repeated, "for das gas in it ist give out, und it vill come down soon. Den you vill gits your little animal und ape as goot as ever."

They hurried on mile after mile, however, without overtaking it. Two or three times they obtained glimpses of it, and several people whom they met along the road assured them that the balloon had been seen to pass that way.

After dark they came to a small village where there seemed to be much commotion taking place. People were running from all directions toward a great bonfire on the top of a steep hill, and when the Professor and Marc reached the spot they found the fire in front of a yellow meeting-house with a steeple. In the region of the vane was a dark, shadowy outline, which was evidently the balloon.

"Ach, vell," said the Professor, drawing a deep breath of relief, and dropping the reins; "vhilst dere's life dere's hope alvays, hey? I tole you all de vay dat ve'd catch it."

The people had already got ladders on the roof against the steeple, and the fire had been kindled to give them light. The Professor hastened up at once, and called to Marc to follow him. He found that the ring at the end of the rope had caught on the vane, and he and another man lifted Marc up to unfasten it.

A hundred or more gathered around to have a look at the balloon as soon as they brought it down to the ground, and the calf leaped out into the fire-light frightened and frisky. But the gorilla was missing. They found him lying across the road on their way back—they returned a shorter way than they had gone—and mistook him at first for a man. He had lost his glass eye and one of his front teeth.

As soon as they arrived at the Fair Ground, Quincey, who met them at the gate, hastened to explain that the eye had been found in the coat pocket of the Italian with the hand-organ, and that he had escaped.

"I knew it was he who looked in under the canvas," he declared. "And it was he who did the trick, as sure as you're alive."

When Marc was convinced that George and Andy were innocent, he offered to take them into partnership to make amends for his hasty suspicion. The two shows were at once consolidated, and the rivalry between them came to an end before the proprietors slept that night.

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"MAY SATURDAY" SCENES IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 528.

DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.

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## A PRAIRIE PET.

BY MRS. A. B. M.

ONE fall a regiment of soldiers were returning from their summer duties (protecting frontier settlements from the Indians) to winter-quarters in one of the forts of eastern Kansas, when they came upon a large prairie-dog town. A great commotion was stirred up among the inhabitants, as with sharp, defiant yelps they disappeared into their burrows; but some had gone to call on distant neighbors, and were too far from home in times of danger. Half a dozen of these were captured by fleet-footed soldiers clapping their caps or blankets over them, and were placed in empty hard-tack boxes for safe-keeping. However, all but two made their escape before the soldiers reached the fort. They were presented to my little friend Annie.

Annie named them Bob and Dick. In a very short time each learned his name, and readily came at its call. They soon became much attached to their little mistress, and would allow her to handle and fondle them at her pleasure. No part of the day did they enjoy more than when the cage was taken to a room with closed doors and windows, and they were allowed to run about at pleasure. Even then the spot they liked the best was Annie's lap or pocket, where they were sure to find a plentiful supply of nuts, grass roots, leaves, or corn. Dicky was very quiet and gentle, seldom getting into trouble or mischief; not so with Bobby, for he was full of life, and got into mischief enough for both. If a work-basket was left within his reach, he would pick out every spool of thread and carry it into a corner, and then triumphantly bark over his exploit, and if they were not speedily rescued he would stir them up and roll them about till the "tangle" was perfection itself. Scissors and thimbles he seemed to be afraid of, but one day he captured the needle-cushion; one bite at it, however, satisfied him. Dropping it, he hastily retreated under the sofa, uttering sharp, quick barks and moans of pain.

One spring morning the dogs were let out of the cage for their usual play. At noon Annie went to put them up and feed them, but Bobby was nowhere to be found. The whole family turned out to hunt for the pet, and calls of Bobby! Bobby! echoed from all sides; but Bobby was not found. Annie shed some very briny tears and breathed some very deep sighs, never expecting to see Bobby again.

A few days after this a little friend was visiting Annie, and told her about a private school she was attending, a mile out of town; and "What d'ye think, the teacher is going to give us prizes, and among them is a nice, plump, little tame prairie-dog that she found on the prairie between her house and town." Upon inquiring about it, Annie was sure it was Bobby; so the next morning she went to see about it. The school was in session, but she walked directly in, saying,

"If you please, teacher, I have come for my prairie-dog."

The children were much disturbed at this, for already the dog had become a great pet, and some of them said, "Oh, Annie, that can't be your Bobby; he would not get so far from home." But the teacher, after listening to Annie's explanation, thought it might belong to her, so she proposed to bring the dog in and see if he knew Annie. Annie knew it to be Bobby as soon as she saw him, but trembled for fear he had forgotten her, or might not choose to recognize her. "Speak to him," said the teacher. The little fellow was wild with delight to hear Annie's voice, and it seemed as though he would tear the cage in pieces to get to her. "Please let him out," she said. "Oh, don't!" exclaimed the children; "we shall lose him." But the sliding-door was raised, and the next instant Bobby was in his little owner's arms, and Annie triumphantly departed.

For several months Bobby was contented and happy, but at last he grew restless, and seemed watching for a chance to go on another exploring expedition. One Sunday as the family were returning from church they noticed the two servants about the yard eagerly hunting for something. "Oh, I'm sure Mary has let my dogs out, and Bobby is lost again!" exclaimed Annie. Sure enough, Mary had let them out for their usual play, not noticing that the cellar door was open a little way; but Bobby's sharp eyes espied it, and away he went down into the cellar and through the window, and while Mary was hunting behind boxes and barrels, Bobby was making good time over the prairies. Two or three days after, Annie learned that a druggist in town had found a prairie-dog, but was informed it could not possibly be hers, it was so cross and wild. "Well, it can't do any hurt for me to go and see," she said.

Once more she found Bobby a prisoner—this time in a box scarcely big enough for him to turn in. Annie claimed him, but the druggist told her it was impossible that he could belong to her; he did not believe he was ever in a cage before. "Why, I just poked some food into his box, with a lead-pencil, and look at my pencil"—showing it bitten in two pieces. All this time Annie had been talking to Bobby, who was delighted to see her. "Will you take off a slat and let him out," she asked. "Not for the world; he would run away, and I want him for my little boy." "Well, I don't think your little boy can have him;" and Annie twisted away at a slat till it started from its place, and the dog squeezed through the least possible space, and in an instant was seated on Annie's shoulder, rubbing his nose against her cheek, and uttering short, happy barks. Annie reached up her hand, took him down, and nestled him in her arms, where he rested quietly.

The druggist, with a "That beats anything I ever saw!" put out his hand to stroke Bobby, but Bobby was not partial to his petting, and fastened his teeth in his fingers.

A year passed. One morning Annie went to give the dogs their breakfast, and found the door of their house open. Dicky came at her call, but Bobby had taken his departure. Annie wondered who could have opened the door, but upon thinking about it concluded she must have left it open when she fed the dogs the night before, for she was going to an exhibition of tableaux, and was quite excited over it. Annie said she was sorry Bobby was gone, "but then it's no use for me to waste my time fretting over him or hunting him up; somebody will find him, and then I can get him." So she went to school.

During recess the girls were talking about the tableaux. The exhibition was held in an unfinished church, for the purpose of raising funds to assist in finishing it. At last one of the girls, breaking into a merry laugh, asked:

"Did you see Etta Hart fly around last night after the exhibition was over? It was better than the tableaux."

"What was it?" asked a dozen in the same breath.

"Why, during the evening Etta thought one side of her dress felt strange and very heavy, but she shook it out, and it seemed all right. After everything was over, she got up to leave, and again she felt a strange weight about her dress. She put her hand down to find out what was the matter, and something moved and fell to the bottom of her dress. You may believe she moved too, and screamed. She tore about the church like a crazy person, stopping at last upon the platform. Those about her formed themselves into an investigating committee. A knife was obtained and a hole cut in the lining of her dress, when out popped a prairie-dog."

"Why, that's my Bobby!" exclaimed Annie. "What became of him?"

"They tried to catch him, but he darted under the platform, and they could not find him."

"Well, I'll see if I can find him;" and Annie, followed by the girls, went over to the church.

The doors were fastened, but the girls pushed an empty box under a window. Annie climbed upon it, opened the window, and called Bobby. The little animal came out from his hiding-place, climbed over seats into the open window, and once more into Annie's arms.

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# ROLF HOUSE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,
AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### AN EVENTFUL DAY.

LONG though she may live, Joan will always remember that visit to New York. Other pleasures, higher satisfactions, she may have; but about that time is a sort of halo of complete fascination and enjoyment.

After luncheon, while Lance was at Brightwoods, the two girls left Miss Amy to the luxury of a quiet nap, and sallied forth into the pleasant spring weather, Nan undertaking to guide them to the Farquhars' house where she had spent that curious and eventful month.

It was easily found, and she and Joan walked back and forth and around it: looked up at the closed shutters, and Nan pointed out the various rooms to Joan, and they talked over the period of Nan's visit as though it had been six years instead of six months before. They went around the corner for a look at the back entrance, and Nan could hardly realize she was inspecting the street down which she had hurried that winter day with Beppo in her arms.

It was five o'clock before they returned to the hotel: Miss Rogers had waked up, and was anxiously watching for her brother's return; and before the late dinner, he and Lance came back, bringing Miss Vandort with them.

The girls clung to her excitedly and carried her off to their room, helping her to lay aside her things, and asking half a dozen different kinds of questions together.

Finally it appeared that Phyllis was perfectly delighted, and not overexcited at all; she looked forward to being brought into town the next day, Dr. Rogers concluding that in the present state of things it was better for her to fix on comfortable quarters at once; so Annie Vandort had come down to choose a suitable place for her.

Later in the evening Nan told Annie Vandort that she had "ever so much" to talk to her about, and Annie, smiling at the girl's enthusiasm, led her into her own room (which was furnished with taste and elegance rare in hotel rooms), where a cheerful wood fire was blazing on the hearth. Dropping down on a low stool in front of the fire, while the older girl drew up an easy-chair, Nan talked eagerly to her friend. The subject of their most earnest conversation was Phyllis.

"Dr. Rogers says she will have to stay at least two months in New York," said Nan, "and probably they will think then of her going to Europe, and he wants to know if you don't think it would be a good plan to take rooms that will be comfortable for her here. She can be sure then of every attention necessary."

This plan Annie favored decidedly; and Lance and Joan were called in for consultation, and sat up late discussing it after the old people had gone to bed. Early the next morning an interview at the office of the hotel resulted in their being shown a suite of rooms where Phyllis could have every comfort and cheerful surroundings.

They consisted of a pretty little parlor with corner windows and two bedrooms adjoining, so that one of the family and her nurse could be always with her.

When Dr. Rogers and his sister started for Beverley, Annie Vandort carried Joan off to Brightwoods, while Nan remained with Lance at the hotel to welcome Phyllis and Laura later in the day.

Before he left, the Doctor had placed in Nan's hands a sum of money for immediate use, and as Lance was to remain with them, she promptly gave this into his keeping.

The two had a pleasant talk that afternoon while they were left alone together, one which neither of them ever forgot. The past, the present, and the future were dwelt upon. Lance walked up and down the room as he poured forth to Nan all his hopes and plans for the future. His heart was earnestly upon work, and his young face glowed with the honest purpose of his ambition. To return to his studies in Paris, to comfort and care for Phyllis, to make a name they could all be proud of in the right way—these were dwelt upon far more than the prospect of the fortune which seemed before them, for to none of the Rolfs had the idea of mere wealth been of especial consequence. There had been a time, indeed, when to Phyllis worldly advantages, the pomp and glitter of life, had seemed very alluring, but how long ago that frame of mind appeared to her now! It might perhaps be as well that money came to her when the power or desire to use it in any ostentatious way was a thing wholly of the past.

They both decided that if whoever had the charge or control of their money matters would consent, a year abroad was greatly to be desired, and when the time came for them to expect the Brightwoods party both Lance and Nan were busy over plans of routes, steamers, foreign ports, etc:, and the question of an Italian winter for Phyllis.

And then came Joan flying into the room, and a moment later Phyllis was carried in, the greetings quietly exchanged when they had laid her on the bed; but oh, what an embrace that was which she and Nan exchanged!

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### JIM GOES OVER TO THE ENEMY.

WHEN Bob left Nan safe, as he supposed, for as long as he chose to keep her in the loft, he went into the house and upstairs in search of Betty.

That young lady was in punishment; and even Bob's company was welcomed, as she sat alone in the room which had been Nan's on her first coming to Rolf House.

As for Bob, he always wanted an audience of some kind, and as Betty was the only person he could trust on this occasion, he went into elaborate details regarding Nan's pleading with him "on her knees" to be let free, and "promising me, oh, everything nice she had!"

Betty, however, did not for a moment believe this part of it. Dull as she was, she knew Nan better than that, and was perfectly certain no threats of Bob's could induce her cousin to kneel down and plead in that abject way with him. Still, she enjoyed Bob's tale, and yet, with sudden compassion, said, "But, Bob, won't you let her out soon?"

"No," rejoined Bob, sturdily; "she's going to have a regular scare. I've a new scheme for frightening her, Bet, and I mean you shall help me: we'll get some white sheets and wrap up in them, and give her just the biggest scare she ever had."

"How?" queried Betty.

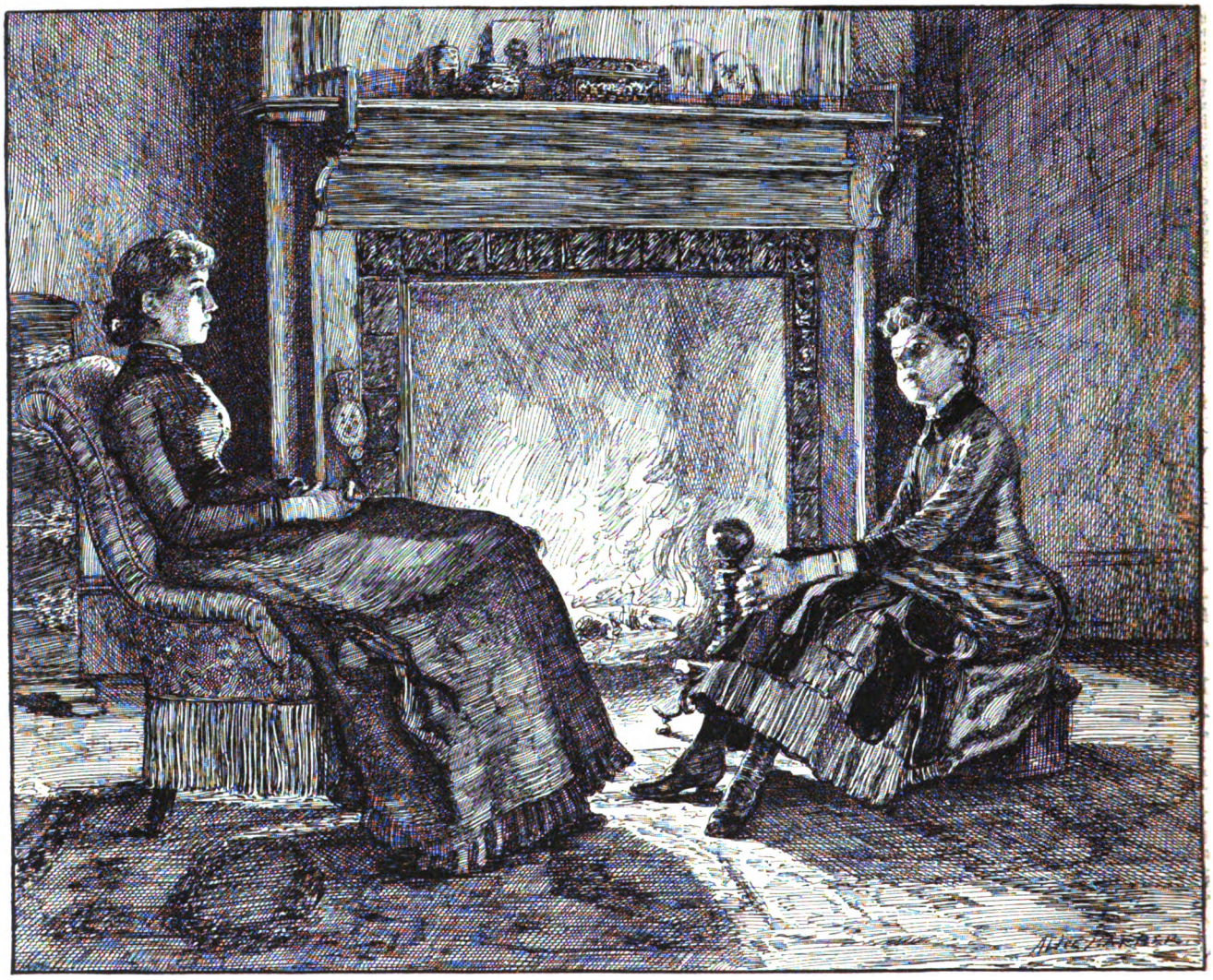
"Oh, just you wait and see," rejoined Bob, airily; "I know a way."

Betty was forced to be satisfied with this, and Bob went off whistling to the attic, where, however, his preparations for the "big scare" were considerably retarded by the fact that Louise was busy there, and that midway in his labors he was called down to tea, and then kept for a whole hour by his mother, who, having received the last six weeks a series of complaints against him, had determined upon a talk which she hoped might do him some good.

As may be imagined, Bob's humor was not of the very pleasantest description during the lecture or after he made his escape, and it was doubly fortunate that at the same time Tina had decided to hunt up Nan.

Bob was again in the attic, venting his ill-temper upon Betty, who had been released, while Tina and Nan were talking to Mrs. Farquhar.

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"THE SUBJECT OF THEIR MOST EARNEST CONVERSATION WAS PHYLLIS."

His rage may be imagined when, on stealing down the back stairs to make sure that the coast was clear, he was met by Tina, who informed him boldly what she had done.

I am afraid that the little girl's punishment would have been swift and sure, but for the fact that, on going out and up into the loft, Bob found that Jim Powers had returned, and, more than that, was standing in dismay over the wreck of the sideboard.

"It's gone!" was Jim's first exclamation, and Bob knew at once what had happened.

He told Jim of Nan's visit, expecting that the lad would join in vowing fresh vengeance upon her; but to his surprise Jim solemnly answered: "I wish to goodness I'd never had anything to do with any of your mean tricks! Here she's been and give me money to go and get my poor little cousin away from those circus people, and never said a word about giving me away or anything, and I don't believe, Bob Farquhar, you read that paper right to me. There, now!" and Jim flung a look of contempt upon Bob's mean little face and figure.

Alas for Bob and his dreams of rivalling the noble hero Bill Skye, the Boy Detective! He could not even think what that highly successful person would have done under these trying circumstances—deserted at a critical moment by his "pal." Like all bullies, Bob was an arrant coward, and seeing that Jim was in earnest, he began to whimper, and call upon the other to help him out of the scrape he felt sure he was in.

But Jim had determined to wash his hands of all connection with the boy who for a year past had made a tool of him, and he now only answered roughly, shaking his head and turning a deaf ear to Bob's entreaties, and declaring that he had to look after his cousin.

"Where are you going to take her to?" inquired Bob, sullenly.

"Over to Beachcroft," was Jim's only answer, as he ran down the ladder, and making his way to the kitchen, where poor little Janey was waiting, told his story to the servants there, finding himself for the first time quite an important person in their eyes.

"And so it was her as sent ye," said Katie, Nan's old friend. "Ah, but she had the good heart in her. I wish she was here this minute, so I do. Why don't you leave the child till the morning, and not be taking her out again in all this wet?"

Jim finally decided upon this being the wisest thing to do, and accordingly, when she had been given some supper, Janey was allowed to share the kind-hearted Katie's bed, Mrs. Farquhar's servants never thinking it necessary to go to her with any case of the kind.

Jim returned from Beachcroft disappointed to find Nan gone, but Mrs. Travers had urged him to bring Janey over the next day, and had told him so much of Nan's goodness and many kindnesses that the boy felt all the more remorseful for any share he had had in Bob's actions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"SUMMER HAS COME AT LAST."—Drawn by F. S. Church, N.A.

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## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

DRIFTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am going to tell you about my trip from the South. When going down the Santee River, by the steamer *Merchant*, I counted twenty-seven alligators in a distance of perhaps fifty miles. Captain Kirk had a sixteen-shot rifle, and allowed me to take several shots at them. He himself killed two or three, and thought I killed one more. I found Charleston a very pretty city. A friend and myself got a bird-kite, and tried to fly it on the famous Battery, which is a kind of park on the harbor front, where Charlestonians love to walk or sit. We went over to Sullivan's Island, the summer resort of the city, and saw Fort Moultrie, where is the grave of Osceola, the great Indian chieftain.

Now I will tell you about my stay in Washington. After a journey of nearly twenty-four hours we were met by my uncle and cousin, who told us that we must drive to the Hotel Arno, and prepare to go to the State Department with my uncle, Dr. F. W., and be introduced to Senator Bayard, which pleased us very much. The next day we went over to the White House, and saw President Cleveland, and enjoyed shaking hands with him. He said, "I am very glad to see you," but he looked very tired. The mantel-piece of the Reception Room was covered with beautiful flowers. Then we went over to the Capitol, where we saw some paintings that looked like statues, because the figures seemed to stand out from the dome. We saw also the House of Representatives, the Senate-Chamber, the picture of "Perry's Victory on Lake Erie," and portraits of all the Senators. Then we went to the Smithsonian Institution, where are kept General Washington's dress suit (that was made of buckskin), his tent and tent poles, his lunch basket, and the knives, forks, spoons, and plates which he used; and we saw a stuffed half of a cow-fish, and some beautiful minerals, and two logs of petrified wood. In the Capitol there is a stone in the floor, and if one person stands on it, and another is near by and speaks, his voice sounds as if from above; and there is another stone, and if you stand on it and speak, you can hear the echo of your own voice, but no one else can. I saw the place where President Garfield was shot: there is a marble stone to mark it. To go back again to the Capitol: when you walk up one of the stairways, you see a picture called "Westward Ho!" In another chamber there are statues sent from the different States. Pennsylvania sent a statue of Robert Fulton; he has his little steamboat in his hands. I visited, too, the place where a copy of every book, paper, or pamphlet printed in the United States is sent. And we saw the fine houses of Mr. Bayard, Mr. Blaine, and Mr. Ben Butler. ECKLEY B. C., JUN.

This is a very bright letter from an observing boy.

GRIFFIN, GEORGIA.

I am a little boy nine years old. I have two sisters and one brother. My sisters take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I am always delighted when the paper comes. My youngest sister has a beautiful canary, which sings sweetly, and so constantly that we sometimes get tired of listening. Base-ball has commenced; my little friend Milton D. and myself have a fine time playing together. I have relatives living near Flint River, and shall go there this summer, where I will have a good time eating nice fruit and fishing. J. D. B., JUN.

ELGIN, TEXAS.

I am a native of Texas. I am thirteen years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the 1st of January last, and like it very much. I have no pets now, but my little niece has a small dog named Queenie. Our school is out, and I do not go now. Our house is on the border of a large prairie, and there is no house north of us for many miles. The wolves howl near the house very often. My mother died six years ago, and my little brother and myself sometimes stay by ourselves when our father is absent practicing medicine at night. When I was away from home, my brother was entirely alone for months. I was then seven, and he was thirteen. We were not afraid, although there was no house near, and the country was new and wild. How many of your little readers would have staid at a place so wild and lonely without fear? BETTIE J.

I am glad Bettie has so much courage.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am a school-boy of ten, and am in the Fifth Grade. My home is in Washington. It is a beautiful city, and has a good many public buildings and places of interest. In the National Museum they have a few of George Washington's clothes, and some relics from the Greely and Kane expeditions, and many other things which can not be found in any other part of the country. The Washington Monument has no houses very near it; all around is a meadow of long grass. I have not been up to the top of it yet, but I think I will go this summer. The Capitol is a very fine building, and the grounds extend for a block all around it. The Marine Band plays in front of the Capitol on Wednesday and in the President's grounds on Saturday in the summer season, but the concerts have not yet commenced. In the Corcoran Art Gallery are some fine pictures, and in the Agricultural Department are some very pretty flowers. JOHN M.

Willie's mamma wrote this letter for her little son, who told her what to say as he sat by her in his high chair:

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy four years old. I began to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE at Christmas; mamma gave it to me for a Christmas present. I have for pets three little birds, Beauty, Dick, and Mousie. I have one little sister, named Florence; she is four months old. I have a beautiful new scrap-book, which mamma gave me for a birthday present; I am busy getting pictures for it. WILLIE STANLEY E.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I have no pets except a bird, and he is very pretty; his name is Goldy. This summer our family are going to Camp Collie, Geneva Lake, to spend the summer. We have rented a cottage, and are going to take our meals outside. I wish you were going with us. Some time I will write you a letter in French, if you would like to have me do so. I take French lessons, and like them very much. I won the prize at a French spelldown; it was a gold medal. I have been quite ill lately with a sore throat and fever, but I am better now. I have been ill three weeks, and I am not going to school until after my long vacation, as I am not strong enough. I would like to have some of the little English girls across the ocean write to me. Will they please do so?

CLARA L. S. T.,
278 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

You may write me a letter in French if you choose.

WATERVILLE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I wish to tell you a funny thing about a robin, hoping that of your many youthful correspondents some one can give a plausible reason for his manœuvres. About five weeks ago he began, and still continues, to fly at and peck vigorously a glass window which looks into a coal cellar—nothing else to be seen but coal. He commences early in the morning, continues it all day, for a few minutes, as often as once in an hour, I think. Why does he do it? that is the question. He persuaded another one to do the same to another window, but that one came only a few times.

AN ADMIRER OF THE POST-OFFICE BOX.

This is a puzzle for some bird-lover to answer.

YOUNGSTOWN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have one sister and three brothers. We live on the Niagara River, twelve miles below Niagara Falls. My auntie gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present. We think "Rolf House" is such a nice story! My sister received *St. Nicholas* for a Christmas present.

Marian Esther L. asked some one to tell her how to make a pen-wiper. Mamma made one we think very cunning. First make the mat of woollen cloth two and a half inches in diameter, put several circles of cotton cloth under the mat (cotton is the nicest to wipe pens on), and pink the edge of the mat. Next take four strips of white cotton two inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide, sew them into little bags, mark on them with ink, "Flour," "Meal," "Oats," and "Wheat," fill the bags with cotton and tie them up, and fasten them on the mat. Then make a number of mice of apple seeds: use the pointed end for the head; use *very* small black beads for the eyes, sew a few threads through for whiskers, and a long thread for the tail, and the mice are made. Now sew or gum them on the bags and mat, and the pen-wiper is finished. If Marian can not make one from this description, and will send me her address, I will ask my mamma to make one, and will send it to her for a pattern.

I could write ever so much more, but mamma says I must not write too long a letter, or you will not care to hear from me again; so I will say good-by.

From your little friend,
EDITH L. JOHNSON.

Your mamma is very kind to let you make such a promise.

LEE'S SUMMIT, MISSOURI.

I am a little boy of seven years. I have a little pet dog; he is black, and his name is Midget; he is a rat terrier. I have a little wagon and a sled; I haul wood on them, and in the winter I draw my sisters on my sled, and we have lots of fun. My papa is a farmer, and he made me a little plough, and I plough with it. My sister Jess plays she is the horse, and she draws it for me.

ZANDER S.

Your sister is very obliging. I suppose you take turns in being horse, and letting her drive the plough, don't you?

EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Our teacher wanted us to write you about what we saw in a morning walk. I saw blue birds, sparrows, robins, crows, and hawks. For flowers, I saw ground-nut flowers, bluets, catkins, the wild wood-geranium, jack-in-the-pulpit, violets, colt's-foot, dog-tooth violets, and dandelions. There are green and yellow catkins and white and blue violets. The field strawberry has blossomed.

MARY L. E. (ten years old).

This morning, when I was coming to school, I saw a man taking a picture of a room. There were men out on the roof, and they had a banjo; they played on it a few minutes, then they began to sing. When I got almost down to the schoolhouse they stopped singing.

FREDDIE C. (eight years old).

I am going to write to you about an afternoon walk. When I lived in Boston I went to the Common. I saw a river and boats, trees, grown people, little girls and boys. I saw men selling balloons. My father bought me one. I am eight years old. My name is LILY R. L.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I want to tell you about a walk I had last Sunday afternoon with my papa and mamma. We went on a road where there were no houses. We met only two people. I picked some innocents and dandelions, and I heard some frogs croaking in a bog by the roadside. It was so cold that I could not find many flowers or see many birds. I shall be eight years old next Tuesday, and my mamma promises me a little party if I do not have the mumps. From a boy named HARRY T. B.

Thanks to the teacher who sent these letters from her pupils, and also to those children for whose letters there is not room.

Two stories follow by little readers who are trying their hands at authorship:

### THE HERO.

Once upon a time, in the small village of Orangeton, there lived a brother and sister, whose names were Charles and Rosa Duran. Charles was eleven years old and Rosa was five. They were very obedient children, and did everything that was told them cheerfully. They both went to school and learned well. Rosa was in the First Reader, and Charles in the Fourth. In going to and from school they passed the hut of a very poor family with seven children; the eldest was thirteen, the youngest one. One day, in going to school, they saw the hut in a blaze. The mother and six of the children were running around in a frantic state. Charles stopped and asked the mother why she was so excited and nervous, and she replied, "All the money we have in the world is there, and my husband and next to the youngest child besides are in there asleep." Charles said, "I will go in and save them." So in he went and brought the child out, and went back to wake up the husband and get the money. He woke the husband up and got the money, and they started to come out when they found the front door was ablaze, still they thought they would try to get out. So they went back as far as they could go, and ran through the flames in safety. Of course Charles and Rosa

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were late at school, but were excused on the teacher's hearing the cause. That evening, as they were studying their lessons for school the next day, they heard a brass band playing outside. They ran to the window and looked out, and there was a band outside their house playing quite grandly. As soon as they saw Charles, they shouted, "Three cheers for the boy who risked his life for another. Hip—hip—hurrah!" Of course Charles was as happy as a boy could be. IRENE R. S.

Can Irene or any other child tell me which is the safest thing to do, provided one wakes up in a room which is filled with smoke? Charles was a very extraordinary boy indeed.

BOB.

Poor little boy! only nine years old, motherless, fatherless—no home but the market by day and the street by night! His mother had married a man who seemed to care for her in her earlier days, and had bought her a very neat little house; but as time wore on he became intemperate, sold the little house, and used the money for liquor. After a while he died. Bob's mother died a year after of cold and hunger, when the child was only seven years old. Before his mother died she told him that she had a sister living in Europe, but she would never correspond with her.

One Christmas night, as he was seeking for shelter, he happened to turn into a very handsome street. He passed a very beautiful house, the inmates of which were having a gay time. They were playing on the piano and singing. He stood outside, trembling and shivering in the cold (it was snowing very fast, and he was about frozen), listening to the beautiful music, wishing he was there to sit beside the warm fire that blazed in the grate. He went softly through the gate, and crept into the alley, to see if any one would give him something to eat, as he was very nearly starved. As he was crouching down near the door of the house a gust of wind blew it open, and as the hall was dark, and there appeared to be no one to send him out again into the cold, he thought he would go inside. He pretty soon came to a room where the door was partly open. He saw within it a lady and a little child, who was kneeling at her mother's knee; she had on her little night dress, and her mother was preparing to put her to bed, when Bob, who had heard their whole conversation, shouted "Hurrah!" so loudly that it alarmed them both.

When the lady saw that it was a little boy she asked, "Why, my boy, how did you happen to come here?"

Bob hung his head, but took courage and told her.

"What is your name, and where is your home?" again asked the lady.

"My name is Bob, but I have no home," replied he.

He looked so beautiful standing there, with his brown eyes flashing, though his hands and face were not very clean, that the lady could not help admiring him.

He thought that the lady looked like his mother used to, so he said: "You look as my mamma did; she had pretty brown eyes and black hair just like yours; but she died two years ago" (dashing off a tear as he spoke, for he had loved his mother very dearly). "She said that she had a sister living in Europe," continued he, "but I don't think she could have come back to America."

The lady then said: "Why, my dear boy, I have just returned from Europe, and something tells me that you are my sister's child, because she wrote to me and said that she had a little baby boy, and was going to name it Bob. That was nine years ago. How old are you?"

"Nine years old," replied he.

"You look as she did, and you may live here, and I will treat you as my nephew," said the lady.

"I—I stay in this beautiful house with you and her?" asked he, in surprise, and pointing to the little girl.

"Yes, yes, I do mean it," said the lady. "Come here and kiss me and your cousin Ethel."

He was obliged to, whether he would or not, but he felt very much embarrassed at doing so, as no one had ever kissed him since his mother's death.

"I will dance for Cousin Ethel, and she shall sing for me," said Bob.

He then burst into a merry laugh, his aunt and cousin joined in the chorus, and thus began for the little street boy a new and happy life from that Christmas night.

Quite a well-written story for little Elsie P. to have composed all by herself.

CLARKSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA.

I thought I would try to write you a letter. I am a girl ten years old. I have one sister older than myself and one brother younger than I. We have seven canary-birds, and they sing very sweetly. I have a dog; his name is Trip. He is getting old and gray, but I love him. I have learned to crochet, and have made three chair tidies. I have always lived in Clarksburg. There is a great deal of coal around here, which is used for fuel. We are going to build a new court-house here; the one we have now is very old. There are very good schools here. There is a female seminary and a graded school taught at the Academy, which is the one that I attend. I study geography, arithmetic, language lessons, spelling, writing, and reading. I like my teacher very much; she is a very pleasant lady, and is very kind to her pupils. There are good Sunday-schools at all the churches here. I go to the Methodist school. My sister and I received a prize last year for being present every Sabbath in the year. BELLE S. W.

BELLEVUE, OHIO.

I am the Lillie B. who wrote to you some time ago, and I want to thank you for printing my letter; you can not imagine what pleasure it gave me. I received fourteen letters, and among them was a letter from England, and a postal from Peru, South America. I fulfilled my promise in answering every one, and am corresponding with some of them. I would like to have corresponded with all, but I have a great many old friends who must not be neglected. I have been reading Emmie N.'s letter, and I thank you for giving her permission to write to me through the Post-office Box. I would be delighted to have her address a letter to me here at Bellevue.

Yours, with ever and ever so much love,
LILLIE M. BARTLETT.

NEW YORK CITY.

After we are done with our HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE we send it to a poor little lame girl who lives away down-town; she is very glad when Saturday gets here, because her paper will come then. Now I will tell you about my pets: I have a dog and some rabbits; some are black, and some are white. I am thirteen years old, and will soon be fourteen. JOSEPH J. C.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

My uncle gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE one year, and I took it myself the next two years. I thought I would like to write to you. I have no pets. I go to school, and am in the Fourth Grade. I study geography, grammar, reading, spelling, drawing, writing, music, and arithmetic. I used to take piano lessons, but I thought I would like to stop for a while.

Yesterday I went to a picnic out to Diamond's Cañon, with my school. We had all kinds of cake, cookies, bread, biscuit, and oranges. After dinner we went up a very high hill and gathered wild flowers and ferns. When we had enough flowers, and thought we would go down, instead of walking down we would roll down and run races. There were twenty-three of us.

I have no brothers or sisters to play with now. I had one brother, nineteen years old, but he went to the country to-day. I used to play with him. I like the story of "Nan" and all of the letters very much. I hope my letter will be published, for this is my first one. MAUD P. (aged eleven).

WILLIMANTIC, CONNECTICUT.

I wrote to you quite a long time ago, when I first began to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but as it was not printed, I thought I would write again. For pets I have a cat and three canary-birds. Last spring we had a pair of birds with young ones, but the cat caught the mother bird and killed her, and the little ones died. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. My favorite story is "Rolf House." I like the story "Tom's Troubles" too. I like the stories about Mr. Thompson, and of course the Post-office Box. I have taken piano lessons for eight months, and can play quite a good many pieces. I have commenced to go to a singing-school. With love,
JESSIE Y. J.

BRANDY STATION, VIRGINIA.

My sister and I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since 1880, and I think it is the best paper I ever saw in my life, which is fourteen years. Last Saturday we had a fish fry at my father's mill. We caught fifty-four fish the second haul (we were fishing with a seine), three of them black bass, one of which weighed about four pounds, which is a very large fish for so small a river as the Hazel. We also had a very nice time rowing on the dam. FRANKLIN S.

I am glad you had such good success.

BELTON, TEXAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am one of your boy readers, fifteen years old, and my uncle has been sending me and my six brothers HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first issue; we like it very much. One day I was in the field, and found three little squirrels. I took them home and fed them, but two died. I have the other one still, and I love it very dearly. We went fishing in the brook, and caught thirty-seven fish. I send you some cedar. G. C. M.

You had good luck with your fishing, and deserved the famous supper you no doubt had after the day's sport.

NEW MIDDLETON, TENNESSEE.

I am having such a nice time now I am in the country at my auntie's. I am going to stay here all summer, and maybe longer. I do think the country is the prettiest place in summer; it is so delightful and fresh, and cool after the hot, dusty city. We play croquet more than any other game, and we are going to have a swing after a while. I take horseback rides very often; I think it such nice exercise. My sister and I each have a little kitten. Mine wears blue ribbon, and sister's red. We live about two miles from town, and I like to go and get the mail. I always look anxiously for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am reading "Rolf House" to auntie, and she likes it very much. We wish that we could have read "Nan." I do love to read the letters from England. There was a letter from a girl who began stories and didn't finish them. That is just what I am always doing. RIVERLIN W.
(ten years old).

I was much interested in **R. G.'s** account of a very clever dog, a Scotch terrier. Alas! the poor little pet died.—**Alique MacD.:** Thanks for your very kind letter. My compliments to the little girls who held the bazar and worked to aid their church.—**Ralph Waldo Hoffman,** Enterprise, Kansas, had a splendid time at the Exposition. If, owing to his absence in New Orleans, any of his exchange correspondents were not properly treated, he begs that they will write to him now.—**Gussie O.:** For a little girl of eleven, your droll rhymes are very well done.—**Mamie B.** wishes Annie W., of Nyack, and E. F. D. to write again. Mamie made a lovely camp-fire ornament in this way. She shall tell you herself. "I painted one stick red, another white, and another blue, and tied them with bright red ribbon. I painted the egg-shell dinner pot red, to match the ribbon, on the inside, and black on the outside."—**J. B. S.:** When April-fool Day comes again, you must think of some funny jest to practice on sister Bettie in return for hers.—**Albert B.:** I liked your little letter.—**Minna De V.:** Yours was interesting too.—**May P., E. W. K., Alice S., Archibald H., Bertie E. McC., Clyde B., Alice May T., Julia S., Honora H., Maud V. P. W., Lillie H., Frank B. W., Anna G., Eugene L., Mary B. I., Emie C., Harrison W., Lizzie B., J. D.,** and **Oakley M. W.** will please accept thanks for their letters, and believe that the Postmistress is very sorry indeed that she can not possibly find a place for them. They must try again by-and-by.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

PI.

I omec rmof tuasnh fo octo dna rhne
I kaem a eudnsd ysial
Dna keasplr uto agnmo hte rnef
Ot ciekbr wdno a yaelvl.

DANDELION AND BUTTERCUP.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In crack, not in hole.
In youth, not in old.
In ice, not in cold.
In cave, not in hollow.
In check, not in dollar.
In men, also in women.
In walking and in swimming.
My whole is something, when people are able,
They often like to have on the table.

CENNIE.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 291.

No. 1.—1. A sequel to "Wakulla." Lake. Quell. Task. Luke. Owl. Awake.
2. Hyderabad. Dad. Red. Bay. Hay. Bad. Bread. Year.

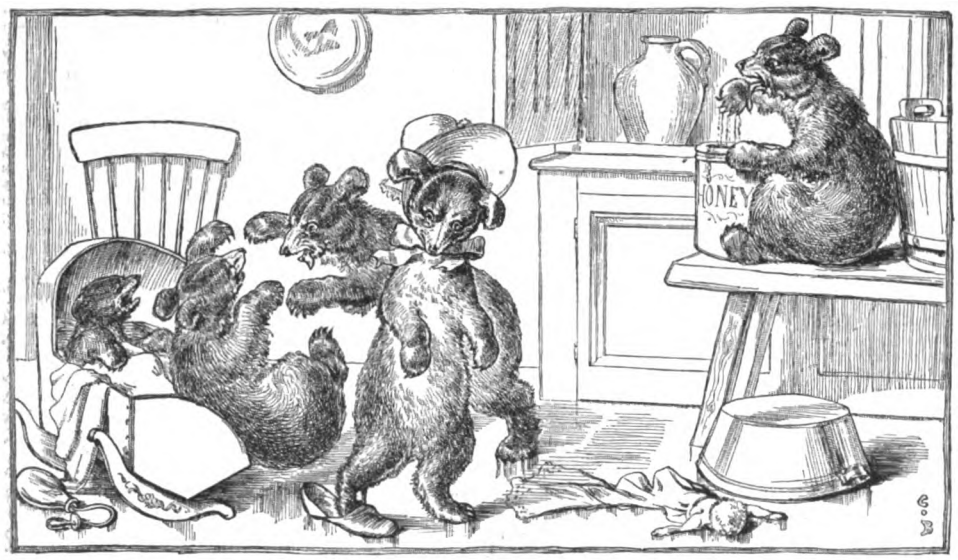
No. 2.—
N
R E D
L O W E R
N E W Y O R K
S T O R Y
T R Y
K

No. 3.—
O P A L
P A N E
A N N A
L E A D

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Arthur Nevill, R. P., M. Lee, James W. W. Lauber, Cockade City, Dora Emrich, Ella L. Lent, Clarence S. Griffith, Emma L. Kennedy, Forget-me-not, Horace F. Lunt, Emilie Bach, Addie Yerks, Stella Sisson, S. M. Fechheimer, Helen W. Gardner, Augusta J. Emrich, B. S. Gibson, Jun., Alice Este, Margaret Dixon, Theodore Fayette, Jerome Close, Martin Anderson, and James Knox.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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THE LITTLE BRUINS MIND THE BABY WHILE MRS. BRUIN GOES HUNTING FOR SUMMER BOARD.

## GOING A-MAYING IN THE PARK.

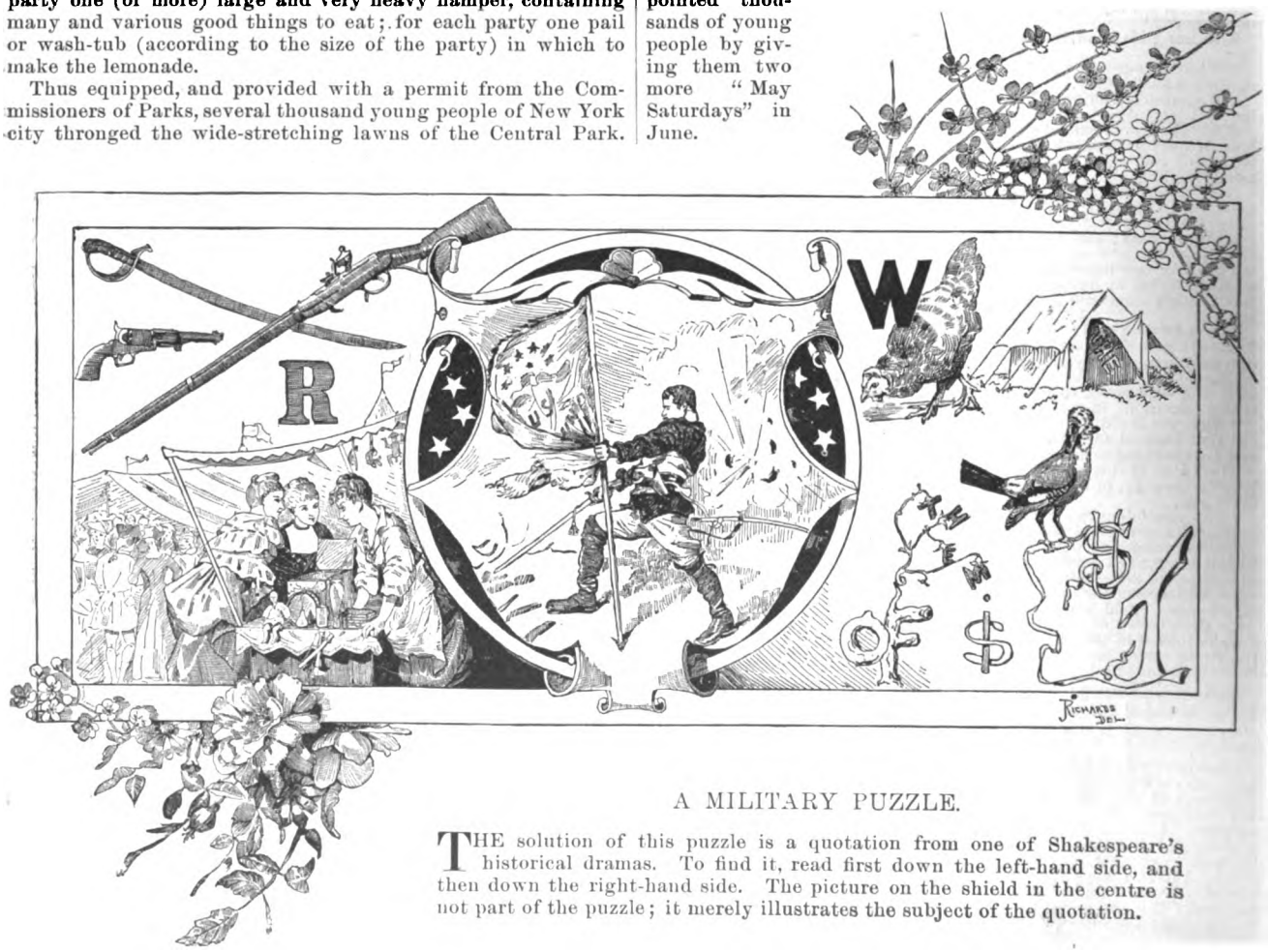
IT was a "May Saturday." Everybody in New York, of course, knew that it was a Saturday in May, but several hundreds of thousands of grown people did not know that it was a "May Saturday." Nevertheless some thousands of young people had become aware of the vast difference between this and the other Saturdays in May, and they had made large preparations to enjoy it; to wit (as the lawyers say), for each party one May-pole, with red, white, and blue streamers attached; for each party one (or more) large and very heavy hamper, containing many and various good things to eat; for each party one pail or wash-tub (according to the size of the party) in which to make the lemonade.

Thus equipped, and provided with a permit from the Commissioners of Parks, several thousand young people of New York city thronged the wide-stretching lawns of the Central Park. Some set up their May-poles, and danced around them to the music of their own happy voices, some played tag and other games, and everybody seemed bent upon treating with contempt the tiresome little signs that greet you everywhere in the Park, and rudely bid you "Keep off the grass." Even the gray-coated policemen smiled upon the young revellers, and seemed to enjoy helping them to find a nice place to set up a May-pole, or a shady tree under which to spread the abundant contents of the lunch basket.

The May parties were of all sorts and sizes, but the largest of all was a school containing one hundred and fifty boys and girls. To choose a May-Queen from among so many must have been a difficult task; but she was chosen and crowned, and escorted to her throne by a retinue of rosy cheeks and bright eyes doubtless as brilliant as any that ever graced a royal court.

On page 521 our artist has reproduced some of the most striking scenes and incidents of that happy "May Saturday" in a manner that will keep the memory of it alive in those who were present, and excite envy in the minds of those who missed it.

The season was so backward and the weather so disagreeable this spring that only one of the five Saturdays in May was a "May Saturday"; but the Commissioners have decided to make it up to the disappointed thousands of young people by giving them two more "May Saturdays" in June.




## A MILITARY PUZZLE.

THE solution of this puzzle is a quotation from one of Shakespeare's historical dramas. To find it, read first down the left-hand side, and then down the right-hand side. The picture on the shield in the centre is not part of the puzzle; it merely illustrates the subject of the quotation.

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 295. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




"A SMALL GRAY MONKEY SPRANG ON TO HIS BACK."

## INTO UNKNOWN SEAS;

### Or, THE CRUISE OF TWO SAILOR BOYS.

BY DAVID KER.

### CHAPTER V.

#### AN AFRICAN CITY.

"I SEE you know me again," said the stranger, smiling at the wondering faces of his guests. "If you want to know where you are, you're aboard


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my yacht, a little to the nor'west of Malta; and if you want to know who *I* am, my name's Captain Percy."

"Captain Percy!" echoed Jim Selden, with a sharp glance at him. "Why, we heard that fellow at Catania call you 'my lord.' Didn't we, Sandy?"

"Jamie! Jamie!" remonstrated the scandalized Sandy, "it's no mainners, ye ken, to ask questions aboot what doesna concern ye."

"There's no harm done," said Captain Percy, laughing; "and as for the 'my lord' part of the story, I'll tell you all about that by-and-by. Now would you like to come on deck with me, and see what you think of my little craft? Bring in their clothes, Jack."

The boys dressed at once, and eagerly followed him, and the first thing that met their eyes was a long and very finely made twenty-four-pound gun, mounted on a platform near the stern, and swivel-fashioned, so that it could be slewed round in any direction.

"That did you a good turn this morning, when my old friend 'Navarino Jack' knocked away the pirate's mast with it," observed Captain Percy. "By-the-bye, how did you bring those fellows down upon you?"

Jim briefly related their night adventure, to which the Captain listened with the closest attention.

"Upon my word," cried he, "you've both behaved very pluckily, and came off better than ninety-nine out of a hundred would have done in your place. Now look here, boys, I owe you a good turn, as you know, and I'll be glad to have a chance of doing anything for you. This little beauty of mine can run from here to Sicily in a few hours, and if you want to go back to Catania and join your ship, I'll take you there with pleasure."

"It's too late now," answered Jim, ruefully. "Our ship was bound to sail first thing this morning; and now that she's got a full cargo aboard, she won't put in anywhere till she gets to New York."

"I'm sorry for that," said Percy; "but in that case, if you've nothing better to do, what do you say to having a turn of service with *me*?"

"Weel," said Sandy Muir, with the native caution of a true Scotchman, "I wad like to ken first what kind o' sairvice it is."

Jim gave his comrade a warning dig with his elbow that might have stove in the panel of a door, but the Captain only laughed.

"Suppose you come and see for yourself," said he, leading the way forward.

To the great surprise of both boys, who now had a good view of the vessel for the first time, she proved to be a *steam* yacht, her trim red smoke-stack, with its black top, making a very pretty picture. She was schooner rigged, of about five hundred tons burden, evidently built for speed, and (as they had already seen) one of the fastest vessels afloat. Moreover, she had (so the Captain told them) engines of eighty horse-power, which, judging from their peep down into the engine-room in passing, seemed as neat and well kept as the works of a lady's watch.

A little forward of the engine-room was the cook's galley, from which issued such an appetizing smell that our heroes instinctively halted and looked in, just in time to witness a very startling scene.

The cook—a huge brawny negro, with one eye and a tremendous scar across his face—was just coming out with an enormous dish of hot soup, so heavy that it required all his strength to carry it, even with both hands. He had barely set foot on the deck with it when a small gray monkey sprang up on to his back so suddenly that nobody could see where it came from, and burying its claws in poor Jumbo's woolly hair, tugged at it as if meaning to scalp him outright, accompanying every tug with a scream like the alarm-whistle of a steam-engine.

Jumbo roared like a bull, and made a succession of the most horrible faces ever seen outside a mad-house; but what could he do? He dared not drop the dish, he could not set it down, and the three lookers-on were too powerless with laughter to help him.

But Mr. Monkey was fated to be paid for his trick in a way that he little expected. Stepping back to try and jam his tormentor against the door-post, Jumbo slipped and fell sprawling on his back, while the whole dishful of boiling soup came hissing down upon the unlucky monkey like a water-fall. Uttering a screech to which all its former cries were as nothing, it flew like a rocket right up the rigging to the mainmast-head, where it sat grimacing and chattering like a mad creature, shaking one forepaw furiously at the cook, while rubbing itself behind with the other.

"Dish no broke, Massa Captain!" cried Jumbo, picking himself up; "and s'pose monkey scald black man, black man scald *he!*"

Leaving Jumbo to enjoy this cheering thought, our friends went forward on to the forecastle, and dived down the fore hatchway, finding several lads, who had been on deck all night during the gale, fast asleep in the little drawer-like "bunks" that rose one above another along either side. The farther they went, the more the boys were astonished. Everything was as clean and snug and orderly as if they had been in a hotel; yet with all this there was no unnecessary show or luxury, nothing useless, nothing that would not stand wear and tear.

Turning aft again, they went along "between-decks" till they came to a large room, scrubbed as clean as a new pin, and kept deliciously cool and airy by a big square port on either side.

"This is the hospital," said Captain Percy. "You see, it's well away from the noise of the engine, and close to my cabin, so that when any of my boys are ill (which I'm glad to say isn't often), I can look after them myself, as I happen to be something of a doctor."

"Well," remarked Jim, with an admiring look at the neat white cots, the well-polished lamp, the pictures on the walls, and the flower-pots hung in green baskets from the cross-beams of the roof, "if *this* is the hospital, I guess I'd like to be sick for a fortnight."

So, too, thought Sandy, who had long since made up his mind that this new "sairvice" was just the thing for him.

Half an hour later both boys were formally enrolled among the crew, and at once introduced to their new comrades. It was rather a shock to our two heroes (who were at first disposed to assume airs of superiority on the strength of their sea-faring experience and recent exploits) to find that most of these boys—not a few among whom were even younger than themselves—had seen places of which *they* had never heard, and passed through adventures quite as perilous as their own. But one and all were so hearty and friendly that Jim and Sandy soon became quite intimate with them all, and felt as much at home, before the first evening was over, as if they had been on board for a month.

The boy sailors (who mustered about two dozen in all) were a very queer mixture. Ruddy, thickset English lads, slim, curly-headed Italians, and supple, olive-cheeked, dark-eyed Greeks, nimble French boys, showing their white teeth in a perpetual laugh, sturdy, broad-faced, light-haired Germans, and sallow, black-curled Spaniards. Each had some exciting story to tell of how Captain Percy had rescued them from hardship and ill-treatment, often at a fearful risk to himself; but not one of them seemed to have the least idea who their mysterious protector really was.

"*I* know!" piped out a tiny voice in Italian; and our heroes recognized the child whom they had seen in Percy's arms when he was facing the mob at Catania.

"Well, who is he, then, little one?" asked Jim, in the same language, taking the child on his knee, and stroking the wan little face tenderly.

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Little Giacomo hesitated for a moment, and then lowering his voice to a tone befitting so weighty a secret, said, with an air of perfect conviction:

"He's San Cristoforo."

"St. Christopher!" echoed Jim, suddenly recalling an Italian shipmate's "yarn" of a kind-hearted giant who used to carry weaker people across a rapid river, and who having one night taken a child on his shoulder to bear him over, felt the infant's light weight grow gradually heavier and heavier, till, when he reached the opposite shore, he saw that the seeming child was our Lord Himself, who blessed him and named him Christopher (Christ-carrier). "What ever do you mean, child?"

"Come here, and I'll show you," answered little Giacomo, scrambling nimbly up on deck, and leading them right forward to the bows, where he pointed to the figure-head with a triumphant "Ecco lo quà!" (see, there it is).

The sun was setting, but there was still quite light enough to show them *St. Christopher* painted along the bow, and the carved figure of a man carrying a child, the man's face being an exact likeness of their mysterious Captain.

"You see!" said the little Italian. "I thought he must be the good San Cristoforo when he came and took me from the bad men who wanted to beat me, and was so strong and brave against them all; and now see, there he is, with me on his shoulder, and his name written too, for I got that big man to read it for me."

And away he went, quite satisfied, while Jim and Sandy (who had picked up enough Italian to understand him pretty well) remained plunged in deep thought.

It was long before either of them got to sleep that night, and Jim, when he did so, dreamed that he was Christopher Columbus sailing from New York to discover Europe, and that Giacomo, in the shape of a gray monkey, was stewing down the black cook in a flower-pot, which upset every five minutes.

A little after night-fall the *St. Christopher* (which had been lying hove-to all day) began to move westward again, and when the boys "tumbled up" about daybreak next morning at the call of the boatswain's whistle, the first thing they saw was the vast, gray, shadowy mass of Cape Bon—the northeasternmost point of the territory of Tunis—looming on the port beam. The Captain did not appear, but they gathered from a few words let drop by one of the quartermasters that the yacht was bound for Tunis Bay.

Sure enough, after heading W.S.W. for some time (the high land of the coast meanwhile continuing to come out plainer and plainer on the port hand) they suddenly rounded a bold headland, and one of the finest views in the whole of North Africa burst upon them in all its glory.

To the left the twin peaks of Hammet-El-Lif were just catching the first rays of sunrise, while the lower hills around it still lay steeped in purple shadow, which looked almost black where it rested upon the deep narrow rocky gorges that cleft the great ridges in every direction. To the right rose a succession of low green slopes, along one of which a broad patch of pale dusty yellow marked the spot where Carthage stood in all its splendor two thousand years ago, before the hard-hitting Roman soldiers pounded it to dust. In front, the bay outspread its great sheet of rich summer blue, on the brink of which stood like an ivory carving the dainty little toy town of Goletta. From Goletta a flat, narrow sand bar ran straight across the bay, dividing it from the shallow lagoon beyond, along the farther shore of which lay like a snow-drift, under the shadow of a steep craggy hill, the great white city itself, in all the quaint Eastern picturesqueness of its shining domes, and massive ramparts, and tall slender minarets, and flat-roofed houses interleaved with dark, glossy, semi-tropical vegetation.

"Well, my boys, how do you like the pirate city?"

Both boys started, and hastily touched their caps as Percy's tall figure went by, not so much from the old sailor-like instinct as from another feeling which they could not themselves explain.

"It ain't because he's 'my lord,'" said Jim, "for *they* don't count for much with a free American, nohow; but this fellow's got a look as if he was twenty full-rigged lords all boiled down into one. If I was to give *him* any sauce, that quiet 'through-and-through' look of his would send the words backward down my throat! I don't believe he's a lord at all. I think he's a *king!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TOM FAIRWEATHER AT ST. HELENA.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U.S.N.

THE *Neptune* sailed from the west coast of Africa with one hundred and fifty persons ill with fever, and this number was increased gradually on the voyage to St. Helena, until two hundred and ten people were unfitted for duty. Fortunately the weather was pleasant, else with a crew so reduced in strength it would have been difficult to carry on the various duties of the ship.

Tom was lucky enough to escape with but a slight touch of this fever. For a day or two he was quiet and a little low-spirited, but the malaria in his case quickly yielded to treatment; then, as he felt better and stronger, he made himself useful as a nurse, and the sick ones were glad to see his bright young face among them as they lay feverish and miserable in their hammocks.

St. Helena is in the belt of the southeast trade-winds, and the effect of the cool pure breeze was like a tonic to the fever-stricken crew.

Two among them died, while the rest regained their vigor slowly. It was not deemed advisable to leave such a sanitarium too speedily, so that although Captain Fairweather found orders there to proceed to Bombay, touching at the Cape of Good Hope for coal only, he decided to defer his departure for two or three weeks, until his crew were in a more hardy condition.

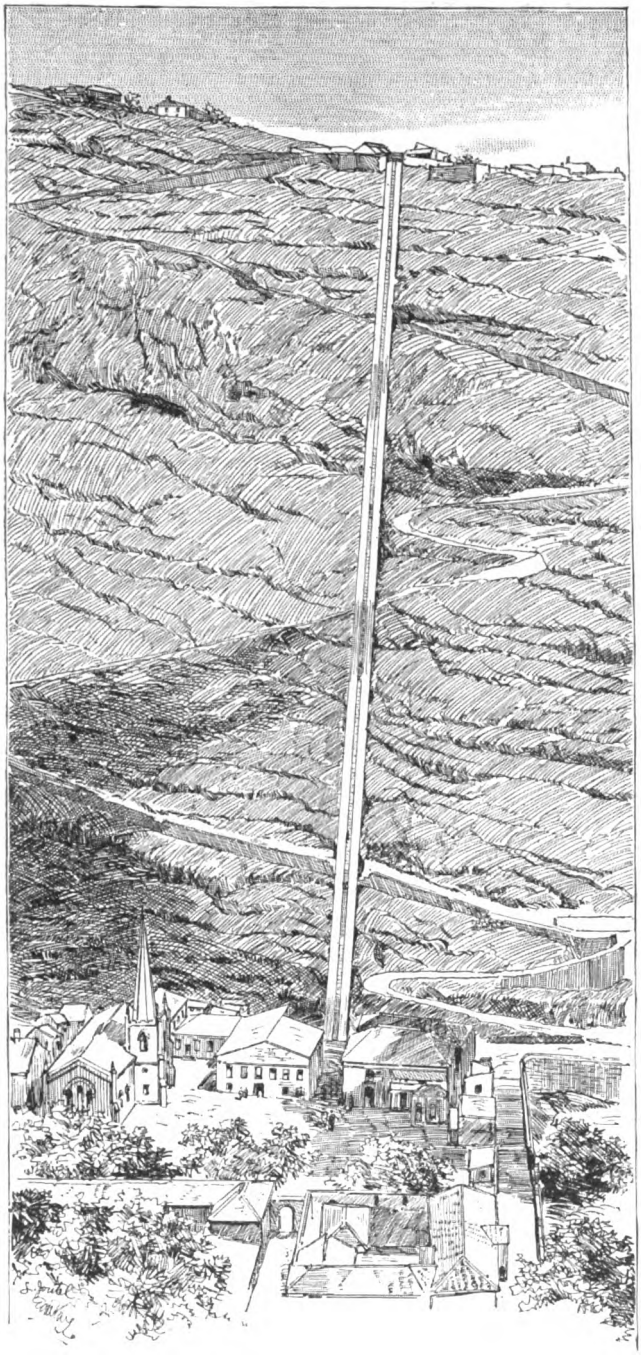
Tom found St. Helena a wonderfully interesting place. Looking shoreward from the anchorage, there rose on the right a lofty precipice known as Ladder Hill, surmounted at an elevation of about eight hundred feet by fortifications, and ascended by a circuitous road cut with immense labor from the face of the rock. The hill derives its name from a ladder extending almost directly from the fort down to the landing-place. This ladder is used by pedestrians, but it is so very steep and long that only the strong can stand the fatigue of climbing it.

On the left was another rocky ridge almost as high, called Rupert's Hill. Between these two mountainous cliffs a deep gorge extended into the interior, and there among the trees were clustered the white houses of Jamestown.

Landing on St. Helena is a matter of some difficulty. A little jetty is built at the foot of the cliffs, where boats lie very uneasily; the swell of the sea pitches them about in the most threatening way, and one at first expects to be dashed against the rocks, no matter how skillfully the boat may be handled.

From the landing-place a road leads along to the gate of the town, which is here crossed by a strong high wall, pierced with embrasures and mounted with guns. Before reaching the gate a wide moat is crossed by a draw-bridge. Beyond the gate the town resembles a garrison, the gully over which it is built, and which narrows rapidly as it ascends, being nowhere more than six hundred yards wide. The houses are built along three principal streets, and are mostly of stone, two stories high. The whole scenery is striking; bold crags towering on either side, the hills far away up the winding road that leads into the interior, and the broad ocean in front form a scene at once beautiful and picturesque.

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LADDER HILL, ST. HELENA.

A few days after their arrival quite a party from the *Neptune*, Tom being one of the number, started for an excursion to Longwood and the tomb of Napoleon. It was decided to go up by the way of Ladder Hill, and to return by James Valley. Mounted on horses, they started up the precipitous road on the right of the town. About half-way up, the zigzag path is blasted out of the rocks, and is completely overhung by large masses of stone, which seemed to be destitute of a sufficient prop, and to threaten them with a sudden crash and hopeless destruction. They went on, however, to the summit, and there was a grand view. The ocean stretched to the north and west in one vast expanse, with here and there vessels bowling along in the southeast trade-winds. The town at the foot of the hill looked bright and cheerful, while all about them on the land side were hills and mountain-peaks.

Leaving Ladder Hill, their road wound over low hills and through prickly-pears, dwarf junipers, and scattered fir-trees. At short intervals were pretty cottages and country-seats. Through the deep gorges and precipitous chasms they had an occasional view of the ocean dashing against the rocks, while all around them the fields were carpeted with wild flowers and luxuriant grasses.

They passed Plantation House, the residence of the Governor, where the grounds were laid out with great taste, the shade and fruit trees of Europe growing side by side with the tropical palms of India.

Longwood is the largest plain and the highest table-land on the island, and here the *Neptunes* had a fine gallop before reaching the house where Napoleon lived in exile.

They keenly enjoyed the bracing air, and felt, they said, as if they had just been released from exile themselves. They had no pleasant recollections of West Africa.

The house at Longwood is surrounded with pleasant grounds, and there is a spacious common, with pine and gum trees. The house itself is a low one-story building in the form of an L. Here the captive Emperor lived from 1815 until his death in 1821. In 1858 Longwood was bought by the French, who have ever since attended to its preservation. The various rooms and their former occupants were described to the visitors. Napoleon had a small narrow bedroom on the ground-floor, a writing-room of the same dimensions, and a small antechamber adjoining. The writing-room opened into the dining-room, from which a door led to the drawing-room. Then there were other rooms occupied by the companions who shared the Emperor's exile. The space occupied by the bed in which Napoleon died is inclosed by a railing.

The pattern of wall-paper is exactly what it was at the time of Napoleon's death. This paper is made in France especially for this purpose, and is renewed as often as may be necessary. It was a remarkable and affecting visit—to stand facing the spot where the great soldier died, to move about the walks where he had trod, and to vainly imagine the thoughts that occupied him when all hopes of release faded gradually away. A space of about twelve miles in circumference was allotted to Napoleon, within which he might ride or walk without being accompanied by an English officer.

To the *Neptunes* there was a fascination about the place, and they were loath to turn away; but there yet remained the visit to Napoleon's tomb in the quiet and romantic Slane's Valley, about two miles from Longwood.

The approach to the valley from the main road is overhung by yews, cedars, and weeping-willows; a well of pure and delicious water springs up about ten or fifteen yards from the tomb, and is said to have been discovered by Napoleon himself. To this valley he used to go for recreation and repose. It was his favorite resort, and he had said, "If I die on this island, I wish to be buried here." And there his mortal remains were deposited with military honors on the 8th of May, 1821, in a plain vault about eight feet in length, three in breadth, and seven in depth.

The tomb is inclosed by an iron railing about ten feet square. The weeping-willows which at one time drooped over it are now dead and almost branchless, by reason of visitors having carried them away piecemeal as memorials of the illustrious exile.

Here the body of the Emperor lay until the 15th of October, 1840, exactly twenty-five years from the day he arrived at St. Helena, when, by arrangement between the French and English governments, it was exhumed with much ceremony, and conveyed to France. It now lies

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under the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides at Paris in a costly marble tomb.

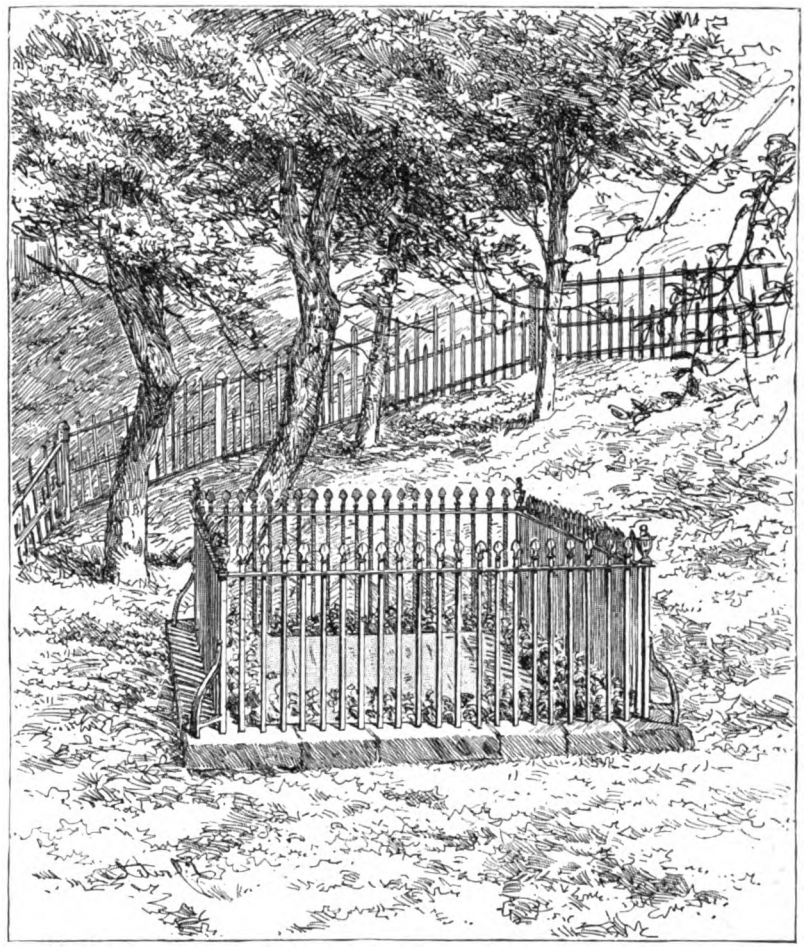
Slane's Valley also belongs now to the French, and is in charge of an old sergeant, who displays in its care the greatest devotion and solicitude.

If the house at Longwood impressed Tom and his friends, here at the tomb a feeling of awe and reverence came over them. They sat by the spring with uncovered heads, and looked down the lovely valley before them as Napoleon himself had done in his lifetime. Unconsciously conversation ceased; each was wrapped in contemplation, and the very trees about them seemed to whisper of the fate of one of the greatest soldiers the world has ever known.

Returning by James Valley, they passed a beautiful spot called "The Briers." This house is at the head of the ravine, and looks down over Jamestown and out upon the open sea. Here Napoleon lived for a few months after his arrival at the island, until Longwood was prepared for his reception.

The road down the side of this mountain was much more easy than the one on Ladder Hill; but even this one wound about in the same zigzag way, and on the outer edge walls were built at intervals to keep travellers from tumbling over the steep and rugged side into the ravines below.

As Tom became somewhat acquainted with the inhabitants of St. Helena he was surprised to find how contented they were to pass their lives on a little island in mid-ocean. He learned that the Governor himself was born there, and had never left the place. Those who had been as far away as Cape Town were looked upon as great travellers, and their opinions on foreign topics were regarded as final. To go to England and return was almost as marvellous as a visit to the moon.



TOMB OF NAPOLEON, ST. HELENA.

During the stay of the *Neptune* Tom made several trips to Longwood and Slane's Valley. The places had a great attraction for him. He liked to sit alone in Slane's Valley especially, and he always returned in a quiet and thoughtful mood. At other times he would join excursions to various parts of the island. Once he went to Diana's Peak, 2700 feet high, from whence he could overlook the whole island, and have an uninterrupted view of the ocean, north, east, south, and west. It was a novel sight to turn in any and every direction, and find nothing in his horizon but the sea.

## NED'S FOURTH-OF-JULY TREE.

BY L. A. FRANCE.

LAST Fourth of July Ned had a new kind of celebration which he concluded went far ahead of any previous demonstrations he or any of his chums had gotten up.

This is the way it came about. A few days before the Fourth Ned fell out of a tree and broke his leg. He thought it about the most unfortunate thing that could have happened, much worse than if he had been badly burned with powder or half blown to pieces by firecrackers or cannon, for such wounds would have been received while doing honor to the day, and not at all an unexpected consequence. A broken leg was quite another matter, and he did not see how it could help putting an end to all his fun, for it was quite out of the question for him to do anything toward carrying out the grand plans for celebrating the Fourth which he and the rest of the boys had been making for weeks past.

The day opened dismally enough for Ned. His father and Uncle Jack carried his cot out on the veranda. That was somewhat better than staying in the house, but all he could do in the way of celebrating was to set off a few fire-crackers, and watch Ted and Jerry fire off his new cannon "Thaddeus of Warsaw Bonaparte," which was his latest and dearest treasure. By noon Ned was sure that he was the most unfortunate boy in the United States, and he was really getting very cross. It was then that his uncle Jack came to the rescue, and promised him that he should have a treat in the evening to make up for the fun he had missed.

It was not until dark that Ned knew what the treat was to be. All the rest of the family were in the secret, and he could hear them working at the north side of the house; but what they were doing was more than he could imagine.

As it grew dusk, one after another of Ned's particular friends and the neighboring families came in, until there was quite a company assembled. When it was quite dark, Ned's mother invited them all to go around to the north veranda. Ned and his cot were carried around first, and the rest followed.

What a cheer the young people all set up when they saw the tree and its decorations. It was the large evergreen Mr. Dundas intended to have cut down in the fall. It was as tall as the house, and the lower branches lay on

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the ground. All over the tree from top to bottom were bright-colored Chinese lanterns and small flags.

Everybody was saying how splendid the tree looked, when something began sputtering on the very tip of one of the branches, and bang went a fire-cracker. In less than a minute there was a sputtering all over the tree, and fire-crackers were going off as fast as they could go. They made so much racket that nobody could hear a word that was said. The boys all thought the noise splendid, and the girls said "Oh!" with their hands over their ears.

The crackers were quieting down a little, when right in the middle of the tree an extra large one went off, making almost as much noise as a cannon. By that time the powder was smelling beautifully, and the boys were sure there never had been such a show. A few of the small fire-crackers were still going off, and while everybody was watching one that had gone off in a squib, away went a Roman candle; then another went off from the other side of the tree; then another, until six or eight had gone off. Then whiz! zip! went a rocket. How everybody screamed as it ran up, making a fiery track along the sky! Ned nearly wriggled off of his cot with delight, for he had entirely forgotten that he had a broken leg.

Everybody expected that the rocket was the last of the entertainment, and was still watching the colored stars as they disappeared, and wondering if the stick would fall on any one's head, and if they would jump if it did, when a red balloon with gay streamers rose from the tip-top of the tree and sailed slowly away.

As it grew smaller in the distance, Uncle Jack came up on the veranda, saying the performance was ended, and black John made his appearance at the same time with cake and ice-cream.

Any boy can get up a Fourth-of-July tree like Ned's. A tall evergreen with branches reaching down to the ground is best for the purpose, but a compact oak or maple would answer. The lanterns and fire-crackers must be tied on to the branches with thread or fine wire. The Roman candles or rockets must be set off by some person in the tree concealed from view by the branches and a slight screen of boards.

The balloon is made of red tissue-paper cut and pasted into balloon shape, with streamers of white and blue paper pasted on each side. A ball of cotton is rolled around a fine wire, and the wire fastened across the opening at the bottom, and far enough below to avoid danger of the paper catching fire. The ball is dipped in benzine, and the balloon put up in its place the last thing. No fire-crackers should be put very close to it.

The lanterns must be lighted first, then the tips of the fuse of each fire-cracker. The fuse of the large fire-crackers is longer than those in the small ones, so if it is lighted last it will not go off until the others are all exploded.

When it is time for the balloon to go off, the ball of cotton is set on fire, and as soon as it fills with hot air it will sail away, but care must be taken that it is free from branches, for a small snag will spoil it.

## UPSIDE DOWN.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

IF all the world were upside down,
Our lilies would be stars so gay,
Our brooks would make the milky way,
And roses of the richest dye
Would be the pretty sunset sky;
Instead of blue, the sky be brown—
If all the world were upside down.

If all the world were upside down,
The moon would take the ocean's place,
And stars the fields and gardens grace;
The ground, of course, would be sky blue:
Another change would be quite new—
We'd wear our shoes upon our crown
If all the world were upside down.

# ROLF HOUSE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.—(*Continued.*)

### JIM GOES OVER TO THE ENEMY.



IT was a very gloomy day for Bob, who dreaded every unexpected look or word, and sulked about the house and grounds, even declining Betty's timidly offered sympathy. He had never felt so crest-fallen or afraid of detection in any mischief, and as he crept miserably up to bed that night, his chief dread was facing Nan, when she came to "tell of him."

Poor Bob! lonely in the very worst way of all, for as he lay in his little bed, frightened and bewildered by the dread of what the morrow might bring forth, he had not the first idea that comfort was to come with real penitence, frank speaking, and the asking of help from the one source above all. In all his life no such emergency had come, but who had ever told him of anything but punishment for wrong-doing, if he was found out, without hope of consolation through repentance or encouragement by honest effort? So he lay still, afraid to put his light out, staring at the ceiling, and listening to every sound with guilty terror, and perhaps suffering as acutely as he ever would, though let us hope some stronger consolation would come in any trial which the future had in store.

Meanwhile in New York it had been decided that Nan and Miss Amy should return with the Doctor, for a day or two at least, to Beverley, and accordingly eleven o'clock Saturday morning saw the party at home again. The Doctor was closeted for an hour with the lawyer, Mr. Field; and the Ramstollora witnesses of the will were sent for—a rather stupid but well-meaning couple, who remembered distinctly the fact that in the January previous Miss Rolf, after purchasing their cottage, had called upon them to act as witnesses to her signature of a paper, Mr. Jeness, the lawyer, being present. They had not known much about it, and when the cottage passed into Mr. Farquhar's hands had not heard anything special regarding the old lady's disposition of her property.

The woman thought she remembered that Miss Rolf put the paper in her pocket, saying something to the lawyer about reading it all over when she got home.

"Don't you see how it all was?" exclaimed the Doctor. "It was my fault as much as anybody else's, for in all the confusion, when we got the poor lady's dress off, it was rolled up and tossed out of the way anywhere. And as no one thought that she had left the making of her will to that very day, no one looked in the pocket of the dress she had worn. Who found it and hid it in the loft is quite another question."

After a little further discussion the two gentlemen, dismissing the man and woman until they were needed again, sent for Nan, thinking it best that she should accompany them to Rolf House, where it was necessary to see Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar at once.

Nan could not share Miss Amy's satisfaction in the idea that she was to witness the scene which was sure to ensue when her cousins heard of the discovery of the will. As she drove with the gentlemen to Rolf House, as they were

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ushered into the well-known drawing-room, her heart sank within her, and when Mrs. Farquhar, looking very much surprised, swept into the room, she felt as overcome as though she had no right to be there on such an errand.

Upstairs from the attic window the wretched Bob had seen the carriage drive up to the door, and the party alight. But that his terror made him powerless to do so, he would have rushed away and out of the house, anywhere, to escape detection, but his limbs actually refused to move, and he could only cower in the corner, listening in terrified silence for the summons he was sure would come. Half an hour, which seemed endless, passed, and then his name was called.

There was no hope of escape. White and sick with fear and the suspense and misery of the last twenty-four hours, and trembling in every nerve, Bob crept down the stairs.

They were waiting for him in the drawing-room.

## CHAPTER XL.

### CONFESSION.

A CURIOUS scene presented itself to Bob's frightened gaze. Mr. Farquhar was walking excitedly up and down the room, and his wife was crying in one corner of the sofa; but what startled Bob more than all the rest was the fact of Jim Powers's presence. He was standing in the middle of the room, silent and very pale; but Bob knew at once, as their eyes met, that Jim had *told*.

Bob stood still a moment, and when his father angrily called him by name, it seemed as though he could not move forward.

And then Nan turned swiftly from her place by Mrs. Farquhar, exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. Farquhar, please let me speak first to Bob."

And before any one had time to interfere, Nan had rushed her cousin off into the bay-window, and begun talking in earnest though low tones, urging him to speak frankly.

"Jim has told us that you brought that paper of Aunt Letty's to him, Bob, and that he hid it in the loft, where I found it, you know, the other night. And, oh, Bob, if only you will tell the truth, it will be so much better, and I will see that they are not too hard upon you."

Bob paused. Was it a faint stirring of conscience, of penitence, or of gratitude to Nan for her evident desire to do something for him? I am afraid it would be hard to tell exactly what motive influenced the boy; but, at all events, after a moment's silence, he said, in a dull, listless way: "I found it up in the attic just after we came here. It was in the pocket of an old dress. Was it truly a will?" he added, suddenly, lifting his eyes for the first time to Nan's face.

"Yes," answered Nan; "it was Aunt Letty's will. But, Bob, why did you hide it that way? Oh, I'm *so* glad you've told the truth!"

A gleam came into the boy's face.

"I did it to pay you off," he said, slowly. "I always said I would, you know, some day; and first I was going to tear it up, and then I thought I'd keep it, and have it for a secret, and p'rhaps it would tease you more then."

He looked at her shrewdly, but there could be no doubt but that he was speaking the simple truth.

Nan was silent for a few seconds, wondering what she could say, what words would touch the hard-grained nature of the boy, who really had not appreciated the full wickedness of his conduct. He knew, of course, that the will he was concealing was in Nan's favor; that were it found, Rolf House and their new fortune must be given up, yet it was not from any desire to see his parents enjoy the money that he had acted in this way. Had an easier and less dangerous method of settling old scores occurred to him, he would have preferred it, no doubt. Indeed, as his question showed, he had not even been certain that the paper actually was a will; and with the whole transaction there had been the fascination of feeling like one of his favorite and always successful heroes of fiction.

"Was father awfully mad?" he said, in a half whisper.

"Yes; I'm afraid he was very angry," answered Nan. "But, Bob, do as I tell you: go right in and tell the truth as bravely as Jim Powers did. And, oh, Bob! can't you try never to do mean things again? I'd love to help you, if only you would promise to try yourself and stop telling lies."

Bob looked at Nan, no longer defiant, but still rather sullen. However, he turned sharply on his heel and walked up to his father, repeating just what he had said to Nan.

Mr. Farquhar's anger at his son's deceit was mixed with so much disappointment and mortification that Bob felt he got off easily with being for the present sent up to his own room. Nan, after whispering a few words to Mrs. Farquhar, hurried out of the room, glad to avoid the rest of the business discussion. How strange, and yet how delightful it seemed to be again in Rolf House; the spring sunshine flooding the hall and open staircase, the windows open to the fragrance of the garden and the gay voices of the birds; and it was home once more! Nan, as she went down the hall, glancing in the doorway of the black-walnut parlor, felt her heart nearly bursting with thankfulness and honest joy, and yet there was grief for the dearly loved presence which she missed more than ever, tears rising to her eyes as she went up along the upper corridor and by the familiar rooms.

She stood at the foot of the second staircase, and called first "Betty!" and then "Tina!" A door flew open, and both children appeared, Betty's light blue eyes and Tina's dark ones expressive of all the wonderment and surprise they felt. Jim had told the tale of Nan's good fortune in the kitchen, whence it had speedily reached the nursery.

"Come in—come in, children," called the voice of Louise, and Nan felt it odd enough to find herself led into her old room, Betty and Tina still staring at her, and Louise ready with many smiles and soft-spoken words of congratulation.

"And so it's all yours again, is it?" Betty said, with a sort of whine. Perhaps it was a certain gentleness in Nan's expression which made her add: "I always liked you, really. Won't you come to see us again?"

"Some of these days," Nan answered, cheerfully. She was down upon the floor by Tina, her arms around the little waist, while Tina gazed upon her with affectionate admiration.

"I'm going to tell you a secret to-morrow," Nan said, as she kissed the little girl heartily, and she glanced up at Betty. "We won't keep it from Betty, though," she added; "now your mother says you both may come with me to Beachcroft for the day, and, Louise, will you please tell Reilly we are to have the carriage?"

Certainly the Farquhars, old or young, had no reason to complain of the way in which Nan bore what they considered her triumph over them. But it was not in the sweet and noble nature of the girl to have mingled with her genuine delight one touch of anything ungenerous, and if no one at Rolf House appreciated her real character, its single-heartedness and strength, at least she made good that day her influence in the whole family. If it was a genuine pleasure to her to drive back to the little cottage in Bird Street, with Betty and Tina opposite her, it was certainly a delight to both of them, and all Betty's small grudges faded away and were forgotten under the spell of Nan's gay good-humor and unselfish attentions to both her young cousins.

Nan had determined that on her part there should not be the slightest evidence of ill-will, unfriendliness, or re-

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"TREMBLING IN EVERY NERVE, BOB CREPT DOWN THE STAIRS."

membrance of any of her sufferings in the past. She had always known that something worth while could be made of both Betty and Tina, if only the right influence was brought to bear, and she even hoped something could be done for Bob.

The world seemed a very pleasant place to Nan as they drove along the country road, stopping a moment at Love Blake's, where Mrs. Travers and little Janey were waiting for them. Who so proud and pleased, so enthusiastic, as the boatman's daughter. Her sweet face, as she ran down the garden path to the carriage door, was brimming over with delight, and even the fact of Betty and Tina's presence did not silence her expressions of satisfaction.

Nan made Love promise to come over to Beachcroft that night and hear all about Phyllis, and what the doctors hoped. Dr. Rogers and Miss Amy were to be there, and Marian Rupert was coming from the school; they had only to regret that Philip was away on business for his employer.

Mrs. Travers got into the carriage, taking little Janey on her knee. The child looked wan and tired, was shabbily dressed, and showed evident signs of the hard life which she had been leading; but she brightened decidedly when Nan bade Reilly stop at Ames's store, where the whole party descended, and a comfortable outfit for the little girl was purchased.

There was more shopping to attend to after a whispered consultation between Mrs. Travers and Nan, the Beachcroft larder being at rather a low ebb, and Mrs. Travers was anxious that Nan's first day of prosperity should be ushered in with a supper worthy, as she said, the name and occasion. Nan determined, at all events, that the evening should be as bright a one as, in the absence of the others, could be expected. It was what Aunt Letty would have liked to have her do, she felt sure, and as they drove up to the cottage door, where the boys, in a state of intense excitement, were waiting for them, she made a note in her mind of the day and hour. Might not every twenty-seventh day of May be made a sort of anniversary wherein some special tribute, some good deed, might best commemorate the life which in ending had left Nan so much of its work to carry on?

Betty and Tina were in great spirits all that day. The Emporium was a source of intense interest to them, and when Nan served the few customers who appeared, they stood by, delighted to assist her, though they could not help wondering why she promised to finish one lady's work at the end of the week, and received her little class with such cheerful good-will.

By four o'clock Love Blake appeared, and there were great preparations for tea, the odors of cake and coffee reaching them pleasantly, while Nan and Betty set the table with its best damask and china, and Tina helped the boys search for early violets and lilacs in the garden.

Dr. Rogers's face was a study when he and his sister sat down to Nan's tea table, and his eyes rested more than once with tender admiration on the bright face of the little hostess, her ready smile, her look of watchful care of all around her; and long afterward the good Doctor liked to tell of that evening when, as he was wont to say, "Nan came into her own again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"POSSESSION IS NINE POINTS OF THE LAW."

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES H. BEARD, N.A.

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## VACATION.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

VACATION! I fancy, if you were a child,
And rules and examples had driven you wild,
You'd just be as joyful as I am to-day
At the thought of vacation and freedom and play.

Not a lesson to look at for ever so long,
Not a dull, puzzling sum, with the answer all wrong,
No dreadful dictation to write on your slate,
No teacher to frown if a second you're late;

But fun in the morning and frolic at night,
And the hours between full of mirth and delight.
Such races and chases, such laughter and glee,
You'd know if you only were little, like me.

There's only one trouble: you look very kind;
Perhaps you'll tell mother (you're sure you won't mind?),
If she wouldn't insist so on bed-time at eight,
She'd make it more jolly for Freddie and Kate.

Vacation! We're off with the birds and the bees.
We'll picnic in woods and have swings on the trees,
We'll fish in the brook, and we'll ride on the hay,
And weeks upon weeks we'll do nothing but play.

Perhaps you are right—it don't seem so to me;
But we may by-and-by, having had so much glee,
Be pleased to return to the teacher's kind rule,
And willingly answer the summons to school.

## HOW TO MAKE A BOAT WATER-TIGHT.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

OF all the boys who followed the directions published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE some time ago (Vol. II., No. 89), telling how to build a boat, how many made their boats water-tight, so that they wouldn't leak? Now come, boys, confess. What, one! One other boy besides me, and he did it by getting the carpenter to help him. But I invented a new scheme, which works like a charm, and I'll give you all the benefit of it.

You see, I'm a very poor carpenter, so when my boat was finished you could see through it almost anywhere. It looked more like a colander than a boat.

"You don't expect to row in that boat?" said my brother, scornfully. "It would make a good swimming bath, or it might do for an aquarium. The tide will rise and fall in it."

Now of course it would not do to be made fun of in this way, so I set to work to remedy the matter as best I could. I first calked the worst cracks with cotton, and then applied a thin coat of shellac varnish over all. Before the varnish had time to dry I covered the bottom and sides of the boat with coarse cotton cloth, such as is used to back wall-paper, laying it on carefully and smoothly, and brushing it over with another coat of varnish; when it was dry it was stuck as fast as if it were a veneer. Then I applied a coat of paint, and while the paint was still sticky I laid over a thickness of stout Manila paper. When this was dry I put on another coat of paint and another layer of paper, and so on, until I had the outside of the boat covered with five layers of paper, taking great care to get it all on smooth, with all the seams well lapped. Finally, when it was thoroughly dry, I put on two good coats of paint outside and in, and launched my boat.

Of course it was a little heavier than it would have been had it been properly built to begin with, but I had made it of very light stuff, and I did not mind that. My principal object was accomplished. My boat was as tight as a cup. The paint protected the Manila paper, and made a coating through which not a drop of water could penetrate, and if taken good care of, such a paper boat will last indefinitely. If each coating of paint and paper is allowed to get perfectly dry before another is applied, the whole becomes as hard as iron, and it is really difficult to cut it with a knife. Any leaky boat can be treated in this way, and when only one crack leaks, strips of cloth and paper alternated can be used to advantage.

## THE WHITE INDIAN PRINCESS.

A TRUE STORY.

BY GENERAL JAMES S. BRISBIN, U.S.A.

FORMERLY there lived among the Snakes, or Schoshonee Indians, as they are commonly called, a white woman of surpassing beauty. She was known as "The White Princess," and was often consulted upon matters of importance to the tribe. Her history was related to me by Mrs. Larrimer, a white Sioux captive.

Many years ago a party of emigrants set out to go from the Eastern States to Oregon. While crossing the plains they were set upon, and all murdered or captured by Indians. Among the emigrants was a family of four persons, the father, mother, a son of eighteen, and a beautiful little girl aged six years. While the Indians were plundering the train the brother took his little sister in his arms and fled into the mountains. He soon found a cave in the side of a mountain, and taking his little sister into it, hid away until the Indians were all gone. Next day he left his sister in the cave, and bidding her remain there until he returned, he went back to the scene of the massacre to see if he could find any one alive and get anything to eat. He found that his father, mother, and all his friends had been killed, and the wagons burned. While walking about among the ruins he discovered a gun, a case of matches, and a bag of ammunition which had escaped the red men. Taking the gun, ammunition, matches, and some crackers lying in the grass, he returned to the cave.

"My poor little sister," he said, "we are all alone in the world, but here are some crackers for our supper, and to-morrow I will kill some game."

Early in the morning he went out and shot a fine deer, which he cut up with a butcher knife he always carried, and taking off a hind-quarter went back to the cave. Kindling a fire, he broiled some pieces of the meat on a stick and gave them to his sister to eat. It tasted very good, and they made quite a hearty meal.

The cave in which the children were hid was in Salt Lake Mountain, in the Juab Valley, and was well known to the Indians; but they would not go near it, for they believed it inhabited by bad spirits. The Indians called it "Pen Gun," and said a demoniac spirit lived in it, who every evening at sunset uttered dismal howls. The first evening the children were in the cave they had heard a peculiar noise, and thought some one was calling them.

"Lie still, little sister," said the brother. "It is the Indians who are hunting for us, but they will not find us."

Soon all became still, and the children, worn out with fatigue and the excitement of the day, had fallen asleep. In the morning they heard the same sound, and were frightened almost to death, thinking the Indians were upon them, and would surely find them now that it was light. For a long time they waited, but as no one came and the noise ceased, the brother had crept out, and seeing nothing, returned to bid his sister be still while he went to the train.

On the second day of their stay at the cave the children heard the peculiar noise again, and fled far into the recesses of the mountain. Perhaps they should have been still more frightened than they were, but they thought the noise they heard proceeded from Indians, and did not know the cave was inhabited by spirits.

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The third day the brother went back to the train again to see what he could find, and if possible bury his poor father and mother. He found only a spade, but with this he heaped some earth on the dead bodies, and, gathering up some more ammunition and a small quantity of flour, returned to the cave.

Every evening the children heard the moaning in the mountain, and the brother, who was very brave, set out to find what it was. He soon discovered a hole in the mountains through which the wind whistled, making a noise as of some one groaning or in deep distress. He now explained the cause of the sound to his sister, and they were comparatively happy, for they had been in mortal dread of Indians, believing the noise came from them.

Every day the brother went out with his gun, killed game, and brought it home. As it was summer, they did not need fire except to cook, and so were comparatively comfortable and happy.

They had lived this way nearly six months, and the weather was beginning to become cold, for the winter was approaching. One morning the brother called his sister to him, and removing the bramble with which he had screened the mouth of the cave, said,

"Little sister, be careful, for I am going further down the cañon to-day than usual, and may not return until nearly night."

She promised him she would, and kissing her tenderly, he set out.

Hardly had he gone from her sight when the little girl heard him calling. She went to the mouth of the cave, and looking a little way down the ravine, saw her brother engaged in a deadly conflict with a huge grizzly bear. He had started down the cañon, and had not proceeded far when he heard steps behind him. Turning to see who it could be, his eyes fell upon a great she grizzly bear and her two cubs rapidly advancing upon him. He cocked his gun, and taking deliberate aim, pulled the trigger; but the gun missed fire, and before he could cock his piece again the bear was upon him. Drawing his knife, he defended his life as best he could; but he was soon knocked down by a tremendous blow from the bear's paw, and was torn in pieces.

As soon as he was dead the bear made off with her cubs, and the little girl ran to her brother. With all the tenderness of a woman she attempted to stanch his flowing blood; but he was quite gone, and she could only weep over his dead body. Closing his eyes, the poor little orphan took his head in her lap, and sat all day beside him. In the evening some wolves, attracted by the smell of blood, came along and attempted to reach the body. The little girl gathered some stones and drove them off, and all night long kept watch over her brother. In the morning the howling wolves came again, and completely surrounded her. She picked up the gun, and loading it as she had often seen her brother do, was attempting to fire it off at the wolves, when a sharp war-whoop rang upon the air, and a tall Indian stood before her.

Thinking the Indian was of the band who had killed her father and mother, and that he would murder her, the child seized her brother's knife, and resolutely stood before his body. The Indian tried to coax the child, held out his hand, smiled, and made signs that he would not hurt her. Little by little she became convinced, and throwing down the knife, sat down by her brother's body, and burst into tears. The Indian gently approached her, and stroking her hair softly, finally took her up in his arms and consoled her as a father might do. When he had somewhat restored her confidence he gave her some pemican, dried meat, and berries to eat. He then asked her by signs where she had come from, and she showed him the cave. The Indian would not go in, for he had heard of the spirit cave, and was afraid.

The little girl ran in, and bringing out the spade showed the Indian she would have him bury her brother. He dug a deep hole in the soft earth, and placing the body in it, covered it up with earth, and piled stones upon it to keep the wolves from digging it up. Then lifting the little girl on the pony behind him, they rode away over mountain and stream, and did not stop until the sun was setting.

Just at sunset they came to a large Indian encampment in a beautiful grove on the bank of a broad river. The little girl saw many children of her own age, but they were so dark-skinned she at first thought they were negroes; but she was told they were Indians. The Indian who had captured her took the little girl to his lodge, and telling his wife to take good care of her, went out to unsaddle and picket his pony where it could get some grass. He then went to the chief and related all that had happened, telling how the little girl had lived in the spirit cave, and had come direct from the spirits. The Indians are very superstitious, and the chief believed all he was told, saying the child was surely a spirit child, and had been sent to them by the great Monedo, who made the world, to give them luck in their wars.

So the little girl became an object of great veneration. She was dressed in the finest and softest of furs, had a new leathern lodge given her, with a bed of skins of wild animals, and girls to wait upon her, comb her hair, make fires, bring wood and water, and cook for her. She was called "The White Princess," and sat by the side of the great chief in all the councils. Her presence was deemed an evidence of wisdom and good luck, and the Indians fairly idolized her. As she grew up she became every day more and more beautiful, until there had never before been seen anywhere such a vision of loveliness. At eighteen, many chiefs and warriors sought her hand in marriage, and some even crossed lances in her cause, but from all she turned coldly away, and bade them marry women of their own tribe.

To relieve herself from annoyances, she told the great chief that if she married, the spirits would discard her, and she would lose her power and become as other women. The chief commanded all to cease from thoughts of wedding her, and to think of and treat her only as a being from the other world, and far above mortals.

She now became a greater Princess than ever, and held almost a regal court. The finest horses in the tribe, beautifully caparisoned, were hers, the handsomest Indian maidens constituted her court, and she was constantly guarded by a hundred warriors. In one of their warlike expeditions the Schoshonees captured many prisoners, and among others a white woman and her little child. As soon as the Princess heard of the white captives she ordered them to be brought to her, and holding the white woman's face between her hands, she gazed for a long time at her, and then kissing her tenderly, said,

"Mother—my mother."

Poor girl! her mind went back to her infancy, and she remembered that her massacred mother had looked like this woman. The little boy she called her brother, and loading mother and child with presents, sent them back to their people.

Though she was regarded as a being of a superior order by these wild yet loyal aborigines, the desolation and unhappiness of her situation may well be imagined from this affecting incident. For many years she had not seen a white face, except, perhaps, that of some bronzed and grizzled frontiersman, and one can easily understand how the depths of memory and love in her woman's heart were stirred by the sight of the fair captive mother and her little son.

The Schoshonees made peace with the whites, and the Princess retired with her court far up into the mountains. Many trappers, hunters, and frontiersmen who had heard of the fame of the White Princess made long journeys to

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see her, but the Schoshonees carefully concealed her, and would allow no white man to look upon her face. Many believed her to be a myth, but there are scores of people still living who know better.

One summer while the White Princess held her court deep within the Rockies, a large body of Crow Indians attacked her camp while most of her guards were out on a hunt. The few guards at the camp were soon overpowered or killed, the camp destroyed, and the White Princess and her women carried off. They took her far over the mountains to the Crow lands on the Big Yellowstone.

As soon as the Schoshonees heard of the fate of their Princess they were greatly excited, and the whole nation wished to go to war with the Crows. The women tore their hair and cut great gashes in their flesh to show their grief; and the warriors shot many ponies, believing the White Princess was dead, and would need them on her journey to the happy hunting-grounds.

The desire of the Snake nation to go to war with the Crows was made known to the white commandant of the nearest military post, but he forbade them from doing so. The Indians then demanded that he should have their White Princess returned to them. He wrote a letter to the commandant of Fort Ellis, in Montana, which was then the nearest military post to the Crow Reservation, and asked that a full investigation of the matter might be made, and the white woman, if found, be sent to Camp Brown. After a long time the commandant at Ellis replied that he had made every effort to recover the White Princess, but without avail. Meantime the winter came on, and the snows fell deep upon the mountains.

All winter the Schoshonees mourned for their lost Princess, and in the early spring, when the snows were thawed out a little in the passes, they sent a white man who lived with the tribe and several Indians over the mountains to see if they could find out anything about the lost Princess. The white man was authorized to offer five hundred ponies as a ransom for her if she could be found. The embassy was gone all summer, but returned in the fall without the Princess, saying they could not find her. The Crows denied all knowledge of her or her whereabouts.



"THE CHILD SEIZED HER BROTHER'S KNIFE, AND RESOLUTELY STOOD BEFORE HIS BODY."

The next spring the Schoshonees again sent an embassy over the mountains, and so on for several years, but they never heard anything of their lost Princess.

Many surmises have been indulged in as to what became of this white woman, but nobody ever knew, or, if they knew, would not tell. Some think she is still living among the Crows, and married to a Crow chief who had seen her and fallen desperately in love with her; others think she was murdered with all her women by the Crows, and buried in the mountains; others, again, say she was sold to the Blackfeet, who inhabit the northwestern part of Montana up next to the British possessions. Whichever theory may be true, it is certain the White Princess is lost, and probably never will be found or heard of again on this earth.

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VACATION.—Drawn by Jessie McDermott.

*"And feet that loitered slow to school*
*Went storming out to playing."*—Whittier.

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# OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

WE are always glad to renew our interest in the work of the good Sisters who carry on St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, where Harper's Young People's Cot always has a dear little occupant; so we are pleased to hear again from Aunt Edna:

Long ago, dear little friends, I said good-by to you for good, as I thought, so I know you will be surprised to hear from me again. It would make too long a story to tell you why I am writing now after saying farewell, so please forget who is writing, and just think of what is written. First, I am sure you will all want to know something about the little one at present in Harper's Young People's Cot. It is a little boy about four years old, by the name of Jimmy. He is a fat, round-faced little fellow, and his trouble was club-feet, but by this time, I hope, the doctor has remedied all that.

The next and principal thing I wish to tell you about is the Country Home where these sick children go during the warm weather. Those of you who live in the country have no idea how it feels to stay in a city like New York all through the summer, where part of the time the nights seem almost as hot as the days, and the air is all used up. There is no freshness nor life in it, and all the noises of the streets—cars, carts, and venders' calls—seem to grow louder and louder, beginning about daybreak with the milkman's—yell, I would like to call it, even if it is not a very polite name for his call; it sounds as though he thought that as he had to be up and about, every one else ought at once to wake and be stirring too. We should all miss the milkman very much if he did *not* come, but would like him better if he would let us finish our morning naps in peace. You know that you in the country have the songs of the dear little birds, the wind blowing through the trees, the sounds of the water-falls and running brooks, or the dash of the waves on the shore, and hundreds of other sounds you all know so well. That these little children may have some of the blessings you enjoy, some kind-hearted people in this great city who felt especially sorry for these sick, helpless little ones have given money to give them a Country Home. It is situated in Rockaway, Long Island, very near the ocean, and a very pleasant Home it is.

There the Sisters take all who can be moved about the middle of June, and there they stay until near the end of September. Those who can go or be carried out may play or lie on the warm sand, and the other and stronger ones go in bathing, the air and sea doing them all a great deal of good—not only the little children, but also the kind Sisters who take care of them, and who need the change and rest as much as any one else. The hospital at the sea-side can accommodate forty, while that in New York will take in sixty. Don't you all feel glad that the Sisters and the children can have a change from hot, noisy New York to the lovely sea-shore? But you must remember that it takes money to carry all this on. This large family must be moved out there, and while there, must every day hear the bell ring for their breakfast, dinner, and tea, and all the numerous other little wants of a family need attention. Some of my readers may wish to send something to Sister Catherine for this object. Don't think you are too poor or too little; I am sure you can all do something if you try. Remember if Sister Catherine opens her purse some day and says, "I am very sorry, dear children, but we shall all have to stay at home, as my purse is empty," how many long faces there would be; so do your best to keep the purse full. Papa and mamma may perhaps think of some way for you to get or earn the money, and when you send it, as I am sure you will, put on it, "Sister Catherine, St. Mary's Hospital for Children, 407 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City. For the Fresh-air Fund." AUNT EDNA.

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DULUTH, MINNESOTA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I send you a few sketches of my Opera-house, showing different plans and views of the outside and inside. I will now tell you all I can about it. Our lumber consists of boxes from my father's book-store. The shingles were procured from houses and barns that are torn down sometimes. The "structure," as some people call it, is entirely inclosed with shingles, as seen in the sketch. Take it all in all, we did not have to pay out any more than one dollar for the whole building. David A. E., my partner, is the scenic artist; he has painted the drop-curtain and one set of scenes so far, but we intend to have three sets yet. David deserves great praise for his artistic work. In about a month from now we are going to exhibit the "Grand Pigmy Troupe," taken from the article in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE of February 3. I wish that Mr. G. B. Bartlett would write something else as nice as this. However, I thank him very much for showing us this splendid amusement.

FRED W. J.

The drawings of your theatre show that you must be a really clever workman, and your friend a good "scenic artist." I hope your play will be a success. Next fall and winter Mr. Bartlett will contribute some more articles on tableaux, etc., for acting.

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EAST DEREHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have seen a good many letters from English children in your charming magazine, and as I have always had a great wish to write to a magazine and get my letter printed, I thought perhaps you would let me do so. I have already written to an American monthly several times, but my letter has not been printed, which is disappointing. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for some time, or rather mother has, since it was first published in England, and we think it very nice. "Rolf House" is interesting, and Howard Pyle's tales and drawings are inimitable. How funny Jimmy Brown is!

I have a sister whose real name is Emily Frances, but, do you know, we always call her Bel (pronounced *Bye*). It is a Hindustani word. I used to call her it when we were babies, for we were both born in India. Since we came back we have not travelled much, except to Bangor, in North Wales, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Bideford, in Devonshire, and lastly, London. We went to the Health Exhibition last year. It was very interesting. In the Chinese quarter there were life-size figures of china men and women in cases round the walls, dressed like Chinese, and some of the figures had such long finger-nails that they had to have large gold shields to protect them! There were Chinese rooms with a cunning little baby in a cradle; and large mules, with a sort of Sedan-chair between them, stood in the middle of the room. There were also real Chinese men selling things in stalls on one side—oh, such curious things! "Old London" was very pretty. It had beautiful little houses, just like real, and a tower had beautiful chimes, which played several tunes while we were there. We went inside one house, but the crush of people was dreadful. The illuminated fountains in the evening were exquisite. There was an island in the middle of a large piece of water, and it was covered with large flowers, which were not real, but made for the electric light; and there was a tower from which a man or some men threw the most—oh! I don't know how to express it—beautiful, exquisite, lovely, delicate shades of color on the fountains. But the funny part was that when the display was over a little boat came out of the island, and some men were in it; but I don't know where they went or how they got there.

You would not care to read about all the things we saw; you would be quite tired, dear Postmistress; and, do you know, I think it's very good of you to let children write to you, and then print their letters so that other children may see them. I can not put anything interesting in my letter, like the other children, because Dereham is a very humdrum sort of place, and there is nothing interesting about it, except that the poet Cowper died and was buried here, in our church. Are you fond of his poetry? We have also a saint; her name was Withburga, daughter of Anna, King of the East Angles (isn't Anna rather a queer name for a gentleman?). She died A.D. 654, and when her body was removed from this church-yard by the monks of Ely, in 798, a spring of water sprang forth, to which was attributed medicinal qualities; but it is now only like ordinary water, with a little green slime on top.

I read with great interest those papers on mosses and plants and live things in water. I like that sort of thing very much.

I can tell you how you can make a noise just like a cock crowing. You get an ordinary tin with no lid, make a hole through the bottom, and pass a piece of string through; the string must be knotted at one end so as to keep in the tin, while the rest hangs down. Then you get a small piece of resin or cobbler's wax, and if you hold the tin in your left hand, and draw the resin down the string, first *chucking* at the knot two or three times, and then drawing your hand with the resin down the string, you will make noise enough to have everybody thinking there was an old rooster in a fit somewhere near. It's such fun!

I forgot to tell you our pets: they are three baby brothers, a cat called Tippoo Saib, a canary, a dog, and a very large and troublesome family of dolls—though I don't know whether they can properly be called pets. We have each a garden, and raise pansies, marigolds, forget-me-nots, geraniums, and other things. I study French, German, Italian, history, geography, music, drawing and painting, mythology, grammar, arithmetic, analysis, or parsing, and other things included in languages, such as translation. I am very fond of reading. Just now I am reading Macaulay's "Essays."

Your friend, MABEL G. T.

You are too modest, Mabel dear: your letter is very entertaining indeed. But I have my doubts as to whether I shall not make the papas, mammas, uncles, aunts, and cousins rather vexed by letting you tell the children how to make that fearful sound with the tin can. Pray go as far from all grown people as you can, little folks, when you try this experiment.

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WEST RUTHERFORD, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Since I wrote last my little baby sister has died. We were all very sorry to lose her for she was such a dear little thing. Our school will soon close; there are but three weeks more, and then we shall have vacation. Do you not love flowers? I do. I love to take care of them and see them in bloom. I have now verbenas, pinks, fuchsias, geraniums, heliotropes, pansies, lilies-of-the-valley, and others. I think your paper gets more and more interesting every week. "Rolf House" is a splendid story, and Jimmy Brown's stories are very good too. I like to read the Post-office Box and to make out the puzzles. I also like to compose enigmas.

INA L. S.

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POTTSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I like to read the Post-office Box very much. I have a little brother George who was born on Christmas, 1879. Don't you think he was a nice present? I attend a private school, and study geography, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, reading, writing, and music. I am very fond of flowers, and have a little flower-bed. We have a swing on the side porch, and a hammock on the front porch. We have a croquet set too, which we use a great deal. I am very fond of dolls, and have a great many; I received a beautiful doll on Christmas, and a bed and bureau for her too. My birthday comes the 22d of this month. I have a tricycle, which I use very much. I have a pair of roller skates too. Pottstown is a very pretty place, I think. Main and Hanover are the principal streets. The town is situated on the Schuylkill River. MARY H.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. Papa has taken this paper for us ever since it began. I like it very much. I have four little kittens. I have a dear little brother three months old; he is laughing and cooing all the time. I have three sisters and one big brother. We take three children's papers, but I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE the best. I live in Presidio, near San Francisco. I have seen many letters from boys and girls in print, and I should like to see mine too.

ETTA K.

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SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA.

In looking at a back number of YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 270, I saw some letters from our English cousins. I think that they are very nice, and hope to see some more like them. Though I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for six years, I have never written a letter before. I have had numbers of pets, such as goats, dogs, cats, and birds, but something has always happened to them. I have four doves and a cat. I go to school, and study French, Latin, word analysis, reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. I am twelve years old. REGINALD H. B.

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PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

Several times I have written to the Post-office Box, and failing to see my letters in print, I have determined to try again. My brother and I have taken your charming paper ever since the very first number. My favorite stories are "Nan," "Rolf House," Jimmy Brown's, and "Toby Tyler." I attend the Keystone Grammar School, and take many different studies, etymology being my favorite. I will close by sending much love to all. ANNIE R. H.

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SENECA, KANSAS.

I enjoy reading the Post-office Box very much. I am very fond of reading, but I do not always select the best of books. I haven't any pets except a bird. I had a kitten, but it died. I go to school, but I am not very far advanced in my books. My teacher is very kind and faithful. Just five years ago to-day I parted with my dear mother. I remember her last words as well as though it was but yesterday, "Be a good girl, and we will meet again." FLORA B. C.

A little girl, and especially one who has had the great misfortune to lose her dear mother, can not be too careful what sort of books she

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reads. You should read only the best books, Flora, for books are companions, and they have a great deal to do in educating you. They put good or bad thoughts in your mind, and you can not be so sweet and pure as your mother would have wished you to be if you happen to read silly or vulgar books. Ask that kind teacher to help you in choosing all that you read. I am sure she will gladly say yes to such a request.

BRENTWOOD.

I think we are going to have a kitten given us. I went back to school last Wednesday. I do not board, but go every day, and study science, geography, English history, Scripture, spelling, and French. I am in the first form but one. We have a very large garden; I have a piece for myself also, and a good many flowers in it: some water-buttercups, marigolds, wild-hyacinths, violets, and primroses. I have sweet-peas and mignonette. The lilac is out now; I think it is lovely.

ETHEL G.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

I am a little boy ten years old. I wrote before, but I suppose you had no room to print it. As I see a great many English boys and girls write, I thought I would do the same. I go to a school about three miles from our house, and enjoy the walk very much in summer. Some more boys and I have made a Rounders' club; we practice an hour every day. We are going to have a match with another club. There are about fifteen boys in the club. We have been having a great many matches, and won every one of them.

A. I.

MIAMI, MISSOURI.

When I wrote to you before, I lived in Glasgow, Kentucky; now I live in Miami. We moved here in January; we started on the sixth and arrived here the ninth. I was twelve years old the 10th day of February. I am as large as my sister, who is fourteen, and I am about an inch taller than my mother. When I was eleven years old I was five feet two inches tall. I don't know how much I weigh. We live on the Missouri River. We can see all the boats that pass. They have a ferry-boat here; I have crossed the river twice in it since I came out. We had a picnic last Friday; we had a nice time too. I have a brother and sister older than myself, and a brother and three sisters younger.

LIZZIE S. W.

YORKVILLE, NEW YORK.

We are two little cousins, and our names are Ruth and Rita. Rita is only ten months older than Ruth. We have no pets, except a little dog named Rob and a cat named Jim. At the back of our house is a large garden with a great many beautiful flowers in it; there is also a grape arbor, in which we have a swing. We expect to go to the country soon, where we hope to have a good time, as usually we do. Last summer, up in the country, we had a painting and drawing club, and during our vacation we painted several boxes of note-paper and some plaques. Besides our school studies, we have French, music, drawing, elocution, and singing. We enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and every Tuesday evening we are in great haste for the postman to deliver our mail.

RUTH AND RITA DE F.

SALFORD, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.

Will you kindly publish this little anecdote in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE? I hope it will interest the readers:

FINDING FAULT WITH NATURE.

A lady who spent her leisure time in making artificial fruit from wax and other materials became very clever in making them. Whatever she made, her friends had always some fault to find. One day as she was walking through the garden she came across a large apple. She took it to her friends, and asked them what they thought of it. They all had something to say: one said it wasn't the right shape; the others said they didn't like the color. And when it had been passed round to them all and was in her own hands, she said nothing, but ate it; therefore her friends had been complaining about a real apple.

THOMAS H. (age ten years).

SOUTH BRAINTREE, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl ten years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE five months, and like it very much. I like "Rolf House" and the Post-office Box the best. I have only one pet, a cat. I have a little brother: his name is Parker. There are a few public buildings here—the Thayer Academy, the Thayer Public Library, and the Town-hall. The academy and library were given to the town by General Sylvanus Thayer, a native of the town. I have been up in the belfry of the academy two or three times, and you can see Nantasket Beach, Boston, and all the towns around us.

LIZZIE M. H.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I know of many little hands that are earning bright pennies, busily, these pleasant summer days, and spending them on candy or something equally injurious to their health for want of a better investment, and many other little hands are idle because they have "nothing to do." Could not the kind Postmistress, in one of her letters that all the children look for so eagerly, tell of some plan by which these pennies might be put to some good use?

AUNT KITTIE.

Aunt Edna's letter may be a help to these children if they need a suggestion of the kind.

Thanks to the teacher who kindly sent these letters.

MANAYUNK, PENNSYLVANIA.

As I was coming to school this morning, I saw a very pretty magnolia-tree. Some flowers were white and some were red. We have a large black dog; his name is Leo. I have a little sister; she is eight months old. We have a good many chickens. Last night I went out in our field to pick some flowers. I took them into the house and put them in water. If it does not rain this afternoon I am going to get some flowers.

MABEL Y.

When I was in the back of the yard I saw a pretty little yellow-bird; it was the first one that I had seen this year. I think it is going to build a nest in the tree close to the fence. Every day I see it down in the garden. I have a little bird of my own; it waits for me to feed it. It does not try to get away from me, it likes me so much, and I like it because it is so pretty.

MARK W.

BARNSTAPLE, DEVONSHIRE, ENGLAND.

I am a girl twelve years old. I have two canaries, called Jenny and Bob, and a dog called Toby. He is black and brown. He will beg, and sit in a corner on his hind-legs with a pipe in his mouth. He looks so funny! if you were to see him, he would make you laugh. I go to Miss T.'s school; she has thirteen pupils. I have taken in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published in England; I like "Rolf House" very much. We keep six fowls. My sister has a kitten called Flossie. We have a very large garden. I hope my letter will be published.

FLORRIE M. L.

CARTERSVILLE, GEORGIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have never written to you before, and I will begin my letter by describing our beautiful country home. I live two miles north of Cartersville, a very enterprising little town. The Western and Atlantic Railroad runs right back of the house, and the public road and Petit's Creek run in front of the house. Our place is called Fair View, because we can see everything around so plainly; we can see hills and mountains twenty-five or thirty miles away, and the trestle is at the side of the house. We have a grove on either side of the house, and it looks beautiful in the spring. Now, from the description I have given you, don't you imagine we have a pretty home? I live two miles from Rosalie S., and we visit quite frequently. I have four sisters and one brother. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE was a Christmas present from papa and mamma. We all like it so much. It comes on Thursday. Our school was out last Friday week, and our teacher gave us a little fishing party, but we did not have any luck. I am thirteen years old.

With much love to the Postmistress,

ANNIE LAURIE J.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE quite a while, and like it very much. I have a nice garden in our back yard. I like "Rolf House" and the letters. I have a big brother named Irving. Your little friend,

BESSIE G. B.

WAYLAND, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eleven years old. My brother takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I enjoy reading the letters in the Post-office Box very much. For my pets I have a canary-bird named Neddie, and a dog named Major, and a very intelligent cat named Tonie. I live on a brook-trout farm; there are nine ponds in all. It is a beautiful place in the summer. In the winter we have fine sport skating and sliding down-hill.

DELLIE J.

LAKE CITY, MINNESOTA.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE nearly two years, and I like it very much. I am nine years old. I have for pets a pony, three kittens, a canary, and two Java sparrows. I have a beautiful French doll. I have a little cousin named Herbert; he is real cunning.

EDNA B. McC.

MONTAGUE, MICHIGAN.

I enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much indeed, and watch for it eagerly each week. "Nan," "Rolf House," and "Wakulla" are my favorite stories. I think Jimmy Brown's stories are very funny indeed. I live on a hill which faces White Lake, that opens into Lake Michigan; sail-ships, steamboats, tugs, and ferry-boats are running on the lake most of the time. There are eleven saw-mills or more running now. When it gets warmer, and the ferry-boats run regularly, a good many people go on picnics down to the mouth of the river. Our Sunday-school has one every summer. I have no pets, as most of the girls and boys have; perhaps papa will get John (my brother) and myself some riding ponies, which I think will be very nice. I am twelve years old. With a great deal of love.

FANNIE M. C.

Thanks, dear, for the box of lovely flowers.

**Henry R. E.:** Your letter did great credit to a boy of your age.—So, **Ray H.,** did yours.—**Drew P.:** Thank you very much for your letter and the accompanying designs. We regret that there is not room for them. Persevere in cultivating the talent you have for drawing; you will find it both useful and agreeable.—**Herbert R.:** Your pony needs gentle training. Can you give it to him?—**J. G. B.,** who lives in Louisiana, is a famous hunter, particularly of alligators.—**S. N. N.:** I can not make the inquiry you propose in the Post-office Box, as it is against our rules.—**V. de M.** is a little Brazilian girl, who is summering in beautiful Tarrytown on the Hudson, and enjoying herself very much.—**Alina R. M.:** The Postmistress frowns on pencilled letters, dear. Yours was so rubbed that it positively could not be read.—**Lizzie L. K., George H. W., Louie De W., Mary H., G. P. F., Blanche C. M. F.,** and **Clara L. M. F.,** thanks for your letters.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

You will find me in custard, in cheese, in cream,
Not in pudding, in bread, or in milk.
In amber, in amethyst, and in pearl,
Not in velvet, linen, or silk.
In monument always, but never in tower.
In pin-money always, but never in dower.
In house and hotel, but not in palace.
In goblet, of course, but not in chalice.
In rose and in rue, but not in bud.
My whole has uses many and good.

MOTHER BUNCH.

No. 2.

TWO SQUARES.

1.—1. An oral expression of thought. 2. A Hebrew measure. 3. To advise. 4. One of Mrs. H. B. Stowe's heroes.

2.—1. An instrument of military music. 2. An instrument for drawing lines. 3. A bone of the fore-arm. 4. What well people seldom miss.

KATIE RIGGS.

No. 3.

CHARADE.

My first leaned far from the casement
When the knight went riding by,
And the last thing he saw was her favor,
As blue as the summer sky.

My second is white and dainty,
And often goes to the ball.
My whole is a little old-fashioned,
But brightens the summer and fall.

ANNA SPRAGUE.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 292.

No. 1.—

S L I P  A N N A
L A N E  N A I L
I N T O  N I N E
P E O N  A L E C

L A N E
A C I D
N I C E
E D E N

No. 2.—

M
W A D
V A R E C
W A I S T E R
M A R S H A L E D
D E T A I L S
C E L L A
R E S
D

No. 3.—Mace.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Mary L. Waite, Willie C. Frame, Edna K. Wallace, Van M. Burt, May New, Addie Waterhouse, Emma L. Kennedy, Carl Feihl, Minnie Goetchius, Edith May Simmons, Theresa R. Hartwell, Sallie S. Hartwell, Bessie and Gertrude Underhill, A. L. Munder, Ignacio I. Vado, Ethel Agnes Cumming, Philip E. V. P., Laurason R. Latrobe, Henry L. King, Katie Dale, Ray Hobbler, and A. de M.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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## ADVICE OUT OF SEASON.

BY PALMER COX.

"MY darlings," said the mother bear,
"You should have passed the hive with care,
And not have tried to bring it home,
However sweet might be the comb."

"Oh, mother dear, in mercy pause,"
Replied the cub, through swollen jaws.
"Your kind advice an hour ago
Had saved us much distress and woe;
But now your words seem out of place,
Because we understand the case,
And know how dull indeed is he
Who meddles with the spiteful bee."

## A SHEPHERD DOG'S APPETITE.

A FEW years ago a Massachusetts farmer who pastures cattle during the summer decided he would like a shepherd dog to help drive the animals and keep a general lookout for them while in the fields. Not wishing to go to the expense of purchasing a full-grown dog, he accepted the offer from a friend of a pup a few months old, with the intention of bringing the little fellow up in the way he should go.

The infancy of that shepherd dog was particularly noticeable from the disposition he showed to reduce to pulp anything and everything. Nothing was safe, from the family's overshoes to the farmer's spectacle-case. Once he was discovered in the main hall with his paws lovingly clasped around his mistress's best sun-shade, the top of which was unaccountably missing.

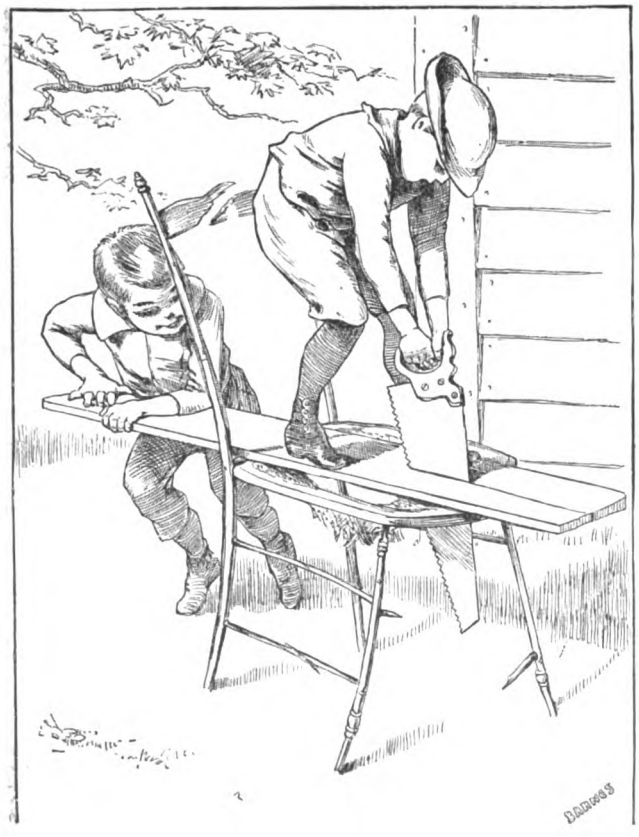
He took his most dangerous meal, however, later on in the summer, after the arrival of some city boarders. One of these ladies possessed a hat of which she was particularly fond, and which, knowing Jip's disposition, she was in the habit of placing in the parlor for safe-keeping. One day, the door having been carelessly left open, Jip strolled in, and laid himself down under the sofa for a long cool nap. No sooner was he settled than one of the family, fearful of flies intruding into the parlor, closed the door, and left Master Pup alone with that precious hat.

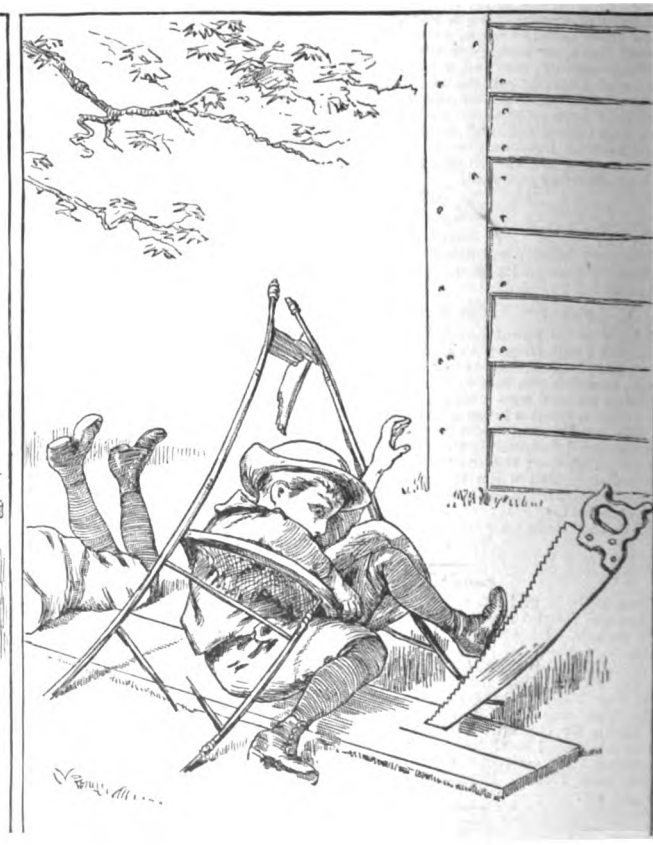
You probably can guess what had happened by the time the owner arrived on the scene of action. There was Jip, and there were a few scraps of ribbon and straw; but to imagine that those fragments had ever formed a head-covering seemed ridiculous.

Worse than all this, though, was the fact, which the owner of the mutilated remains solemnly protested, that she had left sticking in the trimming two long sharp hat-pins. A thorough search failed to discover their whereabouts, and the family finally arrived at the conviction that Jip, with two hat-pins inside of him, could not be long for this world.

Did he die? No, he did not. He looked unhappy for a few days, and then returned to his former occupations with renewed activity. However, he was completely cured of his taste for hats, and after a few months settled down to an ordinary dog diet.

His master states frankly that, even though a good shepherd dog may be worth a hundred dollars, still, if he disposes of as much personal property while growing as Jip did, the speculation of raising him may be considered a failure from an economical point of view.





LEARNING A TRADE.

"HOLD TIGHT, FREDDIE; WE'LL SOON BE THROUGH." SOONER THAN HE EXPECTED.

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

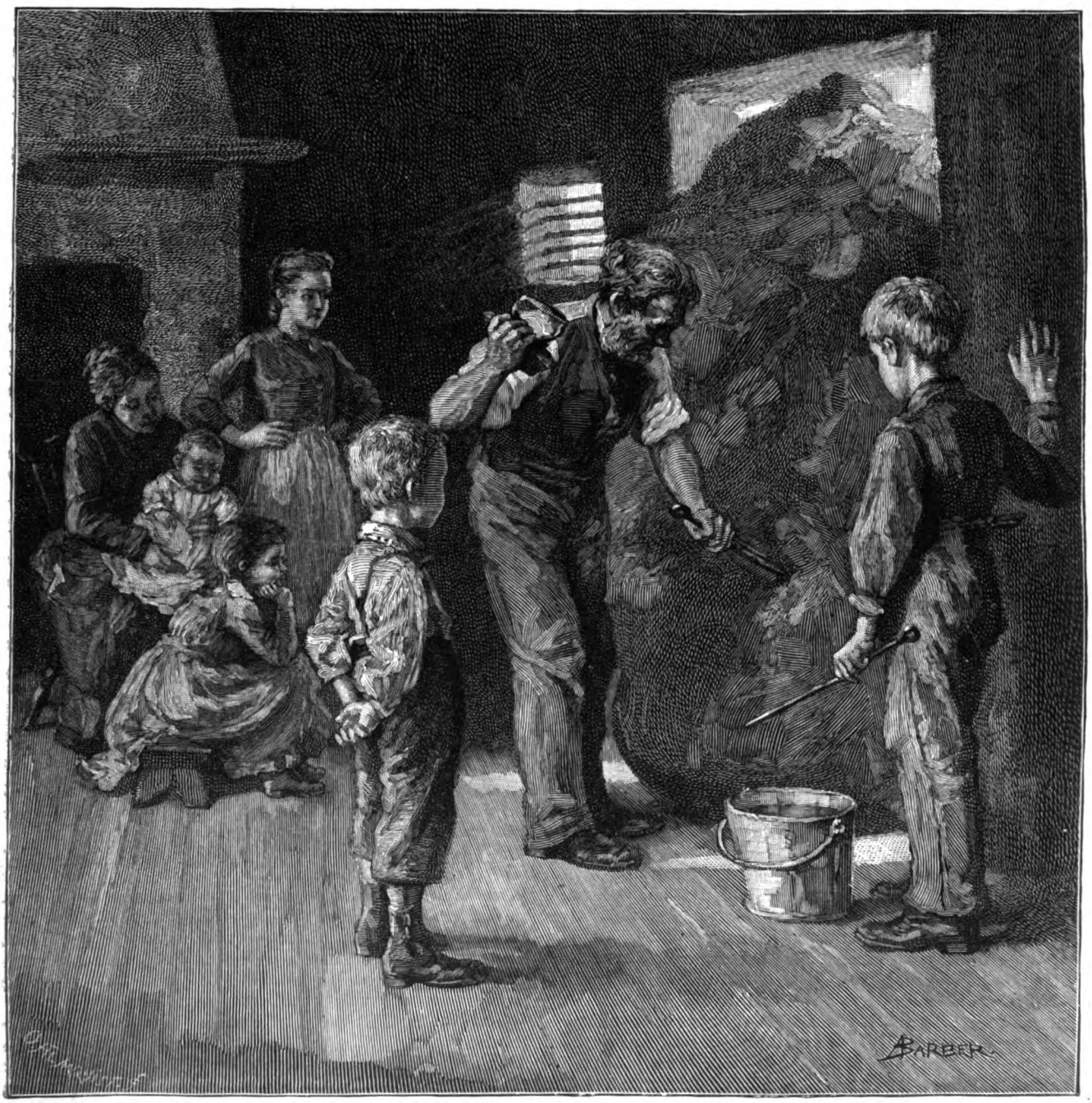
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 296. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.


THE SIEGE OF BOON ISLAND LIGHT.—SEE PAGE 546.


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## THE SIEGE OF BOON ISLAND LIGHT.

### A FOURTH-OF-JULY STORY.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

IF you want to know all about the great Fourth-of-July sensation at the Boon Island Light-house, do not ask Sam for the particulars. Never mind why; only be sure he will not tell you.

What was the sensation? Well, you must know that one Fourth of July— But stop! Let us begin properly. On the afternoon of one 30th of June it began to rain, and what is more, it kept on raining. Not merely a June shower, but a regular steady, dogged down-pour, as if the heavens had come to the conclusion that, once and for all, the upstart waves should be put down. And put down they were, too—put down so flat that the most they could do was to spatter up spitefully—no better than water in a pan.

But in the mean while a gale of wind was tearing along in that direction, and reached the light-house just about nine o'clock. What a mad gale it was! It tore the rain-clouds into ribbons, and drove them like sheep over the Maine coast. It pounced down on the humbled waves and dashed them against the light-house. It tossed them over the light-house; it swept them with a swish and a swash and a gurgle around its base; it blew their curling heads off and away out to sea; it lifted them bodily, and hurled them with a splash-dash down on the little island. Ah! what a wild, furious frolic the gale was having!

By this time, of course, the six Stoughton children were comfortably tucked away in bed. What did they care whether wind or rain or waves had the best of the fight! What did it matter to them if the massive light-house shivered and shook under the frantic blows of the gale-tossed sea! They were used to it, and as a baby rocked in a cradle is lulled to sleep by its mother's cooing song, so those Stoughton boys and girls only slept the sounder when the thud, thud of the waves jarred them in their beds, and the wind moaned and shrieked at the iron-barred windows.

Only once that night did any of them stir; and then, to be accurate, they all stirred.

"My!" said Ike, "but that was a oner!"

"Something's busted," said Sam.

"Get out! go to sleep," growled Tom. "What d'you want to wake us all up for?"

"Huh!" said Ike.

"Huh!" said Sam.

Both were indignant, but both did go to sleep. The girls for once listened without saying anything, and they too went to sleep again.

"I wonder what that was?" said father Stoughton.

"I don't know," said mother Stoughton.

And then they went to sleep again.

"Well, that was a good one," said the assistant keeper, who was on watch that night.

And so it was a "good one" and a "oner," too, if oner means something unusual—as they all found out when they got up the next morning.

The sun was up betimes, shining as brightly and joyously as if out for a holiday, and the Stoughtons might well have doubted if the storm had been anything but a dream. There were the waves murmuring placidly around the little island; the rain was far, far away; and the riotous wind had given place to a gentle, coaxing breeze.

But—and this is what made the Stoughtons every one stare and gape and exclaim that 1st of July morning—the gale had brought them a visitor. Not a mild-mannered, courteous visitor who knocked at the door and said, "By your leave," before he entered, but a burly, sullen fellow, who, finding the door closed, had burst his way in, and made himself as much at home as he very well could.

You may doubt it; but as sure as you live the Stoughtons found the door—and the only door at that—completely blocked by a huge bowlder which had been hurled by the wind and water against the light-house, had shattered the door into splinters, and had then wedged itself obstinately in the doorway. And so well did it fit the opening that there was not anywhere around it a hole big enough to let even little Deborah crawl through.

Well, what a joke it was, to be sure, to be prisoners in one's own house! Sam and Ike did first with some superiority remind Tom, the oldest, that they had known that something was the matter; but having said, "I told you so," and derived the usual satisfaction from that, they joined in the general glee.

Yes, it was a great joke that morning, but the edge of the joke was partly blunted at dinner-time when a very meagre meal was served up to the children. The truth was, mother Stoughton was not prepared for a state of siege, and her store of provisions was consequently small. The store-house was separate from the dwelling-house, and could only be reached by going outside.

The bowlder, which weighed a ton or more, was too tightly wedged in to be moved a hair's-breadth, the windows were protected by heavy iron bars, and the openings were very small anyhow. As for the house itself, it was built of great blocks of stone, and was just as secure against the efforts of men to tear it down from the inside as against the efforts of the elements from the outside.

On reflection the children came to the conclusion that the bowlder was no joke at all. The older folks had never thought it was, so they did not have to change their minds. At supper the children were more convinced than at dinner, and at breakfast, from which they rose up as hungry as they sat down, they looked as anxious as their elders.

"Ah!" sighed father Stoughton, at breakfast, "if I only had some powder I could clear the doorway."

"If you had only let us have some powder for the Fourth!" exclaimed Tom.

But it was useless to regret that. Father Stoughton, for his own good reasons, did not wish his boys to have powder on the island, and he had said so—said so, very emphatically. That, of course, was the end of it.

Would nothing else do? Could they not chip the stone away bit by bit? If they had had tools, yes; but as there was nothing more than a screw-driver and a tack-hammer in the house, no.

They did everything they could, but no impression did they make. It began to look desperate for the prisoners. The food was carefully husbanded, and only enough given out to keep them from starving. Powder! powder! Oh, for a pound of powder!

"I wish," said Tom, on the morning of the 2d of July, as they all sat, for form's sake, around the almost empty table—"I wish now, father, I had disobeyed you and bought some powder when I went ashore with Sam last week."

Sam looked up eagerly at this.

"I would be glad of the powder, Thomas," said father Stoughton, gravely, "but not even the serious need for it now could excuse your disobedience. I hope no child of mine will ever set up his will against mine."

Whereat Tom looked as if he wished he had not said it, and Sam resumed the melancholy air with which he had been moping about ever since the seriousness of their situation had become clear to him. All of the children were melancholy, but there was something peculiarly dismal and woe-begone in Sam's manner. He looked as if he had a great load on his conscience, and acted as if he were trying to make expiation for some wrong.

Nobody thought of it at the time. The only thing that struck anybody was that, whereas Sam was usually the most impatient and unreasonable and, not to mince matters, selfish of the boys, he was now the most patient, un-

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complaining, and unselfish. Why, he always saved a little out of his share at each meal, and gave it to baby Deb! Of course Ike had something to say about Sam's remarkable behavior. Ike always did have something to say, and he usually said it with great bluntness.

"Look at Sam!" he exclaimed one day; "he goes around so awfully dismal and good, seems as if he must have put the stone in the door, and been sorry for it ever since."

Phew! how red Sam grew at that! Of course it was absurd. He could no more have put the stone there than he could have lifted the light-house, and nobody thought so. Indeed, mother Stoughton was so touched at his goodness to baby Deb that she exclaimed at once, "For shame, Isaac! I would be glad to have you show the same spirit as Samuel;" and then she drew Sam to her and kissed him.

But if what Ike said made Sam flush, there was no word to express his redness when his mother praised him.

Each day they worked and tugged at the bowlder, and each day the bowlder was as obstinate as the day before. Each day they peered through the little windows, hoping to see some visitors from the mainland, and each day none came.

It was hard for the little ones to go hungry and more hungry every day, but it was harder—it was terrible—for father and mother Stoughton to see the roses fade out of the children's cheeks; and perhaps Sam—uncomplaining and patient Sam—made them the most heart-sick.

There they were, starving—positively starving—with food, and plenty of it, within a few yards of them. And then, on the night of the 3d of July, came the dreadful word that the oil-can was empty, and only enough oil in the lamp to carry the light through one more night.

Ah! you may not know what that meant, but *they* did; and famished as they were, they forgot themselves to shudder at the fate of the travellers by sea who should be shipwrecked for want of that warning light.

And Sam! he acted almost as if he were out of his mind. Mother Stoughton declared she had always done the boy an injustice not to have recognized his tenderness of heart sooner. It was remarkable how Sam was affected by the sufferings of the family and the perils of the sea-farers without the light to guide them into port.

That night, weary and weak as he must have been, he could not sleep. He tossed about in bed for a while, and then rose up, and, like a ghost, wandered about. He went to his special corner of the room, and fumbled about there for a while; then he crept out to the bowlder, and felt about it for a minute or more; then he sighed mournfully, and crept back to bed.

The next morning when father Stoughton went to take his customary look at the terrible bowlder, he uttered a cry and drew his hand over his eyes, as if to make sure he was not dreaming.

What do you suppose was the matter? Do you think the bowlder was gone? Of course it was not. It was there exactly as it had been for more than three days—three long, weary, hungry days. But—which was the next best thing—there on a little projection on the face of the bowlder lay a tin flask of powder.

Who had put it there? Of course the question was asked, but you may be sure father Stoughton did not waste any time waiting for an answer. The powder meant oil for his lamp and food for his family, and whatever he thought besides that, he certainly said nothing, while he worked with nervous haste to deepen the cavity in the bowlder.

Pokers were hardened by heating and dipping into water—they fortunately had plenty of that—and flat-irons were used for hammers. They seemed to be a long time in drilling the hole to a sufficient depth, but it was done by noon-time. The boys helped; that is, Tom and Ike did. Sam offered to help, but his father, in a very sorrowful tone, said to him, softly, "Have you any right to help, Samuel?"

And Sam, with a piteous, beseeching look at his father, rushed from the room, and took refuge in the top of the tower, where he remained until his mother sought him a few hours later.

Of course the blast was successful, and the obstinate bowlder made way for two processions. The first procession was composed of people going out, and the second of people going in; the only difference being that when they went in, they carried provisions enough to feed twice as big a family for two weeks.

Who put the powder on the bowlder? Ask Sam. I promised not to tell.

## THE GREAT CONGO VALLEY.

BY HELEN S. CONANT.

UNTIL the great African explorer, Mr. Henry M. Stanley, made his celebrated trip across the Dark Continent, as he called it, a very large section of country, comprising the valley of the upper Congo, was entirely unknown. In August, 1877, Mr. Stanley arrived at the mouth of the Congo, on the Atlantic, having made a wonderful journey, occupying one thousand days, from the coast of Zanzibar, on the Indian Ocean. During this journey he traversed a vast region never before seen by a white man. He found it crowded with an ignorant, brutal population, who lived in the most savage manner, and who worshipped hideous wooden idols, and practiced all kinds of barbarous and cruel customs. Many times he narrowly escaped being killed by these savages, but being a very brave and courageous man, he succeeded in overcoming all obstacles, and after much suffering and privation, he reached Berna, a European trading station on the Congo River, not far from its mouth.

On hearing Mr. Stanley's account of the vast and rich country he had discovered, a society, of which King Leopold II. of Belgium was the head, organized a great expedition, which should proceed up the Congo with small steamboats, build towns on its banks, with churches and school-houses, and besides educating the people, encourage them to trade the products of their country, such as ivory, palm oil, India rubber, monkey-skins, and many kinds of nuts and gums, for European manufactures.

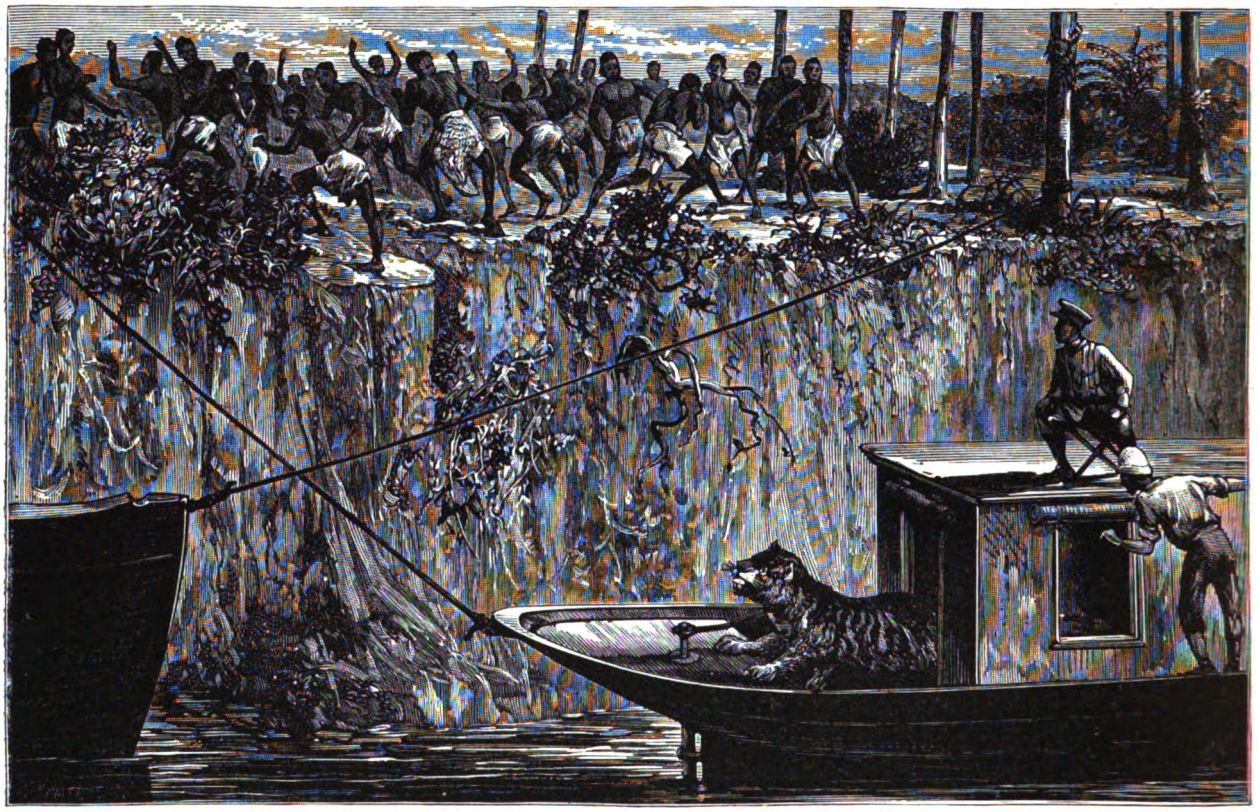
Mr. Stanley was put in charge of this expedition. He carried a blue flag with a golden star, which he boldly planted along the banks of the Congo for hundreds of miles inland, and the glitter of the golden star of civilization falling on a great wilderness of grass and rocks and tropical jungle, crowded with ignorant people, began at once to bring about better things.

The story of this great settlement of the Congo Valley is told by Mr. Stanley in two large volumes, full of beautiful illustrations, and with many accounts of wild and interesting adventures.

When the flotilla of steamboats had ascended the river for about a hundred miles, the shores grew very hilly, and dense forests crowded down to the water. In these forests lived thousands of monkeys, gleefully romping and chattering; great flocks of parrots flew screaming from branch to branch; elephants were seen swimming and bathing, or standing sentry-like in the twilight of the dark forests by the river-side; large herds of hippopotami rolled their clumsy forms in the swift current; and there were crocodiles, thousands of them, thrusting up their horny heads, furious with rage at being waked from their repose.

The inhabitants of the villages along the shores were less brave than the crocodiles. The "puff-puff" of the steamers, and the mysterious paddle-wheels revolving with lightning speed filled their simple minds with terror. A monster, a frightful Ibanza, was surely concealed within

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"FINALLY THE 'IBANZA' EMERGED INTO VIEW!"

[From *The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State.* By HENRY M. STANLEY. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.]

the "smoke-boat," which might spring on shore and devour a thousand people for his breakfast. Perhaps he lived in the boiler, the huge iron pot which hissed incessantly. And why did the cook, as they called the engineer, throw so many large sticks into the big iron drum? Did the Ibanza eat wood?

At the village of Bumba the terror of the people was so great that the long hand-bell, only sounded on most solemn occasions, was vigorously beaten, and old medicine-men muttered incantations, and sprinkled sacred water toward the boats, in order to break the power of the dreaded Ibanza. Finally the Ibanza emerged into view. The splendid form of a royal Bengal tiger crawled out of the cabin on to the deck. The hundreds of natives standing on the shore cast one hurried glance at the terrible beast, and fled, yelling and shrieking with fright, while on the deck stood a mischievous cabin-boy, laughing immoderately, with a collapsed tiger-skin lying in a harmless heap at his feet.

At many of the villages Mr. Stanley was recognized by the natives as the white man they had known before. They came flocking to the landing-place, crying "Tandelay, Tandelay," and gave him a very hearty welcome. The chiefs arrayed themselves in their most gorgeous finery in his honor. They covered their arms with polished brass armlets, and adorned their ankles with red copper rings which must have weighed ten pounds each. Their wraps and blankets were yellow, blue, and crimson, and the native barbers had a very busy time tucking the hair of the chiefs into a large knot perched on the crown of the head, and daubing their faces with white and yellow paint, which on the bronze-colored skin made a very startling effect. Lion-skins were spread for the chief and his guest to rest upon, and the ceremony of blood-brotherhood was performed so many times that Mr. Stanley's arm became quite covered with scars.

This ceremony bound each party to be eternally faithful to the interests of the other under all circumstances. It was done in this manner: The right arms of Mr. Stanley and the chief were crossed, the white arm over the brown arm, and the fetish-man pricked the arms with his lancets until the blood ran. Then a powder was prepared by scraping the spear of the chief and the stock of Mr. Stanley's rifle, a pinch of salt was added, and a little dust from a long pod. The fetish-man then sprinkled this curious mixture on the wounds, and rubbed the two arms together, muttering all the while the terrible punishments which would fall upon the one who should break this solemn compact.

The chiefs, however, were not all willing to make blood-brotherhood with the white stranger, and some even attempted to resist him by force of arms. Their warlike inclinations were often defeated by bloodless strategy. On one occasion when a hostile village fired on his party, Mr. Stanley at once sent word that if the offense was repeated he would blow all the people sky-high with his big gun. The chief, his curiosity awakened, requested a sight of the wonderful weapon. When he was shown the great Krupp cannon mounted on wheels, he contemptuously exclaimed that that was not a gun, only a piece of wood with a deep hole in it. At a given signal the cannon was touched off by the artillerist. It suddenly recoiled like a living creature, and the great shot, striking the river three thousand yards away, threw a huge column of water high in the air. The chief and his party trembled with terror, and sat stupidly gazing at one another. Their eagerness to make brotherhood with the owner of the gun was very amusing.

Slavery is one of the great evils to be ended forever when the flag with a golden star is securely planted in every part of the new free state of Congo. The noble work of civilizing this vast country is only just begun, but

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before the present readers of this paper are men and women, railroads and commodious highways will be built through the wilderness, flourishing towns and trading stations will dot the plains and hill-sides of the great valley, and Equatorial Africa will be rapidly emerging from its darkness of idolatry and ignorance.

# INTO UNKNOWN SEAS;*

## Or, THE CRUISE OF TWO SAILOR BOYS.

BY DAVID KER,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST CITY," "FROM THE HUDSON TO THE NEVA," ETC.

### CHAPTER VI.

### A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

GLIDING swiftly up the bay, the *St. Christopher* at length slackened speed just opposite Goletta, and lay to, with a Liverpool cargo steamer to port of her, and the French mail packet from Bona to starboard.

"Stand by your anchor!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Let go!"

The chain rattled sharply through the hawse-holes, the anchor splashed into the water, and the yacht lay snug at her moorings, about three hundred yards from the shore.

Jim and Sandy kept staring first one way and then another, till their eyes ached; for although they had made many voyages up the Mediterranean, this was their first sight of Tunis. They were just wondering whether they should be allowed to go ashore, and how much they should be able to see if they did, when up came Captain Percy.

"I think you're the only two on board who haven't seen Tunis before," said he, pleasantly; "so I'm going to take you with me when I land, and then, while I'm getting through *my* business, you will have time to see something of the place; only don't go and get blown out to sea again, as you did at Catania."

The boys' faces grew radiant.

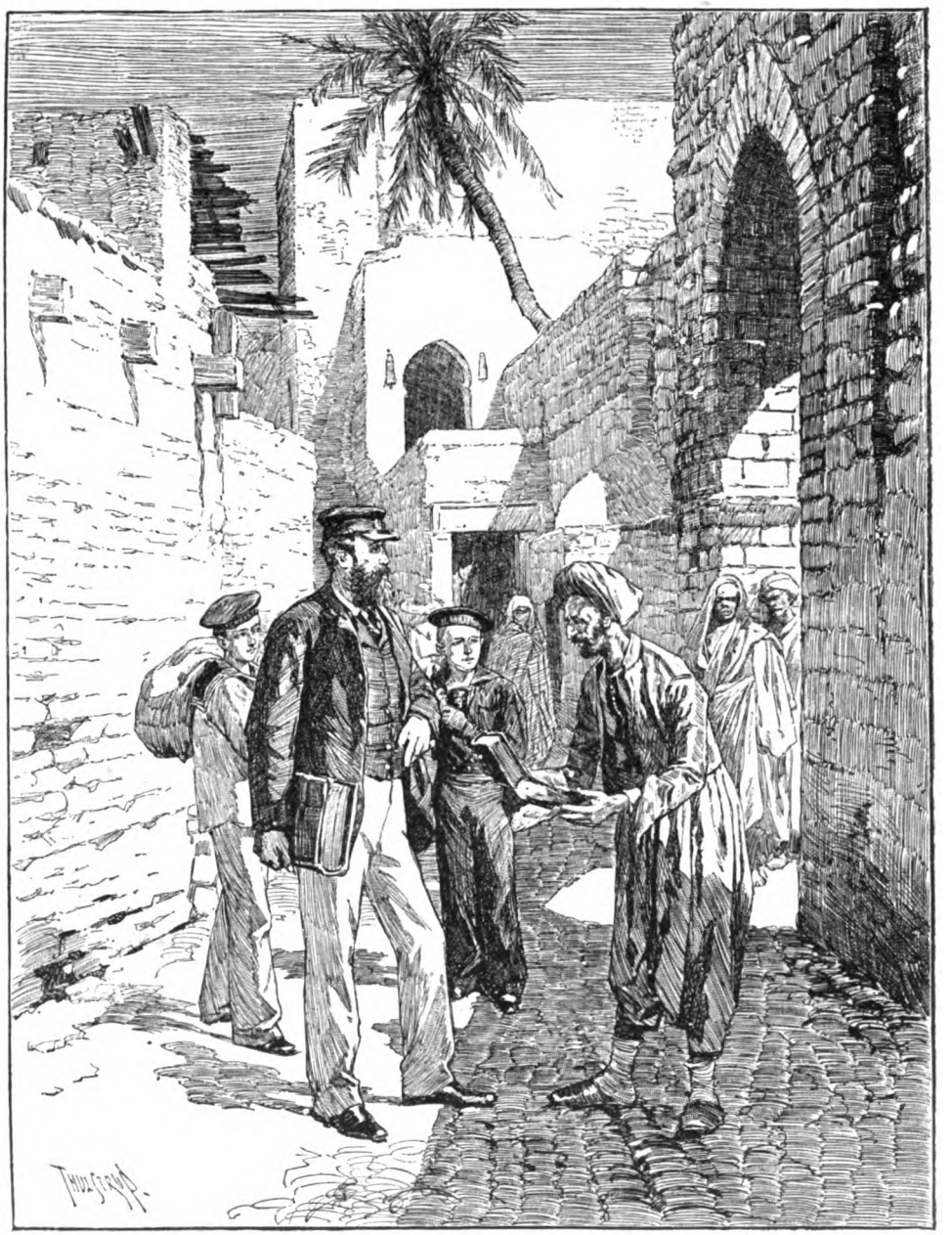
"You ought to see Goletta," continued Percy, "for it's a famous place in its way. You've heard of Admiral Blake? Well, it was just here that he fought his great battle with the Tunisian pirates more than two hundred years ago."

Jim's eyes sparkled, and Sandy said, eagerly,

"Cawptain, wad ye be sae gude as to tell us a wee bit aboot that job, for I'm no sure that I ken the tale varra weel myself?"

"With pleasure, my boy. You see, both Tunis and Algiers were regular nests of pirates in those days, and their ships (which were swift as the wind, and always well armed and manned) kept picking up European merchantmen, plundering their cargoes, and making slaves of their crews; and all the slaves were fearfully ill used, forced to work in chains under a hot sun, and lashed like dogs at every turn. So at last this sort of thing got too bad to be borne any longer, and Oliver Cromwell, who was governing England just then, sent Admiral Blake to demand from the Bey of Tunis the release of all Christian slaves, and full satisfaction for the damage done by the pirates; but the only answer the Bey gave him was to call him a Christian dog, and tell him that if he wanted satisfaction he might come and take it."

"He must have been pretty mad when he heard *that*," said Jim, who was listening with undisguised interest.



AT THE GATE OF TUNIS.

* Begun in No. 33, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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"He *was;* and when his men saw him tug at his long black beard (as he always did when his blood was fairly up) they knew that 'Fighting Bob' meant business. Just then, however, he wasn't strong enough to attack the place, so he had to sail away again, leaving the pirates to crow over him as much as they liked. But he came back with a stronger force three weeks later, sailed right up the bay, anchored in the teeth of a tremendous fire close to where we are now, fought five big forts and nine great ships of war, blew up all the forts, burned all the ships, knocked the whole place to bits, and made the Bey release all the slaves, and pay the bill, and beg pardon for his impudence into the bargain."

"That wad be a sair [sore] doon-come for the auld haythen's pride," chuckled Sandy, as the Captain walked away after finishing his story. "Wasna *that* a braw [fine] tale, Jamie?"

"And didn't he tell it first-rate?" added Jim. "Did you see his eyes flash when he came to the fighting, just the same as they did when he went for that crowd of skunks at Catania! I think I was right—he's some king or other that's got fired out of his own country; and now he's cruisin' around to be out of harm's way till he gets a chance to go back. If he does, I'll help him. Won't *you?*"

"Weel," rejoined Sandy, cautiously, "I wad like to ken twa things in sic' a case; first, if he is a king at a', and secondly, what mainner o' king he had been that his ain people should drive him oot."

That day was one which neither Jim Selden nor Sandy Muir ever forgot. From their first step ashore at Goletta, a little before noon, to take the cars for Tunis, it was all one endless panorama of new and wonderful sights. It seemed so strange to see an actual *railway station* on the edge of this wide, yellow, sun-parched African plain, dotted with the ruins of cities destroyed many years before Christ was born. The cars, too, looked quite as queer, with a funny little railed gallery, just broad enough for one man at a time, all around the outside. Then the railway track, instead of going straight, made such a bend around the flat sandy shore of the lagoon that the train seemed "like a wee doggie rinning after its ain tail," as Sandy remarked with a grin. How far away those three Arab horsemen looked who were riding slowly across the great plain with their long guns slung at their backs! and the forty-foot palms on the crest of the nearest ridge appeared no larger than fishing-rods. Far out upon the hot, dusty immensity of this unending level rose gauntly a row of huge dark arches, the ruins of the ancient Roman aqueduct, still upright and massive as ever after fifteen centuries of storm and war.

"Now, boys," said Captain Percy, as the train ran into the depot at Tunis, just outside the city gate, "you can do what you like for two hours, and then we'll meet about three o'clock at that big gateway yonder, and you can help me to carry some books. If you lose your way, ask for the 'Porto'; don't forget—the Porto."

The very first step through the deep tunnel-like archway of the city gate carried our heroes into a new world. Dark lean faces half buried in overhanging white turbans; fierce-looking Arab soldiers, all eyes and teeth, swaggering past in baggy blue trousers, with crooked swords by their sides; Mohammedan women gliding by like shadows, their figures hidden by long loose white robes, and their faces completely masked by black veils, making them look (as Jim ungallantly remarked) "like a burned stick run through a bit of paper"; half-clad native dervishes (religious devotees), with little strings of beads on their bare brown necks, howling and rolling their eyes as if they were mad; flat-topped houses, with long-robed figures pacing to and fro on their roofs; bare-limbed water carriers, shouldering greasy, bloated skins of water that looked unpleasantly like drowned dogs; and palms as high as a bark's mizzen-mast, running straight up to the very top, and then breaking out into a great gush of green leaves, each big enough to cover a wagon.

Farther on still greater marvels awaited them. Over one of the gates a palm-tree was growing straight out from between the upper stones of the archway, like a pole hoisted above a barber's shop. Soon after they passed a group of small, slight-made men in silken pants and embroidered jackets, and were not a little amazed to learn from a by-stander that these seeming men were really Jewish ladies, and that this was their regular dress. And when a file of real live camels came marching down the narrow street with bales of merchandise girthed on their humps, Sandy was quite ready to agree with Jim's admiring declaration that Tunis "went a long way ahead of any circus in the States."

But although they lost their way half a dozen times at least, they got back to the great gate in time to meet the Captain coming out of a shop with a big worm-eaten folio volume under his arm, and two canvas bags in his hands, of which they hastened to relieve him.

Just then a queer little old man appeared in the doorway of the shop with a small, dark, old-fashioned book in his hand, crying, in a shrill voice, "Signor! signor! you sall 'ave ze book ver' sheap—only two franc" (forty cents).

Percy hesitated a moment, and then, paying the money, and thrusting the book carelessly into his pocket, marched off.

The train carried them back to Goletta in about half an hour, during which time the Captain was busy with the contents of his book bags, and finding their boat already at the landing, they were soon on board again.

As the Captain went up the side, the book in his pocket caught against the ladder, and all but tripped him up.

"Aha!" said he, "I had almost forgotten that fellow, though he weighs heavy enough in my pocket to keep me in mind of him. Let's see what he's like, anyhow."

He thrust his hand into his pocket as he spoke, but the book, which was a pretty thick one, caught in the lining, and the outer part of the old calf-skin cover, already torn, peeled away like paper right up to the top.

The Captain was already beginning to laugh at his own awkwardness, when his eye fell upon the inside of the torn binding. Instantly such a change passed over his immovable face as made even the stolid boatswain stare at him in amazement. One might imagine just the same look upon the face of a starving rag-picker who had raked out of a heap of rubbish a diamond ring worth several hundred dollars. The next moment Captain Percy turned away without a word, and going down into his cabin, locked himself in.

He was seen no more that evening; but apparently he spent rather a restless night, for one of the quartermasters was overheard next morning telling the boatswain that "the Capting had been a-trampoosing up and down his cabin all night as if he was doin' a match agin time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MEMORIES OF THE FOURTH.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

IN a very few years our last links with Revolutionary days will have slipped away so far that it seems to me all those who have talked to "eye-witnesses" of that period ought to make some note, however brief, of their recollections; so, as the dear old Fourth comes around, I can not help looking back to a visit which a young person paid to a very old gentleman whose boyhood had been spent within sight and hearing of the most stirring events of the time of "General George."

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Foremost among my recollections of the visit is the look of the old-fashioned drawing-room on a certain July afternoon, when Colonel H—— turned over the papers in a shining dark-wood secretary in order to find the most valuable of his many treasures, the original draft of the Constitution of the United States.

The room had many quaint elegancies and a certain modern charm, but its fascination for me lay in the various pictures on the walls—the large portrait of the Colonel's father in his Revolutionary dress, spirited, keen, and commanding, with that mingling of independence and pride which we see so often in portraits of the heroes of '76; next, a fair-faced girl, painted by Copley, with dainty rings of hair, smiling mouth, and serious young eyes—the Colonel's aunt, who had been celebrated in verse and picture before she sailed away to her foreign home.

"That," said the Colonel, pointing to a miniature, "was Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States, and he, like President Adams, died on the Fourth of July, 1826."

Suddenly it occurred to me to ask, "Do you remember the first Fourth of July?" For, you see, being wholly American at heart, how could I imagine there had been *any* Fourth until the famous one of 1776?

The Colonel swept the pictures back into a large black velvet box, and smiled. He could recall the stories his aunt liked to tell of how very near it came to not being the *Fourth* at all. It appears that when the Council decided that strong measures were necessary, and a committee had been appointed to prepare a draft of the Declaration of Independence, there was a fierce debate over it, some arguing against it, others holding that certain clauses would be better left out.

On July 2d and 3d the *pros* and *cons* were still under fierce debate, and our Colonel's aunt, an ardent girl of sixteen, put on her bonnet and scarf, and went out to walk up and down where she might hear the first fragment of decisive news. One can fancy the sunny Philadelphia street, the anxious, soft-eyed little maiden, with her loyal heart beating anxiously under the dainty muslin gown, and the scarf of India crape thrown over her shoulders. Presently down comes a horse urged on by an anxious rider, and breaking the stillness with the clattering of his hoofs. The fair-haired horseman draws rein on beholding pretty Mistress Nancy, and tells her that he is bound for Mr. Rodney, the third delegate from Delaware, whose vote may save the country. McKean, one of the two representatives from Delaware, had sent this trusty messenger for Rodney, who was eighty miles away. Had Mistress Nancy heard that a large armament from England under the command of Howe had appeared off Sandy Hook?

Away dashed McKean's messenger, who reached Rodney just in time for the delegate to put spurs to a fleet horse, and by riding all of a July night and part of a day, to arrive and cast his vote for the Declaration of Independence, on that, our first Fourth of July, 1776.

The "first signers" were Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert B. Livingston. Curiously enough, on the Fourth of July, fifty years later, and within about an hour of each other, Jefferson and Adams breathed their last, the former at Monticello, aged eighty-three, the latter at Braintree, aged eighty-nine.

Ten years after the Revolution, pretty Miss Nancy—then a blooming matron living in England—gave a Fourth-of-July dinner, and the first toast was to "McKean's messenger—one of the forgotten heroes."

How interesting, after hearing all this, to handle with our fingers the faded paper tied with silk cords which, as I have said, was the original draft of the Constitution! The Colonel's father had written most of it. How significant the very erasures seemed! how full of importance every word, especially those so carefully underlined!

The young days of the Fourth were very fine, I should imagine. People went great distances to hear the "orations," and the orators were men like Clay and Webster, the latter delivering a famous speech on that eventful day in 1826 when two of our Presidents had just breathed their last. A banquet was often prepared out-of-doors or in the town-hall after the speeches, which we are too apt to laugh at as "spread-eagle" business. But, indeed, the traditionary customs of our country are all too few, and it seems a pity that we should drift away from any that recall the nation's stirring hours, and the critical events of its infancy.

Fourth of July may be brilliant and patriotic and inspiring without dangerous fire-works, or pistols, or too much gunpowder. For myself I recall the joy and the patriotic "gush" produced in our street twenty years ago with ten cents' worth of that fascinating article known as "punk," and some packages of fire-crackers fantastically arranged in rows and sections. Tousey was a great boy on such days. Inspired doubtless by his grandfather's regimentals and the portrait on the first staircase of that Revolutionary hero, he instituted a sort of Olympian performance for the Fourth, which quieted his mother's fears on the score of gunpowder, and gave us a sense of doing very lofty homage to the illustrious past.

Some stately if fantastic games were played in Tousey's attic, and he, arrayed majestically in a sort of toga, which we considered, for an unknown reason, appropriate to the occasion, discoursed on the virtues of the country, standing on the top of a barrel richly draped in a flag, and waving the old General's sword, while a small person, weighed down by that illustrious person's epaulets, and somewhat rashly accoutred with large spurs, stood guard, as it were, below, in the character of a Roman-American sentinel.

Tousey's impassioned utterances being over, the games began again, and if we ever had a lurking suspicion that they were only gone through with because Tousey's mother was afraid of fire-crackers, we never dared to suggest such a thing, but tried to infuse into the performance something of the same spirit which we fancied urged on those first signers of the dear old "Declaration." It certainly added a zest to the evening's entertainment when from Katie M——'s steps we witnessed a fine display of fire-works conducted by her father, each child being allowed to hold four Roman candles and set off two pin-wheels.

How dark the sky looked! how shining and bewildering the stars! We would look from the artificial lights flashing forth among the trees in our street to those lamps of heaven swung above us, and perhaps we wondered where all those who had given us our freedom were now. Where was McKean's messenger? we wondered. At rest after his decisive ride, tranquil after the world's victories or defeats. How far away all the tumult of the old war days must seem to them! for surely all was peace and brotherhood, and the sound of wars all silenced in that fair country of the King.

Somehow the Fourth had its quiet moments, too, even for little feet and childish voices, and small hands stole into each other as we sat looking at our fire-works with a sense that independence was a fine thing to declare.

## "WO-BO-SHANG."

BY G. J. HUMPHREY.

SIXTY years ago, when the Pottawattamie tribe of Indians were still numerous in southeastern Wisconsin, there was a long line of wigwams at a certain point on the shore of Lake Michigan, midway between the present cities of Milwaukee and Racine.

Among the braves here gathered was a certain giant red man named Wo-bo-shang, who by his great size and bullying conduct had won a great influence over his tribe.

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Conscious of the fear he inspired, Wo-bo-shang was led to impose on the rights of all his companions, and his ugliness grew with each day. Every morning, after a full breakfast, Wo-bo-shang, arrayed in all his war-paint, his feathers, and his wampum, was in the habit of disporting himself in front of the whole line of wigwams. He would walk up and down, swinging his tomahawk above his head, and shouting, in border English: "Me Wo-bo-shang! Big Iujun! Much fight!"

The crowd of Indians, men, women, and children, would scatter as the big bully turned from right to left with a sweep, and no brave was courageous enough to accept the challenge. The same performance was repeated every noon, after Wo-bo-shang had gorged himself with a dinner of game that other Indians had killed.

These exhibitions had now been going on for some time, and the humiliated braves were becoming more and more weary and maddened under such goading provocation, when one day there came a sudden interruption. After a more than ordinarily heavy meal, which had been varied by copious draughts of fire-water, Wo-bo-shang was taking his usual parade along the beach. The cowed braves shrank back, for his path was zigzag, and the fear of him was unabated. Wing-wee, a little black-headed Pottawattamie, who had just arrived in the camp the day before, alone held his ground. He did more; running out to the well-worn path of the giant, he planted himself, arms akimbo, right in the way of the approaching Goliath.

"Me Wo-bo-shang! big Injun! much fight!" howled the latter, glaring contemptuously at the pigmy in his path.

"Can Wo-bo-shang fight Wing-wee?" piped the voice of him who had now become the magnet for every eye in the encampment.

"Ugh! ugh! me Wo-bo-shang!" roared the great bully in a voice of thunder, striding on, as if he would trample down the audacious midget in his path.

Bending low his little black head, hard as a rock, Wing-wee shot like a bolt straight at Wo-bo-shang's stomach. The great giant fell like a lump on the sand, while a universal shout arose from the wigwams. Wo-bo-shang tried to rise again and again, only to be butted sideways, in front, and in the rear, until he finally fell into the water of the lake. This sufficiently sobered him, but it did not bring back his courage. Starting up, he began to run for his life, with little Wing-wee in close pursuit.

Up and down the beach, in and around the wigwams, they ran, the terrified bully pursued by the terrible little battering-ram, while the whole Indian village shouted and roared and whooped at the fun.

It was the last of poor Wo-bo-shang. Darting into the depths of the forest, he forever lost himself to the tribe.




A GAME OF CROQUET WITHOUT RULES.

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"FAIRY TALES."—FROM THE PAINTING BY CONSTANT MAYER, A.N.A., OWNED BY ISAAC WALKER, ESQ.

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## INDEPENDENCE DAY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THERE'S just one day in all the year
When no one says, "Be quiet,"
And girls and boys are let alone
To make no end of riot.
Then cannon break in thunder-gusts
From forts and arsenals,
And flags outstream, like flowers in bloom,
From windows, roofs, and walls.

Then you should hear the crackers go!
A pack set off in a barrel
Make such a jolly sound, you know—
Like giants in a quarrel.
And, oh, the bells that swing and chime,
And ring and rock the spires,
And the fairy lights at evening time,
That blaze in rainbow fires!

The pert torpedoes snap and pop
Like folk who get in a fluster,
But whom you need not mind at all,
For they spend their strength in bluster.
The lovely rockets please me best,
They shoot so grand and high,
Then drop again their golden stars
In showers from the sky.

There's just one day in all the year
When no one says, "Be quiet,"
And girls and boys are let alone
To make no end of riot.
Three cheers for Independence Day,
When drums are beat in chorus,
And trumpets blow and bugles peal,
And our flag is streaming o'er us.

# ROLF HOUSE.*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "DICK AND D," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### A "FAITHFUL SERVANT."



LATER in the evening, while the children roamed around the tiny garden, Nan was told the details of the will.

Miss Rolf had evidently decided to arrange everything with a view to Nan's carrying out her charitable enterprises with as few difficulties as possible. After leaving a certain sum to the College Street Rolfs, and a few legacies to old servants, and testimonials to some friends, she bequeathed the remainder of her large fortune to Nan. But the conditions of this inheritance were many.

More than one-half of her income was to be given away. Until her twenty-first birthday Nan was to consult three chosen friends—Dr. Rogers, Mr. Field, and Dr. Barlow—before bestowing any sum exceeding five hundred dollars to any institution or individual, and an accurate account of all money spent was to be kept, and privately audited by one of the three every six months. All disbursements, however, were to be considered strictly confidential, as Miss Rolf was not one of those who believe in doing good that the world may hear it; and as she specially recommended to Nan's care that class of persons who can not solicit charity, she was the more anxious to make all transactions of mercy private, or known only to Nan and her counsellors. She earnestly desired Nan never to part with Rolf House or any of its family treasures, and suggested that unless travelling abroad, part of every year should be spent by her niece at the old place. Her guardians were Dr. Rogers and Colonel Vandort.

In a codicil Miss Rolf desired Nan to open a summer home for children on the Ramstollora property just purchased; also expressing herself as pleased with Marian and Philip's progress, she left a sum of money to them sufficient for their start in life.

When Dr. Rogers had finished reading the copy of the will which he brought with him, Nan's head was on the table, and her whole body shaken by sobs. The good physician did not attempt to check her weeping. He caught the murmur of "Aunt Letty" in the midst of incoherent sentences, and at last she lifted her face to say: "Oh, Dr. Rogers, can I do it all? If only it were Lance or Phyllis! They are clever, not stupid like me."

Dr. Rogers took the girl's hands firmly in both of his, and looking straight into her honest, tear-stained face, said, earnestly: "Yes, Nan, you *can*, you will; all that your aunt expected and more, if only you keep yourself what you are now, what God made you to be—true-hearted, honest-minded, and faithful. Remember that it is in your hands to be a noble, useful woman. Never let pride or sin come in the way of your giving back to Him ten talents for the one He gave you, so that you may earn the right to hear Him say one day, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant;' for, little girl, from this day forward that is what you must consider that you are—His *servant*. People may try to spoil you, to treat you indulgently, to make you proud of your position of trust; but they will not succeed if you bear in mind that you are only doing the Master's work."

Nan listened, her whole soul seeming to be reflected in the fearless and yet tender eyes that rested on the Doctor's face; and when he had finished speaking, her low-voiced "I will try" meant more than whole sentences of enthusiastic response. And the Doctor knew it. As he drove his sister back to Beverley, he told her of his interview, and added: "Clever, indeed! I'd rather have our little Nan's kind of stupidity than all the book-learning or fine airs in a schoolful of other girls. But there's good stuff in the rest of them, and I for one am not sorry they had this trial. Nothing like knowing what there is to put up with in this work-a-day world. I believe Phyllis will be as strong as ever one of these days, and yet even if it doesn't come to pass"—there was a suspicious moisture in the good Doctor's eyes as he spoke—"the dear girl has gained something by all this that I wouldn't see her lose even for the sake of being her old active self again."

"I always said that Phyllis's real character was noble and high," replied Miss Amy, stanchly.

"I declare," said the Doctor, "I feel quite like the father of a family, having the care of these children. It 'll make us young again, eh, old woman?" and he looked quizzically at Miss Amy, who laughed, as they drove up to their own doorway, and told him she believed *he* wouldn't feel old if he were one hundred and two.

Marian arrived at Beachcroft after tea, and she and Nan and Love Blake sat down for a cozy talk together, the boys having undertaken the escort of Betty and Tina into Beverley.

It took Marian a short time to make up her mind what she wanted to do. Her heart was not in teaching, but ever since the Emporium had been started she had longed for work of just that kind, and her suggestion was that

* Begun in No. 272, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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she should bring her mother over from Bromfield, and, if the girls were willing, take the Beachcroft cottage, Emporium and all, off their hands.

Nan was delighted, and felt certain that the others would consent to this, for in spite of their anxiety, they had all grown fond of the little house, their sales-room, and the pleasant associations connected with it. To have Marian carry on the work would not seem like giving it up, and, moreover, it would make just the sort of home for Philip that he needed.

There did not seem any doubt but that all the Rolfs would go abroad for the summer, and the holiday season would be an excellent time for Marian to begin life at Beachcroft.

The girls sat up talking so late that they all had to go out into the kitchen and beg from Mrs. Travers a second supper, which they ate standing round the kitchen table, telling the good woman bits of their new plan, Marian declaring that unless Mrs. Travers remained to keep her mother company she could not hope for success.

Altogether, Nan had reason to regard this 27th of May as a good omen for the beginning of her new life. She felt almost too happy to go to sleep, thinking over all the events of the day, and her final remembrance was a comforting one. The Doctor's words floated past her mind during the last waking moments, and she fell asleep murmuring to herself bits of the text that he had quoted. Would she not try with all her heart and strength and soul to be a "faithful servant"?—to do well in small things as in the great? Life seemed to stretch before her as a very long and beautiful journey, and Nan felt as though she had found in the Doctor's words new courage to go forth and meet it.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### "HOME, HAPPINESS, AND ROLF HOUSE."

ON a certain sunshiny May morning a party of young people were gathered together in the parlor of a charming apartment in Paris.

The occasion, as their white dresses, flowers, and wedding favors showed, was a very festive one, but while waiting for the bride's appearance a great deal of talking and laughing went on, not unmixed with some of the usual exclamations of regret which must be heard at every wedding, no matter how much happiness seems to be in the future.

"Oh, it's all very well for you, Nan," Joan Rolf was saying. "Dr. Barlow is your guardian, or something like it, and of course it makes Annie all the nearer to you to have him marry her; but I wonder if she'll seem just the same to us." Joan had shot up into a tall girl during the one year since that 27th of May when Nan "came into her own again," and if her old antics were in no way forgotten, she had acquired something more like a dignity of demeanor when occasion required it.

"Of course we can't expect her to seem *quite* the same," said Laura, whose seventeen years' wisdom, combined with a great deal of good sense, usually made her opinions listened to with respect. "But only think how we should have felt if she had married a stranger!"

There was comfort in this suggestion, and the whole party fell to discussing how soon Annie was likely to be ready, whether Dr. Barlow would be prompt, and if the few guests invited for the breakfast at Mrs. Vandort's hotel would be sure to be ready.

The door opened in the midst of these conjectures, and Dr. Barlow, looking very bright and happy, with Lance, came into the room.

Nan started forward. "Oh, Dr. Barlow," she said, smiling, "Annie will be here in a moment. She promised Phyllis to come in before we went to the church, that Phyllis might see her for the last time."

Everybody laughed at Nan's way of putting it, especially as by the wish of both young people the wedding was to be so simple that it really seemed, as Annie said herself, scarcely anything of a break at all; only as Phyllis was not yet strong enough to be present in the church, Annie had wanted one word with her before starting. A moment later there was another opening of the door, this time to admit Colonel and Mrs. Vandort, Tina Farquhar, whom they had brought from her school, and the lovely bride herself.

As they all surrounded her to look at her pretty, simple bridal attire, Annie laughingly declared that she would not be inspected in such a fashion until after the ceremony was over, and so she darted away in the midst of their exclamations, crossing the hall to Phyllis's room.

The Rolfs had been a year abroad, and amid many results the happiest was Phyllis's new strength, now so established a fact that another summer would see her almost well again. She had walked about the rooms, once or twice had ventured into the gardens, and each week seemed to bring back some of the missing suppleness and bloom. If actual vigor had not come, there was at least its promise, and on this day as Annie stood before her it surely seemed as if the look, the voice, the manner, belonged to the Phyllis of older days.

"I'll see you before we start away," Annie said, when the happy good-byes were exchanged. "And, oh, Phyl! it won't be long before you are all in Rolf House once again. Nan is so anxious for it, bless her darling heart! Good-by now;" and Annie, bestowing a last kiss, hurried back to the parlor, and the party started off in great good-humor.

Two hours later an excited, gayly talking, and merrily laughing company returned to find Phyllis on the sofa in the parlor ready to hear all they had to tell her, to comfort Tina, who insisted on being melancholy, and to laugh Joan out of her conviction that Annie, *their* Annie, was lost to them. Young Mrs. Barlow and her husband, stopping for a moment on the way to the train, put an end to all such sentiments; and when the party had watched them drive away, and resumed their every-day dresses, Lance announced that he had a budget of home news in his pocket. "Which I was afraid to give you," he remarked, producing a thick letter, "until this excitement was over."

A chorus of voices hailed the sight of dear Miss Amy's handwriting as Nan took the letter, for of all of their home correspondents she was the most satisfactory, and even the fact that they were so soon to return did not prevent her going into all manner of interesting details about those who formed their special circle.

And so the happy party gathered again around Phyllis's sofa, and if there was one thing more than another that could tend to brighten that happy day and to fill Nan's heart with a blissful sense of contentment, it was a letter from the dearly loved friend they had left behind at Beverley.

Rolf House had been closed since they left, but now Miss Rogers was preparing it for their return. "It is ever so nice to see all the rooms look so like themselves," she wrote. "Mrs. Travers and David are there nearly all the time, and Marian comes over to help whenever she can leave her mother, who is failing very much, poor woman. The Emporium is highly successful. I am inclined to give Marian credit for much more business talent than any of you girls had. She has classes of over twenty now—little Jenny Morison being her 'right-hand' worker, and the cottage always looks bright and cheerful. Philip is working away still at the lithographer's, but will go to New York as soon as you return, he says. David Travers is going to Mr. Holsman's shop next week. My brother found the situation for him, and he has done so well at his work I don't think you need fear his getting along.

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"'HOME AGAIN, NAN,' WHISPERED LANCE."

Janey Powers is thriving under Marian's care, and Jim, you will be glad to know, is in a steady place, and always speaks with the hope of pleasing you by the good character he has earned in Beverley. I wonder if I have given you all the home news? Oh, I must add a word about Bob Farquhar. His uncle came from California unexpectedly, and as Bob was in a restless frame of mind, he suggested taking him out West, and last Saturday they departed. Betty is very happy at Mrs. Leigh's, and really quite a nice child in many ways. I hope you are not tired of your bargain to keep Tina. Her mother and father seem very willing you should have her," etc., etc., etc.

The cheerful letter rambled on, and as she read, Nan seemed to see Rolf House and all its dear associations rise vividly before her.

Yes, they would all be glad to be home again! The year had been pleasant and fruitful, but home was dearer than ever, and although they had kept up studies faithfully, yet Nan's guardians felt with her that something more was needed. As soon as they returned, she and Joan were to have regular daily lessons, with which home duties and pleasures could be cheerfully combined.

Two months later, a happy party were assembled on the deck of an ocean steamer, watching with eager eyes and beating hearts the shore of the "mother-land" ahead of them.

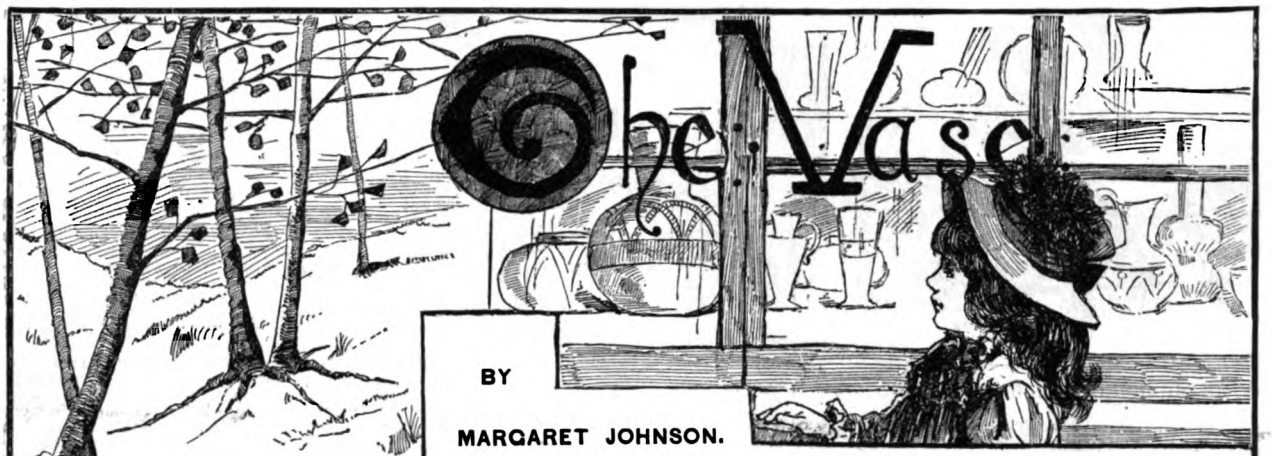
"Home again, Nan," whispered Lance to his cousin, as with Joan she stood straining her eyes for the first clear outline of the harbor. "Home, work, and happiness at Rolf House."

Nan turned one of her "shining" looks upon the tall, manly young fellow at her side, and with Joan's hand in hers, Phyllis bright and almost well again, home so near, it seemed to the young girl as though happiness, with strength to be humble in it, was really hers.

An eagerness to take up with joy the work of that home life filled Nan's heart, and Lance and Joan looking at her, understood it, but perhaps even they did not wholly understand what feeling lay the very deepest; what thoughts stirred her inmost soul; of the "great and small" things ahead of her in what Nan meant all her life to call humbly only her "servitude."

THE END.

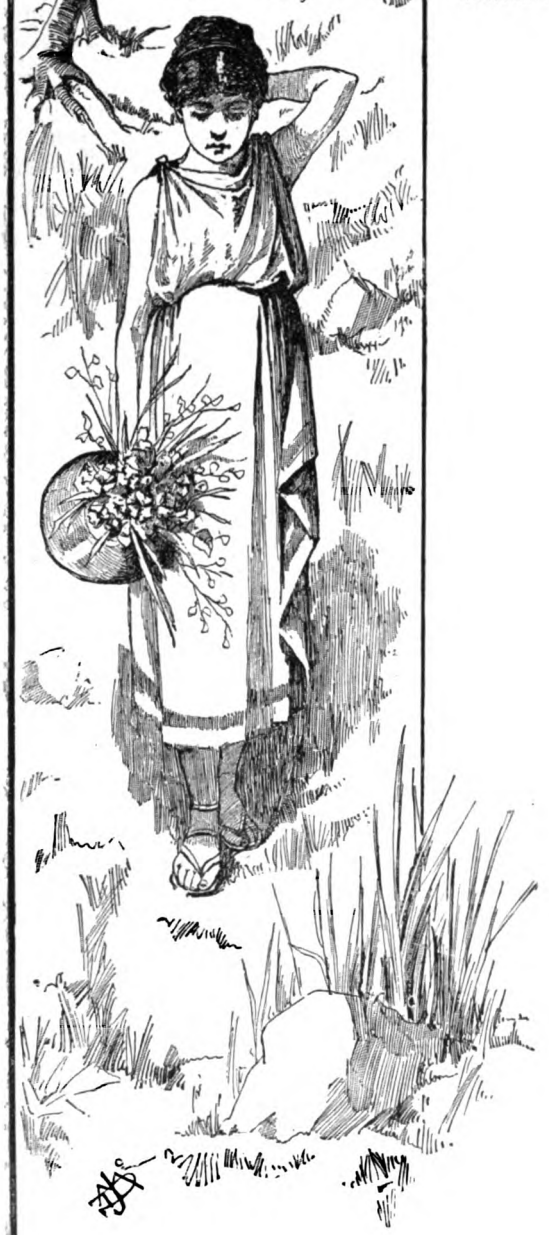
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# The Vase.

BY

MARGARET JOHNSON.



THEY had sent her for the water,
On that summer morning fair,
Where, upon the mossy mountain,
Bubbled cool the crystal fountain,
And the maidens filled their vases,
Laughing at their own bright faces
Mirrored there.

Heedless of her mother's warning,
Up the path she wandered slow,
Ever from the pathway straying,
Paused, with idle steps delaying,
Plucked the blossoms one by one,
Nodding in the noonday sun,
Long ago.

Filled her vase with blooming grasses,
While a dreamy questioning
Stirred within her girlish bosom,
Why her pitcher, bright with blossom,
Should be light as air to carry,
While her footsteps few might tarry
At the spring,

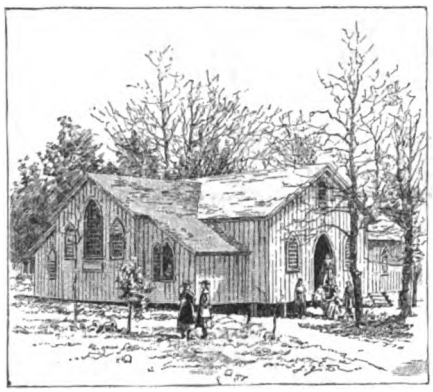
And should grow so strangely heavy,
Tire her slender arms so soon,
When, its dewy brim o'erfilling,
Home she went, with heart unwilling,
With the water from the spring
'Twas her daily task to bring
Morn and noon.

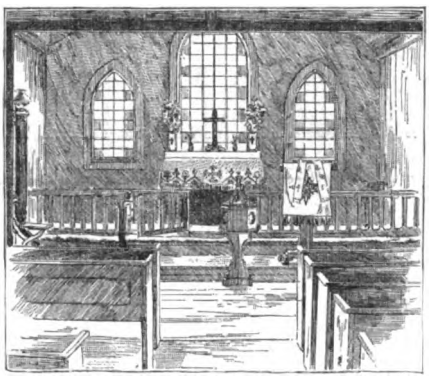
On the ground she cast her flowers
When the water gurgled low,
Smiled into the dimpling fountain.
Lightly down the sunny mountain,
With her brimming pitcher laden,
Homeward went the little maiden,
Long ago.

In the quiet old museum
Stands a little maid to-day,
Blue eyes bright with thoughts unspoken,
Gazing at a pitcher, broken,
Stained, and ugly, on the shelf,
Whispers to her wondering self,
"Yes, they say

"That those queer old Romans used it,"
With her sunny face aglow.
Pauses she awhile to ponder,
Whispers, "Is it true, I wonder,
That old vase belonged, maybe,
To a little girl like me,
Long ago?"

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THE CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR, WOODSIDE, NEAR LINCOLNTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

"WHY have we the picture of a church in our Post-office Box this week?" Do I hear the question from hundreds of fresh young voices, while thousands of bright eyes look with eager interest at the twin views, one showing the church from the outside and the other representing its pretty, comfortable interior? Why, indeed? For the very good reason, children, that we readers and little correspondents of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have had a great deal to do with building the beautiful Church of Our Saviour, at Woodside, near Lincolnton, North Carolina. Mrs. Alice Richardson—you all know her name—has for several years been working very hard among the poor people, both white and black, who live near her home. Some of the latter were once her slaves, and after they became free they refused to leave their mistress, and clung to her loyally. Among them was old Uncle Pete, who, with his daughter Ida and several other merry children, were the first pupils in Mrs. Richardson's Sunday-school. This Sunday-school, and the little sewing-school which this kind lady holds once or twice during the week, that clumsy fingers may be taught to sew, have been crowded, and summer and winter an immense amount of good has been done to the souls and bodies of the people, young and old, who have been taught by Mrs. Richardson and her family. Her own children and her sister, who all read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, have helped in the school, and in the church which has grown out of the school, in the most unselfish way.

The idea of the church came from a gentleman in Philadelphia, whose children take this paper, and who read about the school in the Post-office Box. Mrs. Richardson says, by-the-bye, that she could never possibly have carried on this work but for the assistance our young readers have given her in money, in books and illustrated papers, in clothing for the destitute, and in materials for sewing. These have been sent to her from places both remote and near—from North, South, East, and West. At Easter and Christmas she has always been bountifully remembered, and her pupils owe their delightful festivals to little friends who have learned all about them from the Post-office Box.

The gentleman above mentioned raised enough money among his friends to build the little church, which, as Mrs. Richardson observes in a letter to the Postmistress, "is the prettiest church in the county, and simply beautiful in our eyes. In shape it is a perfect cross. It is all done except the belfry, bell, and paint." An organ, too, is wanted very much. "The little instrument which for nearly five years has been a comfort and help is worn out, nearly half the keys either will not sound at all or sound an octave too high, making the strangest music!!! as you may imagine."

If any of our readers desire to assist in the completion of this beautiful church, or in any way to aid in this mission work, they may write for further particulars or send their gifts, whether large or small, to Mrs. Alice Richardson, Woodside, near Lincolnton, North Carolina.

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ATLANTIC, IOWA.

I have been ill for a week, and now that I am better I will write and tell you about a trip I took last summer, with my father and mother, in northwestern Nebraska and Dakota. We left the railroad at Valentine, the terminus then, and friends met us with covered wagons, and we went 130 miles west to Rushville, where my uncle's ranch is. There we formed a company of fourteen people in three wagons. We carried two tents to sleep in, and some slept in wagons. I was in the baggage-wagon while crossing the Niobrara River, when we got into a bed of quicksand, and began to sink slowly. The men had to hurry and unload and get us out, and they got the mules out just as their backs were going under water. The Niobrara is between Rushville and Valentine.

We enjoyed going through Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, where there are 60,000 Indians that our government is feeding and educating. They are Sioux and White River Utes mostly. They call their wigwams *teepees;* some are made of skins, and some of canvas. Dr. McGillycody is the agent. He gave us an Indian guide to take us through safely. One night, while we were encamped, they had a powwow so near that we heard all the noise. It was frightful. They sang, cried, laughed, danced, and drummed on old pans. It frightened our mules so that the men had to stay by them. Our guide left us at White River, where he gave me his *quirt* (whip). The river takes its color from the whitish clay which it runs through. There is nothing interesting about it.

We soon came to the Cheyenne River, which is beautiful where we crossed it. Everything petrifies in its waters. We brought home a great many specimens for our cabinet, such as petrified fish, pieces of snakes, shells, pine knots, and chips and pieces of wood large enough for hitching-posts, if we could only bring them away; and we had a large bottle of alcohol in which we put every living thing we could find small enough—horned toads, black and light-colored lizards, large grasshoppers, locusts, and fishes.

We passed through a portion of the Bad Lands, where there are no trees, hardly any grass, but plenty of cactus, and where we could dig in the ground and find petrified skeletons of large and strange animals. But the Buttes were the strangest things of all: some clay ones were tall and straight, others were as high as a two-story house, and many were very large, and looked as if they had been thrown up like volcanoes, and seemed like melted glass or sand. Just before we reached the Black Hills we came to a little fertile spot where there were farms and nice fields of wheat and corn, but they had to irrigate their land. The Hills were splendid; I should like to live there.

We stopped over a day at Hot Springs. The water is very warm—baths made right in the rock form natural bath-tubs. The water from the springs flows into Fall River. Right near there it has a fall of 100 feet; and near that, where the roar of the water is so loud, is a cave where the stage-robbers used to hide in a large room in the rock. I was glad when we were out of it.

We were all sorry to turn toward home. All felt as if we could learn more about the country travelling in that way than in the cars. Now the railroad is extended 100 miles west of Valentine.

I am eleven years old, have three brothers, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was first published. This is the first letter I have ever written to you, for I don't like to write.

FREDERICK L.

For a boy who confesses that he does not like to write, and who is only eleven, Frederick writes extremely well. What a famous way of studying geography this is—to go driving about a new country, and seeing everything with wide-open eyes, having adventures, and coming home with a stock of pleasant memories!

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THE FERNS, BALHAM, LONDON.

I have never written to you before. I am nearly twelve years old. We go down to Hayling every year. I will write again when we come home from the sea-side and tell you what I did there. I have only one pet, and that is a cat: its name is Tommy. I think this is the first letter you have had from Balham. My little sister Janet is so fond of reading the letters in the Post-office Box that she thought she would write, and so she did. I have an auntie going away to New Zealand; she gave me a writing-desk. I have made a night-dress case. I am so fond of work! We have not taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very long, but I always look forward for its coming.

BEATRICE F. J.

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DOLE, ABERYSTWYTH, WALES.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Seeing letters from all parts of the world in the Post-office Box, I am incited to write to you from picturesque Wales. I live in a country village called Dole, which is about five miles from the town of Aberystwyth, the queen of Welsh watering-places. I go to school daily, and my master has taken such pains about the school that all the children feel quite at home there. He has formed a museum, which consists of collections of curiosities from different parts of the world. Among other things in it are some Zulu weapons and a whale's jaw-bone. There is also a small library in the school. We were examined a few months ago, and I am glad to be able to write to the Post-office Box that our school far outstripped the other schools in this county, and Mr. Evans, the school-master, gave each of the best children a handsome prize. My brother Edwin has a violin and a rabbit, and he delights so much in the rabbit that father sometimes is angry with him, because he devotes too much time to his rabbit and too little to his violin. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. With much love to yourself, and hoping you will print this, I remain your little friend, MARGARET J.

I am so pleased to have a bright little Welsh correspondent.

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BRIGHTON, ENGLAND.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number issued in England, and I think it is the very nicest children's paper that is printed. I am very much interested in the serial story, "Rolf House," especially so as the heroine Nan is of my own age. Brighton is called the queen of watering-places, and I think it deserves its name. I love the sea, especially when the great waves dash over the beach. I have two sisters, and am older than they. I have no pets except a little black dog called Gypsy. I hope you will think this little note worthy of a place in the Post-office Box, I should be so proud to see it there. Will you tell me, dear Postmistress, if you think my handwriting very bad for a girl of my age? It is considered so. I must end now with love and best wishes.

FLOSSIE C. (aged fifteen).

Your writing is beautiful, Flossie. What are people thinking about to express any other opinion?

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JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

We have just received jugs from our Sunday-school. We put in all the pennies we can, and at the end of three months we have a grand breaking time, or entertainment, as the minister calls it. After the songs and recitations are over, some one takes a hammer and breaks the jugs, and then the money is counted, and the one who has the most is rewarded either by having his or her name read before all the people, or else by a present. Across the street from our house there is a ball-ground, and to-day they are having a match for the Pedestal Fund. We can see them playing from the front window upstairs. I am one of the highest in my class at day school, and I am going to receive a testimonial. I did not begin to collect curiosities until this spring, but I have quite a big box full already. I have some shells that came from India and some that came from China. Among the presents that I received last Christmas are two scrap-books, and I have just been cutting out some very pretty pictures to paste in them. LILLIAN B.

You forgot to tell us to what good use the money in the jugs is devoted.

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I had begun to fear that nobody meant to notice my suggestion about the breakfast table, when here came this bright letter:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—In a recent number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE I saw that you wanted the readers to write about "A Journey round the Breakfast Table." This morning we had Java coffee. Just think how far it had travelled before it reached our table! It was first planted by the natives of Java; as a small seed it sprung up out of the ground; the little stalk grew and grew, until it became a large coffee plant; it bloomed, and soon the flowers dropped off, leaving the little pods of coffee; when they ripened they were plucked, dried, packed, and sent to New York city. I suppose the oatmeal we had was raised in Maryland or Virginia; it was at

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first like the common oats which the horses eat, but it was ground very fine, so that we could cook and eat it, with nice fresh milk which the cow gave us. With the milk we use sugar, which was raised in Louisiana. When the cane is ripe the negroes cut it, boil it down in vats or tubs, and set it to cool. They take the juice off the top and use it for molasses, and the sugar left in the bottom of the vat is boiled down a second time, and goes through the same process again. It is then made into different kinds of sugar, packed, and sent all over the world. Then comes the bread. How many people have worked hard to make that one loaf of bread, from the farmer to the baker!

I would tell of the other things we had, but it would make my letter too long.

Your devoted reader, DRUSILLA T.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I have among my other pets two little canary-birds, and the one that I have had the longest and like the best has on the top of his head a little black spot that looks like a peach-pit. His name is Pet, and when I first received him he was very wild, but after a while he would bite and peck at my finger when I put it in the cage, but he has never let me go any farther with him, and sometimes when I let him fly around my room it is hard work to catch him. Perhaps if you own a bird you can tell me how to tame mine? CARRIE S.

Some bird-lover who has succeeded in making birdie familiar may reply to Carrie.

## WHAT THE OAK-TREE SAID.

Once I was a little acorn
Lying on my mossy bed,
Gazing at the leafy forest
Or the sunshine overhead.

Soon the gentle rains of spring-time
Washed me down beneath the sod;
Little those who walked above me
Thought what lay whereon they trod.

For a time I lay in darkness,
But well then did I know
That the time would soon be coming
When I would begin to grow.

At the dawn of a few more spring-times—
Ah! the time seemed short to me—
Here, instead of a little acorn,
Now I stand a grand old tree.

BESSIE B. (aged 13).

COLUMBIA, CONNECTICUT.

I am a boy nine years old. All the pets I have are a cat and a heifer; the cat's name is Maltese, and the heifer's name is Beauty. I live on a farm, two miles and a half from the central part of the town, with my grandfather. My uncle and aunt in Providence send me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present. I like "Raising the 'Pearl,'" "Wakulla," "Nan," "Rolf House," "Dick and D.," and the pictures and puzzles. I send a few puzzles, which I hope you will print, as this is my first letter to you. My favorite authors are Howard Pyle, Kirk Munroe, James Otis, Mrs. Lillie, Ernest Ingersoll, and Allan Forman. Good-by. CLAUDE H.

Thanks for the puzzles.

COLUMBIA, CONNECTICUT.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl six years old. My brother has HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like Nan and the Post-office Box very much, and I wanted to write you a letter too. One day, when I was four years old, my mamma took me sliding, and when we slid across the ice my kitty slid too. Blackie was its name, and it was more than twelve years old. It was funny to see him run and slide. A year ago last Christmas my aunt gave me a doll. Her name is Jennie. I play with her almost every day. A few days ago a cousin gave me a dollie's tea set. In the summer grandpa makes me a little flower bed all my own. I go to school now. I study reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, and geography. Last term the teacher taught us geography from the maps; this summer we are using the book. In vacation, when the cousins come, we have nice times. I am almost seven. My birthday is in June. Last year I had a party. One of my school-mates had a birthday party last February. Good-by.

From your little friend, ENID M. H.

Here is another breakfast-table letter:

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—At our breakfast we usually have tea and coffee, milk, sugar, bread and butter, beefsteak, and some kind of potatoes. Tea comes from China. The coffees that we use are Rio and Java; the former comes from Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, a country of South America, and the latter comes from Java, an island of the East Indies, from which it gets its name. The milk we get is from an Alderney cow: it is good and rich, and is the only drink we children have. Sugar comes from the sugar-cane, which grows in Louisiana and Texas. The wheat from which our bread is made comes from Minnesota. The creamery butter comes from Elgin, Illinois. The beef comes from the stock markets of Chicago. Potatoes are raised on our farm. The best oatmeal comes from Scotland. Pepper grows on a climbing shrub, and is cultivated in the East and West Indies. In the summer we have tomatoes, which grow in our garden. Good-by. This is from your constant readers, LYDIA and JANE M.

BARRY, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl nine years old, and I have one sister who is eleven. I have three pet kittens, and their names are Blaine, Logan, and Dan Deronda; and I have two pet chickens, and their names are Pete and Jim, and two birds. Don't you think I have enough pets? Papa, mamma, sister, and myself all went to New Orleans last February, and staid three weeks. If you print this letter, I think my sister will write you a letter and tell you of some of the beautiful things we saw in New Orleans. EDNA LOUISE B.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

My favorite story is "Rolf House," by Lucy C. Lillie. I have only two pets—namely, a white cat named Tottie and a playful little kitten which we call Frisk. But I am a great lover of cats, and so am contented with these two pets. My sister has a pet cat that weighs twenty-eight pounds. It is very handsomely marked, and somewhat resembles a tiger. I would like to correspond with girls about thirteen or fourteen years old living in Texas, Minnesota, or California. GEORGIE N. RICHMOND,
22¼ Patchen Avenue.

BABYLON, LONG ISLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—This is the third letter we have written to you. We hope to see this in print, as the others were not. We like your paper so very much, and it will be a great satisfaction to see you remember us. We are two friends, and live just opposite each other.

NINA and JOSEPHINE.

GUILFORD, KANSAS.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have been going to school, but there is none now. I walked a mile and a half to school. I study reading, arithmetic, geography, and spelling. I have taken your nice little paper four months, and like it very much. I have no pets except a little black dog; his name is Fritz; but we have a good many little chickens. MAMIE H. M.

STONEHOUSE, BROADSTAIRS, ENGLAND.

I think "Rolf House" is a delightful story, and I am very sorry to have missed "Nan," but I did not take your paper then. For pets I have four fan-tailed pigeons. My sister Margaret and I have them between us. Two of them are only just hatched. I like living by the sea very much, and though there are a great many east winds, we do not get them much, because our house is so protected by trees. Last year, in October, there was a ship wrecked on the Goodwin Sands. It was a timber ship, and it caught fire just in front of our windows. Every one was saved, but it burned for forty-eight hours. I watched from the window, and saw it get quite red all over; then it broke into pieces, and floated all about. Margaret and I have got a cooking stove and a room to cook in; we have great fun, and make lots of things. I study English, French, German, Latin, and music. Good-by. I am just fourteen, and my name is RUTH.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—In answer to Clyde W.'s question about Easter Day, I write this letter. Easter Day, on which the other movable feasts depend, is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the 21st day of March, and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after. This is the definition in our Prayer-book. I attend the Protestant Episcopal Church, and love to attend the services every holy day.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE five years, and think it grows more interesting every year. I like "Rolf House" very much, and think it very sad for Phyllis to be a cripple, but I hope she will get well.

Your devoted reader, HELEN W. G.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—My little sisters have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it began, and in looking over the correspondence I have frequently been much interested in the anecdotes of animals. Now I think I can tell you about as curious a thing concerning two little dogs as you have ever heard. These little creatures, a Scotch terrier and a Skye, belong to a friend of mine, who witnessed the following incident with her own eyes.

One day the maid gave the Skye a bone, seeing which Scotchie set to work to plan a way of obtaining it. After apparently thinking for some moments, he jumped up and ran barking furiously to the door. Skye, supposing some one must be there, dropped his bone and rushed to join his voice with Scotchie's. This was precisely what Scotchie was aiming at, for, having successfully distracted Skye's attention, he ran back and took his bone. Now if the story ended here we should consider Scotchie a very sagacious animal, but when I tell you that three minutes after Skye played Scotchie's own trick himself, and with equal success, you will not know what to think. MARION.

HIGH STREET, BRENTWOOD.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I hope you are quite well. My sister had a cat, but we lost it; I hope we shall have another. There will be a Bazar at the Town-hall the 14th and 15th of this month. I think I am going to it. Mamma made some nice things for the stalls. My sisters are going to help serve at the refreshment stall. We have taken in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the 1st of November, and like it very much; I like "Rolf House," and I always read the Post-office Box. I have five brothers and three sisters; my youngest brother is five and I am eleven years old. I must conclude now.

I am your loving friend, ETHEL G.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

We are two little girls nearly ten years old, aunt and niece. We have just begun to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, although the older ones took it when they were young too. We have two younger little girls in our family, Minnie and Marguerite. We have two dogs that mamma says are as good as a nurse, because they will not let any one touch us. We had a good laugh over your story of the goat and overshoe supper. We would write more, but it would take too much space in the Post-office Box.

ZOE B. and FINETTE P.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A RIDDLE.

I run all day alone, but can not run a race.

HORACE F. LUNT.

No. 2.

THREE NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

1.—I am composed of 18 letters.
My 3, 8, 6 is a number.
My 8, 7, 3, 14, 18, 16 is a conjunction.
My 4, 15, 16, 6, 8, 18 is a troublesome insect.
My 12, 10, 7, 1, 18 is a sound.
My 11, 12, 9 is a carpenter's tool.
My 2, 17, 6, 5 is a girl's name.
My whole is the name of a distinguished novelist. THREE LITTLE ONES.

2.—I am composed of 10 letters.
My 3, 4, 5, 10 is a common cereal.
My 1, 6, 7, 2 is a tropical production.
My 9, 5, 2 is something taken from a mine.
My 8, 7 is commonly used to designate an object. EDITH H.

3.—I am composed of 11 letters.
My 7, 8, 10 is a cave.
My 1, 2, 4, 10, 5, 6 is a girl's name.
My 11, 9, 7 is not cheerful.
My 7, 6, 3, 7 is void of life.
My whole is a heroine of Sir Walter Scott.

EMMA FAY.

No. 3.

A PUZZLE.

Five characters started together the other day on a journey to Washington, and occupied the same car. They were a mother, an aunt, a daughter, a sister, and a cousin. At the station the daughter alighted. How many persons did she leave in the car? JACK TRUMPETER.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 293

No. 1.—Stella. Knife.

No. 2.—
C A M E
A R E
M E
E

No. 3.—
H E A R
E D D A
A D A R
R A R E

No. 4.—
N
T E A
N E E D S
A D D
S

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Emily Sexton, Julia Ainslie, Roger D., Theodore Elliot, J. D. C., Mollie Sharra, E Nevergold, Finzer, Ropke and Watts, Eleanor Curtiss, May Kincaid, Jesse Fritz, Louis J. Wilson, May Molloy, C. E. T., Thomas Williams, C. A. Rosengarten, Benjamin Eaman, V. Kate Adams, Lottie Sims, Cockade City, Allie Ellis, and Ivy Hulsey.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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"Don't you find this warm weather very *depressive*, Mrs. Brown?"
"Oh yes, Mrs. Smith; my Child is so *'lustrated* by it that I have to feed her on Lemonade and Charlotte *Roosters* all the time."

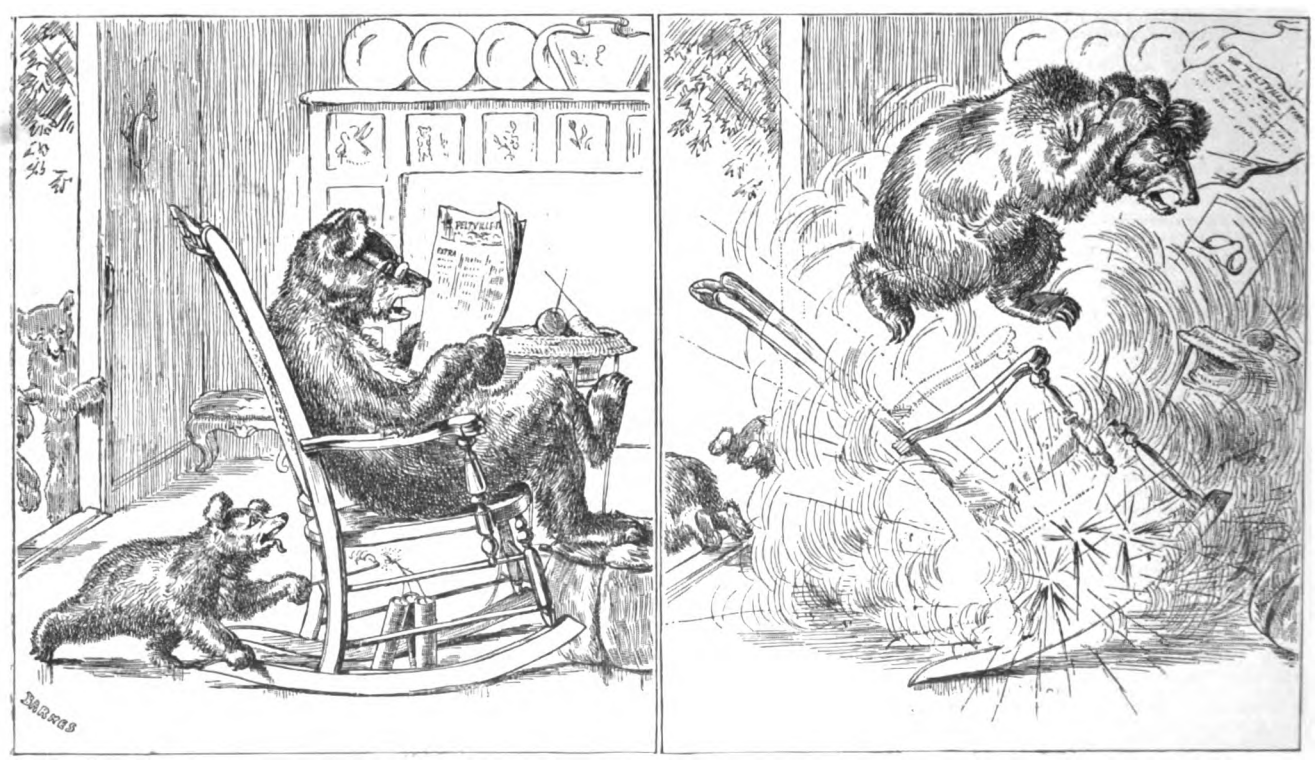
## GENERAL CUSTER AND HIS MOTHER.

THE hardest trial of my husband's life was parting with his mother. Such partings were the only occasions when I ever saw him lose entire control of himself, and I always looked forward to the hour of their separation with dread.

For hours before we started I have seen him follow his mother about, whispering some comforting word to her, or, opening the closed door of her own room, where, woman-like, she fought out her grief alone, sit beside her as long as he could endure it. She had been an invalid for so many years that each parting seemed to her the final one. Her groans and sobs were heart-rending. She clung to him every step when he started to go, and, exhausted at last, was led back half fainting to her lounge.

The General would rush out of the house, sobbing like a child, and then throw himself into the carriage beside me, completely unnerved. I could only give silent comfort. My heart bled for him, and in the long silence that followed as we journeyed on, I knew that his thoughts were with his mother. At our first stop he was out of the cars in an instant, buying fruit to send back to her. Before we were even unpacked in the hotel where we made our first stay of any length he had dashed off a letter. I have since seen those missives. No matter how hurriedly he wrote, they were proofs of the tenderest, most filial love, and full of the prophecies he never failed to make of the reunion that he felt would soon come.*

* From *Boots and Saddles; or, Life in Dakota with General Custer*. By ELIZABETH B. CUSTER. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



"THE FOURTH" AT PELTYVILLE.

MRS. BRUIN (*reading of dynamite explosions in England*). "Dear me! how very shocking! I wonder how any one ever dares to go to sleep in such a country. Now, in our peaceful land—"

BANG!!!

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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 297. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JULY 7, 1885.
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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



## FRIJA, THE ICE-KING'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYES.

I.

IF you have never seen an ice palace, you can have no idea how beautiful it is, all gleaming and glittering and sparkling, as if the sunshine had been caught and caged in a web of diamonds. The one where Frija, the little snow maiden, lived was of this description. It was on the top of a very high iceberg ever so far north of

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Greenland, and from its turrets and slender pinnacles one could look for miles over the snow-fields and the deep green sea. The only objection to the palace was its insecurity. There was always danger when the sun shone too fiercely, and when the hanging icicles began to drip from the graceful eaves everybody looked serious. An old wizard had predicted that Frija would see the destruction of her home long before she made her appearance as a snow maiden, and so great care was taken in the choice of a palace for her by the Ice King, who owned many magnificent mountains (or bergs) in his vast kingdom near the north pole.

The Ice King regarded the sun as his worst enemy, notwithstanding all the beautiful beams and rays of color which the sun sent him every year as gifts and proofs of friendliness, and no one was allowed to say a word in his favor—"A fine dull day" or "A beautiful storm" being the proper way in which to speak of the weather in the Ice King's dominions.

Frija had never been allowed to ride on her sledge or play with her pet seals on a sunshiny day. On the contrary, when the sun shone she was taken to the caves beneath the deep green sea, and kept there till the clouds were gray again, and the air keen with falling snow. It was a wonder that her own little heart did not freeze, as the Ice King's had done long ago, but, strange to say, she was as merry and warm-hearted as if she had lived in the tropics, and been kissed by the genial sun every morning.

Perhaps this was due to the strange nurse she had. A great, fat, motherly white bear was her foster-mother, and two cunning little cubs her playmates; and so warm and frolicsome were they that Frija, when tired of play, nestled down in their embrace, as upon the downiest pillows. She would have had a lonely time if it had not been for these companions, as the Ice King was so hated and feared that no one ever visited him except a few hardy seamen, who usually paid for their rashness with their lives.

Frija was as pretty as a snow-flake, as round and as white, with soft seal-brown eyes and hair. She wore a little tunic made of gauze woven from the fibre of the pine-apple—for everything foreign was as much sought after in the Ice King's realm as elsewhere—and the thinnest garments were worn, so much was heat dreaded. A string of amber beads glistened on her white throat, but no shoes or stockings ever touched her tiny feet as she slipped up and down the steep stairs of the ice palace, shod only with a curious sandal made of braided strips of leather on which were tiny shell ornaments. These sandals had been brought to Frija by the wizard whose prediction was so feared, and she had always to wear them that in case the ice palace was threatened with danger she might escape in safety, the sandals possessing a peculiar power.

One glorious morning the sun was sending his golden beams full on the face of the ice palace, and Frija had, as usual, been sent to the caverns beneath the sea, when a cry of terror came from a herd of sea-lions on watch as coast-guards. A great crashing and cracking was heard, as of artillery, and in an instant the huge iceberg, with its palace flashing in every brilliant color—violet, rose, gold, and green—floated off from the shore, and mighty waves dashed and foamed and roared between it and the mainland.

It happened that the King had gone that morning with a great retinue to hold court at the very pole, leaving only a few faithless attendants in charge of Frija, who, learning that she was alone, left the caverns and mounted to the top of the palace, there beholding the catastrophe so long before foretold. To be sure, this was but the beginning, but no one could suppose that the end was far off, as with mighty and majestic motion the berg sailed away on the broad bosom of the ocean.

"We are lost! we are lost!" cried every one, and so great was the fear that they all cast themselves from the floating berg, in the vain hope of reaching shore. Alas! not one reached it, and Frija found herself sole possessor of the ice palace, the peaks and points of which were already melting and falling in a multitude of silvery rivulets down the berg's side.

The child gazed about her with terrified yet triumphant looks. She was too young to know all that this meant, and the wild delight of freedom had been born in her; besides, a King's daughter soon learns whom to trust. Among all her attendants none had really won her love but her fond foster-mother, who was now pacing the shore in restless anxiety at seeing not only Frija, but her two cubs, sailing rapidly out of sight.

On they went with resistless force, the great waves yielding before and pressing on behind, the blue sky above them, and the limitless ocean spreading out its welcoming arms. In all this mighty solitude Frija lifted up her voice and sang a wild little chant of joy:

"Birds have their wings,
And why not I?
So Frija sings
To sea and sky;
Away, away,
We float, we fly!"

Tired of singing, she wandered down to where the whining cubs were lying, and with an arm about each, watched the waning light of the short Northern day, the stars blossoming, and the streaming bands of the aurora borealis. Then, before night closed in, she gathered her arms full of the jelly-like moss which was stored in the ice caverns, and fed the cubs and herself, using what was left as a bed, whereon she slept until the sun awakened her, and she found herself on a broad slab of ice, which was all that was left of the palace.

Still no fear oppressed her, for in the darkness and silence of the night the berg had been swept southward into a warm current, and was nearing a shore which Frija had never before seen.

With a strange wonder she beheld trees—a stunted growth of pines, but to her eyes appearing lofty, higher than any of the tiny shrubs which had been brought to her as curiosities. All day they sailed thus beside the shore, the trees growing higher and thicker, the land less level, and the sun shining with more and more force. The cubs lapped eagerly at the streams upon the surface of the ice, and Frija was glad to stoop and do the same, but the greater heat seemed to act differently upon her form, for she shivered and wished for a warm reindeer-skin such as was spread upon her sledge. Again the night closed down, and the shining stars twinkled and winked at her, but her eyes were sleepy and the gladness gone from her little heart. The cubs moaned for their mother, and Frija wept in sympathy. Sleep soothed their sorrow, but before the rosy dawn kissed their eyelids came another great bump and crash, and the floating ice block shook to its depths.

II.

"Quick, quick, mamma!" cried little Peter, Prince of Petersland; "come to the garden with me and see the lovely statue I made last evening with my own hands. John lent me a trowel and I heaped the snow into a ball, and then I cut and carved it into a little figure no bigger than sister Trudie. Come before it melts;" and the child in hot haste drew his mother from her fire and warm cushions down the terrace steps and into the high-railed court he called his garden.

The air was keen and cold, and the gilded railings sparkled with icy drops. All the bushes and shrubs were laden with icy fruit. The mother drew her velvet mantle close about her as the boy led her on, smiling at his eagerness; but when they reached the corner where he had been playing the day before, she stopped in silent amazement.

What was this figure Peter had carved?—a dream, a vision, a fairy child of snow leading two young bears.

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"Peter! Peter!" cried the mother, "where did this girl come from?"

"I made her, mamma," said Peter, looking puzzled. "I did, indeed; but I made no bears, and this snow girl is prettier even than Trudie. I will touch her and see if she is melting." Whereupon he lifted a long tress of the snow-maiden's hair, and found it like his own.

"Speak to her, Peter," said his mother; "see, she weeps. Poor little child, I wonder she is not frozen."

"She *is* frozen," maintained Peter. "Do you not see she can not speak?"

"That may be because our speech is foreign. I will try her with some other language;" and the lady uttered a few words in various strange tongues.

There was no response, only a mournful glance and a mute gesture.

"We must take her to the castle, and warm and feed her; but the bears I am afraid of. Go, call John to care for them."

"Oh, mamma! let me have them to play with; see, they are like kittens. As for this little girl, she can not be anything but snow, for here I made my figure, and here I find it again;" and giving a push with his impatient little foot, he struck the snow maiden's sandal.

With a quick, keen cry the little figure seemed suddenly to dissolve, so swiftly did it glide away, followed by the bears, and Peter stood looking at the empty corner, aghast.

"Oh, mamma!" he cried, "my little statue is gone—is gone. Why did I push it? It was so pretty!"

"You were too hasty, my dear," said his mother; "a work of art demands patience;" but she looked distressed and perplexed as she led Peter back into the house.

That day a courier was sent from house to house through all Petersland bearing a description of the snow maiden and the bears, but no one had seen or heard of them.

Meanwhile Frija—for she it was—and her bears were struggling through a dense forest. She had found that her sandals carried her too swiftly along for her small companions, so she tied the sandals together and slung them across her shoulders. Through the bare but snow-laden boughs she pushed till she came to a beaten track made by dog sledges, as she could tell by the tiny prints of their paws, and now her little friends began to be uneasy, so that she was obliged to stop and pat them, calling them by their pet names, Koj and Boj.

Re-assured by her kindness, they trotted on again, but their red tongues hung out of their mouths with thirst, and their shaggy sides shook with their panting efforts. On their account she was glad when she saw smoke rising from a distant group of huts, but the cubs, so far from being pleased, now stopped entirely and refused to go on. No urging or petting would induce them to stir; they stubbornly sat on their haunches beneath a rude hut built as a shelter for the dogs, and would not move. Frija knew they were both hungry and thirsty, so tying her sandals on her feet again, she darted away, with the intention of returning as soon as she could procure food for them.

With wonderful speed she reached the first outlying cabin, and peeping in the opening which served for door, window, and chimney all in one, she saw an old woman pounding dried meat in a mortar. Making signs of hunger by pointing to the meat and to her mouth, she induced the old woman to approach and give her food, but it was done with looks of alarm and shrinking, so that Frija drew mournfully away, and would not have made another attempt for her bears had not a little baby crawled toward her, and tried to take the amber beads from her neck. Unfastening them, Frija gave them to the baby, which so pleased the old dame that she drew the little wanderer in, jabbering words of welcome, and loading her down with dried meat, a bottle of reindeer milk, and a bundle of skins. With these Frija departed, going swiftly to the rude dog hut where she had left Koj and Boj, but, to her grief and amazement, the bears were not to be found.

And now for the first time Frija felt the desolation of being alone in a strange land. Daughter of a proud and cruel tyrant, she had never known the fondness of parental love, but for these familiar playmates she had a warm regard, and all her happiest moments had been shared by them. That they had deserted her, probably through fear of dogs, was only too apparent, and she wept aloud in her anguish. Nature seemed to share her misery, for a wailing sound in the pines echoed her mournful lament. Rising and falling like the waves upon the shore came this sad refrain, when suddenly it was broken by a merry "jingle, jingle, jingle," of bells, and the cracking of whips, mingled with the sharp yelps of dogs.

A long train of sledges appeared, laden with packages, in the midst of which was one curious and quaint figure, whom every one addressed as "Father Oluf."

III.

All Petersland was preparing for the coming of Father Oluf, with his goods and treasures, from the far north—piles of furs and skins of seal. He was the only trader who dared to venture in the Ice King's country, and great joy was always manifested when he returned safe and sound. Every house had a welcome for him, and every table was spread bountifully in his honor, each one striving to secure him as a guest.

As the train paused before the castle, Peter's mother, the Lady Olga, went forth muffled in furs to greet Father Oluf, who said:

"Dear lady, I have a visitor for you of only less importance than the fearful Ice King himself; indeed, she is his daughter. I pray you give her welcome."

At once the lady drew back with great dignity, and answered: "You ask too much, Father Oluf. The Ice King is our enemy."

"Well do I know that, dear lady," persisted Father Oluf. "Little do you owe him of kindness. But for sweet charity's sake I crave your good-will for his child. She has met with misfortune, and is a wanderer. I can promise you no reward. The Ice King has no gratitude, no heart. He may even repay your good deed to his child with base behavior—possibly may storm your castle."

"And yet you ask a welcome for her? This is strange indeed."

"It is strange, dear Lady Olga. But Christian charity can do stranger things than this. Look; here she is." And throwing off the bear-skins, Father Oluf bade Frija dismount.

The little snow maiden's sad eyes met those of Lady Olga, whose pride and passion had been so aroused. Whether the sight of her youth and innocence touched a tender chord, or whether Father Oluf's words appealed to her nobler nature, would be hard to say. Certainly Lady Olga's look of proud disdain vanished, and just then little Peter, who had been listening intently, sprang forward, and with a shout of joy and a warm embrace clasped Frija in his arms, crying:

"She is mine, mamma—my little snow statue come back to me. May I not keep her always?"

A warm kiss on Frija's lips from Lady Olga loosened her power of speech, and she too cried:

"Oh, keep me, please keep me. I will be good and obedient."

Lady Olga led little Frija into the castle, where the child for the first time beheld a Christian home. The kiss of welcome which had given her speech went deeply into her heart, and made her glow with sisterly love for Peter and Trudie, whose affection was better than that of the little bears, her former companions.

But despite all the love and happiness bestowed upon Frija—who now is called "Little Snow-flake"—the Ice

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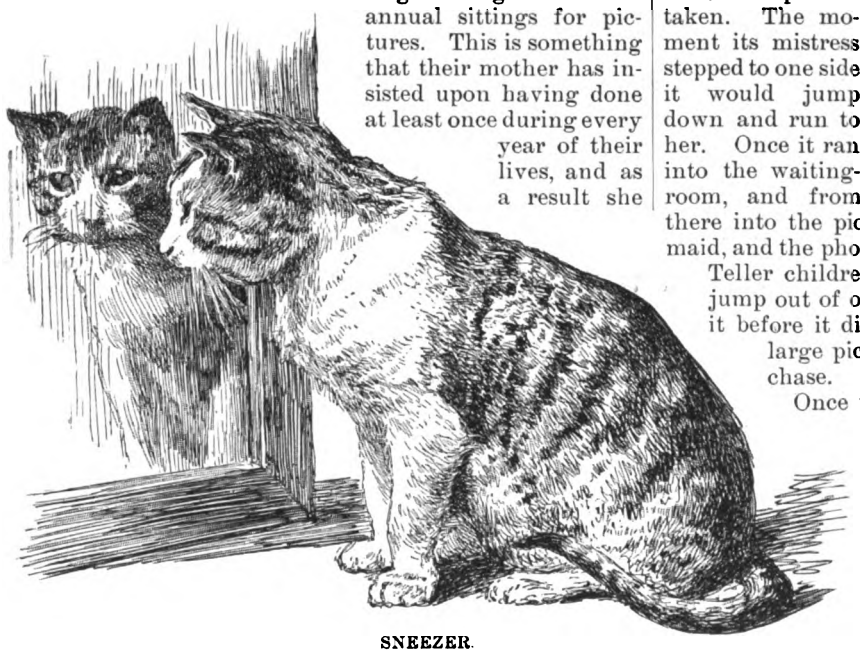
King never ceases to wage war on Petersland. Every year Frija ties on her magical sandals, and speeds away over the snow to visit her father, striving to make him forgiving and gentle; but he turns a cold shoulder upon her, gives her an icy grasp, and bids her begone. Then with sad heart she returns to Petersland, where Trudie and Peter and Lady Olga meet her with smiles and sweet flowers and tender love, soothing her sorrow, and greeting her with fond affection. She never regrets the grandeur of her ice palace, for she has learned that only love and warm hearts can make of any place a home.

## THE ANIMAL ALBUM SOCIETY.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

SCOTT TELLER and his sister Isabel have hit upon a plan that promises them plenty of amusement this summer, even if they do not go out of the city during their vacation.

Not long ago they were both sent to the photographer's to go through with their annual sittings for pictures. This is something that their mother has insisted upon having done at least once during every year of their lives, and as a result she has a magnificent album that contains nothing but Scotts and Isabels. Scott hates to have people look it over, and see pictures of him when he was a little fellow and wore dresses just like a girl; but Isabel enjoys these reminders of her extreme youth, and privately thinks that she was just too lovely and cunning for anything when she was a tiny baby.



SNEEZER.

They had always been taken to the same photographer, and so, of course, had become well acquainted with him, and were always as glad to see him as he was to have them come.

The last time they went they were much amused by the proceedings of a fashionable young lady, who had arrived just before them, and for whom they had to wait. She had come, not to have her own photograph taken, but that of her Petto, a little shivering Italian greyhound.

Petto was brought in by a maid, who carried him in a dainty basket lined with quilted silk, adorned with blue bows, and covered with a little eider-down blanket. When everything was ready for him he was taken from his warm nest and placed on a table facing the camera. On the table had been spread a soft rug, so that his little feet should not get cold, and when Mr. Petto was set upon it the children saw that he wore a silken blanket most exquisitely embroidered.



"LILY VAN PELT'S HOUSE-MAID."

The photographer had no end of trouble with that greyhound. It would not sit still long enough to have its picture taken. The moment its mistress stepped to one side it would jump down and run to her. Once it ran into the waiting-room, and from there into the picture-gallery, while its mistress and her maid, and the photographer and his assistant, and the two Teller children, all tore after it, fearful lest it should jump out of one of the open windows. They caught it before it did so, but not until two easels, holding large pictures, had been upset and broken in the chase.

Once more was Petto set upon the table, and once again was the camera made ready. This time it did not jump down, but only turned toward his mistress and whined dolefully. This was too much for the fashionable but tender-hearted young lady. She sprang to him, seized him in her arms, and pressed him to her heart, saying, "Oh, ze 'ittle bit of a bootiful doggie! it s'an't be aboosed any longer."

She paid the photographer's big bill for his time and for the damage done to his studio, and went off, with her Petto borne by the maid in its silk-lined basket, but without any photograph.

"There!" said the photographer to the Teller children as the door closed behind this fashionable party; "that



MR. BOUNCER.

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comes of bringing dogs to be photographed without teaching them to sit quietly, and even to pose artistically, beforehand."

"Why," said Scott, "do you take many pictures of dogs?"

"Of course I do," answered the photographer, "and of cats too. Look here."

With this he opened a large drawer, and showed the children that it was completely filled with the photographs of animals. They enjoyed looking at these immensely, and when they reached home that afternoon Isabel said, "Scott, why can't we have an animal album?"

"I don't know why we can't," answered Scott.

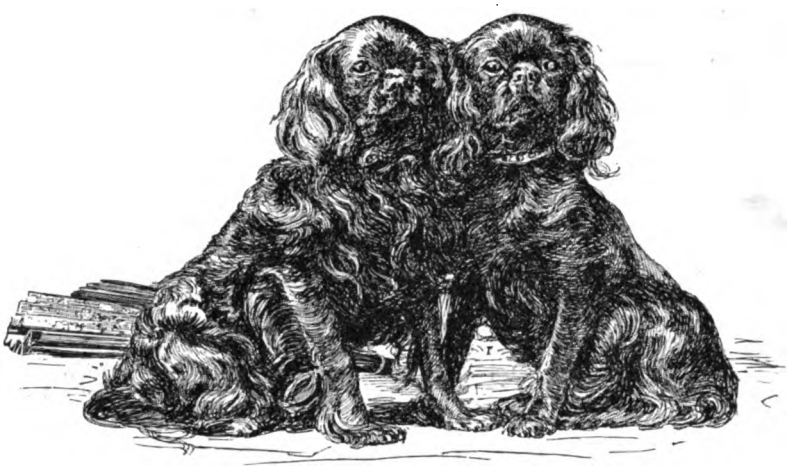
"I'll tell you!" cried his sister. "Let's have an Animal Album Society, and exchange photographs of our cat Sneezer for photographs of the other girls' and boys' cats and dogs."

"Good!" said Scott; "that 'll be gay. And perhaps we can get some of pigs, and horses, and cows, and monkeys, and elephants, and all sorts of pets to put in it too."

"And canary-birds," added Isabel.

"Pooh!" said Scott; "birds ain't animals unless they're cat-birds."

Sneezer's one trick was that of sitting for a long time in front of a mirror and contentedly gazing at his own reflection therein. So they carried him to the photographer's, set him on the same table that the unhappy Petto had occupied, and placed a mirror before him. He immediately began to purr, and gaze at himself in it with the gravest satisfaction, and it was thus that his photograph was taken.



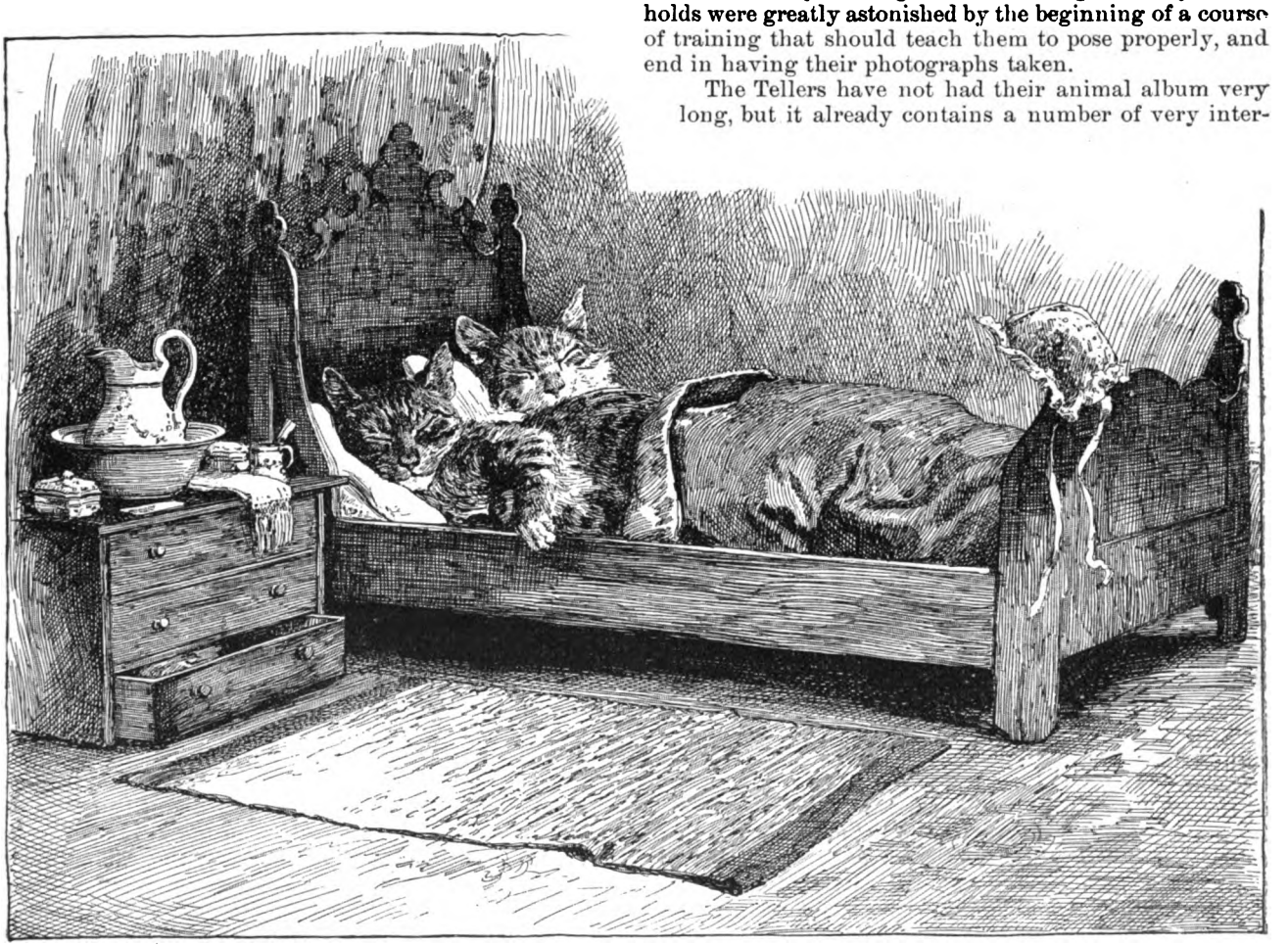
DIDO AND FIDO.

The children used up the greater part of their pocket-money in having a dozen of these photographs printed, and in buying an album. On the cards beneath the picture they wrote, "The Tellers' Sneezer."

All this happened just before school closed for the summer, so that they were able to display Sneezer's photographs to most of their boy and girl friends, and offer them in exchange for any similar ones they might have taken.

The plan of the Animal Album Society was received with the greatest favor. All the children wanted to join it, and that very evening the cats and dogs of many households were greatly astonished by the beginning of a course of training that should teach them to pose properly, and end in having their photographs taken.

The Tellers have not had their animal album very long, but it already contains a number of very inter-



RAT-TRAP AND MOUSER.

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esting pictures. Some of them are even wonderful, as illustrating the almost human intelligence of animals.

The one they prize most highly is inscribed "Lily Van Pelt's House-maid." It is the photograph of a beautiful white setter, standing bolt-upright on her hind-feet. With one of her fore-paws she holds a broom, and on her head is knotted a silk handkerchief to protect her hair from the dust she is evidently about to raise in sweeping. Lily spent several weeks of patient labor, mixed with much kindness and petting, in teaching her Gretchen to pose in this manner; but she feels fully repaid for all her trouble by the admiration the photograph excites among the members of the A. A. S.

A picture that proves most interesting to Sneezer is that of his friends Rat-trap and Mouser, who live in the same block with him, and whom he often meets in the back yards. They have been photographed while lying in bed sound asleep, and all the children who have been fortunate enough to see them while thus posing have greeted them with shouts of laughter very mortifying to the poor cats.

Another picture that all the members of the society are most anxious to obtain is that of Harry Allen's black-and-tan terrier, Mr. Bouncer, taken as an invalid. It is comical enough to see Mr. Bouncer in bed, with his head on a pillow, and his black paws sticking out over the white counterpane. At the head of his bed is a stand holding a medicine bottle and glass. Mr. Bouncer wears a most resigned expression, for he knows that when he has remained in that position for exactly two minutes, he may bounce out of bed and hunt for the bit of beefsteak that is hidden for him beneath it.

Harry Allen taught Mr. Bouncer to do all this last winter while he himself was an invalid, and confined to his room for nearly two months with a broken leg, the result of roller-skating.

Kitty and Fred Bunner's twin spaniels also attract much notice. Their names are Dido and Fido, and they are so fond of each other that it was not a difficult task to teach them to sit, with their heads close together, and gaze steadily at the camera. To be sure, they expect the photographer to put his hand under the black cloth that covers the camera, and draw out a soft rubber ball with a squeak in it. They also expect that he will throw it across the room, and allow them to race madly after it; for Fred Bunner always did this when he was teaching them to pose. If the photographer does not follow out this programme, Dido and Fido will have their opinion of him.

Besides these, Scott and Isabel have got in their animal album several photographs of splendid horses and well-bred cows, sent them by their cousins in the country. These have also promised them one of a weasel as soon as he can be caught asleep.

## BIT'S OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

### VACATION WORK.

I SUPPOSE my boy readers are fond of making collections of minerals, or postage stamps, or curiosities, or Indian relics. At least a peep into those Exchange columns on the inside of the pretty green cover of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE assures me that this is the case.

It is a very good thing to have some pleasant interest of this kind outside of one's real regular work. It rests the brain when it is tired with hard study to have beetles or butterflies or brilliant moths on hand which one can classify and arrange in a cabinet. Every form of natural history is attractive to a wide-awake boy, and the study of nature will make you broader, more intelligent, and better prepared for life. You will never be at a loss for something to talk about, and to entertain your young friends with, when they call upon you. One of my acquaintances, a college boy who is a very bright student, has a room which is a perfect curiosity-shop or museum, so many pretty and interesting objects are gathered on his shelves and in his cabinets. I think you will find, as he does, that the recreation will assist the other studies, by taking you on long and charming open-air expeditions, and giving you an object for your rambles or your mountain climbs.

Then, too, it will bring you into very agreeable correspondence and acquaintanceship with collectors in other parts of your country or of the world, and you will be glad to compare the specimens of your locality with those which others can find.

The Exchange columns to which I referred above are very valuable on account of the help they afford in this direction, introducing collectors to each other, and enabling them to state what they happen to have on their hands and what they can part with.

The collecting of postage stamps affords an opportunity, if properly pursued, to study the history and geography of different lands, and it may be made a side help to your school-work.

I venture to advise every boy who cares for these things at all to follow them up rather closely in the leisure of the summer holidays. Of course only the little fellows want to play the whole time. Older lads are anxious to get some good results from vacation days, something which they can treasure as a souvenir when autumn and winter bring their round of duties and tasks.

But my bit of advice to-day concerns your reading rather more than your collecting, or even your charming scroll-sawing and amateur carpentry and building.

I wish I might persuade every boy to take up and read honestly and carefully through some really good book in his vacation. Let me suggest Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*, or Green's *Short History of the English People*. Neither of these is a story. Either will compel you to think as you read. But an hour a day given faithfully to such a volume as one of these through the entire vacation will richly repay you, and on your return to school you will find your studies not only easier, but much more interesting, for the time you have thus spent.

## INTO UNKNOWN SEAS;*

### Or, THE CRUISE OF TWO SAILOR BOYS.

BY DAVID KER,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST CITY," "FROM THE HUDSON TO THE NEVA," ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE PHANTOM ISLAND.

THE Captain's strange conduct overnight had already excited universal curiosity, which was intensified by this puzzling announcement. Boys and men alike were already trying in vain to guess what all this could mean, when Tom Edwards (the man who had been knocked down in the fight at Catania, and whose bandaged head still bore marks of the fray) came running to tell the first officer, Mr. Gaskett—who was still below—that "my lord" wanted him in the cabin directly.

Down in all haste went "Navarino Jack," as Mr. Gaskett was called, from his having taken part when a boy in Admiral Codrington's destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino. He remained in the Captain's cabin barely two minutes, but when he came up again, every one who saw it was startled by the bewildered and almost dismay-

* Begun in No. 292, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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ed look on his hard old face, as he told the officer of the watch to alter the course of the yacht (which had just got out of the bay into the open sea) to west-northwest.

"Well," muttered the boatswain, shaking his great black head, "that there move's too deep for *my* soundings altogether. When we started fust thing this morning the Capting said as plain as he could speak that we was bound for Tripoli. Now Tripoli used to lie sou'east o' this when *I* was at school, and if we're to make it by headin' west-nor'west, we'll have to sail plumb round the world, and haul our vessel right across Afrikey. Howsomdever, orders is orders, and we've jist got to obey 'em."

Toward noon land was descried ahead, and the bare, craggy, dark gray ridges of the uninhabited island of Galita, unrelieved by a single tuft of green, loomed out against the sunny sky like a thunder-cloud. At any other time Jim and Sandy would have been greatly interested in this unexpected glimpse of a spot which they had never seen before; but now the Captain's mysterious proceedings absorbed all their attention.

The chain of puzzles, however, was not at an end yet. Scarcely had Galita begun to sink astern, when the course was altered again, and the *St. Christopher's* head shifted several points to the southward.

"Hum!" grunted the boatswain, "I've been in many a queer craft, that's sartain, but I didn't bargain for bein' boatswain aboard the *Flying Dutchman!*"

The Captain, who was usually on deck all day, only came up once or twice during the whole morning, and when he did, his face told nothing to the eager eyes that watched it. Whatever it might have been that had moved him so strangely the evening before, there was no trace of it in his quiet voice or in his calm, handsome features.

But toward afternoon a sudden and startling catastrophe gave the puzzled crew something else to think about.

In every ship there is a privileged jester, whose jokes are always laughed at, and whose tricks are always forgiven. The wag of the *St. Christopher* was a big, sturdy Irish lad named Pat O'Connor, with the merriest and most roguish blue eyes imaginable sparkling under his thick red hair. As a matter of course his chosen friend and chum was just the very person who was most unlike him in every way—a heavy, good-humored Dutch boy from Amsterdam, almost as broad as he was long, whose round flat face and small gray eyes looked (as Jim Selden poetically said) "like a buckwheat cake with two dried currants in it." The stolid coolness of Cobus (Jacobus) Klomper—justly nicknamed "Clumper," for he had the tread of an elephant—was already proverbial. It was even said that when surprised by a tiger in Bengal, he had sat still and contemplated it with such immovable gravity that the puzzled monster slunk harmlessly away, whereupon Cobus quietly observed, as if apologizing for the tiger's want of spirit, "He vas not hungry."

On this particular afternoon Pat had been compounding for the benefit of his friend Klomper a cake made of such pleasant materials as soap, lamp oil, coal dust, and water from the cook's slop pail. Having put the last touch to this nice present, he hailed Cobus.

"Here's an illigant cake for yez, Dutchy, me boy. I kept it for ye mesilf."

Poor Cobus, whose appetite was as enormous as his body, innocently took the horrible dainty, and was just going to eat it, when the officer of the watch called him. Thrusting the cake into his pocket, he waddled aft, while O'Connor, noticing that there was no one in the cook's galley, stole in to see what he could seize.

Happy Pat! There, in a dark corner by the door, stood a big tin labelled "Fine Ginger," his favorite delicacy. He seized a spoon and took a huge mouthful.

The next moment the whole ship echoed with a terrific roar, and Pat O'Connor was seen cutting such capers around the deck that he seemed to be in four or five places at once. The tears flowed down his cheeks in rivers, while from his open mouth burst a succession of screams as loud and ear-piercing as if five hundred parrots were having a free fight with the same number of monkeys.

"What's up?" "Hold him!" "Is it a fit?" cried the others, crowding round him.

"Yah! yah! him bery bad fit," grinned black Jumbo. "Massa Pat he tink steal ginger; he get hold ob de ole ginger tin I keep de *mustard* in."

Oh, what a roar there was! Jim Selden held his sides, and even the grave Sandy fairly crowed with glee. But just then Cobus Klomper pushed his way through the laughers, with a face as immovable as that of a Chinese idol.

"Eat dat; make your troat well," said the good fellow, pityingly, handing to Pat, in perfect good faith, the horrible "cake" which Pat had handed to him a few minutes before.

Never was any joker more completely caught in his own trap. Poor Pat, hardly seeing what was offered him, and thinking only of allaying the torture of his burning throat, eagerly clutched the hateful morsel and crammed it bodily into his mouth.

The next moment it flew in all directions, like an exploding fire-work, and Pat began sputtering and gasping as if he were being drowned.

"Ugh! ugh! peugh! ugh! Murdher! murdher! murdher! Och, I'm kilt! I'm poisoned! Fetch a doctor—quick!"

"Poisoned!" echoed a sailor, picking up and tasting a fragment of the cake; "ay, and well you may be if you eat such stuff as that. What on earth is it?"

"It's the cake I made for Dutchy," sobbed Pat, "and now I've ate it mesilf."

A louder roar than ever greeted this revelation; and, oh, horror of horrors! there stood the Captain himself, enjoying the scene with a quiet smile. Meanwhile Cobus, slowly understanding how he had unconsciously paid Pat in his own coin, grunted out, with a fat chuckle, "Dat is goot."

To be laughed at by Cobus was the last drop that made poor Paddy's cup of agony overflow; but the terrific spasms which now began to shake him from head to foot soon gave him something else to think of. Of his sufferings for the next half-hour the less said the better; but when he returned from the lee side of the vessel, over which he had been hanging like a newly washed tablecloth, he looked (as the boatswain remarked, with a grin) "as white as a new sail and as hollow as a steam-pipe."

For several days after Pat's mishap everything went very quietly; but when, late one night, the lights of Gibraltar to starboard and those of Ceuta to port showed that they were passing out through the Strait into the Atlantic, the guessings and puzzlings began again. Their last voyage (as Jim and Sandy learned from the rest) had been to India, so nothing was to be gathered from that, and on their present course they might be bound for Madeira, the Canaries, the Cape Verde Isles, the West Coast of Africa, the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of North or South America. And when they suddenly turned southward, and began to run down the African coast toward Cape Nun, the general curiosity rose to a height.

They were almost abreast of the northernmost of the Canary Isles, when the Captain called the first officer down into his cabin one evening a little before sunset.

"Jack," said he, "can you keep a secret?"

"Well, Master Percy," said Gaskett, drawing up his short, square figure proudly, "considering that I've sailed blue water, man and boy, these fifty years, and that I've known *you* since you were a little shaver no higher than a belaying-pin, you need hardly have asked me that."

"Listen, then," said Percy; and drawing from his pock-

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IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN.

et-book what looked like a sheet of dirty paper covered with strange-looking yellowish-brown letters, he began to read aloud from it.

The changes that passed over Jack Gaskett's rough face as he listened would have made a study for a painter. At first blank bewilderment, then amusement slightly tinged with contempt, then a faint gleam of half-doubtful admiration, deepening gradually into a broad grin of wondering delight.

"Well, if I ever! Why, you've taken away my breath, Master Percy, as if I'd fallen off the maintop-gallant-yard of a first-rate. If we can do it, we'll be the greatest men above-ground; but d'ye really think it *can* be done?"

"It can be *tried*, anyhow," said Percy, emphatically; "and if this tale is true, as I firmly believe it is, I see no reason why we shouldn't succeed. You've heard me speak of the story before, you know, but I never bargained for such a proof of it as this."

"Nor I, neither," said Gaskett.

"Will you stand by me, then, Jack? It's a risky job, remember."

"I'd follow you plumb through the earth, Master Percy, in to port and out to starboard, and you know that well enough; but how about the others?"

"Don't say a word to them till we see how things are likely to go."

"Land ho!"

At the hoarse call from above, Captain Percy was himself again instantly. He sprang like a cat up the companion-ladder (followed more slowly by Gaskett) and cried out,

"Where away?"

"Two points on the port bow, sir."

"On the port bow?" echoed Percy, doubtingly. "Why, the African coast wouldn't be in sight here, and we're nowhere near Lanzarote Island yet!"

But there, sure enough, was a long, low, purple band just emerging from the haze which had brooded all day over the southern sky.

"Quartermaster, bring me up the new chart," said the Captain, looking puzzled. "If I've got our position right, there certainly oughtn't to be any land over yonder.'"

At that moment the rays of the setting sun fell full upon the cloud of dimness that surrounded the distant land, and suddenly the haze kindled into a golden glory, against which all the grand features of the scene started out as suddenly as if that instant created. Plainer and plainer every moment grew the bold ridges of the steep, rocky hills, the shadowy valleys between them, the wide green uplands sloping downward to the sea, the dark clumps of tropical foliage, the flat sand beach white with foaming breakers, and midway along it a snug little town nestling under the lee of a huge overhanging cliff.

"Eh, but yon's a bonnie place!" said Sandy Muir, turning to the gray-haired quartermaster. "What land is it?"

"Land, lad?" hoarsely replied the veteran, who was a sailor of the old school, and had his full share of its weird superstitions. "That *land's* one that no chart has ever laid down, nor no man ever set foot on!"

As he spoke, the beautiful landscape became suddenly blurred and indistinct, as if seen through a wet glass. The white houses of the town seemed to melt into each other; the bold, sharp outlines of the hills fell away like crumbling earth, and the whole island vanished as if it had never been. Then the sun plunged below the horizon like a red-hot ball, and darkness, chill and ghostly as the shadow of death, closed over the loneliness of the desolate sea.

"What on earth's all this?" cried Jim Selden, in dismay.

"It's Cape Fly-away,"* answered the old quartermaster, solemnly; "and when you've been afloat as long as me, young feller, you'll know that *that* ain't never seen but what there's mischief comin'!"

* The popular name for this well-known illusion, which is at times so perfect as even to deceive experienced sailors.—AUTHOR.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"HE HELD ON WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH WHILE THE SAIL TURNED SLOWLY TOWARD THE EARTH."

DRAWN BY FREDERIC DIELMAN.—SEE STORY ON PAGE 570.

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## THE BIRTHDAY POEM.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

ONE bright afternoon Ira Dean lay swinging backward and forward in a hammock. In one hand he held a small blank-book, and in the other a long lead-pencil. Now Ira had determined to write a birthday poem to his little brother Rufus, who would be just one year old to-morrow. It would delight his mother, he knew, and of course his father could not help being pleased.

Ira thought it would take about an hour to write quite a long poem. But here he had sat for more than two hours, and had only written nine words:

"Our darling little Rufus
Is awful sweet and cunning."

Then he could not think of a rhyme for Rufus, try as hard as he would. He was just beginning to sigh and rub his head impatiently, when his mother opened the front door, and called,

"Ira! Ira! where are you?"

"Here I am, mamma," said Ira, lifting his head.

"Oh, Ira," replied his mother, "if you are doing nothing, will you take baby for a ride?"

"Yes, mamma," said Ira, slowly climbing out of the hammock, and putting his book and pencil away in his pocket.

"That is always the way," thought he; "whenever I have something *really* important to do, I am interrupted." But he said nothing, and waited patiently until his mother had placed little Rufus among the pillows of his carriage, and kissed him, and called him "a sweet little love." Ira thought he looked anything but sweet at that moment, with his face all puckered up and his eyes red with crying.

"Take good care of him, Ira," said his mother, as she returned to the house.

Ira turned the carriage out of the garden gate into the road. Every time he stopped to take breath Rufus would shriek until he was black in the face. This frightened Ira so that he kept on steadily for a long time, scarcely knowing where he was going, and thinking of his poem all the while.

Suddenly he started and looked up, for he thought he heard the rumbling of thunder. And it certainly was thunder, for the sky was half covered with great black clouds. They were so black and threatening that Ira felt sure the rain would come down in torrents before many minutes.

It would never do to let the baby get wet, so he looked about him for a place of shelter. There was a tall wooden building in sight. On one side of the building were four great sails, turning slowly around on a hub, like a wheel. This was a windmill, used for pumping water for the house that stood some distance from the place on a hill.

Ira knew the place very well, for he had often stopped to watch the great canvas sails go round, and wonder why they had made them so long, for they reached from the upper story of the building to within a few feet from the ground.

"If the door is open," he thought, "I will go in and stay until the storm is over."

Ira hurried toward the building, and finding the door standing wide open, shoved the carriage under shelter. It was very gloomy and hot in there, and Rufus began to cry, and say "Day-day," which Ira knew meant "Take me out." He shoved the carriage backward and forward, but the baby screamed louder than ever. Then the rain began to fall and drift into the open door in a great stream, so that Ira was obliged to go farther in, where it was very dark indeed, and smelled stale and musty.

Presently he saw a narrow pair of stairs, down which the light streamed from the window above. So Ira lifted Rufus from the carriage, and ventured to ascend a few steps; then he stopped and listened, but hearing no sound, he went on again, and soon found himself in a small room with one large window in it. Close to this window, so close that he could have touched them with his hand, passed the great arms of the windmill.

The air blew in refreshingly, and baby stopped crying and began to crow and clap his hands. Ira sat down on a pile of shavings in one corner, and placed his little brother by his side. The rain fell with a soothing, pattering sound on the roof above them. Presently the baby grew so quiet that Ira turned and looked at him. He had fallen sound asleep.

"Now," thought Ira, "I can finish his birthday poem before the rain stops. How pretty he looks when he is asleep, and how good he is, too! But, oh dear! I wish mamma had named him anything else. I shall never find a rhyme for Rufus!"

Ira thought and thought. He sharpened his pencil a great many times, and read over the beginning of his poem again and again. At last in despair he tore the leaf from the book and threw it away.

"There!" said he to himself, "I won't try to rhyme Rufus; and, besides, 'awful' does not sound nice in a poem."

Ira sat for a long time looking at the paper, with the pencil between his lips. At last he began to write slowly, and a faint smile stole over his face; for now the words seemed almost to form themselves on the paper. When he had finished he read it aloud, just to hear how it sounded:

"Baby Rufus is very small;
One year old, and that is all;
His nose is white like a ball of wax;
His eyes are blue as the flowering flax;
And his cheeks are like the clover-pink,
And sometimes he never cries a wink;
But sometimes he pouts and squeals,
Pulls my hair, and kicks up his heels;
But that is because he's so very small,
And don't know how to behave at all.
He is as good as he knows how to be,
So I love him and he loves me."

"I think that is *really* good," said Ira, after he had read it several times.

Suddenly he became aware that the rain had stopped. He looked up and saw that there were great patches of blue sky between the clouds, and that the sun was setting. Ira started to his feet. "I must go home," thought he. He went down-stairs on tiptoe, for he intended to pull the carriage out and get everything ready, and then come back for Rufus. When he reached the ground-floor he found that some one had been to the mill while he was busy writing, and closed and locked the door. Ira shook the door several times, but it was of no use; he could not stir it.

"Mamma will be frightened about baby," thought he. "But I will take his little quilt from the wagon and cover him up, while I look out of the window and watch for some one to come past."

Ira carried the quilt upstairs, and after covering the sleeping baby, stationed himself at the window; but he soon found that it was not a very good place to see from, as it only gave him a view of a large corn field and a very little piece of the road. But there were chinks between the boards on every side, so he peeped through one after another until he found a place where he could see the road in front of the mill door.

He watched for some time in vain. After a while a wagon went by, but although he called as loud as he could, the driver did not hear him. The sun set, and it grew dusk. Ira was very tired and hungry now, but he still kept his eye to the crack between the boards.

After a while the wind arose and whistled through the

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building mournfully. A whole hour passed, and then Ira heard the sound of heavy footsteps. They stopped just below him. "Now," thought Ira, "some one is going to open the mill door."

But he was mistaken, for it was only a man stopping close to the mill to light his pipe. He struck one match and then another, but the wind blew them out before he could use them, so he threw them upon the ground impatiently. After a great many trials he succeeded in lighting his pipe, and then, although Ira called loudly, he passed on whistling.

"Dear me," thought Ira, "I believe we shall have to stay here all night. How frightened they will be at home!"

He still had his eye to the opening, and was watching what he thought to be a fire-fly on the ground, just where the man had stood a moment before. As Ira watched it, it grew larger and larger, and seemed to creep over the ground.

"It is not a fire-fly," said he to himself; "it is one of the matches that the man dropped."

The matches had fallen on a heap of shavings that lay under an old hay wagon close to the mill. Soon the little spark grew into a long slender flame, and then, after a few moments, Ira saw that it had begun to burn the floor of the wagon, which was now dry, as the wind had been blowing hard for some time. The flame ran along the shaft of the wagon, and began lapping at the wall of the building. The wind that had a few moments ago put out the little light of the match, now fanned this fire into a mighty flame, which roared and crackled against Ira's prison wall.

Then it suddenly occurred to the boy that they were in great danger, and he ran to the stairway; but the room below was full of smoke and flames, and he did not dare to venture down. So snatching little Rufus from his bed of shavings, where he still slept soundly, he climbed on the sill of the window, and began shouting, "Help! help! Fire! fire!" with all his might. Rufus opened his eyes, and began to pat his brother's face.

"Oh, you darling!" sobbed Ira, "you would cry *now* if you only knew enough."

But the baby did not cry; he stretched out his little hands toward the sails of the windmill, now lighted up by the fire, and gleaming brightly as they passed the window steadily. Ira looked back into the room, and saw with terror that tiny tongues of flame came and went between the boards. He clasped little Rufus closer to him, and turned his face away and looked out of the window again, then up at the quiet stars.

"Please, angels, take care of baby," he whispered, with a sob.

Just then Ira heard a voice in the road shout: "It is of no use; the old mill must go. It will be burned to the ground before the engines arrive."

"Help us! do help us!" cried Ira.

But no one heard him. He waved the baby's quilt backward and forward in the window. At last it caught the eye of a man who was hurrying across the field.

"There is some one in the mill," he shouted. "I saw them at the window."

"Where? where?" shouted several voices in reply.

"Help! help!" cried Ira again.

This time he was heard, and the crowd ran toward the window where he stood, crying:

"Run for a ladder! Break down the door! Save the boy!"

The door was beaten in, but they found that the stairs leading to the room were on fire, and, besides, they were driven back again by falling beams and fierce flames.

"Who are you?" cried one man in the field.

"I am Ira Dean, and this is little Rufus," replied the boy.

Then among the crowd of upturned faces beneath him, Ira recognized his father, who had been searching in every direction for his children.

He staggered back with a cry of horror; then he sprang forward and said, in a trembling voice,

"Ira, my boy, keep up your courage; they will soon be here with the ladders."

"But, father," answered the boy, "the flames are bursting through all the boards, and it is dreadfully hot. Do you think you could catch baby if I dropped him down to you?"

"No, no," cried his father; "he would strike against the wheels and be killed."

"They will never bring the ladder in time," thought Ira, as he glanced into the room again. "And I don't mean to let my baby be burned to death on his birthday without trying to save him."

Ira slipped from his seat on the window-sill, and, kneeling on the floor, he lifted little Rufus on his back, saying: "Want to ride pickapack, baby?"

Rufus shouted with glee, and clasped his arms about his brother's neck. Then Ira secured him firmly by passing the quilt around the baby, and tying it in a knot first about his own waist and then about his neck. After this he climbed on the window-sill and crouched there, waiting until one of the great arms of the wheel came directly opposite him. He seized it with both hands tightly, and slipped from the window-sill to it quickly. He held on with all his strength while it slowly turned toward the earth.

The crowd, when they saw what Ira had done, shouted: "Brave boy! Hold on! Don't slip, and we will catch you."

When the sail Rufus and Ira were on came within their reach they were watching with outstretched arms to receive them. It was all over in a moment, and Ira found himself and his baby brother the centre of a large crowd. Rufus was handed about from one to the other, and kissed and petted by all.

But Ira stood leaning against his father, who, with tears in his eyes, silently stroked his hair.

Before the men returned with the ladders the walls of the mill fell in, and where the building once stood nothing was to be seen but a heap of smouldering ashes.

The next day Ira's poem was read to an admiring audience of aunts, uncles, and cousins, after which his mother put it away among her most precious keepsakes, and when Rufus grew old enough to understand she would often show it to him and relate the story of the fire.

## "THE ART OF BEING A GRANDPAPA."

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

JUST think of the above as the title of a book!—you who think that grandpapas are either too old and weary or too wise and full of important business to take more than passing notice of you little folk. You fancy, do you not, that grandpapa is a being very far off from yourselves, one whose time and thoughts are occupied with matters with which you can not possibly have any acquaintance?

Wait until I tell you of a grandpapa who was not long ago the greatest man in France—a poet, a dramatist, a patriot, one who exercised the greatest possible influence upon his countrymen and the times in which he lived—yet who was so fond of young people that he found his greatest recreation and pleasure in associating with them, and writing about them and for them.

Victor Hugo was born at Besançon, in France, in 1802, when this century, which has seen so many wonders, was just commencing. His father was a distinguished officer in the service of Joseph Bonaparte, and came from a

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VICTOR HUGO AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN, GEORGE AND JEANNE.

brave family of the province of Lorraine. As a baby Victor was so weak that he could scarcely hold up his head. Such a poor little fellow was he, indeed, that years after, when describing himself in verse, he says:

"This century two years had rolled along,
When in Besançon, citadelled and strong,
A little babe was born, the heir of pain,
A scion both of Bretagne and Lorraine;
A little babe, so fragile and so weak,
It seemed to come to life its death to seek;
So delicate, its like 'twere rare to find,
A tiny seed blown helpless by the wind;
A mere chimera—yea, a thing of naught."

Though born in France, Victor's youth was passed in Italy and Spain, where his father held positions under the government. There were two boys older than Victor in the Hugo family. They had a good mother, and so well did she train them, and so dearly did they love her, that a word from her would always command their readiest obedience. When the family was living at Avellino, in Italy, they occupied a house which had a large and beautiful garden. Though there were a number of fruit trees in the garden, the boys were forbidden by Madame Hugo to touch any of the fruit.

"But what if it falls?" said Victor.

"Leave it on the ground," replied his mother.

"But what if it is getting rotten?"

"Let it get rotten."

This ended the matter. As far as the children were concerned, any amount of the fruit might lie on the ground and rot; they would not touch it.

The owner of Madame Hugo's house was Lalande, the astronomer. Fearing the children might annoy him, he proposed to put up a substantial partition between the houses.

"You need not be afraid," said the mother. "My boys will not trespass on your property; I have forbidden it."

No barrier of any kind was erected, yet not one of the three brothers ever ventured to set foot upon the landlord's ground.

When Victor was twelve years of age he and his brother Eugène entered the college Cordier and Decotte, in the Rue Sainte-Marguerite. Here the boys seem to have been very happy, and Victor began to exercise the talents that were to make him famous. Together with a number of his school-fellows he wrote poetry, recited odes and ballads, and even got up great military dramas, which were performed after school hours in the large class-rooms. The tables were all pushed together to form a stage, and on this insecure foundation the actors played their parts. They supplied the want of dressing-rooms by crouching under the tables in full costume until such time as it was necessary for them to appear on the stage. Some of these costumes were very wonderful. They were chiefly manufactured out of paper, and every hero's breast was adorned with gilt orders. Collars and chains were made out of strings of marbles; gorgeous sashes were wound about their waists, and contained the formidable array of weapons such great characters might be supposed to wear.

The Hugo boys were great favorites with their school-fellows. Before they had been at the college long they were made "kings," and each monarch had an array of followers, those under Eugène calling themselves "calves," and those under Victor "dogs." Naturally the calves and the dogs had frequent encounters at arms. One day while out walking the young commander of the "dogs" was met by a stray "calf," who, making a sling of his handkerchief, flung a stone at his adversary. The stone struck Victor on the knee, and injured him so severely that it was feared his leg must be cut off. During all his suffering the young General refused to betray the name of his assailant, insisting that such conduct would not be soldier-like.

When Victor was only fourteen years of age he competed for a prize offered by the French Academy for the best poem on "The Advantages of Study in every Situation in Life." It was admitted that his verses were better than any others offered; but the judges would not accord him the prize, because, as they said, he could not possibly be so young as he had stated. This enraged Victor, who was a truthful boy, and he prevailed upon his parents to bring forth the certificate of his birth. This showed the judges they were wrong, and introduced young Hugo as the most wonderful boy poet France had ever produced. He kept on writing, and as he wrote, his fame grew. Odes, ballads, dramas, romances, flowed from his pen. At length came a very striking and original novel, which established his fame.

Of this work there is a curious story told. The young author went to work to prove one of his strange sayings as to "what there is in a bottle of ink." He bought a new bottle, and shut himself up, determined to live only among the characters he created in his mind. He used up his bottle of ink, but out of it he created his great work, which he called *Notre Dame de Paris*.

But it is not of Victor Hugo as a poet, a dramatist, or a lover of his country that I want to tell you. The story of what he wrote and did and suffered for the cause of justice, and how his great fame was won, would be too long

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to publish here. I want you to think of him as the lover of little folk, to whom, after his fame was won, he gave so much of his time, just as he had always given his affection.

Victor Hugo was the father of several children, but they all died long before he did, so that in his old age he had none but grandchildren to love and comfort him. Of these, George and Jeanne, the children of his eldest son, were his favorites, and they lived with him for many years in his beautiful home at Passy. It was for them he wrote his beautiful fairy tales, and they are the hero and heroine of the book I spoke to you of in the beginning of this article, *The Art of being a Grandpapa.*

Some of Victor Hugo's stories for little folk are full of wonder, and as fascinating as any Hans Andersen ever wrote. Some of them are full of instruction, like that of the little dog that was transformed into a kind of guardian angel because of his fidelity to a little girl; and some are full of fun, as, for instance, the story of the donkey with two long ears, one of which always heard "yes," and the other always heard "no," thus keeping the poor animal in a constant state of distraction.

The grandfather poet was never weary of laying plans for the amusement of his little folk and playing tricks for their entertainment. At the nursery dinners no one could be more expert than he in balancing a fork on the edge of a tumbler, carving a pig out of a piece of bread, with matches for legs. Parties were constantly given at the mansion at Passy, with little folk as the principal guests. When they were quite young the two children were allowed to bring their cat into the salon before dinner. The dignified old gentleman whom they called their "papapa" would let them pull his white beard and take any liberties with his hair that they fancied. "Ah, I see!" he cried one day, "you know what a grandfather is for; he is made to sit upon." Victor Hugo's reply to the question what he expected paradise to be will survive as long as his memory endures. "It should be," he says, "a place where children are always little and parents are always young." Any naughtiness on the part of his pets was a sincere grief to the "grandpapa." He has been known to leave his dessert quite untasted because Jeanne was undergoing punishment for some offense. One day his sympathy was so great that it overcame all his principles in regard to discipline; he actually carried off a pot of jam and conveyed it to the closet where she was confined in disgrace. Let us hope that no one found him out.

I could go on for pages telling you anecdotes of Victor Hugo and the children if I had space. The poet and the patriot is dead—laid away to rest in the Pantheon at Paris, where loving hands buried him amid the lamentations of multitudes on June 1, 1885. One scene I want to tell you of that took place on the 27th of February, 1881. It was Victor Hugo's seventy-ninth birthday, and Paris and the whole world desired to do him honor. A committee was formed, and deputations came from all quarters. From England and Germany, from Belgium and Austria, representatives gathered bearing gifts and greetings from their various nations. Flowers were strewn in abundance in front of his house, and costly gifts arrived by day and by night. At ten in the morning a procession was formed. It was of little girls, attired in their prettiest dresses, and bearing a banner, inscribed, "L'Art d'être Grandpère." With it leading them they entered the house, where they were received by the aged poet with Jeanne and George by his side. One of the little girls recited some verses appropriate to the occasion. Victor Hugo embraced her affectionately, saying,

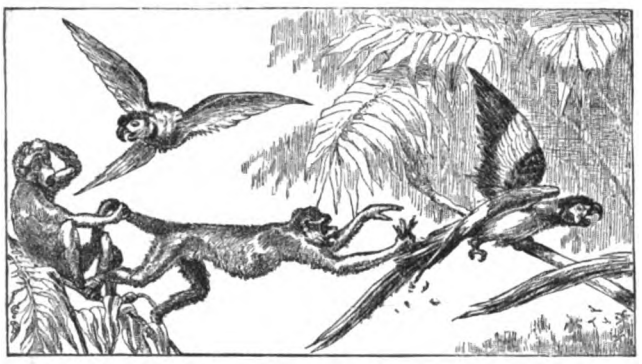
"In embracing one of you, I embrace all."

After this they retired to the street, and were joined by the schools of Paris. One and all these institutions sent out their pupils to do honor to the aged poet. As the long procession filed past his house he stood on the balcony smiling, while the air rang with the joyous sound of their youthful voices.




*If all the earth were apple-pie, and all the sea were ink,*
*And all the trees were bread and cheese, what should we do for drink?*

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SPORTS IN THE TROPICS: THE TUG OF WAR.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THIS essay deserves the place of honor this week:

### A JOURNEY ROUND THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

BY FLORENCE COX.

It was eight o'clock, and the breakfast was rapidly becoming cold, but as yet Clara had not made her appearance.

"What can possibly be the matter?" said mother, as she looked anxiously toward the door. "Have any of you children seen her this morning?"

"I have," answered Will, in reply to mother's questioning gaze. "I tapped at her door on my way down, and she said she would come as soon as she had solved a few questions that puzzled her in geography."

"Oh, it's that old geography again, is it? Poor Clara! it bothers her more than all her other lessons. *I* don't see what it is made for, anyhow," said Johnnie, from the superior knowledge of nine years.

"There really ought to be some way to learn geography without books," chipped in Aunt May, as she passed her plate for another buckwheat cake.

"Well," said father, "when I was a boy geography was my favorite study; but I agree with Aunt May in thinking it might be made easier. Suppose we begin now. Oh," in reply to a look of astonishment from Johnnie, "I don't mean to get books and study it; but, in order to show you that it is of some use, suppose we each tell all we know about each article on the table. Let me see: here are coffee, steak, potatoes, buckwheat cakes, butter, maple syrup, sugar, salt, pepper, and last, but not least, milk. Ah! here is Clara at last. Will, you may begin. Choose any article, but be as prompt as possible, for I have not much time to waste."

"Well," said Will, after a slight hem, and a look of comical embarrassment at the rest of the family, "you all know how milk grows—ahem! I should say potatoes—but as you pretend you do not, I will enlighten you. On a bright morning, early in spring, the farmer rises, makes long furrows in his garden, while his youngest boy follows in his footsteps, leisurely dropping potatoes, being constantly poked in the back by his older brother, who covers them up with earth, and who is in a hurry, having planned to go fishing that morning. But it produces not the slightest effect on the youngest, as he does not own a fishing-pole, and his brother would not take him if he did; so he goes along quietly spinning them out, while his brother writhes in anguish as he remembers that Pete Smith said he was going this morning, and realizes that the fish will all be caught if he is detained much longer. At last the work is finished, and he hurries away to the brook, leaving the potatoes to sprout and come up through the ground in course of time. As soon as their tops are above the ground, their enemies attack them, and the farmer's boys go the weary round of fighting potato-bugs morning, noon, and night. But everything has an end: at last the potatoes are ripe, and are dug up, and the farmer informs his neighbors that he has 'a good crap.'" Will snatched his hat, said, "Excuse me," rushed out of the door, and went whistling down the street, rejoicing in his heart at having escaped so easily.

After the laugh which his description occasioned had died away, father turned to me and asked if I could tell where potatoes first came from.

"Certainly," I answered. "Originally from America. They were first brought into Europe by Sir Walter Raleigh, who took some to England on his return from Virginia. Some were sent to the Emperor of Germany, who ordered his gardener to plant them in the royal garden. When the little seed-balls formed, the gardener, supposing that was the part to eat, picked them, and they were cooked and placed on the table. The Emperor was disgusted, as also were his courtiers, whom he had invited to taste the strange dish, and the potatoes were ordered to be dug up and thrown away. The gardener obeyed, and in so doing disclosed the real potatoes."

"Now, Clara," said father, "suppose you take coffee, and tell us all you know about it."

"More than half of the coffee used in the world comes from Brazil. It grows on bushes as tall as plum-trees. The bark is of a grayish color, the leaves glossy green, the flowers white, and the berry dark red, very much resembling a cherry. The kernel is in two parts, each having a flat side. The negroes gather them in deep baskets, and lay them on large stones, where the grains are spread out to dry, after the red, juicy part is rubbed off. In Brazil there are thousands of these plantations. Great quantities of the dried coffee are put into bags and sent to Rio Janeiro to be shipped to all parts of the world."

"Your turn, Johnnie."

"I choose maple syrup, for I saw them make it at grandpa's last spring. First you bore a hole in a sugar-maple tree, and put a little pipe into the hole, and a pail under the pipe. As soon as the pail is full of sap you take it and put it in a big kettle over the fire, and when it is boiled down some it is maple sugar—oh, I mean syrup."

"Well," said father, "you have all done very well—better than I expected. I will take sugar as my subject, and tell you what I know about it, and then we will adjourn. In France and Germany millions of pounds of sugar are made from the common sugar beet, but in this country it is made from the sugar-cane. One-half of the sugar in the world comes from Cuba; Louisiana produces a great deal also. When the cane is right for cutting, it is stripped of its top and leaves, cut up into small pieces, tied into bundles, and taken to the mill. The cane is crushed between iron rollers, and the juice is boiled into syrup, and then drained. In this state it is brown sugar, and the drainings are molasses. White sugar is merely brown sugar boiled over and worked until white.

"And now I must be off, for I'm due at my office in fifteen minutes. Good-by, girls; it's almost time for you to start for school. Johnnie, don't forget to put your rubbers on; it's very wet this morning. Good-by, mother; you and May shall have your turn to-morrow morning; and, May, you may take buckwheat cakes for your theme, as you prefer them to anything else."

The door was shut three times in succession, and we were all off, leaving mother and Aunt May to talk it over and think of a subject with which to astonish us the next morning.

### THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE BEE.

A buzzing bee came passing me,
And this is what he said:
"Oh, little girl, oh, little girl,
You must get out of bed,
Or else I'll sting you on the head."
Oh, buzzing bee, oh, buzzing bee,
Why do you stop to sting me
Instead of making honey in the tree?
Make your honey in the tree,
And when the winter comes,
You will see how happy you will be
With all that honey in the tree.

A LITTLE GIRL (aged seven).

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have never written a letter to you yet, although I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for some time, and like it very much. I think "Rolf House" is splendid, and "Nan" is my great favorite. We keep three horses; their names are Roy, Felix, and Doubtful. The last has his name because we were doubtful how he would turn out. Every morning mother goes out to the stable and gives each of them a lump of sugar. We have a dog also; his name is Hugo, and he is a beautiful Irish setter. Every night he sleeps on the foot of my bed—don't be shocked at this, for he is washed in the bath-tub, rubbed dry, and combed with a fine-tooth comb. He will bring mother's slippers and key-basket whenever she asks him.

REBEKAH N. W.

BEAUCLERC, FLORIDA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I made a barrel hammock one afternoon, and mamma said it was very nice, but I had to use forty feet of rope instead of twenty. We live on the St. John's River, ten miles from Jacksonville. We study in the morning and have the afternoon to ourselves. I study arithmetic, grammar, history, geography, spelling, and writing. I have three brothers and one sister. I am twelve years old. F. C. S. is my brother. We have a great many chickens, and each of us has some which are pets. I have four hens which I raised myself; their mother, which was the greatest pet of them all, was caught by the pigs. B. L. S.

F. C. S. is a great friend of mine, and I am glad to hear from you. I would like to know what B. stands for. Is it Bert, or Ben, or Billy?

JOHNSONVILLE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl five years old. Jessie is the name of my dog, Ruth is our baby, but Alice is big enough to play with me; they are both my sisters. We all live in the country in the summer, and it is very nice. Papa takes us to the woods, and we get lovely flowers. I have lessons every day with mamma, and I wrote this all myself. I hope you will print it, for it will please papa so much. FRENNIE W.

The writing of this letter, which a little bird whispered to me took four days, is really wonderful for a child only five years old. The printers would be very glad indeed if everybody wrote so plainly.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I think you must be good and kind, and know what little children like. In your last number there is a letter from a little girl about a mocking-bird dipping a crust of bread in water. Now I want to tell you about my bird. It is only a poor little sparrow that I bought from boys who might have hurt it. It was too young to fly far, so I took it home to keep until it should be old enough to take care of itself. I cut a little off one of its wings, and thought it would grow very soon, but it does not do so. He is a very cunning little fellow, and is very tame, and is not afraid of anything, and he is now nearly full grown, but as his wing-feathers that I cut grow so slowly, he can not fly very high, and he could not keep out of the cat's claws. His cage is left open, and he can get out when he pleases. He does not want to go away, and nops out on the window-sill and looks about and answers the birds in the trees, but he does not attempt to fly away, although the window is left open. He does like to hop on my hand and nestle down in it, and will flutter his wings and chirp and seem very happy. He does not get frightened when I take a newspaper when he is sitting on my hand, but if it comes too near him he will get angry and peck at, and sometimes tear it, and when it is spread on my lap he will fly into it and scratch about and flutter his wings as if he enjoyed it very much, and when he gets tired he will hop into my hand and turn his head on one side and look up so cunningly, and at last go to sleep. I suppose that when his wings grow and he is older, he will fly away to join the other birds, for he always answers when he hears them. Perhaps he will come back to see us some time, but I think he will forget all about us. Don't you think this is a nice little bird? I could tell you a good deal more about him, but this letter is too long now. Yours lovingly,

CLARENCE S. G.

A very interesting little fellow, and you are a kind boy to have protected him so tenderly.

HONOYE FALLS, NEW YORK.

We live on a farm. I have a dog for a pet, and his name is Curly. He can sit up. I've got his picture too. I am going to try and get a pair of golden robins if I can. I know where there is a nest with two little ones in it. I want to find out how to feed them if I can. Do you know how to feed them? C. E. H.

Nobody in the wide world can feed robins as the mother bird can, so I advise you to leave those in the little nest to her. I do not want my boys to disturb nests, nor to try experiments with wild birds, unless, as in Clarence's case, one happens to be thrown upon them for care.

SANDUSKY, OHIO.

We are two little girls thirteen years old. We have always been the best of friends. We live next door to each other. We think that there is no better paper than HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE published in the world; we are very much interested in "Rolf House," as, indeed, we have been in every other story published in the paper. We have three horses, a bird, two dogs, and a kitty. We go to school, and we both have splendid teachers; we study grammar, geography, arithmetic, history, spelling, drawing, writing, and music. LULA and SAKIE.

HIGHGATE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

I am at a boarding-school here, and like it very much. My friend Loule, who is writing you also, gets this interesting paper with the pretty tales in, and she always allows me to read it. This is the first time I have been in England. I am from dear old Ireland. I have two sisters and two brothers; one of my sisters is here, the other will be coming when she is a little older. We

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have a very nice cricket club. A lady kindly sent us the set. We enjoy playing very much. I should like so much to join the Little Housekeepers' Club, it is so very useful. We will have our holiday in two months; then I will be going home to see all the dear ones. There are about forty boarders at this school, so it is very pleasant. I heard a sermon preached by an American clergyman last Friday; I enjoyed it very much. I was at the Academy on Monday last; some of the pictures were splendid. As small-pox has been dreaded here, we have all had to be vaccinated. We have had a week's holiday, and spent the time playing cricket and reading.

With love, hoping you are well,

MINNIE McC.

The Little Housekeepers take a few weeks' vacation in midsummer, but I have some charming plans laid out for their work in the autumn.

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MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

I am a boy twelve years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE three years, and like it very much. I have a collection of 500 stamps. I think "Unknown Seas" is going to be very nice. I have a small polo pony whose name is Dexter. I have a large St. Bernard dog whose name is Romeo. I ride to school every morning on my pony; it is about five miles to school. There are very few boys who have to go so far to school as we do. We are dismissed at three o'clock. I think, of all the continued stories, I like "Archie Graham's Adventures" best. We play cricket after school every day before going home.

EDWARD F.

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BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

You asked me to write and tell you which of my studies I preferred. I like them all, but language is my favorite. You also asked me if my kitten could perform any tricks. She has but one, which is to hold up her paw if you put out your hand. I am going to Swampscott next Wednesday. I like to read very much; Louisa Alcott, Martha Finley, and Dickens are my favorite authors. I have two sisters and one brother. If Lillie M. wants to make some mats, she may buy some crash, trace some pretty figure on it, and then backstitch the outline and fringe the edges. If I ever come to New York I shall surely come to see you. I think "Rolf House" is splendid.

Your friend, ALICE H.

I shall be very glad to see you, Alice.

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NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.

I agree with Lillie B. in thinking that "Nan" and "Rolf House" are better than any of the other serial stories. When HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE was first published, papa subscribed for it for my brother Walter (as he was the oldest, and was fond of reading), and we have taken it ever since. Now Walter pays for it himself, and is saving all the papers to be bound. As the others tell about their pets, I will mention our two-year-old Arthur. I think the nicest pet any one could have is a baby. He says he wishes he could study Latin like brother Walter. I am thirteen years old, my brother is fourteen, and my sister Grace eleven. Last Wednesday the people of Newburyport celebrated the 250th anniversary of "Old Newbury" by a floral procession of not less than a thousand school-children dressed in white and decorated with flowers; they looked very pretty. I hope this letter is not too long to be printed.

HELEN GERTRUDE B.

Helen asks in a postscript whether it is right to sign your name in full, or only to give an initial. In full, please, always, but only for the Postmistress, not for publication, unless there is some special reason.

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HARLEM, NEW YORK.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number, and like it very much. I enjoy the Post-office Box very much, and like to make the puzzles out. We live very near the river, and have splendid times boating, bathing, and fishing. Having made a puzzle during the last week, I thought I would send it with my letter. Decoration Day generally opens our boating season, and on that day we went with about fifteen friends up to Bronson's Point, one mile and a half above High Bridge, in row-boats, to spend the day. We had a splendid time until about three o'clock, when it began to rain very hard, and soon after we started home, and got down to Harlem Bridge in time to see the boat-race, in which three or four large boat clubs took part, and reached home about seven o'clock.

IDA M. P.

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HIGHTSTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

My brother and I keep poultry, and our mother buys the eggs. We have twenty hens, two roosters, and one little stunted thing eight months old. It measures about one foot from the tip of the tail to the point of the bill, eats enormously, and does not grow. We have another remarkable chicken: she is an unusually tame pullet, in the same brood as the chicken just described and about four times as large. She is the mother of fourteen little chicks, and when she was sitting she would allow us to stroke her, pick her up, examine her eggs, etc., and never pecked us once, but would "talk" to us. And now, before I close, I should like to ask a question. How could Lance and Philip receive the invitation to Brightwoods at Sandy Hook while on a steamer bound for New York city? C. F. S.

Telegrams for persons on board ships in the Lower Bay are delivered from Quarantine.

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VACATION.

Away with books and bags and straps—
Vacation has begun;
And almost all the boys and girls
Have ten long weeks of fun.

Who's going up to grandpa's farm
To swing among the boughs,
To feed the little ducks and chicks,
And help John milk the cows?

And who is for the mountains,
To go fishing in the brook,
Or climb 'way up among the rocks
With some delightful book?

Who'll go to the sea-shore
With a shovel and a pail,
A bathing-suit and box for shells,
And boat with oars and sail?

We all will have a splendid time,
Yet when the days grow cool,
We all of us will be real glad
To go again to school. RINÉ.

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DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl eight years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and I take great pleasure in reading it. I have a sister and two little brothers. We live on Staten Island, where my father has a lovely place, but we come to New York to spend the winter. I speak French and learn to read it. I pursue my studies at home with a lady. I have a little pet canary-bird; he is a cunning little rascal, and slips out of the cage when he can. Once my sister opened the cage, and he flew into the garden, and we had great difficulty in finding him. I have found out two of the puzzles. Your little friend, ELEANOR M. S.

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AUSTIN, MINNESOTA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I live in a very neat little town having about three thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the Cedar River, and has five mills on the river. It has a beautiful court-house; it is said to be the finest court-house in Minnesota; anyway, it is *very* nice. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE was given to me by my uncle, and I watch for it very impatiently every week. This same uncle is postmaster, and editor of the oldest paper in Mower County. This is the first letter I have written to the Postmistress, and I hope very much to see it in print.

SUSIE B. (twelve years).

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CLAIRE HAVEN, NEW JERSEY.

I have often been on the point of writing to you, but never until now have I succeeded. I am one of your older admirers; I was seventeen last December, but I really don't feel as old as that. There are three of us girls who take your charming paper, and we are all so interested in the Post-office Box, and we can scarcely wait from week to week to read "Rolf House." It is real funny that one of us is named Nan, and she has a brother Phil and an aunt Phyllis. I have no pets but an old cat, which runs all night and sleeps all day. I take painting lessons, and also a few of the 'ologies. I do love to study physiology, and I do believe I will be a doctor, and learn to take away terrible aches. I don't go to school, because I am not strong enough, but I study at home. I am interested in stamps, and I have a collection which cost over two hundred dollars. My papa is an artist, and he also collects those funny old Egyptian and Greek things. We have seven mummies, and a lovely mummy shawl, about two thousand five hundred years old. I have no mamma; she died when I was five years old. I went to a convent school, but I could not stay there. I inclose you a little sketch, and, with much love to you, I remain your dear friend,

FLOSSY L. P.

Thank you, Flossy.

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NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.

Newburyport is a very pleasant place, and I live on a farm. We have a large barn to play in. Papa has seventeen cows and two horses—Katie and Polly. Katie is the better of the two, and we all love her very much. For pets, we have a kitten named Snow, and she is all white. Our dog's name is Gyp. We have a canary named Dan. CARRIE L. T.

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ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.

I am a boy twelve years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and like it very much. I have two kittens for pets, one is named Euphemia and the other is called the Boarder, for we don't intend to keep him. We got the names from *Rudder Grange*. The kittens are very funny and eat very much. I have a collection of one hundred and thirty arrow-heads, two small tomahawks, and a chisel; they are all genuine, for I found them all myself.

THEODORE W. J.

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A boy writes about the breakfast table, very cleverly too.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a boy eleven years old. I thought I would write to you about "A Journey Around the Breakfast Table."

Oatmeal is made from oats. Bread is made from flour, and flour is made from wheat; wheat is raised largely in Kansas and Pennsylvania. The wheat is taken to the flour-mills and ground into flour. Tea comes from China and Japan. The tea-plant is an evergreen shrub, growing five or six feet high. The leaves are gathered and dried in shallow pans placed over charcoal fires. Tea has been used as a drink from time immemorial. It was first introduced into Europe about two hundred years ago, and has become a universal beverage. Coffee is raised largely in Brazil and Arabia. Brazil produces most of the coffee of the world, and one-half of it comes to the United States. About nine-tenths of all the sugar raised in the United States is produced in Louisiana. Most of the sugar which we use is made from the juice of the sugar-cane. The stalks of the cane are pressed between heavy iron rollers, and the juice is squeezed out; this juice is boiled and made into molasses and sugar. The Molucca Islands supply the world with pepper. The salt-works of Onondaga County, owned and worked by the State, are the most extensive in the world, yielding annually about seven million bushels of salt. Ice is produced largely in Maine and Massachusetts. In the winter ice is cut and stored in immense quantities, and it is shipped to the East Indies and West Indies and other iceless climes. Cocoa is produced largely in Ecuador. Potatoes grow in nearly all of the Middle Atlantic States; they originally came from Ireland. J. HAYS S.

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. A manner of cooking. 3. A color. 4. An adverb. 5. A letter.

2.—1. A letter. 2. A play upon words. 3. A certain style of architecture. 4. A negative. 5. A letter. BURREN.

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### No. 2.

FIVE EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. Used in archery. 2. A number. 3. Tiny.
2.—1. A color. 2. Close of day. 3. A cavern.
3.—1. Distant. 2. A reward. 3. A marsh.
4.—1. A kernel. 2. A custom. 3. A number.
5.—1. To jump. 2. A poem. 3. To write.

CLAUDE H.

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### No. 3.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—My first is in olive, but not in pine.
My second in four, but not in nine.
My third is in love, but not in sweet.
My fourth is in great and also in greet.
My fifth is in boat, but not in fleet.
My whole is a well-known river in Europe.

2.—My first is in gown, but not in sheet.
My second in cow, but not in sheep.
My third is in round, but not in flat.
My fourth is in door, but not in mat.
My fifth is in horse, but not in mare.
My sixth is in orange, but not in pear.
My whole is a world-famed general.

GEORGE ROYSTON.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 294.

No. 1.—I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

No. 2.—Chicken.

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Answer to "Military Puzzle" in No. 294: "Arms are fair when the intent of bearing them is just."

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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Maggie Ringbold, Jennie Trevor, May Fairweather, Thomas Lansing, Johnnie Craig, Albert Provost, R. C. A., Fanny Arnold, George Bates, Archie Dewey, Emmeline Curtis, Jasper Camp, Rose Raymond, and Marjorie Pettinger.

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[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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STARTLING RESULT OF GOOD MARKSMANSHIP.

## THE DOWNFALL OF THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

THE unfortunate English sparrow is fast losing its last friends, for even in its native home the farmers are turning upon it, and it is now dubbed a pest, while all sorts of murderous plans are devised for its destruction.

Some twenty years ago the chipper and "cheeky" little bird was imported into New York, and received with marks of the greatest friendliness and distinction. Boxes were placed in the forked boughs of trees for the little strangers to build their nests in, and to kill a sparrow was looked upon almost as a crime.

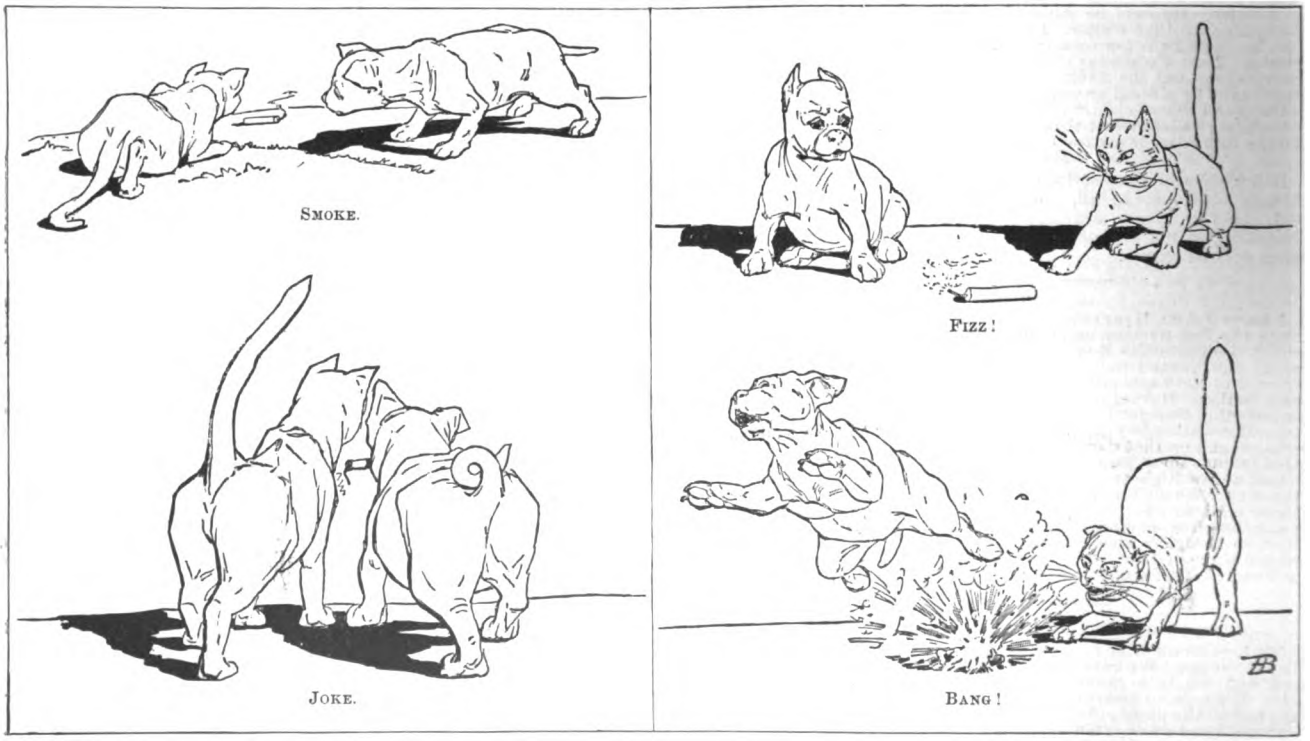
The reason of this extraordinary friendliness on the part of the public was that the little bird was known to have a remarkable appetite for worms, and at that time the city of New York was afflicted with a plague of "measuring worms." The trees in the parks and streets were stripped of their leaves, and the worms, having satisfied their appetites, were in the habit of dropping on to the hats and parasols of the passers-by.

Accordingly English sparrows were imported in large numbers, and it happened that soon after their arrival the measuring worms disappeared. Then the sparrows were credited with all the virtues that feathered beings could possibly possess, and their lot remained a happy one. But so fickle is public favor that now they have many enemies. They are said to have emigrated in large numbers to the country, where they prey upon grain fields and orchards and gardens of small fruits; they have driven away the native small birds which were here before Columbus; and (unkindest cut of all) it is declared that they did not destroy the measuring worms after all, but that the latter simply went away, probably because there were no green leaves left to eat.

In England, too, their friends have deserted them. Farmers' clubs are offering to pay threepence a dozen for their heads or their eggs, and their little stomachs are examined to show that they live almost entirely on wheat and barley. It seems only too certain that, like many unfeathered bipeds, the English sparrow has been getting a very fine reputation on false pretenses.

## PUZZLE.

I'M an honored lady in the land;
And though I'm dignified and grand,
I'm sure ten thousand times a year
As many people call me dear.
Behead me, and bowed down with years
Your oldest relative appears;
Behead again, and till her death
A fonder mother ne'er drew breath.
Behead again, but leave a leg,
For cockneys like me with an egg.
Behead once more, and, strange to see,
A thousand things are found in me.
Now reconstruct: you'll see my name
Backward and forward reads the same.



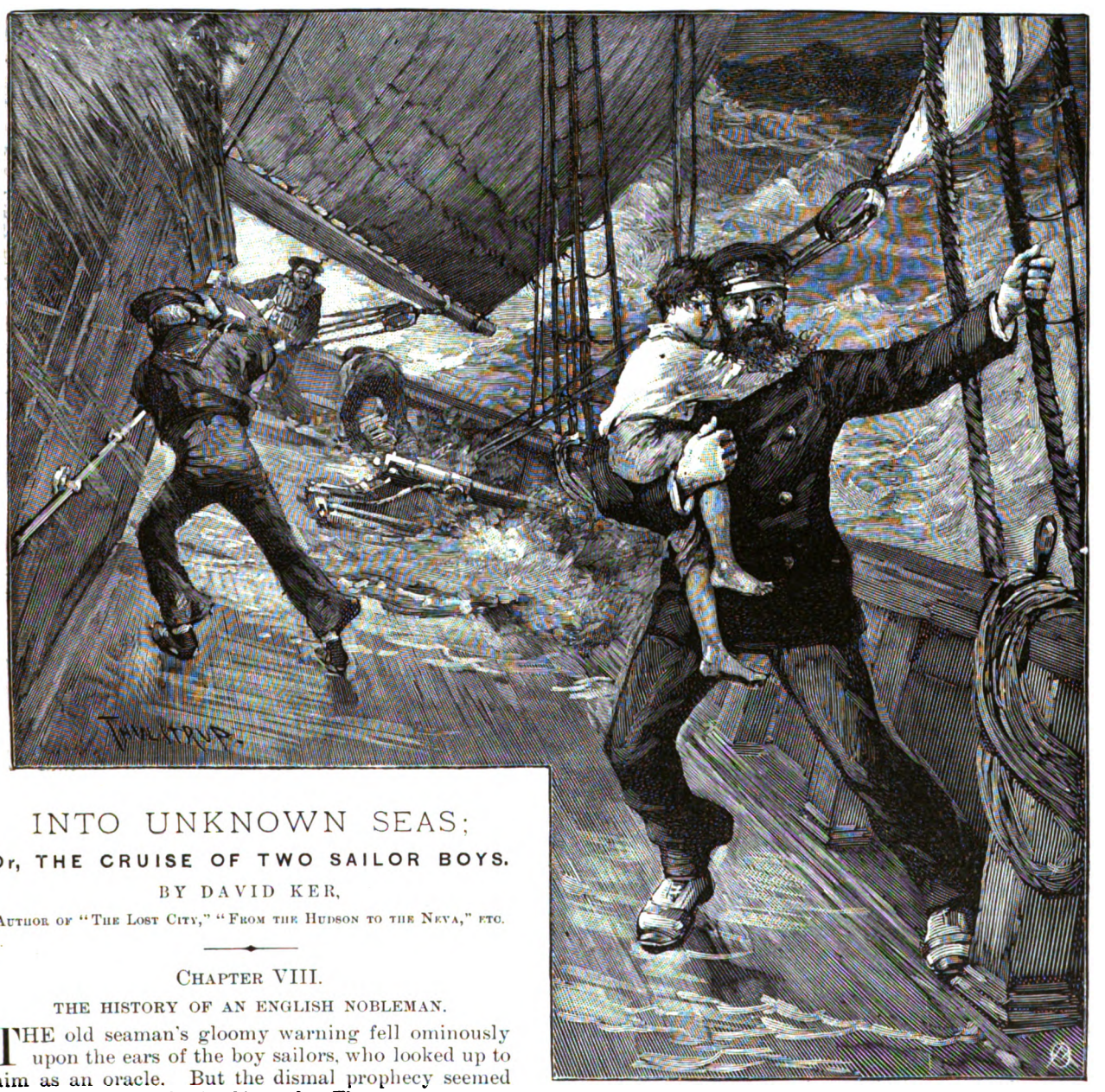

AN INCIDENT OF INDEPENDENCE DAY.

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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 298. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JULY 14, 1885.
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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"'DON'T CRY, LITTLE ONE; I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.'"

# INTO UNKNOWN SEAS;

## Or, THE CRUISE OF TWO SAILOR BOYS.

BY DAVID KER,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST CITY," "FROM THE HUDSON TO THE NEVA," ETC.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE HISTORY OF AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

THE old seaman's gloomy warning fell ominously upon the ears of the boy sailors, who looked up to him as an oracle. But the dismal prophecy seemed in no haste to make itself good. The sun rose next

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morning in a cloudless sky, and the atmosphere was so clear that at a distance of many miles they could see, as distinctly as if close at hand, the mighty pyramid of the Peak of Teneriffe lifting its bald white scalp more than twelve thousand feet above the sea.

That day passed, and the next, and the next, but still there was no sign of danger. They were now within the sweep of those steady "trade-winds" which extend for twenty-five degrees on either side of the line, and every one had a holiday except the firemen. With her snowy canvas outspread, and the spray flying in sparkling showers from her sharp prow, the graceful vessel flitted over the blue, bright waters like a sea-bird, seeming to rejoice in her own speed.

"A man might weel sail roond the warld wi' sic a bonnie craft," said Sandy Muir, on the third evening.

"And with such a Captain," added Jim Selden.

"Right, lad," said Tom Edwards, the old quartermaster, who had always shown them a kind of rough friendliness since their prompt aid at Catania. "I've sailed the sea ever since I could bite a biscuit, but I never sighted another Captain like my lord, there."

"*Is* he a lord, then?" asked Sandy, hastily.

"Is he?" echoed Edwards, indignantly. "O' course he is, and sich a lord as only comes once in a while, like the sea-sarpent or the Flyin' Dutchman. Why, there he was, with money enough to build a whole fleet; a house as big as Greenwich 'Orspital, and great big parks all round it, jam-full o' deer and peacocks and what not; scores and scores o' servants, with more gold lace on 'em than a dozen post-captains; all the great ladies and grand gen'l'men in London town knucklin' down to him like middies to a Hadmiral; and Queen Victorey herself, God bless her! axin' him to dinner at the palace. Well, what does he go and do but give up all that as easy as you'd shy away an old rope-yarn, start out on blue water jist 'cause he loved it so, and go all over the world like a sort o' charitable pirate, doin' good 'stead o' harm, and pickin' up all the friendless boys as is bein' knocked about and kept on short allowance ashore, same as he brought off little Jackymo t'other day at Catayney."

"Well done!" said both boys at once. "*Do* tell us all about him."

"Well, that's neither here nor there," said Tom, seeming to recollect himself. "If *he* hasn't told you, you won't get nothin' out o' *me!*"

"Quite right, Edwards," broke in a voice that made all three start; "but as I promised these boys my story, I think they have a right to it, and this will be a very good time to tell it them."

And Captain Percy seated himself in the midst of the group, while the boys (whose curiosity was roused to the utmost by Edwards's strange revelations) drew closer to him in order to lose not a word of the tale.

"After all you've heard from Edwards of my grand possessions," he began, "you'll think I must have been perfectly happy; but I *wasn't*. I know it's the way to talk of being 'as happy as a lord,' and to think that they have nothing to do but enjoy themselves; but I can assure you they have their troubles just the same as other people. You two lads are not a whit more thoroughly orphans, with neither father nor mother, than I was with both. My father, the Earl of Ramsdale, cared for nothing but his rank and estates; and my mother thought far more of my younger brother Arthur than ever she did of *me*.

"But it was no fault of Arthur, dear fellow, for he did all he could to prevent my feeling it. Whenever my mother gave him any toys or fruit or sweetmeats, he would come to me and say, 'Take your share, Percy; we always go halves, you know.' As for me, I was quite angry to think that some day I should get all the estates and Arthur would have nothing, and I made up my mind that whenever I *did* get them, I'd share with him as he had done with me.

"But all this was only a part of my troubles. The veriest beggar under a hedge was freer than I was. I could not choose my own friends, my own occupations, even my own amusements. I had to be civil to scores of people whom I despised, knowing all the time that they were so polite to me only because I was Lord Ashdowne, and would be Earl of Ramsdale some day, and that if I had come to them as a poor man they'd have told their servants to kick me out of the house. And when I wanted to be kind to the poor people of the district, I saw directly that although they touched their hats to me and called me 'my lord,' they had been taught to look upon me as one of their natural enemies, and nothing could make them believe that I was really their friend; and I found *that* harder to bear than all the rest put together.

"Now I should tell you that my father's great ambition was to buy back an estate which we had had to sell about a hundred years before, and which would cost a great deal of money to recover. So he raised rents, and felled timber, and looked sharply at leases and holdings, and was hard upon the tenants in every way. It was no use for me to plead for them, but I vowed in my own mind that the moment I came to be master I'd stop all this at once.

"Well, just a few months before my twenty-first birthday, my father sent me over to visit his estates in Ireland, and see for myself, as he said, what I would have to do by-and-by. I didn't much like going, for I knew I should see a great deal of misery which I could do little or nothing to relieve; but, however, I went, and with me went Mr. Gaskett, the same who is now our first officer. He was an old tenant of ours, and almost the only *real* friend I had, and he would have gone anywhere with 'Master Percy,' as he always called me.

"Three or four days after we got there, Mr. Gaskett and I, finding that the poor Paddies had had very bad luck with their fishing that season, thought it would be a good deed to give some of them a job. So we hired a fishing-boat and three men, and started for an island about ten miles off. But before we could reach it, the wind shifted, and blew dead off shore, driving us right out into the open sea, and there we were knocked about for three days and three nights, not knowing where we were, and expecting to go to the bottom every minute.

"At last, about twelve o'clock on the third night, just as we'd drunk our last drop of water and eaten our last biscuit, bang we went against a big outward-bound schooner. The crew had just time to haul us on board before our boat filled and went down, and the man who hauled *me* up was my old friend here" (laying his hand affectionately on Tom Edwards's brawny shoulder).

"But it was 'out of the frying-pan into the fire' with us, for the schooner met another gale in the South Atlantic, which drove her ashore upon a small island, where she went to pieces in a few hours, though happily no lives were lost. Now, as we'd had no chance of sending letters home on the voyage, and as our island was right out of the track of passing ships, it was no wonder that everybody at home gave us up for dead. Meanwhile we lived a kind of Robinson Crusoe life on the island for nearly a year.

"My special chum, next to Edwards and Mr. Gaskett, was the little cabin-boy, who told me such stories of how he'd been knocked about by the captains he sailed with that it made me quite savage to think how many more were suffering in the same way. But our hard life was too rough for him, poor little fellow! He died one night as quietly as a lamb, with his head on my shoulder, and over his grave I made a vow that if I ever got home again, I'd give my whole life to rescuing friendless and ill-used children like himself.

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"A few days later a vessel hove in sight, and we hardly breathed as we stood watching whether she would come to help us or not. She *did* come, and in another month we were back in Old England again, at a port close to my father's estate. Mr. Gaskett, Edwards, and I (who still held together) stopped to dine at a little way-side inn not far from Ramsdale Castle, and I learned from the talk of the customers that my father was dead, and that Arthur had succeeded to the property. Then they began telling how kind he was, and how good he had been to them all; and one big fellow from our estate in Ireland told in his warm-hearted Irish way all the good that Arthur had done *there*, and wished him long life and happiness.

"Then I thought to myself that here was Arthur doing all that I had meant to do myself, and doing it far better than I could have done. Why should I rise up again to disturb him, when every one thought me dead? I would let them continue to think so, and seek my fortune elsewhere. But before going, I wanted to have just one more look at the old house and dear old Arthur. So I told my two comrades to wait for me, and up I went alone to the castle just about night-fall.

"I was nearly at the lodge gate of the park, when I heard a man coming up at a quick pace behind me, and turning my head, saw that it was Arthur himself. He looked every inch a *man*, though he had only just come of age, and he had just the same bright, pleasant smile that I knew so well. I could hardly keep from running forward and calling out to him; but before I had time to step aside, my old mastiff Lionel, which was at his heels, ran up to me, and after sniffing round me for a moment in a puzzled kind of way, began leaping upon me and barking for joy.

"Then I forgot myself and called out, 'Down, Lionel! down, sir!' The instant I spoke, Arthur sprang forward, and catching me by the arm, peered into my face and cried,

"'Percy! thank God!' and that was all he could say.

"You may fancy what a welcome I got, and what a welcome my two friends got when *they* came up. But the next morning I had a long talk with Arthur, and told him that he would make a far better master for our poor tenants than ever *I* should, and that I'd made up my mind to give all the property over to him. At first he wouldn't hear of it; but by-and-by, when he saw that I was quite determined, he agreed. As for me, I bought this little yacht of mine with part of the money which my old aunt, Lady Merrincourt, had left me in her will on the chance of my being still alive. Then I got Edwards and Mr. Gaskett to pick me a crew, and then—"

"Beg pardon, my lord," said Tom Edwards, who had gone forward during the tale, "but it's lookin' queer up yonder to wind'ard, and I thinks we'd best be makin' all snug."

Captain Percy (by which name we shall continue to call Lord Ramsdale) was on his feet in a moment, and saw at once that the old sailor was right. The wind had died away, and all was deadly still. Far down in the west the angry sunset had left one gleam of lurid red between sea and sky; but all above was a gray, ghostly haze, hanging like a shroud over the lifeless calm of the darkening sea.

In a twinkling the sails were stowed and brailed up, leaving only the inner jib, which glimmered through the deepening darkness like the white wing of a sea-bird as the *St. Christopher* glided over the gloomy sea, now beginning to heave restlessly, while a low growl of thunder was heard far away to the northwest.

Suddenly a broad blue glare broke over the whole western sky. Then came a crash as if a hundred brass cannon had been fired at once, and in a moment the storm was upon them in all its fury.

All night the brave little vessel fought her way through storm and darkness, breasting gallantly the mountains of foaming water that came thundering over her deck every two or three minutes. The jib had long since been taken in, and the *St. Christopher* was now scudding under bare poles.

But not a man flinched. Weary, bruised, drenched, bleeding, hardly able to take breath after one wave before they were overwhelmed by another, the officers and crew stood to their posts like heroes. Captain Percy seemed to be everywhere at once, helping, directing, encouraging, and his clear, strong voice and cheery laugh were heard in every lull of the hideous uproar.

Day was just breaking on that wild scene, when the Captain gave a sudden start, and shouted to Edwards:

"Tom, is that Cape Verde yonder, on the port bow?"

"Cape Verde it is, my lord," answered the old quartermaster, coolly.

"I thought so," muttered Percy. "If the wind don't change in ten minutes, God have mercy on us all!"

It was, indeed, their only hope. Already the long, low sand hills and wide, green, wood-crowned ridges of the westernmost point of Africa were dimly visible through the flying spray, and the gale was driving them headlong onto the shore. Once dashed upon those fatal sands, with such a sea running, the stoutest timbers that ever floated would be shattered like glass.

"Stand by the life-buoys, all of you!" shouted the Captain; "it's your only chance. Be ready to jump the moment she strikes, for she won't hold together five minutes."

Just then a faint speck of fire glimmered through the driving scud, and a huge, dark, shapeless mass loomed out below it. Percy had just time to recognize the Cape Verde Light-house, and the steep conical hill on which it stands, when something touched his foot, and looking down, he saw little Giacomo, the boy whom he had rescued at Catania, crying bitterly.

"Don't cry, little one," said he, tenderly, as he raised the child in his strong arms; "I'll take care of you."

The little trembler ceased crying at once, and put his arms around the Captain's neck, with a look of perfect trust, and onward went the fated vessel to her doom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE BADMINTON FAIRIES.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

MADGE cried herself to sleep. The doctor had been to see her in the afternoon, and had told her that there must be no more tennis. Now Madge was the best player of her age in town, but she had overdone the business, so that the doctor said she must positively stop. The doctor was nice enough, as a general thing, but this time he was very stupid and cruel, Madge thought, for he made light of giving up tennis, as though it were of no consequence at all, when it almost broke Madge's heart, and was really a very important matter.

"Play battledore," he said; "you may play that as much as you like. That is a very nice game for girls;" and then he laughed unfeelingly and went away.

Battledore! What was battledore compared to tennis? How could he mention shuttlecocks in the same day with tennis balls! And no net and no courts, and wretched little parchment-covered rackets, that twist in one's hand, and—and— Madge's reflections were very bitter, but she became drowsy in the midst of them, and was almost asleep, when she heard a chorus of fine small voices singing something about "Bad—bad—badmin-*ton*," and she thought, sleepily, that the political processions of last fall, with their marching cries, had come back again, but she listened, and noticed that the next refrain was taken up by boy-like voices, "Bad-bad-bad-min-*ton*," and so on, first girls and then boys—"antiphonal," that horrid doctor would have called it—but they did not sound exactly like boys' and girls' voices either.

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"THERE WAS A PARTY OF FAIRIES AND ELVES PLAYING TENNIS."

"I wonder who Minton is, and what he has been bad about?" Madge thought, as she tried to get her eyes open. At last she sat up and saw that the moon had risen, and all the outer air was like a mild sort of electric light. She had not thought of it before, but it was just the full of the August moon, and perhaps it was midnight and fairies were singing.

She went over to the window and looked out. There was a little lakelet under the trees, which she did not remember having seen there before, but that did not surprise her in the least. Across and over the water a spider had hung his net, and there, skipping lightly from one lily-pad to another, was a party of fairies and elves playing tennis with lilies for balls. More elves and fairies were coming down from the moon two by two, an elf and a fairy, and joining in the game or taking their places to look on.

It was very queer and perplexing withal to see the little light-footed creatures mark off the courts with the handles of their rackets. They just scored the surface of the water, and deep purple lines remained where they were made. The lines wavered and danced on the ripples, but kept still enough to be played over.

But "How is this?" thought Madge. "They haven't marked off their courts right. There are no rear courts at all, and I wonder what those lines can be near the net."

Then in a flash of memory it came back to her that she had heard of a battledore game called badminton.

"Oh," she cried, softly, to herself, "it isn't tennis at all! It's badminton, and badminton is battledore, and I can play it."

Badminton takes its name from a little town near the seat of the Duke of Beaufort, in Gloucestershire, England, where, as rumor says, it was first played. It took a journey to India, however, and became popular with English residents there before it came into fashion in England itself. Last winter it emigrated to America, and was "quite the thing" in New York during Lent.

The game is a near relation to battledore and shuttlecock on one side and to lawn tennis on the other. From one it takes its rackets and shuttles, and from the other its nets, rules, and courts; but all these are changed, except the way of keeping count, so that it can be played indoors in winter, or under a veranda when it rains, or out-of-doors under the trees when it is pleasant. Moreover, less room is required than in the case of tennis, and instead of a net, a fence or a wall or a hedge may be used; a line may be stretched between two points, or a hammock may be tightened up a bit and used for a barrier, even if there be some one in it at the time.

Badminton calls for a smaller court than tennis, simply because the shuttles can not be driven as far as tennis balls, and because their flight is more irregular. Each of the courts should be, say, fifteen feet long by twenty feet wide, and they should be separated by a space ten feet long by twenty wide. Across the middle of this space the net is hung; so the service line is five feet from the net on each side, and parallel to it. The players must not step on the space between these two lines during play, and if the shuttle falls between them it is a fault.

The net is hung so as to be five feet six inches from the ground at the ends, and four feet six inches in the middle.

The game is opened as in tennis, and the service diagonally from either court. All "returns" must be from the "volley," as no rebound or half-volley is possible with a shuttle, nor can there be any "cutting," as with balls. As soon as the shuttlecock touches the ground the stroke is won by the striker.

On beginning play the service may be delivered from any point within either court, and the shuttle must drop within the court diagonally opposite. If it falls on a line it is counted for the striker. After the shuttle is in play it may be aimed at any part of the opposing player's courts.

The game may be played by from two to eight persons, the rules of lawn tennis, with such exceptions as have been mentioned, governing all cases.

The regulation rackets are twenty-four to twenty-six

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inches long, and weigh from eight to twelve ounces, but any kind may be used. Shuttlecocks weighing one ounce are best for in-door play, as they will not break anything stronger than a cobweb. For out-of-doors a shuttle weighted with lead to one and a half or two ounces is recommended, especially when the wind is blowing. It is well to fasten the feathers in place with strong glue, and to work a fine thread in and out around the feathers at about their mid-length, drawing them together so as to contract their spread, and give the shuttle a freer range. The head of the shuttle should be covered with rubber. For this purpose the rubber finger-cots sold by apothecaries answer perfectly, the open end being cut off to a proper length.

Such is badminton, and its growing popularity threatens to make it a rival of its famous cousin, lawn tennis. It has certain advantages of its own which tennis can never claim, owing to the larger space required. With light shuttlecocks having their feathers well spread out, to insure short and irregular flight, quite a respectable game may be had at a pinch in a room of very moderate size. Of course the rules must be modified to suit the case, and perhaps it may be found best to use two or more shuttlecocks at the same time in order to make the game lively. Only skilled players, however, will find this necessary.



"LEFT-SIX," THE PEDDLER.

## "LITTLE BAMBOO."

BY NOAH BROOKS.

I.

IT is in Inaka, the beloved suburb of Yedo, Japan, that we must make the acquaintance of Little Bamboo, whose strange adventures form the thread of my narrative.

In Japan, as perhaps some of our young readers already know, every person has a name more or less characteristic. Sometimes that name is changed by those who have the right to take a new name in place of the old, which all do not. And sometimes it happens that children are known by various names as they grow up and pass from infancy to maturity, and as their character and disposition are developed. Thus a little girl who would be very well named as Violet of the Wood when she was very young and shy might better be called Link of Gold when she grew older and showed traits of mind and heart that gave significance to her new name. Také, as she was called in the musical language of Japan, would be "Little Bamboo" when translated into English.



LITTLE BAMBOO AND SUNFLOWER.

Let us begin at the beginning of Little Bamboo's strange, eventful history.

It was in the beautiful suburb Inaka, then, that there lived a poor couple, Hidari-Roku and Tammono his wife. If we were to put into English language these names, we should call Hidari Left-Six, and his wife Tammono would be Mrs. Cloth. Now Left-Six was a peddler of fans, brushes, brooms, and other small articles, made by himself, his wife, and some of his neighbors.

"The Beloved Suburb," as the people of Yedo call Inaka, is like one vast garden interspersed with pretty cottages and charming tea-houses. When the numerous orchards are in full flower the sight is a most lovely one, and is well calculated to inspire a poetic people like the Japanese with tender and gentle sentiments. To the beautiful suburb go the artists whose odd pictures of flowers and birds are now so well known throughout our own country, since the delicate handiwork on screens, trays, fans, fabrics, and porcelains has carried into innumerable homes some touches of the art of the Sunrise Kingdom. Thither go the poets of the spring, who seek in the midst of the groves of citron, orange, pine, and cypress, and the orchards of cherry, plum, and peach, for new inspiration for the refined verses with which they are to regale the happy people of the city. Whole families come trooping to Inaka of a summer holiday to gaze with delight on the groves, pink and white with blossoms, to indulge in innocent pastimes in the lovely suburb.

The great roofs of the tea-houses, or restaurants, come almost down to the ground, and gay with bits of brightly painted color, or mellow with the stains of the weather, are embowered among the billowy trees loaded with blossoms. From the galleries of these tea-houses droop swinging screens of flowering vines and climbing plants; on the roofs that are moss-covered one may see masses of purple and white iris opening their petals to the sun. Gayly plumaged pigeons and other domestic birds sun themselves on the curved roofs or on the delicately carved balconies, and occasionally flutter down to the turf to snatch the crumbs scattered for them by the joyous children. From the terraced and rocky hill a dancing spring laughs its way down beside the winding path, and sings as it slips onward to the fields of grain dotted with poppy blooms in the valley beyond.

When the chirp of the grasshopper is heard in the land, the good father of a flock of children betakes himself and his brood to Inaka, provided with little wicker cages.

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Then great is the sport when the little ones and their parents, having delighted their ears with the grasshopper concert, chase the little songsters with big cups woven of straw, catch and imprison them, and carry them home for many a day's music thereafter.

But to Little Bamboo, the small drudge of Left-Six and his wife, the spring brought no respite from her labors; the summer, bright and beautiful though it was, only increased her sorrows, for it was in the summer that old Hidari-Roku's trade mostly throve. His fans, brooms, and fly-brushes were in great demand, and Little Bamboo, her feet weary and dusty with frequent errands, was kept busy all the day going about among the scattered neighbors collecting the articles that her guardian sold from door to door and street to street.

I have said that Hidari-Roku, or Left-Six, was the guardian of Little Bamboo. The old scamp told many a story to his neighbors to account for the child. They had no children of their own when Little Bamboo first made her appearance in Inaka. Left-Six had been on a distant journey, and when he returned it was in the darkness of a winter night, and none saw when he came. But next day, to the surprise of all that lived in the suburb, there was a dark-eyed little girl in the house, about six years old, and answering, albeit somewhat shyly, to the name of Také, or Little Bamboo.

To some of the more inquisitive of his neighbors—and the Japanese neighbor is just as curious as the nearest of our friends in America—Left-Six said that Little Bamboo was the child of a brother who lived in Hondjo, among the forty temples for which that place is justly celebrated. His brother, he said, had suddenly died, leaving him this small child to rear as he would. There were a few knowing people who said that Left-Six had but one brother, and he was a "ronin," or roving tramp, who could have had no wife or children. But Mrs. Cloth silenced these by saying that her husband had many more brothers, some living in distant provinces, and some even in Yedo, the great capital.

All talk about the little stranger died out very soon, for the Japanese, although inquisitive, are not impertinent, and the people who lived near Left-Six and his wife, Mrs. Cloth, said among themselves, "Why should we vex ourselves about a matter that does not concern us, and meddle in the affairs of a couple so highly respected as Left-Six and his spouse?"

So Little Bamboo went her ways among the neighbors, doing her whole duty by her foster-parents, who, to give them credit, were not too hard upon the little thing, and only exacted of her the task of running errands and helping Mrs. Cloth in the simple duties of the house cooking. Little Bamboo had no time for play. She cherished in secret a small and very ugly doll of straw that she had found in a heap of rubbish in a ravine which she often had to cross when she went to the cottage of Six-Boy, the fan-maker. This forlorn little child of straw and paint she kept hidden in a mulberry thicket near the hovel of Left-Six, and this toy was all the comfort of her childish years.

But a great change was coming for Little Bamboo. One night she was kept awake by strange and unusual noises about the cottage. The sliding partitions of the dwelling were run to and fro many times. A strange woman went and came through the bit of a room where Little Bamboo was snuggled down to rest on her own mat. Once she thought she heard the cry of a child. In the morning, when Left-Six came to bid her rise, he said, "A little sister has come to Také in the night."

Speechless with wonder, the child passed through the opening made by a sliding screen, and there beheld in the arms of the strange woman a very small and very dark-colored baby. To her sorrow, in after-years, Little Bamboo knew that infant. It was Ogurama, or Sunflower, the first and only child of Left-Six and Mrs. Cloth. Thenceforth, with a strong bandage swathed about her waist and shoulders, poor Little Bamboo carried Sunflower all day.

No Japanese baby ever cries unless under very great stress of circumstances, and so Little Bamboo would have had a pretty easy time with her young charge if Sunflower had not been uncommonly heavy. Little Bamboo thought that she grew heavier and heavier every day. Even the kind-hearted neighbors, pausing in their various household tasks, looked out at the patient little drudge as she passed by, staggering under the weight of Sunflower, and said: "They call that lump of fat Sunflower, do they? See how she bends the back of Little Bamboo like a willow slip borne down by the weight of a weasel. Rather should the offspring of Left-Six and Mrs. Cloth be called Pigling. She is like a small pig that has not left off its mother's milk."

But these mocking words were never said in the hearing of Mrs. Cloth. That worthy lady had a sharp tongue of her own, which she could on occasion use with great effect. Nevertheless, Little Bamboo heard and laughed to herself. Perhaps the thought that the neighbors did not hesitate to tell Také that she was imposed upon lightened her burden somewhat. It is pleasant to know that one's opinion of one's trials is shared by others who are older and consequently wiser than ourselves.

As the duty of lugging Sunflower about the beloved suburb came on by degrees, Little Bamboo's patience was growing slowly also. She did not murmur, although Sunflower grew more heavy every day. Hiding herself and "Pigling," as she sometimes whispered the name, by way of joke to herself, in some shady copse, Little Bamboo produced from the folds of her robe the straw doll, now very shabby and ragged, and amused herself and her young charge for hours with imaginary adventures in which Little Bamboo, Sunflower, and Wistaria (for this was the name of the straw infant) figured to their great amusement and profit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## OYSTERS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

THE division of mollusks includes soft-bodied animals which are usually provided with shells, and pass by the general name of "shell-fish." Their bodies are inclosed by a delicate membrane called a "mantle," whose office it is to secrete the shell. On opening an oyster we see this thin glistening mantle lining the shell as well as covering the oyster.

The shell is useful in protecting the soft body of the mollusk, and its strength and thickness are generally in proportion to the dangers to which the animal is exposed. Those species which inhabit shallow places in the ocean near the shore, and are hence exposed to the beating of the waves, have stronger shells than those living in deep water. Fresh-water mollusks generally have delicate shells.

Another provision of nature for the safety of the helpless mollusks may be seen in their coloring. Those which spend most of their lives at rest near the same spot, as oysters and clams do, are of the same general color as their surroundings. On the contrary, those that move about, as pectens and gasteropods, are often tinted with rich and beautiful colors.

When a shell consists of two separate pieces or valves opening by a hinge, it is called a bivalve.

A careful examination of one mollusk will help us to understand all the others. If we can not obtain a living animal, let us at least have the shell, and we will stop awhile to examine it. Look at it carefully. What is the first thing you see? Is it the thin layers of which the shell is composed?

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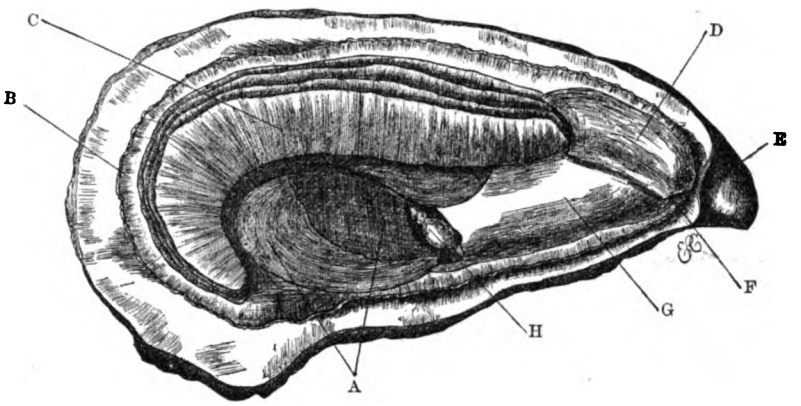



FIG. 1.

These layers are very interesting. You will soon suspect that the growth of the oyster has caused them. By looking on the outside of the shell you may see the lines of growth, and perhaps you can detect the shape of the oyster when it was very small. The delicate mantle (B, Fig. 1) has deposited new layers of shelly matter upon the inside from time to time, each layer extending a little beyond the edge of the last, and increasing the size of the shell.

After an oyster has obtained its full growth the shell does not increase further in size, but it becomes thicker by the addition of one layer inside of another, so that the age of an oyster may be estimated by the thickness of its shell. This thickening is readily seen at the hinge (E, Fig. 1), which seems to have grown in until it encroaches upon the space intended for the oyster. Yet you will see that at one time the hinge was at the very tip of the beak.

In a freshly opened oyster you will notice a tough brown brand in the hinge; this is the ligament which unites the two valves, but, strangely enough, it acts like a spring that is constantly tending to throw the shell open. Let us see what causes this. The elastic horny fibres which form the ligament are placed endwise between the valves, consequently they are squeezed when the shell is closed, and they try to make room for themselves. If the ligaments in the hinge push the shell open, how, then, do you suppose it can be closed?

Notice the purple spot on the inside of each valve; this mark shows where a muscle was attached that extends right through the body of the oyster (A, Fig. 1), and joins the two valves together. You know the oysterman has to cut the oyster loose from the shell at this point with his knife, and this is the only place at which the oyster is attached to the shell. The muscle is the tough part of the oyster, and when it shortens itself the valves are drawn together. If the muscle lengthens, the valves fly open, as is the case when the oyster dies. Bivalves naturally stand open with a stream of water flowing over the gills, unless they are forcibly held together by the muscle. Fortunately for us, oysters live some time after being taken out of the water, but they keep their valves closed to retain the moisture.

The inside of the shell is further marked by the "pallial line," which shows where the edge of the mantle has rested. Oysters live in shallow water attached to some fixed object by the lower valve, which is larger and deeper than the other; in it the oyster lives as in a trough.

By lifting the fringed edge of the mantle four delicate gills (C) may be seen extending part way round the edge. The gills are covered with cilia, which by rapid motion produce a current of water toward the mouth, bringing particles of food and, as it flows away again, carrying off the waste matter.

The helpless oyster, fastened down to its bed, has no possible way of hunting food, and it is entirely dependent upon these currents. Coming in this way, the food necessarily consists of very small plants and animals, which are abundant in the sea, especially in the quiet places where oysters flourish.

The mouth is a mere slit at the smaller end of the oyster (F) near the hinge. It is covered by four thin lips or folds of membrane, called "labial palpi" (D). An œsophagus leads to the stomach, and the intestine passes through the large liver (G), which is of a brownish-green color, and occupies most of the soft part of the oyster.

Oysters have no true head. The heart (H) may easily be seen in a clear space near the muscle, and in a freshly opened specimen it will beat slowly and regularly. It consists of two sacs, one large and transparent, the other small and brownish.

Spawning season occurs during the summer months, at which time the eggs may be seen floating in the fluid around the gills, giving it a thick, creamy appearance. Oysters are not then in good condition for food. They produce an immense number of young ones. It is thought one oyster may yield a million in a season, and the whole number of young oysters thrown out from an ordinary oyster bank is almost incalculable. The eggs leave the parent shell in puffs of milky fluid, and are sometimes so thick as to make the water look clouded until they are scattered by the waves.

When the young ones are hatched they swim about for a time, then attach themselves for life to some solid object. Unless they find a clean hard surface to fasten to, the little things are quite certain to perish in the mud or to be devoured by larger animals, and indeed a very large proportion of the young are destroyed in this way.

Oyster beds generally exist in brackish water upon a bottom of clay or mud which is firm enough to prevent sinking into it. The water must also contain enough lime to supply the oyster with the material for its shell. It is found that oyster beds increase in the direction of the current, the young ones having drifted with the tide before settling.

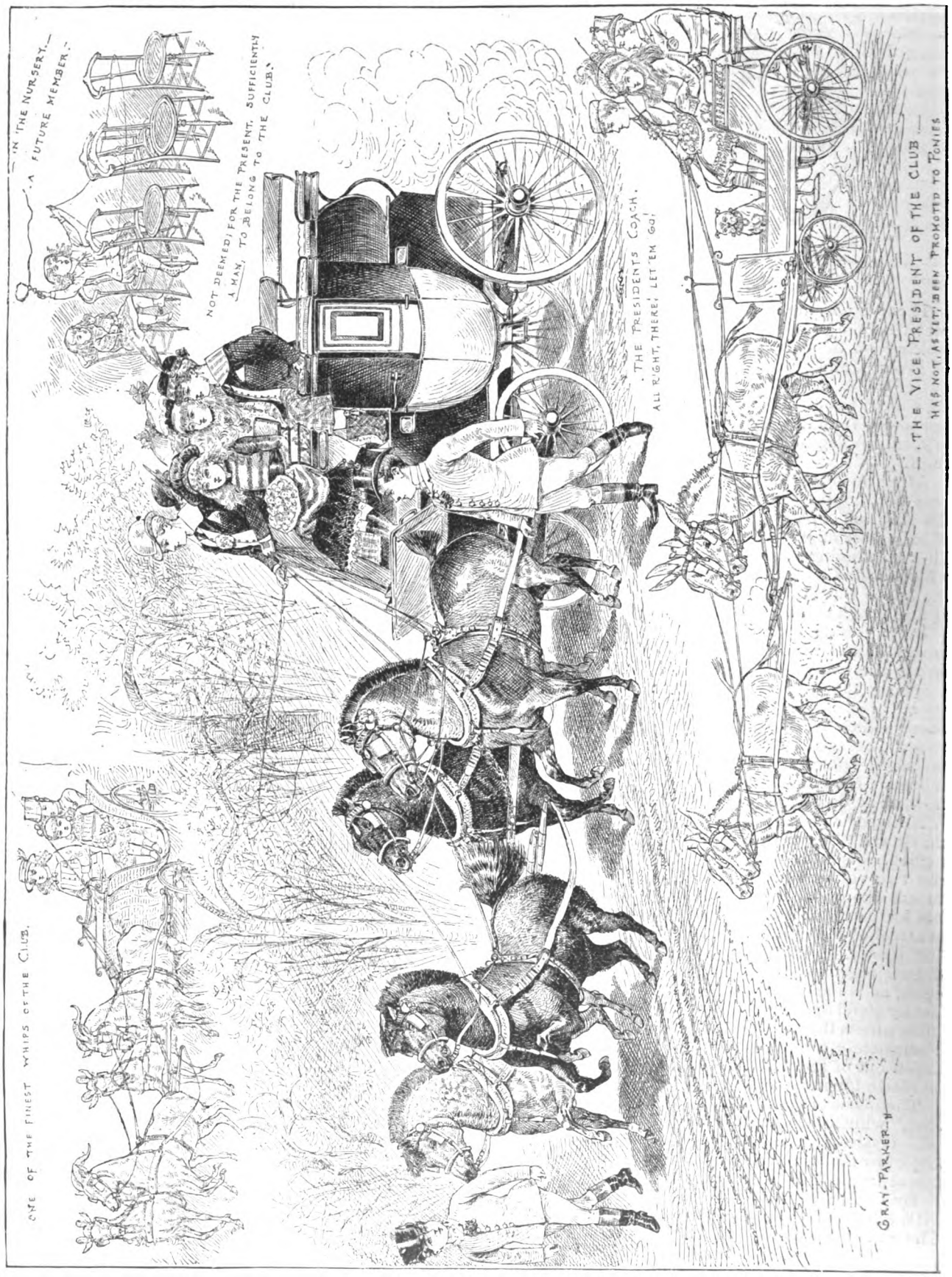
In addition to natural oyster beds, there are many "oyster farms," where these delicious mollusks are regularly cultivated. Stakes are driven in the mud in shallow water, and branches of trees, rough boards, or stones are placed between them for the baby oysters to fasten themselves to. When the nursery is ready, several boat-loads of oysters are dropped near the spot. They increase and grow rapidly, being ready for the table in from two to three years.

Oysters are generally fished with a dredge. As this instrument is dragged over the bed, the teeth pull up the oysters, both large and small, from their resting-place. Those that are too young for market are thrown back into the water, and if they fall on a suitable surface they will attach themselves, and continue to grow. Many of them, however, sink in the mud and are suffocated.

The process of dredging is also destructive to the oysters which remain on the bed, as they are roughly torn from each other and dragged into the mud. Here they can not open their valves without admitting the mud, and this is certain death to an oyster.

Oysters are highly esteemed for food on account of their delicious flavor, and the demand for them is constantly increasing. This leads to excessive fishing of the oyster beds, and in many places the beds yield a much smaller supply than formerly. Such is the case with many of the European oyster beds. The French government has been obliged to take control of those on its shores, and to enforce certain laws with regard to fishing them.

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THE "YOUNG PEOPLE" FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.—Drawn by Gray Parker.

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TOMMY HARMON'S LASSO.—Drawn by J. C. Beard.—See Story on Page 586.

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## TOMMY HARMON'S LASSO.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

FOR a long time Tommy Harmon's lasso was the joke of the farm. He had read somewhere of the wonderful doings of Western cow-boys with the lasso, and from a description given in that account he had made himself a very fair specimen.

The fact that there was no earthly use for such a thing as a lasso on the New York farm where he lived made no difference in Tommy's enthusiasm, and with great impartiality he went about lassoing—or lassoing at—everything. Gate post, dog, cat, or calf was welcome alike to Tommy, and he minded neither failure nor laughter.

By-and-by the day of Tommy's triumph came. It came quite unexpectedly, and without any help from him, except in the way of what Matt, the hired man, called a silly suggestion.

It happened in this way: A fox had been stealing Mrs. Harmon's chickens, until that good lady lost patience and insisted that a trap should be set for the thief.

Tommy, accordingly, baited a steel-trap with a nice young chicken, and set it between the barn and the wood lot, where Master Fox was supposed to hide during the day. Then Tommy went away, intending to visit the trap the next morning.

About an hour later, however, he saw a half-dozen crows angrily fluttering over the spot where he had set the trap, and it occurred to him at once that the fox had already been caught, and was being attacked by the crows.

He caught up a stick and ran hastily toward the trap, more sorry at each step that he did not have his lasso with him. As he drew near the spot he could hear the angry caw, caw of the crows, and could see them furiously swoop and rise again, all of which made him think that the fox was fighting hard for his life.

But just imagine his surprise, when he had gotten through the corn field and could see the trap, at discovering that instead of a fox an eagle was caught. He could now understand what the crows were so angry about. Crows hate hawks and eagles, and take every opportunity to injure them. They seemed to know that this eagle could not defend himself very well, and they went at him on every side, making the feathers fly at every attack.

The eagle could easily have carried away the steel-trap if it had not been fastened by a chain to a stake. As it was, the captured bird struggled madly at the end of the chain in his efforts to beat off the crows.

Tommy at once became greatly excited, and with visions of stuffed eagles floating through his mind, ran at the great bird, intending to kill it with a blow of his stick, and then carry it home.

This would have been an excellent plan if the eagle had only stood still and stretched out its neck for Tommy to hit. But it did not, and before Tommy knew it he was on the ground, with torn clothes and bleeding face. It was very well for him that he had not fallen within reach of the angry eagle, or Tommy might not have lived to laugh over the triumph of his lasso.

Fortunately the eagle could not reach him, and Tommy was able to scramble to his feet and run toward the house a great deal more quickly than he had run to the trap.

Near the wagon-house he met Matt, and breathlessly explained matters to him. Tommy's appearance showed that he was not telling a big story, and Matt, only stopping to ask where the trap was, started off at a run.

Tommy darted into the wagon-house, snatched his beloved lasso from its peg, and followed after Matt as quickly as his tired legs could take him. Exactly what he intended to do with the lasso he did not know. He took it because it was a sort of second nature to do so.

When he reached the field he found that Matt was as badly off as he had been. The eagle had contrived to pull up the stake, and was struggling with claws and beak to tear out Matt's eyes, while Matt was trying hard to get away, beating at the bird with his hands to keep it from his face. In Tommy's excited mind there was but one thing to do.

"Lasso it, Matt! lasso it!" he cried, thrusting his lasso into Matt's hands.

Anything to beat the savage bird with. Matt whirled the lasso in his hands, and struck blindly at the eagle, which fell back for a moment.

"Lasso it! lasso it!" shrieked Tommy, dancing up and down.

The rope was coiled in readiness to throw, and without intending it, Matt cast it at the eagle. By great good luck the noose fell over one of the bird's outstretched wings, and Tommy fairly yelled with delight as he sprang forward and drew the lasso tight.

They still had some trouble in subduing the mighty bird, but they did succeed finally in capturing it alive. They sold it for fifteen dollars; and now, when anybody seems inclined to laugh at Tommy's lasso, he shows them Matt's new hat and his new suit of clothes, and explains how they got the money to buy them with.

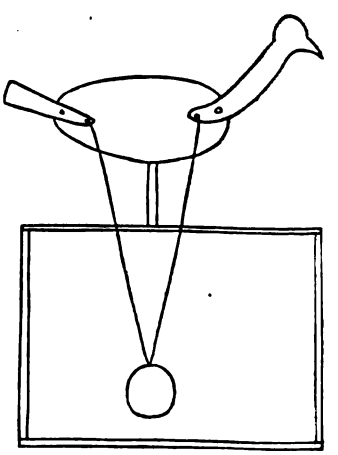
## JACKKNIFE TOYS.

### THE BOBBING CHICKEN.

BY C. W. MILLER.

THIS remarkable bird stands on a small box, and bobs his head down and tail up, then head up and tail down, timing his movements to the swing of a pendulum below.

To make him, whittle out two pieces for the body, one for the head, one for the tail, and two for the legs, of the shapes shown in the diagram, and put them together. The body is double, the head and tail working between the sides, so that the ends of the head and tail and the points where the strings are attached to them do not show in the completed toy as they do in the diagram. The legs are round sticks set in holes bored in the body, and in holes in the top of the frame. The frame consists of four strips nailed together, having a slit cut in the top. The pendulum is any piece of metal—lead is best—which is heavy enough to vibrate for some time, moving the chicken. A stout thread is tied to the end of the neck, another to the tail, and both to the weight, as shown in the diagram.



It will be seen at once that as the ball swings forward its weight is supported by the thread running to the tail. This causes the tail to bob up. At the same time the thread running to the head is slackened, allowing it to bob down. When the ball swings back, these movements will be reversed.

To make the chicken more surprising and cover up the machinery, glue feathers all over the body, neck, and tail, making awl-holes in the tail, and sticking in some long feathers. Cut a comb and wattles from red flannel, and glue them to his head. Paint his legs and bill yellow.

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# CLAUS & HIS WONDERFUL STAFF.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

HANS and Claus were born brothers. Hans was the elder and Claus was the younger, Hans was the richer and Claus was the poorer.

If Claus wanted money, he had better go out into the world to look for it. So said Hans, for Claus was so poor that Hans was ashamed of him, and wanted him to leave home, so as to be rid of him for good and all.

But before he went, he cut himself a good stout staff of hazel-wood to help his heavy feet over the road.

Now, the staff that Claus had cut was a rod of witch-hazel, which has the power of showing wherever treasure lies buried.

So off he went into the world, and by-and-by he came to the great town, and then to the market-place, and stood with many others with a straw in his mouth, for that meant that he wanted to take service with somebody.

Presently there came along an old, old man, bent almost double with the weight of years. This was a famous doctor of the black-arts. He knew that Claus had a stick of witch-hazel, so he came to the market-place, peering here and peering there, just as honest folks do when they are looking for a servant. After a while he came to where Claus was, and then he stopped in front of him. "Do you want to take service, my friend?" said he.

Yes; why else should he stand with a straw in his mouth?

Well, they bargained and bargained, and the end of the matter was that Claus agreed to sell his services to the old master of black-arts for seven pennies a week. So they made their bargain, and off went the master with Claus at his heels. After they had gone a little distance away from the crowd at the market-place, the master of black-arts asked Claus where he had got that fine staff of hazel.

"Oh, I got it over yonder," said Claus.

But could he find the place again?

Oh yes; Claus was sure of that.

So, good! Then here was a bottle of yellow water. If Claus would take the bottle of yellow water and pour it over the stump from which he had cut his staff, there would come seven green snakes out of a hole at the foot of the hazel bush. After these seven snakes had gone, there would come a white snake, with a golden crown on its head, from out of the same hole. Now if Claus would catch that white snake in the empty bottle and bring it to the master of black-arts, he should have one dollar.

Claus took the bottle of yellow water and off he went.

By-and-by he came to the place where he had cut his hazel twig. There he did as the master of black-arts had told him, and Claus caught the white snake, and put it into the bottle and corked it up tightly.

Now this white snake was what the folk call a tomt-snake in that land. Whoever eats of a broth made of it can understand the language of all the birds of the air, and all the beasts of the field.

The master bade Claus build a fire, and as soon as there was a good blaze he set a pot of water upon it. When the water began to boil, he chopped up the white snake into little pieces, and threw them into it.

Now it happened that just about the time that the broth was cooked, the master was called out of the room. No sooner was his back turned than Claus began to wonder what the broth was like. "I will just have a little taste; surely it can do no harm." So he stuck his finger into the broth; but what it tasted like he never could tell, for just then the master came in again, and Claus was so frightened at what he had done that he had no wits to think of anything.

Presently the master of black-arts went to the pot of broth, and, taking off the lid, began smelling of it. But no sooner had he sniffed of it than he began thumping his head with his knuckles, and tearing his hair, and stamping his feet. "*Somebody's had a finger in my broth!*" he roared. For the master knew at once that all the magic had been taken out of it by the touch of Claus's finger.

As for poor Claus he was so frightened that he fell upon his knees and began begging, "Oh, dear master!" but he got no farther than this, for the master bawled at him,

"You have taken the best;
You may have the rest!"

and so saying he threw pot and broth and all at Claus, so that if he hadn't ducked his head he might have been scalded to death. Then Claus ran out into the street.

Now in the street there was a cock and a hen scratching and clucking together in the dust, and Claus understood every word that they said to one another, so he stopped and listened to them.

The cock said to the hen: "Yonder goes our new serving-man. He is leaving the best behind him."

And the hen said, "What is it that he is leaving?"

And the cock said to the hen, "He is leaving behind him the witch-hazel staff that he brought with him."

Now Claus was not going to leave the hazel staff be-




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Off he went to the high hill back of Herr Axel's house, and there, sure enough, was the great stone.

Claus struck on the stone with his hazel staff, and it opened like the door of a cellar, for all was blackness within. A long flight of steps led below, and down the steps Claus went; but when he had come to the bottom of the steps he stared till his eyes were like great round saucers, for there stood sacks of gold and silver piled up like bags of grain in the malt-house.

At one end of the room was a great stone seat, and on the seat sat a little manikin smoking a pipe.

"What would you like to have, Claus?" he said.

"I would like to have some money, if you please."

"Take what you want," said the little man; "only do not forget to take the best with you."

Oh no; Claus would not forget the best, so he held the staff tighter than ever in his fist, for what could be better than the staff that brought him there? So he went here and there, filling his pockets with the gold and silver money till they bulged out like the pockets of a thief in the orchard; but he kept tight hold of his staff.

And now everything he had was of the best, and he had twice as much of that as any of the neighbors.

hind, you may be sure. So he sneaked about the place till he laid hand on it again.

Well, after he had left the town, he went along, tramp, tramp, until by-and-by he grew tired and sat down beneath an oak-tree to rest himself a little.

Now two ravens came flying and lit in the tree above him. After a while the ravens began talking together.

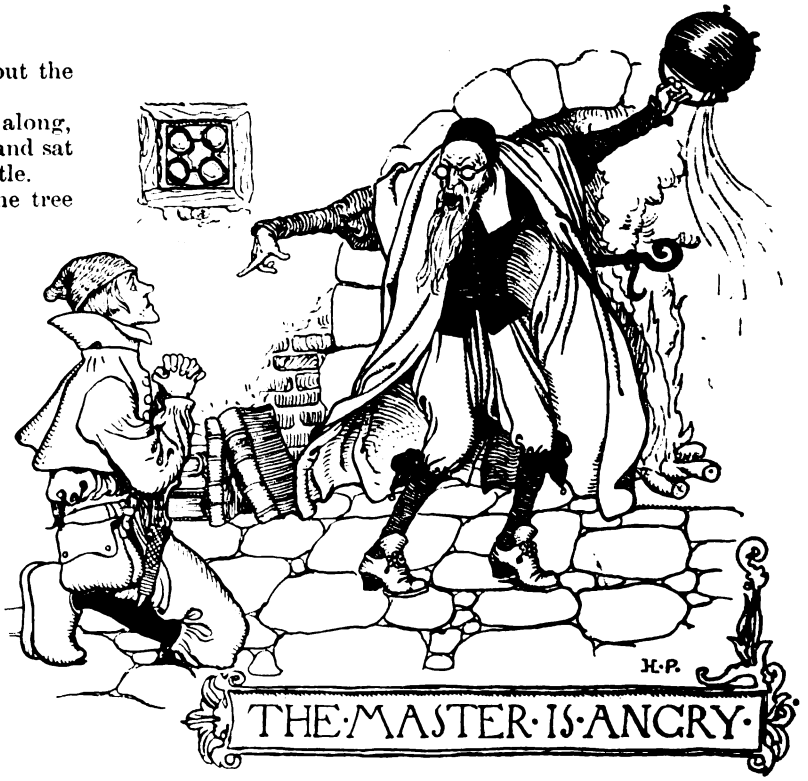
One said, "Yonder is poor Claus sitting below us."

And the other raven said, "*Poor* Claus, did you say, brother? Do you not see the witch-hazel lying on the ground beside him?"

The one raven said, "Oh yes, I see that, but what good does it do him?"

And the other raven said, "It does him no good now, but if he were to go home again, and strike on the great stone on the top of the hill back of Herr Axel's house, then it would do him good, for in it lies a great treasure of silver and gold."

Claus had pricked up his ears at all this talk, you may be sure. "See," said he, "that is the way that a man will pass by a great fortune in the little world at home to seek for a little fortune in the great world abroad."




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Every day Claus went to the little man in the hill with his pockets empty, and came back with them stuffed with gold and silver money. At last he had so much that he could not count it, and so he had to send over to brother Hans for his quart pot, that he might measure it.

But Hans was cunning. "I'll see what makes Claus so well off in the world all of a sudden," said he; so he smeared the inside of the quart pot with bird-lime.

Then Claus measured his gold and silver money in Hans's quart pot, and when he was done with it he sent it back again. But more went back with the quart pot than came with it, for two gold pieces stuck to the bird-lime.

"What!" cried Hans. "Has that stupid Claus found so much money that he has to measure it in a quart pot? We must see the inside of this business."

"Where did you get all that money?"

Oh, Claus could not tell him that.

But Hans was bound to know all about it; so he begged and begged so prettily that at last Claus had to tell him everything. Then nothing would do but Hans must have a try with the hazel staff also.

Well, Claus made no words at that. He was a good-natured fellow, and surely there was enough for both; so Hans marched off with the hazel staff.

He slung two meal sacks over his shoulder, and off he started for the hill back of Herr Axel's house.




When he came to the stone he knocked upon it, and it opened to him just as it had done for Claus. Down he went into the pit, and there sat the little old manikin.

"How do you find yourself, Hans?" said he.

Oh, Hans found himself very well. Might he have some of the money that stood around the room in the sacks?

Yes, that he might; only remember to take the best away with him.

Prut! teach a dog to eat sausages. Hans would see that he took the best—trust him for that! So he filled the bags full of gold, and never touched the silver, for, surely, gold is better than anything else in the world, says Hans to himself. So when he had filled his two bags with gold and had shaken the pieces well down, he flung the one over one shoulder and the other over the other, and then he had as much as he could carry. As for the staff of witch-hazel, he let it lie where it was, for he only had two hands, and they were both full.

But Hans never got his two bags of gold away from the vault, for just as he was leaving—bang! came the stone together, and caught him as though he was a mouse in the door—and that was an end of him. That happened because he left the witch-hazel behind.




And so this was the way in which Claus came to lose his magic staff; but it did not matter much, for he had enough to live on and to spare. So he married the daughter of the Herr Baron, and after that he lived as happy as a fly on the warm chimney.

Now, this is so: it is better to take a little away at a time and carry your staff with you, than to take all at once and leave it behind.

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A CAREFUL MOTHER.

If Josephine were sunburned, it would really be a pity;
Josephine's my newest dolly, and she's very, very pretty.
Her hair is light, her eyes are blue, her cheeks are pink and white,
But if she should get sunburned I believe she'd be a fright. I. McD.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

DO my little correspondents ever stop and think, when they glance over the columns of the Post-office Box, about the journeys some of these little letters have taken to reach the great publishing house in Franklin Square? Here are letters from Oregon, from California, from the West Indies, from the Middle States, from New England, from Florida, from many other parts of our country, and from Europe, all in this number, and little hands traced them, little eyes bent eagerly over the paper, as the loving words were written; little hearts beat with hope that one day they would find the letters again in their favorite paper. How I love to think of the children all over the world who are making the Post-office Box so beautiful, bright, and entertaining.

JORDAN VALLEY, OREGON.

My sister takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I have seen many nice letters from little girls about my age, I have been thinking that I would write one too. I am a little girl nine years old, and I go to school when it is held. I live only a quarter of a mile from the school-house. I have four sisters and three brothers. My baby sister is eleven months old; she can stand alone and take a few steps, and when she sees any one with a hat on she says, "By, by!" I have no pets, but mamma gave me a doll for my birthday present. My sisters have a canary that will eat seed from our tongues and kiss us. We have a dog named Bob. We call him Bob because he has such a funny short tail. We live in a part of Oregon where there are not many schools. There is only one school-house here, and we have school only a few months in the year; there are only a few scholars. Good-by. RETTA B.

INGATESTONE, ESSEX, ENGLAND.

I have longed to write a letter. My sister wrote one, and was very pleased to see it in the Post-office Box, so I thought I would write one as well. I am ten years old, and my birthday is New-Year's Day. Since my sister wrote we have had another baby in our family; it is a girl, and her name is Barbara Mary. She is a dear little thing. She is not short-coated yet. We have got a nice large house and a large garden. We have a piece of garden of our own. Once a bull came into our garden. My sister and my brother jumped into the hedge, and I ran in as soon as I saw it coming. It tossed three people. I was very frightened. My sister and I learn the violin. I do not like it so well as drawing. DOROTHY MARGARET S.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

We live three miles east of San José, a bright, flourishing little town that is famous for its lovely gardens and beautiful drives. For pets, I have four pretty pigeons—two white and two dark ones. I tried raising rabbits, but did not succeed with them, as they all died except one; that one I turned loose in the garden, where it lived for a good while and did a great deal of mischief to the plants in the garden. I will try and write you a better letter next time, as this is my first attempt. I am a boy fourteen years old, and my brother is eleven. Our mother died not long ago. LOUIS N. K.

I hope you will both try to be good boys, and behave every day just as your mother always liked to see her boys behaving.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—In answer to a letter from Holland in a recent number you say "letters never tire" you, and "the more, the better" you are pleased. This leads me to think that even a letter from Florida may not prove tiresome. We have lately lost our oldest brother, Willie, who had taken so much interest in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for the past year, and was never tired of the stories. It now comes to me; but we are still sad every time we see a new number, although we like it so much. Willie was quite a little artist, and I think would have made a name had he lived to grow up. My grandfather is an artist. We used to have a small alligator for a pet. Sister Lillian used to pull it around the house by the tail, but mamma was very glad when it got away and found its way to the St. John's, as we lived on the bank only a few hundred feet from the river. Papa brought it home one day to use as a model to paint from, and we kept it to play with after he got through with it. The other day we found a rabbit's nest with four little tingey (that's our word for tiny) bunnies in it. We took them out and looked at them, and put them back again; but the mother stole them all away that night, and we never saw them again. You would like to see the large white cranes, and the water-turkeys, or snake-bird, and the pelicans that sometimes come over, from the ocean, I think; but then, as every one now comes to Florida, I suppose you have been here too. Would some of the boy readers know what I meant if I should say I could "chunk" a shell? Well, this is the word the darkies use for throw; and we have no stones here, and get nothing to chunk with except oyster shells. We were all delighted one day down on the dock when Uncle Frank tore one of the sand bags of his boat and the pebbles all came out, as we hardly knew what a stone looked like, for we have been here four years, and I am only seven, and of course when I left New York I was very tingey. I am afraid this is too long; so good-by, dear Postmistress. HARRY W.

INGATESTONE, ESSEX, ENGLAND.

I like reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; I like the stories by Jimmy Brown best. My sister Dorothy is writing to you. I have got a black puppy of my own. I call him Ends. He is a spaniel. Once he caught a young rook alive. I did not keep it, because it was hurt. I study Latin and music. I am eight years old. We have been living in our new house only a year; none of the walls are papered yet. I study drawing as well as Latin and music; I had a drawing lesson this morning. Don't you get heaps of letters from all the children? I hope I shall see my letter in the Post-office BOX.

GEORGE CUTHBERT WALLACE S.

Although I do receive "heaps of letters," I was delighted to find yours among the number one bright morning.

SOUTH HAVEN, MICHIGAN.

Besides this interesting paper, we take *Wide Awake*, *Pansy*, and the *Century*, but HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is my favorite. I have a dear little brother Georgie, just as sweet as can be, and a little sister Sadie, both of whom are now with papa and mamma on a visit to Philadelphia, where we lived until two years ago, when we came to Michigan. We live right on the shore of the lake, and in the summer the climate is delightful. My friend Eloise C. is staying with me, and we enjoy ourselves very much experimenting in various ways. We made a cake this morning, which looks very nice, but "the proof of the pudding is the eating." I attend the High School; Professor R. is my teacher. ESSIE K.

CARTER STATION, WYOMING TERRITORY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I write to thank you for allowing my former letter to be printed. I always look forward with great curiosity to the picture which introduces Our Post-office Box, and, oh! how delighted I would be to see there the picture of the dear lady who is such a good friend to all the boys and girls who write to her! We had an eclipse of the sun here this morning, and we all looked at it through smoked glass. When I first saw it I thought it presented the appearance of an arrow with a quarter moon along its length. The second time I looked it appeared to be an indescribable mass. The third and last time, it was the shape of a quarter moon. When Clynette Fay saw how the sun looked, she said "it was sick and had gone to lie down," and when it came out of eclipse she said, "I am so glad it is well again." We were out riding a few days ago, and when Clynette saw the shoe on the horse's hoof she wanted to know "if the horse had a soft *crown* on its foot, and if she couldn't have a little piece cut out of the bottom of her shoe too." The next time I write I would like to describe my home, if you would like to know how we live. SOSIE EVELYN H.

I shall be pleased to have you tell us all about your home one of these days. I am sorry you have had to wait so long to see this letter in print.

MAUNABO, PUERTO RICO, WEST INDIES.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—At the beginning of this year mamma subscribed for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for my sister Hilda, who is nine years old; I am sixteen, and very fond of reading, so the paper also affords me many hours of entertainment. We have not yet seen a letter from our island in the Post-office Box, and this tempts me to write one. We live on a sugar-cane estate, cultivated by free negroes, and situated near the sea; we therefore frequently take sea baths. Riding on horseback is our favorite amusement here; we often make up a party on moonlight evenings and canter off to enjoy the beautiful scenery, made much more so by the silvery rays of the moon. There are many things that would interest you here, such as our climate, fruit, etc., all so different in your home. While you have snow on the ground, we have the golden oranges hanging on the trees. If you care to hear further on these subjects, I shall write when I see this in print. Your constant reader, ELLA O. R.

We shall be glad to hear from you whenever you feel like writing.

NEW YORK CITY.

My brother takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we all enjoy reading the Post-office Box and stories very much. I have not been to school since March, as I have not been very well. I am making a crazy-quilt, which has two thousand and seventy-four pieces in it, of various colors, of plush, silk, satin, and velvet. I have three brothers and one sister. I belong to a club composed of eight girls. We meet twice a week at the houses of the different girls, and every three months we have a play. We make all our own costumes for the plays when we meet. After the plays we generally have a party. Last winter my friend L. and I went to the rink a great deal, and we both think roller-skating great fun. GRACE F.

It is dangerous fun, Grace. I would prefer to hear of your playing tennis, or trying your skill at a game of archery.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—We are two girls, sisters, and enjoy reading this paper very much. My name is Irene and my sister's is Cordelia. I am fourteen and Cordelia is thirteen. We are living in Boston at present, but we are going abroad soon. A friend of ours is going to send us out the papers, so you see what interest we take in them. We think "Rolf House" perfectly splendid. IRENE and CORDELIA.

## "WHAT I SAW IN A MORNING WALK."

One fresh autumn morning I started out at six o'clock to take a ramble through the woods before my seven-o'clock breakfast. The breeze that softly fanned my cheek brought to me the distant murmur of a brook, and the songs of birds and hum of insects, already at their work. To reach the woods I had to cross several fields. Every now and then I stooped to pick a flower or a leaf, until at last I had gathered quite a bouquet, which I intended to carry home to my mother, as she is very fond of flowers. After I had arranged my bouquet, and had taken a few paces forward, a little humming-bird, to my great surprise and delight, alighted on the flowers, and began to suck the honey they contained. I then came to the brook which I had heard on starting. I arrived at its bank, and crossed on a small plank, which looked as though it would not bear the weight of a feather; but it had borne me before, and it did so this time also. Before I go any farther I must inform you that the region where I took this walk is quite mountainous, and I found there a number of goats pasturing among the hills and rocks. In turning the sharp angle of a large rock, over which I was unable to look, not being very tall for my age, I saw two large goats engaged in what appeared a deadly strife, and which, as I will presently tell you, turned out so, though from another cause. They had been fighting for some time, and had succeeded in wounding each other quite badly, when I heard a stealthy movement in the adjoining bushes. I knew what that

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was—it was a blood-hound from the neighboring mansion that stood on a hill at the right. Presently there ensued a fierce struggle, which terminated in the escape of one goat and the death of the other, and a good breakfast for the blood-hound. As I did not fancy being attacked by a blood-hound when unarmed and alone, I ran home as fast as possible, still holding my bouquet, and recounted my adventures as I have to you. ARTHUR N. (aged 14).

NEW YORK CITY.

I presume this is a fictitious narrative. It is very well written.

---

PINCKNEY, MICHIGAN.

I am a little boy nine years old. I have a brother seven years old. I have one pet, a shepherd dog, Jack, and mamma has a bird, Ned. I will tell you what I received Christmas: three books, *Munchausen's Travels*, *Conversations on the Bible*, and *Standard Recitations*, a game of nine-pins, a cornucopia, a stocking full of candy, a fringed card, and a kaleidoscope. Christmas before last Frankie and I got a magic lantern. There was a donation party for a blind man once here, and we showed our magic lantern, and got $2 10. We expect our cousins from Detroit this summer here; there are six of them, but they will not all come at once. My little cousin Alice is very cute; she says she is "free" years old. We have got some little chickens, and our bantam is sitting on eggs. Good-by. B. R. E.

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BRIGHTON, ENGLAND.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number published in London, and I like it very much. I think it is the very nicest children's magazine. I like "Rolf House" very much—the pictures of Nan are very pretty—and I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box. I have two sisters, one fifteen and the other eight. We have no pets except one little terrier dog, which is a great pet. I go to school, and study French, music, drawing, and algebra; I like French the best of all my studies. Will you tell me what you think of my handwriting, dear Postmistress? I think you must be very kind to answer all the children who write to you. I should very much like to see you. I must end now, dear Postmistress, with love from

Your little friend, ADELINE C. (aged 11).

Your writing is charmingly plain.

---

KENSINGTON, ENGLAND.

I am a little English girl of nine years. I take this paper. I have six dolls. I have taken this paper since Christmas. I have a little kitten. I hope this letter won't be too long to print.

LENA G.

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SEAFORD HOUSE, HALIFAX, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

I am a girl twelve years old, and have taken in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE four months, and think it a lovely paper. I have for pets two dogs, a cat, two kittens, and eight birds. One of the kittens is quite black, and the other mostly white. One of the dogs is a collie, and we call him Lion. He is a very big dog, and can almost knock me down. The other dog is a fox-terrier, and we call him Scamp, because he is such a scamp; he eats and tears everything, coal included. Six of my birds are foreign; they are very pretty, but very delicate. Then I have a canary and a bullfinch. The bullfinch is very tame, and will eat out of my hand, and it also whistles a very pretty tune. When I tell him to "be a soldier," the little fellow will pick up two feathers and place them sticking out at each side in the shape of a mustache, and then strut up and down the cage.

MARGHERITA V. M.

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LINCOLNVILLE.

I have thought for some time of writing to you, as I have seen so many letters from the boys and girls. We live out on the prairie. The country around is very beautiful, although there are not many trees. We have a good many flowers in our yard; the roses are exquisite. We have many lovely wild flowers out here; I wish you could see some of them. The names of some are, foxgloves, twelve-o'clocks, violets, daisies, wild hyacinth, squaw apples, primroses, and many others the names of which I do not know. I am very fond of reading. I have read a good many novels. Sir Walter Scott's and Dickens's are my favorites. I am now reading *The Spectator*, and I like it very much; don't you? With much love to you, I am ever your girl friend,

W. M.

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JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

I have not taken this paper very long, but I think it is very nice. I have a velocipede that I got for my birthday, and I have a turtle that makes a noise, and we say he sings. R. S. H.

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MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

This is the first year I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. My mamma gave it to me for a birthday present when I was ten years old. I like it very much, and would prefer it to any other present. I am a lover of literature. I hope it will be my birthday present next year. We shall have a vacation of three months. I will spend it in the country with my dear grandparents, riding on horseback, hunting eggs, etc. I love to go to school, yet I enjoy a holiday.

SELMA V. S.

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HOMER, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl ten years old, and I have taken your paper ever since it was published. I have a little sister five years old. I have five dolls, one of which is beautifully dressed as a bride; another one is a boy with short curly hair. I go to school and study arithmetic, spelling, reading, geography, grammar, and writing. I have the whooping-cough, but not very badly. I like Jimmy Brown's stories very much. I have written two or three letters before, but they were never published; I hope this one will be.

CLARA MAE R.

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NEWARK, OHIO.

I have always wanted to write to you, being much interested in the Post-office Box, and as I would ever so much like to see my letter printed, I will not write a very long one. I agree with Miriam C. O. in her fancy about your eyes and hair. I am thirteen years old, and have a nine-year-old brother, Rob, and my little sister Annie is just turned seven. She takes the *Picture Gallery*, and papa and mamma take HARPER'S MONTHLY; still they are as much interested in "Rolf House" as any of us. I have nothing to send you but my love; please accept it. MABEL S.

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KEENE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I am a little girl six years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I have lots of dolls, and a kitten; her name is Kitty Clover. It is almost dinner-time, so I can't write any more.

Your loving friend, VIOLET S.

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MADISON, WISCONSIN.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since 1882, but have never written to you before. Madison is a very beautiful city, and is surrounded by four lovely little lakes, called, each, Mendota, Monona, Waubesa, and Kegonsa. Lake Mendota is the largest, and has the most beautiful surrounding scenery. Our Capitol is a fine large building of white stone, and is surrounded by a lovely park of thirteen acres. I had a beautiful Maltese cat called Daniel Deronda, but he died last summer, and now I have a dear little kitten, whose name is Shakespeare. We call him Shakey for short. I would like to belong to the Little Housekeepers very much. BESSIE P.

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ROSS P. O., PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. My mamma is dead, and I live with my grandpa and grandma. My papa lives in Allegheny City; he is a music teacher; he teaches in Pittsburgh. I live in the country, about three miles from town, in a beautiful place. We have plenty of fruit in the summer, and a great many nice flowers too. We raise chickens in the spring. We set two hens this spring. One came out on last Monday; she brought twelve soft downy darlings; they are all white except two, which are black. The other hen is to come out to-day. I have a dog; he is very pretty; we call him Flora. Grandma and I were away on a visit in May; we went to Bellaire to see our friends. We had a very nice time. BEULAH M. W.

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WAVELAND, WINDSOR.

I am thirteen years old, and have never written to you before, although I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly four years. I live two miles out of Windsor town, and the name of our place is Waveland. We have a large orchard of apple, pear, plum, and cherry trees. Our house is situated on a hill, with an avenue leading to it. It is pleasant here in the summer-time. I go to school, and study geography, history, grammar, arithmetic, and algebra. I have a mile to walk. My only pet is a Maltese cat; I call it Malty. I have one brother, who is three years older than I am, but no sisters. I was ill last winter, and had to take medicine three times a day.

LAURA.

---

SALEM COTTAGE.

Mamma gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present, and I like it so much! I am very much interested in "Rolf House," and I wish that I had the preceding story called "Nan," which all your readers seem to have liked so much. Our lily-of-the-valley is out just now, and I inclose a few pieces of it for you, which I hope you will like. I have no pets except a kitten; it is such a dear little thing! I quite agree with F. H. C. in loving pets, especially horses; my papa keeps one called Dan, but I am afraid of him, as he runs away. I go to school, and study history, grammar, spelling, geography, sums, and French. I think that you must be very kind, because you are pleased with little letters like this. I hope that you will publish this, please, because I have a great reason for seeing it in print. MAY R.

*Nan* is published in a beautiful volume by itself. Perhaps May would be very pleased to receive the pretty book some day as a birthday gift or reward of merit. This suggestion is for mamma, and is quite private and personal.

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PLYMOUTH, LUZERNE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am one of the occupants of Cherry Lodge, which my eldest sister described in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 263. Our play-house is just as it was last fall, except that we have finished our spring house-cleaning, and have white curtains at the windows, and instead of over eighty names on our register of visitors we have one hundred and fifteen. My little brother Harold, almost three years old, is very cunning. He has a little cousin Ernest, who is with us, for a playmate. Together they are quite mischievous. One day, when at the table, Harold asked to be waited on; then Ernest asked. Harold coolly turned toward him, and said, "One at a time, Ernest—one at a time."

Although I do not live in a place called Florence, I would like to correspond with Miss Florence H. C., who lives in Corry, and whose letter was printed in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE of June 2, if she is willing, and will send me her full address. HATTIE R. LANCE (aged 13).

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

A PYRAMID.

*Across.*—1. A letter. 2. A Hebrew measure. 3. A title of nobility. 4. A figure of many angles.

*Down.*—1. A letter. 2. A word expressive of fright. 3. A mining term for metal found in tin ore. 4. A girl's name. 5. A morass. 6. A negative. 7. A letter. CHARLIE DAVIS.

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### No. 2.

TWO WORD SQUARES.

1.—1. A tree. 2. A disease. 3. A musical instrument. 4. To join.

2.—1. To pull about roughly. 2. Something ladies prize. 3. Is bad to have. 4. Grows in the sea. CHARLIE DAVIS.

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### No. 3.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—My first is in horse, not in cow.
My second is in straight, not in crooked.
My third is in cotton, not in silk.
My fourth is in love, not in hate.
My fifth is in butter, not in sugar.
My whole is found in every house.
ISAAC MAGILL.

2.—In bird, not in fish.
In rat, not in mouse.
In ice, not in snow.
In cow, not in horse.
In kitten, not in cat.
My whole is seen in the city.
BERTIE S. WICKERSHAM.

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### No. 4.

A NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters, and am a familiar saying.
My 1, 16, 3, 4 is part of the body.
My 12, 24, 8 is a farming tool.
My 11, 15, 22 is an article.
My 10, 6, 7, 25 is more than.
My 23, 2, 14, 25 is a small fruit.
My 26, 20, 17 is not a daughter.
My 21, 2, 3 is a masculine noun.
My 5, 13, 18 is not cheerful.
My 19, 9, 3 is the cause of much misery.
My 13, 1 is an interjection.

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### No. 5.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A tree. 3. A Turkish official. 4. A large body of water. 5. To derive as a consequence. 6. A tropical fruit. 7. A letter.
FRANCOISE.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 295.

No. 1.—Camphor.

No. 2.—
W O R D  D R U M
O M E R  R U L E
R E D E  U L N A
D R E D  M E A L

No. 3.—Lady-slipper.

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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Harry E. McGinnis, A. J. Christie, L. B. M., Lawrence Miller, Mary L. Guthrie, Bess, Minnie Goetchius, Constance Dickey, Cockade City, Bep, Naomi Morris, B. S. Gibson, Jun., Bessie G. Scott, Henry L. King, Emma L. Kennedy, S. L. F., Marjorie Payne, Eleanor Darling, Louise Jackson, Robert Ransom, John Day, Willie Green, and C. L. D.

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[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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AN OPENING.

MR. THOMAS (*reading*). "'Mr. Smythe's cat died last night.' My dear, wouldn't that be a good place for our Tommy? You might take him there and drop him over the fence to-night, eh?"

## THE LITTLE WHITE CALF.

IT was born on the great Western ranges one winter's morning, a little shivering thing lying in a helpless heap in the tall grass. Its mother, a pretty white Texan heifer, hung lovingly over it, licking it with her rough tongue, and breathing her warm breath on it, and talking low to it. By-and-by the blood began to course freely through its veins; the large thin ears and the delicate nose and mouth grew pink like the inside of a sea-shell, and it began to struggle to get on its feet.

It appeared at first as if it could never manage its four weak legs, and several times, when it seemed securely braced, they all at once gave out, and down it came. At last, however, it did manage to stand, and being a hungry little creature, it took its first meal with greedy delight. Then it tried to play, falling down at every turn, while its mother, worried out of her wits for fear it would be hurt, ran hither and yon after it, bawling loudly one moment, lowing tenderly the next.

Presently it threw itself down to sleep in a little washed-out place. Its mother went away to feed, leaving it "cached," or hidden; for nature has taught these young things to hide in this way.

How they loved each other, these two! Every day the mother left it sleeping; every night it snuggled close up to her warm body. It grew to know her voice, and to run bleating to meet her, and the long winter wore on.

But the winter was cold and stormy. There were days at a time when the little mother dared not leave the shelter of a friendly bluff to find food. She grew weaker little by little. At last she was scarcely able to rise, and as the time went on she often did not get up for a day or two. These were hard times for the little white calf. It would stand and bleat for hours in answer to her plaintive lowing. Again it would fight her, butting her bony sides to make her get up, until it too grew weaker with fasting.

The mother had not been up for two days, when a great storm came. The little white calf crept close up under its mother's back, and slept through it all. When it awoke, the snow was piled in little hard heaps all about it. Its mother lay stretched beside it. Her limbs were stiffened and her head was thrown back, but the calf did not know she was dead. Then the calf began to nip at the hard grass, for it was very hungry. Again it would stand and bleat, as if calling its mother. When it slept, it crept close up to her, and so in death she sheltered it.

As the days passed, the calf grew weaker. The March storms came on, and the wind blew always. The little white calf seldom left its mother's side now, but lay all day sleeping. Then there came another great storm.

Riding over the prairie afterward, its owner saw it lying in its accustomed place. He went up to it, but it did not move. Its little head was on its side, and it seemed to be sleeping; but the pink was gone out of the sea-shell ears, and the tongue stuck out a little way, and that was white too. The owner kicked it roughly, but it did not stir, so he mounted his horse and rode on, for the little white calf was dead.




A FREE RIDE.

"Lan' a me! dis yeah bucket am gittin' mighty hard ter let down. Guess I hez ter let go my hol', an' bring dem young uns down to help me, 'f I can fin' 'em on de plantation."

She "brought dem young uns down."

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 299. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JULY 21, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




"MY BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 594.


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## THE LITTLE HIGHLANDER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

AWAY on the moors, where the dark purple heather
Is swinging its bells in the blithe sunny weather,
There, sweet in the morning, the lark rises high,
To cleave with his song the blue depth of the sky.

Away on the moors, where the free winds are blowing,
The seeds of the wild flower lavishly sowing,
There, busy and brisk, is the gold-banded bee,
And the honey he gathers he garners with glee.

Away, far away, where the fleet deer are roaming,
Where lingers the rose-tint that curtains the gloaming,
There is some one whose foot like the roebuck's is fleet,
Whose voice, like the lark's, in its carol is sweet.

Away on the moors let us hasten, my dearie;
My own bonny lad, with the laugh ever cheery,
Than bird, or than flower, or bright golden bee,
The face of my bairn is more winsome to me.

Away on the moors, was it Nature who taught you
The trick of those dimples, who lovingly brought you
Those flowers which garland the tartan so well,
While, always delightful, their soft petals spell?

Away on the moors in the sweet sunny weather,
My brave little Highlander, child of the heather,
So fearless in glance and so sportive in glee,
My bonny Prince Charlie's the darling for me.

## BLOCKADED BY AN ICEBERG.

BY HARRY BOLINGBROKE.

THE Devil's Bight is a cove on the northeastern coast of Newfoundland. The name may have been changed, but it was very appropriate, the cove being not unlike a great bite out of the shore-line that presents itself, bold and rugged, to the billows of the Atlantic. On the north side of the harbor is a scattered settlement of some twenty-five or thirty small wooden houses, affording shelter to about a hundred inhabitants, while the rocky landwash is covered with "flakes" and "stages"—flimsy structures of poles and boughs—for the curing of fish.

During the summer occasional connection is had by boat with the nearest town, ten miles distant, but through the winter months communication by water is cut off, except at rare intervals. Once, however, it was temporarily interrupted as early as September, and that in a remarkable way. A man who happened to be in the Bight at the time relates the incident as follows:

"We had been about ten days in Devil's Bight, in the little schooner *Polly*, having discharged our cargo and shipped a freight of fish, oil, and skins, and were only awaiting a favorable wind to take our departure. But day after day the vane pointed steadily to the east, with a heavy sea, and almost constant rain. It was certainly the most dismal time I ever spent in my life, there being scarcely anything to relieve the dreary monotony. The only change I had from our stuffy little cabin was to loaf in 'the store,' or 'shop,' as it is called—the only one in the place—and listen to sad stories of the sea; and never before did I hear so many accounts of shipwreck, death, and woe. One night, however, something did really happen: an apparition came—a great white thing—and filled up the whole mouth of the harbor.

"It looked as if a marble cathedral had drifted away from the Old World and planted itself in Devil's Bight. There it was, with its spires and towers, buttresses and arches, domes and pinnacles, grander, more magnificent, than any edifice on earth! The very harbor, as if awed by its presence, grew calm and tranquil, and the atmosphere became so chilled that we were glad to creep into our stoutest clothing.

"What was it?

"A visitor from the arctic—an iceberg!

"The loftiest end—the spire of the cathedral, as it were—had entered the cove, the rest of its vast bulk being outside in the ocean. Both wind and tide concurred to bring this wanderer of the north, this tramp of the sea. Icebergs, of course, are not infrequent in this region, but never before was one known to enter Devil's Bight.

"We were now in a worse predicament than ever, being not only bottled but corked. The berg had grounded, and what could we do? Nothing but wait as patiently as possible and see what would happen next.

"The people crowded the cliffs at the mouth of the harbor, and speculated on the size of the berg, its probable stay, and possible consequences. Strange to say, it was not a 'sign.' It was too stupendous, too unusual, a phenomenon to be catalogued with common happenings. It was too wonderful of itself to mean anything more, for almost everything that occurs down there has some prophetic meaning for the minds of the superstitious inhabitants.

"From one point of view the berg was less like a cathedral than a rhinoceros—a considerable difference, you say—the head and horn of the beast being a mere adjunct to the vast mass that lay outside. From the water's edge to the top of the horn may have measured a hundred feet; but it didn't seem to be more than eight or ten feet under the water, slanting down at an angle of forty-five degrees, like the stem of a ship, till it joined the main body, which was grounded on a ledge at the mouth of the cove, some forty fathoms beneath the surface at low tide. Inside the ledge the sounding was about ninety fathoms, while no plummet, so far as I could ascertain, had ever reached bottom outside. About two hundred feet of the berg was pushed up into the cove.

"Such, then, was our position: we were blockaded by an iceberg—a blockade which there was not the slightest possibility of 'running.' So all we could do was to make ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, and await the issue of events.

"Every day we made excursions to the Devil's Toothpick—a steep hill at the mouth of the cove—to survey the berg. We discussed it around the rusty stove in 'the shop,' where the sage of the Bight, Uncle Dave Andrews, gave it as his opinion that *she* was a visitation from the Lord, and that the Lord would remove *her* when He saw fit, which, if not encouraging, was certainly beyond dispute.

"So the time dragged along till one day the wind veered round to the southwest, the skies cleared, and the thermometer ran up among the seventies. This gave us hope. At all events, the prospect looked more cheerful. The berg didn't seem nearly as formidable, and from the way the water poured from it in rills and cascades, it must soon lighten and slide off the ledge back into the deep. Even Uncle Dave thought this possible.

"One mild moonlight evening half a dozen of us were lounging on the rocks in front of 'the store,' smoking and spinning yarns. There was scarce a ripple on the surface of the harbor. The little fleet of fishing-boats lay tranquilly at their mooring, and beyond them the *Polly*, 'as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.' Away to the left, at the mouth of the cove, gleamed the great berg, more weird and spectral by moonlight than by day. On shore children were chasing each other over the rocks like goats, and occasionally some merry maiden's laugh came ringing in our ears. It was an evening never to be forgotten—one to recompense us in a measure for the dismal days we had been so long enduring.

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"No, I shall certainly never forget that evening. It was about nine o'clock. Uncle Dave had finished his third pipe and his favorite ghost story, and some of us were beginning to yawn, when suddenly there came a noise like the discharge of a cannon, followed by a roar like thunder.

"We sprang to our feet. It seemed as if the world was coming to an end. The cove appeared to turn upside down. The *Polly* and the fishing fleet vanished, and rapidly up toward us came a raging, hissing billow. We turned and fled headlong. Far beyond where we had been seated the crest of the wave followed us, and then it fell back roaring and thundering in a thousand cataracts.

"We looked down into the harbor in terror and amazement. Not a flake or stage was left. The whole cove, covered with tossing, tumbling wreckage, looked like a great caldron of boiling milk.

"Casting our eyes in the direction of the berg, we could distinctly see that a great change had taken place in its shape. The spire had disappeared. It had foundered, plunged into the water, and was now slowly rising out of the waves like some mighty spectre of the deep.

"Never in the most violent tempest had I seen such a water commotion or more destructive waves than washed the sides of the cove. Of the flakes and stages not a stick was left standing, while many of the fishing-boats were stranded high if not dry among the rocks.

"Luckily we were all ashore, and whatever had become of the *Polly*, none of her crew shared her fate. As the roaring of the waves subsided, the screams of women and shouts of men became audible. The whole population seemed to have gone frantic with fright. Fortunately their dwellings were uninjured, but all their fishing property and appliances, together with a large quantity of fish and oil, were swept entirely away.

"No one slept a wink that night. It was supposed many lives were lost, but it was not till late next day it became known that only an old man and two boys were missing. They had probably been down among the stages at the time of the catastrophe, which, if it had taken place an hour earlier, would have been much more fatal.

"All night the great block of ice kept rising and sinking, rolling and plunging, like a thing of life, the water pouring in cataracts from its sides. Toward morning the tide ebbed, and the wind freshened to a gale.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon it was noticed that the berg outside the cove was beginning to move away, and in a brief time its nearest spur was at least a gunshot from land. Evidently it was in the grip of a strong under-tow, for the wind has little or no effect on those vast masses of ice, of which nine-tenths of the bulk is under water.

"Slowly, majestically, the mighty island floated out to sea, and at sunset it lay off the shore at least a mile, a superb object, rosy white on the deep blue ocean. By daylight next morning it was just visible on the southeast horizon.

"Returning to our portion of the berg, two days passed before it ceased to roll, when it began slowly to move toward the ocean. Its shape had entirely changed, and instead of resembling either the spire of a cathedral or the horn of a rhinoceros, it bore a rude likeness to a lounge or sofa.

"Finally we found the *Polly* safely beached in a sandy cove near by. It took three days to warp her out and put her in repair, and then we set sail, and were the first to inform the world of the extraordinary disaster that had befallen Devil's Bight. This was the first time I ever heard of an iceberg blockading a port, and when it happens again I'll be content not to be there to see it."

## A CRABBING EXPERIENCE.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

"CRABS?"

"Yes, just common crabs; but shedders are best."

"But I've brought along a lot of flies, a whole book full of coachmen and professors and all kinds."

"Flies? Ha! ha! ha! Flies!"

"Yes, flies; and I've caught trout with 'em, too, up in the Adirondacks."

"Well, your flies may do well enough for country fishing; but what our salt-water fish want is crabs, and we'd better get a lot right off."

The last speaker was Bryant Bush, who had already spent one summer at Skitikeet, and who felt that what he did not know about fishing along the Long Island shore was not worth knowing. He was fifteen years old, and had just passed his birthday, which came on the Fourth of July. He was very proud of having his birthday celebrated by the whole nation, and seemed to think that all the cannon, guns, pistols, and crackers were fired on that day especially in his honor. In fact, while Bryant Bush was a pretty decent sort of a fellow in many ways, he was a very conceited boy, and imagined that he was just a little cleverer than any of his companions.

With him upon this occasion were Walter Tryon, a boy of about his own age, and the two younger Tryon boys, Joe and Bixby. They lived in an inland town, and this was their very first visit to the sea-side. So, of course, everything was new and strange to them, and Bryant Bush, with whom they had become acquainted on the day of their arrival, had undertaken to teach them the ropes. He was delighted to have the opportunity of displaying his own superior knowledge before these ignorant young countrymen, as he called them; and the loud laugh with which he greeted Walter's innocent suggestion that trout flies might catch sheepshead as well, was by no means the first with which he had caused their cheeks to redden.

They were all to go down to the bar with Captain Hake in his sloop *Dido*, on a fishing trip the next day; and although he knew the Captain would carry along plenty of bait, Bryant, in order to impress the other boys with a sense of his own importance, declared that it was necessary for them to procure their own bait, and that they must do it that very afternoon.

The three Tryons followed Bryant to the boat-house, where he took down from some beams overhead a couple of long, slender spears. The heads of these were made of pieces of stout telegraph wire ground to sharp points, and let into grooves in the tough hickory shafts to which they were firmly bound. Handing one of these to Walter and keeping the other, Bryant explained that he had made them himself, and that they were probably the best crab spears on the whole Long Island coast.

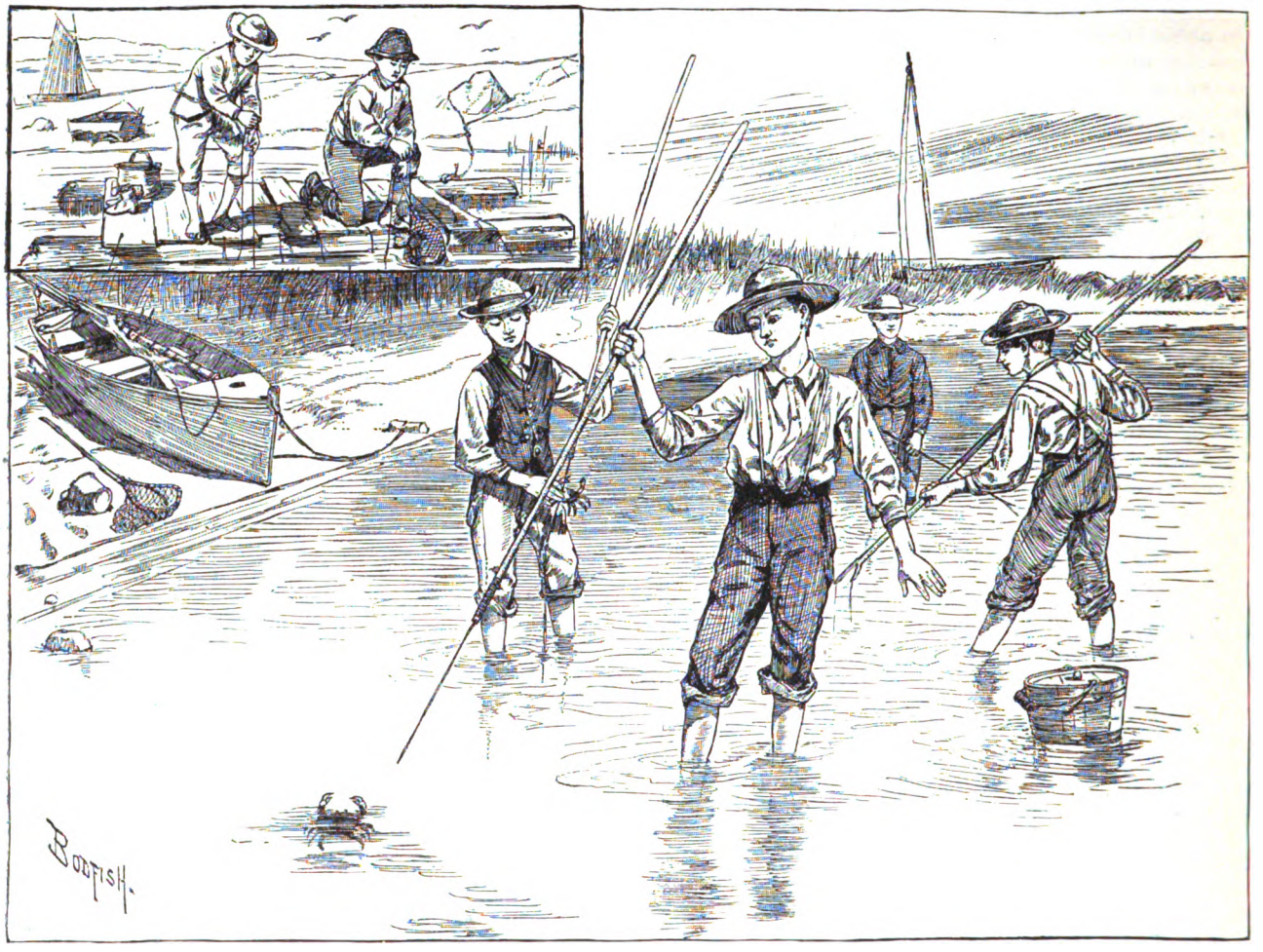
As there were not spears enough for all, he provided the younger boys with light forked poles, and giving them a covered bait bucket to carry, he led the party down to the beach. Here, under his directions, they took off their shoes and stockings, and waded in the shallow waters close along shore, keeping a sharp lookout for the crabs that were generally to be found there, moving, in their awkward fashion, back and forth along the bottom in search of food.

"When you see one, harpoon him just as you would a whale," called Bryant.

"All right," answered the three Tryon boys, though none of them had the vaguest sort of an idea of how he should go to work to harpoon a whale, even if he should meet one.

They followed in a line behind Bryant, closely watching his every movement, until suddenly they saw him plunge his spear down into the water. Withdrawing it with a shout of triumph, he held it up, and they saw that

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"THEY SAW HIM PLUNGE HIS SPEAR DOWN INTO THE WATER."

he had indeed got a crab. The poor victim was struggling violently, and grasping at the empty air with all its claws; for the sharp iron had been driven entirely through its body, until it stuck out several inches beyond.

Pulling the crab off from the spear with a jerk, Bryant tossed it into the bait bucket, where it lay, feebly moving its claws, and blowing funny little bubbles from its mouth.

"Why, Bry Bush!" exclaimed Walter, "it isn't dead."

"Oh no," answered Bryant, "it 'll live a long time."

"But don't you suppose it suffers awfully with that hole right through its body?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. It's nothing but a crab anyhow. What a softy you must be to bother your head about such things!"

Now while Walter Tryon was a brave, manly fellow, who hardly knew the meaning of the word fear, he had a very tender heart, and could not bear to see any living creature suffer. He even went so far as always to kill the fish that he caught, immediately upon taking them from the water, rather than to see them painfully and slowly gasp their lives away. He was often laughed at by other boys for showing such consideration for the helpless little things; but he was brave enough to be willing to bear ridicule in what he considered a good cause. He was not therefore willing to see even a crab suffer unnecessarily, and so he said,

"No matter whether I'm a softy or not, Bry Bush, I think this a cruel, unmanly sport. Isn't there some way of catching those things alive without hurting them?"

"No, there isn't," answered Bryant, roughly; "and if there was, I wouldn't show it to you. This is my way, and if it's good enough for me, it's good enough for anybody else. Why, I never saw such a fellow as you are. You're worse than a girl. The idea of whining over a crab. Look out! There goes one now right in front of you. Strike him, quick!"

Walter raised his spear mechanically, but almost instantly lowered it, saying, "No, I won't; it's too cruel."

The crab had seen the quick motion, and, like a flash, it darted away, going directly toward Bryant, and stirring up a little cloud of sand from the bottom as it went.

Bryant caught a glimpse of it, and with a disagreeable laugh aimed a savage blow at it with his spear as it passed close by his bare feet.

The next instant he uttered a cry of agony, and fell down in the shallow water.

The other boys dropped their poles, and, springing to where he lay, found that instead of hitting the crab, the sharp point of the spear had been driven entirely through the great toe of his right foot.

They got him ashore, and while Bixby ran up to the hotel for a doctor, and Joe held the wounded foot firmly with both hands, Walter drew out the cruel iron. It took all his strength to do so, and Bryant fairly howled with the pain of the operation.

The fishing party went off without him the next day, and for ten days afterward his self-inflicted wound kept him a close prisoner in the house. When he was again able to leave it he was a very much pleasanter boy to know than he was before his crabbing experience. He had been taught what suffering is, and never since that

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time has he caused a moment's needless pain to even the humblest of God's creatures.

Long before he was able to join again in their sports, the Tryon boys had learned that the best way to catch crabs is to fish for them, from a raft, a boat, or a wharf, with a piece of meat tied to a string. The crab seizes hold of this, and will not let go until drawn to the surface of the water, when he may be landed by means of a light scoop net.

## "LITTLE BAMBOO."

BY NOAH BROOKS.

II.

BUT it must not be supposed that Little Bamboo, although made a drudge by her foster-parents, and compelled to carry around on her back, for many hours in the day, the small Sunflower of the family, had no opportunities to go to school. Indeed, that would not be possible in Japan, for in that country every child, however poor and hard-worked, must be sent to school for a portion of the time at least. Children are not driven to school, as they are sometimes obliged to be driven in less favored lands, but each boy and girl goes when he or she will, and not because the stern parent insists upon the task. It is an easy-going country; but then the children are good-natured and docile. They know that it is best to learn to read and write, and so they go to school because it is the only place where they can learn these things. And the man or woman who should make it impossible for a child to learn would be looked upon as a very great criminal. So, although Mrs. Cloth and her husband overworked Little Bamboo sometimes, they did not so much as once think of standing in the way of her going to school to learn the "Irova," as the Japanese alphabet is called.

This alphabet, I should explain, is not the letters, but the sounds of the Japanese language. There are forty-eight of them, and all forty-eight are found in the four lines of poetry which each child must learn. This is the way the rhyme has been translated into English:

"Color and odor alike pass away.
In our world nothing is permanent.
The present day has disappeared in the profound abyss of nothingness.
It was but the pale image of a dream; it causes us not the least regret."



IN THE TEA GARDEN.



THE GOTTO PLAYER.

As Little Bamboo, squatted in the schoolroom, with Sunflower sleepily nid-nodding on her back, sung these strange lines over and over again, striving to fix in her memory the forty-eight sounds of her native language, she did not bear much resemblance to the impatient little boys and girls of our own country, who would be amazed if they were obliged, as Little Bamboo was, to carry a baby to school and tend it while they conned their tasks. But patient Little Bamboo never once thought of murmuring or complaining over the hardness of her tasks. And so it came to pass that the kind-hearted neighbors, noticing her artless manners and her pleasant and submissive ways, said to

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one another: "Little Bamboo bears a heavy burden in her childhood. So the rose that is weighted down with the big morning drops blooms loveliest when the sun is high in the sky at noon. Some good fortune is in store for so patient a small drudge as this."

None of these things reached the ears of Little Bamboo. She was content with her lot, and the only time she ever felt that the good things of this world were not distributed with an even hand was when she looked into the tea-houses of Inaka, so many of which were scattered among the groves and orchards near her foster-parents' home. Often, when her errands brought her past the wide-open doors of one of the houses of entertainment, she peered in with eager curiosity to see the wonderful armor and gorgeous robes of some high and mighty noble and his retainers, who, seated in the tea-house, or on the outer galleries, sipped from delicate and costly cups, or ate dainty things (the like of which poor Little Bamboo never saw very near at hand) from painted plates and gilded dishes.

But what most attracted the roving eyes of the demure little maid was the pretty young girls who flitted about from one group to another, carrying pretty trays of fish, sweetmeats, rice cakes, and cups of various beverages. These girls were all very beautifully dressed. They looked as if they might be very grand ladies. But even shrewd Little Bamboo knew enough to know that no great lady ever waits upon herself, much less would she wait upon others. So, as she saw these neat and noiseless young women gliding about the tea-house, often spoken to very gallantly by the brave gentlemen who were sitting or lounging around, she softly sighed to herself and said, "Would I could be so happy as to serve these fine folks in a tea-house!"

One day, as she was gazing curiously into the tea-house of The Stork, one of the most fashionable of the Inaka tea-houses, the proprietor of the place, one Rock-Field, noticing her eager glance, and being just then at leisure, said, in a low voice, as sweet as he could make it, "Little Bamboo, I often have seen you in the village. Are you not the child of Left-Six and Mrs. Cloth?"

"Honorable sir," she replied, with a bending of the body, as graceful as she could contrive with the "Pigling" on her back, "it is true that I have no other father and mother than the excellent Left-Six and his good and noble wife, Mrs. Cloth; but I am not born in Inaka."

"True," said Rock-Field, thoughtfully, "you were brought here in the time of the night, nobody knows where from, when Left-Six and Mrs. Cloth had no children of their own. I think it very likely that they stole you from some worthy couple who had more children than they could keep account of. Do you think they would sell you to me, so that I could employ you in the tea-house of The Stork?"

Poor Little Bamboo's heart was chilled within her at these cruel words. But she made haste to say, as well as she could, that she did not know what Left-Six and Mrs. Cloth would have to say to such an offer. Then she hurried away on her errand, thinking very hard about her being sold to Rock-Field and his wife to serve in the tea-house. And that night, when she dropped down on her humble bed, greatly tired with the labors of the long day, she said to herself, "I wouldn't like to be sold to that wicked old Rock-Field, but it would be nice to live in a beautiful tea-house, wait upon the noblemen and warriors, and learn to play the gotto and the semsin."

This idea sank deep into the mind of Little Bamboo, and when she saw Rock-Field come out of his tea-house one day, call to him old Left-Six, and, taking him by the collar of his jacket, lead him away into a grove of citrons, she felt that the tea-house keeper was talking to her foster-father about his scheme to get her into his house of entertainment. She was not certain whether she was glad or sorry.

That night, when she squatted with the rest of the family at the little table on which their frugal supper was laid, old Left-Six, turning his seamy old face to her with something that was intended for a smile, said, "And so Little Bamboo would like to leave the poor dwelling of her base father and her noble mother, to whom she is so dear, and go and be among the beautiful things in the tea-house of The Stork?"

Little Bamboo artlessly and humbly protested that she had never thought of leaving her highly respected parents; that she had never told anybody that she wanted to go to live in a tea-house, beautiful although these fine places might be.

"But you would be glad to go and be among those lovely maidens who serve tea and play the sweet music in the gilded tea-house, now wouldn't you?" And here the crafty old villain winked prodigiously at Mrs. Cloth, who, in order to conceal her mirth, coughed violently and pretended to be picking a fish-bone out from under her tongue.

Little Bamboo was silent, and when Left-Six, after catching a signal from the eye of Mrs. Cloth, said that he would try and arrange things for her so that she could have her heart's delight in the beautiful house of The Stork, the much-flustered little girl did not know whether to laugh or cry. But she was really and truly sorry next day, when her foster-mother, after putting on her the best that she had to wear (and that was not much), told her to say her good-byes to Little Sunflower, as she was going to take her to The Stork.

Little Bamboo burst into tears. At this unexpected and uncommon sight Mrs. Cloth was at first speechless. The child had not been so well treated in the house of the brush peddler that she should lament her departure. True, she had had enough to eat, and she had been allowed to sleep on the mat in the corner of the poor house of the family of Left-Six. But she had been given very few of those simple pleasures with which the parents of Japanese children delight to amuse their children. It had been a rather barren and loveless life that the child had led in the household of Left-Six. But, catching an idea from the grief of Little Bamboo, Mrs. Cloth began to weep and howl with much industry. So loud and long was her grief, and so unusual a circumstance with the wife of Left-Six, that it was not strange that her lamentation should attract the sympathetic attention of those who dwelt around her home.

"What is the grief that disturbs the noble dwelling of Mrs. Cloth?" asked Mrs. Acacia, one of the nearest neighbors of that highly respectable woman.

"Well may you say grief," replied Mrs. Cloth, wiping her dry eyes with the sleeve of her robe. "Behold! my unhappy husband, on account of his great poverty and losses by the burning of the warehouse of his rich brother in the great city of Yedo, has been obliged to sell Little Bamboo, our eldest adopted daughter and most beloved child, to the honorable head man of the magnificent tea-house of The Stork, Rock-Field. At the hour of The Horse" (mid-day) "I take her to the tea-house. Therefore has she on her fine robe, and therefore do I weep much."

Little Bamboo had not known until that moment that she was to be sold to Rock-Field; but this was no uncommon thing in Japan, and so she did not think it wicked or strange. Nevertheless, it was with a heavy heart that, as the clock struck the hour of The Horse, she took the hand of her foster-mother, now smiling and cheerful again, and having bestowed one parting hug on the fat and indifferent "Pigling," she took her way to the house of The Stork.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# INTO UNKNOWN SEAS;*

## Or, THE CRUISE OF TWO SAILOR BOYS.

BY DAVID KER,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST CITY," "FROM THE HUDSON TO THE NEVA," ETC.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### BOARDED BY A DEAD MAN.

SUDDENLY there came a light on the Captain's set, stern face, like sunshine breaking through a stormy sky. He had just felt a breath of air on his *left* cheek. The wind had chopped round, and was now blowing *off* the shore!

"I'm afraid it's come too late to save us," muttered he, "but we can try. Smart, now, lads, and clap a storm-jib and stay-sail on her."

It was done, although even those who did it could hardly tell how; and then all held their breath to watch the result.

For a few moments it did, indeed, seem as if the long-wished-for change had come too late. The sudden shift of wind had redoubled the fury of the sea, which broke over the deck every instant like a water-fall, while the breakers were so near that escape seemed hopeless. But even the two little strips of canvas, that fluttered like paper in the roaring storm, sufficed to turn the scale. The yacht got her head round, and aided by her powerful engines, succeeded in "clawing off" through a sea white as soap froth with the foam of the lashing waves; and Captain Percy's deep "Thank God!" found an echo in the heart of every soul on board.

After this, as if their ill luck had now spent itself, the weather was splendid all the way to St. Helena—which they saw like a small dark cloud on the port beam—and thence right down to latitude 34° south, which brought them almost abreast of the Cape of Good Hope. Here a fresh surprise awaited the crew, who had long since made up their minds that the Captain meant either to put in at Cape Town, or to double the Cape and run eastward into the Indian Ocean; instead of which, he kept straight forward on his southward course, although there was now no inhabited land (or indeed land of any kind) between him and the south pole itself.

"I reckon he's goin' to hoist a flag on the pole, same as Captain Nemo did," said Jim Selden, whose head was still full of the tattered copy of *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*, which had been the delight of the forecastle during his last voyage.

"Aweel," rejoined Sandy Muir, doubtfully, "if a man were ganging that gait [way], I'm thinking he wadna stairt just at the on-coming o' the winter, for ye ken, Jamie, that it's winter here-awa' when it's simmer wi' us."

Just at that moment the second officer, Mr. Elstow, stopped short in his walk and looked fixedly through his glass at some distant object on the starboard bow.

"Edwards!" cried he, "you've got the sharpest eye aboard; see what you make of that thing yonder."

The old quartermaster took the glass, and bringing it to bear on the floating object, said almost instantly:

"A spar, and a man lashed to it."

"Keep her off a point or two, till we fetch him. Perhaps he ain't dead yet."

By this time the forecastle was crowded with eager watchers, and the Captain himself had come on deck. Nearer and nearer came the floating spar, till the figure that lay along it, face downward, could be plainly seen; but the sharpest eye could discern no sign of life in the limp, nerveless limbs.

"Get the falls clear to lower the boat!" shouted Percy. "Stand by your tackle! Lower away!"

Down went the boat, and a few minutes later up came the man, lean, ragged, blistered, and to all appearance stone-dead.

Captain Percy bent over him, and was just laying his hand upon the seemingly pulseless heart, when, all at once, to the amazement and terror of all the lookers-on, the gaunt brown limbs of the supposed corpse gave a convulsive quiver, his rayless eyes opened, and struggling into a sitting posture, he glared around him with the half-cowed, half-ferocious look of a trapped wolf. The next moment his muscles relaxed, and he sank back into the arms of the sailors.

"Take him below and look after him," said Percy, turning away with a shudder of disgust for which he could not himself account.

"Look after *him!*" grunted old Edwards; "it's *ourselves* we've got to look after, now that we've been boarded by a dead man. If that chap ain't the Flying Dutchman himself, he's one of his crew, or my name ain't Tom Edwards."

By night-fall the rescued man, having been fed and cared for, was sufficiently recovered to tell his story. He described himself as a Portuguese sailor named Miguel Gomez, the sole survivor of the fire which had destroyed his vessel, a merchant bark homeward bound from Delagoa Bay to Lisbon. This tale was confirmed by his features and complexion and the sailor-like roughness of his hands, while a Portuguese lad among Percy's "boys" declared that no foreigner could ever have mastered the language so thoroughly. Gomez himself at once offered to work his passage as one of the crew till he could get a chance of making his way home; and a day or two later, when he had begun to recover his strength, he proved himself, despite his smooth face and small, slender figure, a very active and skillful sailor.

Toward the officers he was always very quiet and respectful, while with his messmates he seemed well inclined to be friendly, though his knowing no language but his own made this rather difficult. Altogether, by the time he had been three or four days on board, the general opinion seemed to be that he was "not a bad sort." Captain Percy, however, was still unsatisfied. He could not forget the man's fierce, suspicious glance around on first regaining consciousness; and although he said nothing he thought all the more.

On the fourth evening, shortly after dinner, the Captain sent for three or four charts, and remained shut up with them for more than an hour; after which he invited into his cabin the first and second officer and old Tom Edwards. Down they all came accordingly, the first officer looking extremely knowing, and the two others extremely puzzled.

"Good-evening," said Percy. "I want your advice, as older and better sailors than myself, about a matter of which Mr. Gaskett knows something already." (The very ghost of a grin glimmered over the first mate's iron face.) "It's likely to be an awkward affair, and I don't choose to risk the lives of my crew without looking well into the thing first. What do you think? Can we safely run several hundred miles farther south, and stay some time before turning back?"

"Do you know the exact bearings of the place you're bound for, Master Percy?" asked Gaskett.

"No, I don't; and that's just where the trouble lies. We've got to *find* the place before we can do anything else."

The officers looked grave, and Edwards shook his gray head meaningly.

"O' course, my lord," said he, "we'll go wherever *you* go; but since you ax my 'pinion, I'm bound to say that goin' far south, with them precious polar winters just comin' on, ain't the safest thing in the world."

* Begun in No. 292, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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THE RESCUE OF GOMEZ.

"Well, I'll tell you all about it, and then you can judge for yourselves. You know how Vasco da Gama was the first man round the Cape in November, 1497, and how he went out to India and back? Well, in 1502 he went to India again, and got into a quarrel with the King of Calicut, who sent ships to attack him. But Gama beat them all, and took two of them, with plenty of rich spoil on board; and among the spoils was a great golden image of the Hindoo god Siva, called in Gama's report the 'Berava-Dourada,' which I take to be only Siva's title of 'Bhairava' (Lord of Terror) with the Portuguese word 'Dourada' (golden) stuck on to it.

"Gama thought this image too great a prize for any one but the King, and sent it off to Lisbon in one of his best ships. But she was caught by a storm off the Cape, blown away to the southward, and never seen again; and the only survivor of her crew (who was picked up on a raft by an outward-bound Portuguese war-ship) turned monk, and died in the monastery of La Estrella da Santa Maria (St. Mary's Star), near Evora, in Portugal.

"Now, it was said that he left behind him a full account of the voyage and the shipwreck, which the monks wrote down from his dictation and preserved in their library. But about fifty years after his death the monastery was burned to the ground, and this report was always supposed to have perished in the fire.

"Well, when we were in Tunis last month, I bought an old book of Latin prayers that had belonged to that very monastery; and what should I find inside the binding but the lost report, which I knew at once by catching sight of the word 'Berava-Dourada.' By the sailor's description of the island on which his ship was wrecked, and its distance from the Cape, and its bearings generally, I'm sure we can find it if we look well around; and what I want to do is to discover that island, find that wreck, and get hold of that golden image. What do you say?"

"Let's try it!" cried all three with one voice.

Just then a slight noise was heard overhead, and Gaskett sprang up, shouting:

"There's some fellow listening up there! I saw his head through the skylight. Just let me catch him, that's all!"

"Impossible!" cried Percy; "there's no one aboard who would spy on us, except perhaps that fellow Gomez; and *he* don't seem to know a word of English!"

But Gaskett was already on deck, staring around him in bewilderment; for the after-deck was quite deserted, and no living thing could be seen anywhere near the skylight. Down he went again, looking rather foolish; but he had hardly disappeared when the supple form of Miguel Gomez crawled out from under the binnacle-grating and stole noiselessly away, with a light in his small narrow eyes like the glare of a crouching tiger when its prey has come fairly within reach.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"THAT LITTLE TIFF."—Drawn by Miss C. A. Northam.—See Poem on Page 602.

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## "THAT LITTLE TIFF."

BY MARY D. BRINE.

WHO began it? Ah! who knows?
Maybe Teddy, maybe Rose.
But, alas! so fast it grew—
This sad breach between the two—
That ere long the barn, so wide,
Held only room for *one* inside.
And that one! Ah, suddenly
Too *much* room there seemed to be
For a boy of his small size—
Naughty Ted, with tear-filled eyes.

"Who began it?" We won't tell.
But who *ended* it? Ah, well,
Maybe 'twas the sunshine's glow—
Sunshine loves the rose, you know—
Whispered to the little maiden
(Sitting there, all trouble-laden,
Just without the old barn door)
To speak to Teddy "just once more."

So she called, "I'm hiding, Teddy;
Come and find me—I'm all ready."
Teddy saw the sunbeams glancing,
Saw them o'er the barn floor dancing,
Heard his little playmate calling,
Dashed away the tear just falling,
Answered with a rush and shout,
And, lo! the "tiff's" last spark burned out.

## HOW TO MAKE AN ARCHERY OUTFIT.

BY S. D. T.



AGES before the Christian era, and for several centuries after the birth of Christ, the chief weapon for hunting, as for warfare, was the bow and arrow. This then rude and simple contrivance, which was only laid aside as an implement of war on the invention of gunpowder, has within a few years been brought up to a wonderful standard of excellence in America as well as in England.

Nearly nineteen hundred years before Christ, Ishmael "dwelt in the wilderness and became an archer." Most of you have read or heard of the trial of archery in Virgil, of the prominent part the arrow had to play in the Norman conquest, or of the great skill of the early Arabs and American Indians. But most of all have we admired and wondered at the old stories of Robin Hood and his merrie men in the game-filled glades of Sherwood Forest; how he brought down the red deer, and could cleave the hazel rod at three hundred yards. Ah, there was both music and poetry in the twanging yews and whizzing gray goose shafts!

Now what I am going to do is to show you, simply and plainly, how you can make an archery outfit for yourself without great expense, and with a good deal of enjoyment and profit, as I myself have done.

The wood for your bow is very easily procured. At any saw-mill you can find a good piece of straight-grained hickory, which you can probably get for fifteen cents or less; perhaps the good-natured man that helps you to select it will let you have it for nothing; if so, all the better. If you find a piece of wood that is already bent, do not throw it aside, for, if bent in the opposite way, when made into a bow, it will have all the more springing power.



FIG. 1.

Now we have our wood, and it may be as well to make all our minor purchases at once. Five cents' worth of sand-paper, of boiled linseed-oil, of good glue, and of shellac or varnish will be enough for the present, I think. Put the wood in a vise, and with a drawing-knife rudely shape it, taking great care to make no slip, as a depression in one part would weaken the whole. A spokeshave is the best tool for finishing, and broken glass and your sand-paper will help you to make a smooth surface, on which to apply oil, and afterward several coats of shellac or varnish. The former is preferable.

In shaping the bow, in the first place, I should advise you to shape one side of the middle first, and then the other as like it as possible, trying the stick often, and noticing if it bends with equal curve on both sides of the centre. The shape of a cross section of the bow at the centre should be like a capital D.

Notice particularly that the *flat* side is to be *out* as the bow is pulled. Be careful to remember this, especially if the wood in the rough has any curve, for in this case the side of the bow made flat should be the side curving in in the unwrought stick. Understand this fully before you begin to work on the wood. If, however, you go to work blindly, as boys often do, and if you find that you have shaped the stick wrongly, it will make no very great difference if the rounded side has to be the outside of the bow.

You may now either shape and notch the ends yourself, or buy a pair of horn tips in the city for fifty or seventy-five cents, which must be glued upon the ends of the bow, pointed to fit. At any upholsterer's you can get a small piece of cloth (plush is best) four inches square, and a quarter of a yard of narrow leather strips. Sew the plush about the bow a little to one side of the centre, and glue the strips of leather about the edges of the cloth.

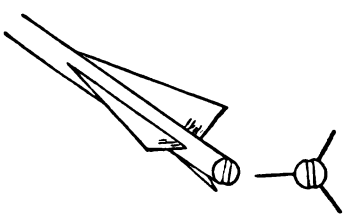


FIG. 2.

This is the handle; it is an unnecessary ornament, but it adds greatly to the beauty of your finely finished weapon. The arrow is to be rested, not on the handle, but on the wood just above it.

If you think a fifty-cent bow-string too expensive, I think a rawhide of the right thickness will answer as well. Tie this as in Fig. 1 (the numbers show the course of the string round the tip), making a loop at the other end, and your bow is complete and ready to be strung.

And now for the arrows. If there is a blind manufactory in your neighborhood, you can buy shafts for about twenty-five cents per dozen: if not, you must send to the city for them. The feathers, if you are not so fortunate as to have friends in the country to send you turkey or goose feathers, can be obtained for fifteen cents per two dozen, and steel arrow-heads also for a small sum. The shafts can be easily pointed to receive the heads, and a notch the width of the bow-string must be made in the other end of the arrow, either with a saw or hot iron. Fasten both heads and feathers with glue (see Fig. 2). There should be three feathers on each shaft, and so arranged in relation to the notch that neither will scrape the bow at right angles on being discharged.

A bundle of straw for the target can be bought for twenty cents, and your mother can probably give you an

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old bed-tick. Sew this together either square or round, stuff in the straw (hay will do), paint it, and you are ready to shoot. The targets which you may buy are made by winding ropes of straw with strong twine, and then rolling the whole into a flat disk and covering with painted enamelled cloth.

Simple, portable target stands can be made of three sticks of common pine, with holes in the ends, and joined together with a piece of string.

## ROBINSON'S DONKEY.

BY MARY DENSEL.

THE entire Reed family had been in a state of expectation and preparation for more than a week: ever since Great-aunt Katherine Stearns had sent word that she was coming from Maine to pay a visit at "Broad Elm.".

It was always a solemn as well as a joyful season when Madam Stearns occupied the "best chamber" at Broad Elm. It was almost as if an empress should arrive.

The younger Reed children had a dim notion that she was called *Great*-aunt because she was so tall and stately, so dignified and imposing. She wore a turban-like headdress on top of her stylish gray puffs of hair, and the children were sure that she never took that off, nor yet her diamond ear-rings, and *probably* not her stiff black silk gown either, even when she went to bed at night.

Great-aunt Katherine was always kind, but one felt it very condescending in her to notice one at all; and if so be that she gave a present, were it only an orange, the honor seemed as great as if Queen Victoria had said, "Accept this coronet of pearls as a token of my august favor."

So no wonder that the household was on tiptoe when a letter announced that Great-aunt Katherine would arrive on a Wednesday; and no wonder that confusion reigned when a telegram followed saying that the advent would be postponed until Thursday.

For on Thursday Mr. Reed was obliged to be out of town on important business, and on Thursday Mrs. Reed was to take her eldest daughter, Virginia, to a lawn party at Mrs. De Peyster's. This was to be the great event of the season, and had not Virginia a most bewitching new muslin dress and hat bought expressly for the occasion? Her heart was broken even at the suggestion of staying at home. Yet it would not be proper to leave fourteen-year-old Kathleen to do the honors to her great-aunt, even if she were her namesake.

After much discussion it was finally decided that Virginia should go to Mrs. De Peyster's under a neighbor's motherly wing, leaving Mrs. Reed free to drive to the station for Madam Stearns, while Kathleen should keep guard over the three riotous brothers, and prevent their standing on their heads or doing something equally improper at the instant their distinguished guest should arrive.

But "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley."

Who could foresee that just before the train was due on Thursday Master William Reed, aged six years, should take it into his head to swallow a cent, "just to see how it would feel going down"?

No wonder his mother was terrified, and sent Jacob, the man-servant, flying for the nearest doctor.

"And you, Kathleen, must drive to the village for your great-aunt."

This seemed simple, for Kathleen was used to driving Rex, the steady family horse, and could even turn the old-fashioned carry-all with its clumsy wheels.

But lo! as she ran to the barn she spied, already beyond call, Jacob, Rex, and carry-all speeding out at the gate, for Jacob decidedly preferred using Rex's four feet instead of his own two.

Here was a pretty state of affairs. There was no time to be lost. The train was due in fifteen minutes, and the village station was nearly a mile away. Kathleen, looking round in despair, caught sight of a fine new donkey which her father had brought home only yesterday.

"I took him for debt from a man named John Robinson," Mr. Reed had explained. "He warranted him to be an accommodating little beast, and I thought he'd do for the children to drive in the phaeton. His name is Pepper."

And a very docile donkey he seemed, making no objection to Kathleen's leading him to the phaeton, and standing quiet while she deftly harnessed him.

"Why, you're a beauty!" cried Kathleen. "Go on, now, good donkey!"

Pepper accepted the compliment, and let no grass grow under his little hoofs. But, for all the hurry, they reached the station not a minute too soon, for the train was rushing into the depot, and here was Great-aunt Katherine, graciously glad to see Kathleen, condescendingly sympathetic on the subject of Willie's cent, and ready to pardon Kathleen and the donkey's coming for her instead of Mrs. Reed and the horse. She stepped into the low carriage, which immediately became a chariot, and Kathleen took up the reins.

"Get up, Pepper!" But Pepper only whisked his tail.

"Get up!" Kathleen repeated, thinking her command might not have been understood.

This time Pepper tossed his head, but never a foot did he stir. Kathleen gave him a stroke with the whip. Pepper retorted with what sounded amazingly like a chuckle.

All the other carriages had left the station. Only one boy still stood on the platform, and he was grinning from ear to ear. "Cut him agin," suggested he. "I've seen that donkey afore. He's Robinson's donkey, I'll bet a dollar. Cut him agin!"

Kathleen did "cut him agin." She grew quite furious, but Pepper was calm.

Just then a man came round the corner. He also smiled. "That's Robinson's donkey, I'm thinking," said he, taking hold of the bridle with a jerk.

"Get along with you," he shouted.

And "get along" Pepper did at such a pace that the wind whistled in Kathleen's ears. Her hat blew back on her shoulders. Great-aunt Katherine grasped the side of the phaeton, and barely escaped being tossed to the ground as they whirled round a corner at break-neck speed.

"Whoa! whoa!" cried Kathleen, which order Pepper saw fit to obey, rattling briskly up to the door of a low drinking saloon, and there coming to a dead halt.

"Lager-Beer, Wines, Liquors," read Madam Stearns, in a voice which seemed to have the entire "Maine Liquor Law" condensed in its tones. "Lager-Beer, Wines, Liquors. My dear, this is extremely shocking. Can you not prevail on the animal to proceed?"

Again Pepper chuckled. Again he absolutely refused to budge. A woman, with frowsled hair, put her head out of an upper window. "That's Robinson's donkey, ain't it?" said she. "Folks drivin' him had ought to fetch along their meals, in case o' detention."

At the end of much fruitless whipping and coaxing, once more the same man who had befriended them at the station appeared and grasped the bridle.

"Get along with you," and this time a good kick was bestowed on Pepper's fat haunches.

Off he started, down one street, up another, wheresoever his evil desires suggested. Never mind the reins! Never heed your streaming locks, Kathleen! Hold on to the phaeton, great-aunt. Whisk! here we go round another corner. Let us canter! let us gallop! Ah, Hotel Beresford! let us tarry here!

Kathleen nearly went over the dasher so abrupt was the pause. Madam Stearns's bonnet was resting on the bridge of her nose, and one of her loosened gray puffs was waving in the breeze.

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"SHE CURLED THE WHIP-LASH SHARPLY ROUND HIS LEGS."

Through the immense plate-glass windows of the hotel smoking-room gazed several astonished gentlemen.

"Was there ever such a mortification," groaned Great-aunt Katherine. "Kathleen, can we not leave this animal and find a coach?"

"I don't believe he'll let us get out," said Kathleen.

Indeed, he would not. He kept the light carriage in perpetual motion. A crowd began to gather. Pepper tossed one hind-leg over the dasher, drew it back, gave a little caper.

"Robinson's donkey," said a voice from the crowd.

"Oh, for pity's sake, twitch his bridle," implored Kathleen, of a robust-looking youth. "Anything is better than standing here."

"Anything is better, eh?" echoed Pepper, viciously, and not waiting for the jerk and the kick, he trotted smartly down the paved business street, and turned his head toward home.

"There is 'Broad Elm,'" said Kathleen, breathlessly. "Now cling to the carriage, great-aunt, while I guide him through the gate."

Yes, "cling," do! Turn in at the gate? Not Pepper. Tug away at the reins, little mistress. It pleases you and doesn't hurt me. A good road; off and away; past "Broad Elm"; on, on, on, veer to the right, now to the left; jolt, jolt, jolt. There goes another of your stylish puffs, great-aunt. This *is* a frolic. Here we go!

"My dear! my dear!" gasped Madam Stearns, seizing Kathleen's arm. "Into whose grounds is he taking us? Who are all these people in gorgeous raiment? Kathleen, for the sake of your reputation stop the beast."

"I *can't* stop him," cried Kathleen, in despair. "This is Mrs. De Peyster's house, and she is having a party."

Sure enough. Suppose we join the festive throng. Clatter, clatter, clatter, in among the guests.

Kathleen's face was hot with shame. Great-aunt Katherine sat up straight and grim, though dishevelled and disgraced.

Pepper drew up under the open drawing-room window, and pricked up his ears to catch the notes of a song which floated out on the air. Higher and higher rose the sweet voice within. Higher and higher went those wicked ears.

"Aha!" quoth Pepper, "let us join and make the solo a duet."

He opened that great mouth of his. He drew in a good, full breath. With heart and voice he swelled the strain.

"Haw! haw! haw!"

Up the scale and down the scale.

"Haw! haw! ha—aw!"

It seemed as if the noise filled all space. It echoed and it rang. It was louder than a full brass band.

"Haw! haw! ha—aw!"

Kathleen crept into the bottom of the phaeton, and hid her burning face. Madam Stearns sat bolt-upright, with compressed lips and commanding brows. She was majestic still, though in despair.

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Forth from the house issued a liveried footman, and laid his hand, by no means gently, on Pepper.

"Haw! haw! haw!" brayed that infamous donkey; then dropped his ears as he was led in ignominy down the avenue, past the bewildered guests, out at the gate.

"That's Robinson's donkey, sure," said the footman, and the kicks Pepper had hitherto received were as love pats compared to the ones now bestowed upon his ribs.

Kathleen picked up the reins once more.

"He's certainly brought to his senses now," she sobbed.

Pepper trotted like a lamb. He obeyed every motion of the reins. He was the most obliging, most docile, donkey on earth, until suddenly, with no warning, in the middle of the dusty highway, under the full glare of the blazing sun, far from human habitation, once more he stopped, and planted his front feet stubbornly.

"There is no one to jerk my bridle. There is no masculine foot to kick me. Here we remain."

And here they did remain. No exhortation, no coaxing, no lashing with the whip, made the slightest impression.

"I must get out and see what I can do," said Kathleen.

She climbed down to the ground, Pepper watching her out of the corner of his wicked eyes. She jerked his bit. That was of no use. She doubled up her little fist and pounded him. Apparently he did not even feel her blows. She curled the whip lash sharply round his legs. He did not move a hoof. At last she was driven to extreme measures. She lifted her right foot, in its dainty French boot, and (speak it under your breath) she—*kicked* Pepper.

With a flirt of his saucy tail, with an impudent toss of his mane, with a most insulting bray, Pepper took his revenge.

The reins were twitched from Kathleen's hand, and in the dusty road she found herself standing—alone. There, in the distance, vanished phaeton, Great-aunt Katherine, Pepper, and all.

An hour later in at the gate of Broad Elm limped a disconsolate, foot-sore, exhausted girl.

"Haw! haw! haw!" jeered Pepper, sticking his head out the stable window. "Great-aunt and I arrived long, long ago. Hope you enjoyed your walk. Hope you didn't find the heat oppressive. Wouldn't you like to kick me again? Haw! haw! haw!"

In the doorway of the house stood Mrs. Reed, and by her side Madam Stearns, as stately, as composed, as if she had not spent two mortal hours rattling from Dan to Beersheba. They received the wanderer in open, compassionate arms. It was Great-aunt Katherine herself who bathed Kathleen's travel-stained feet and soothed her wounded spirits.

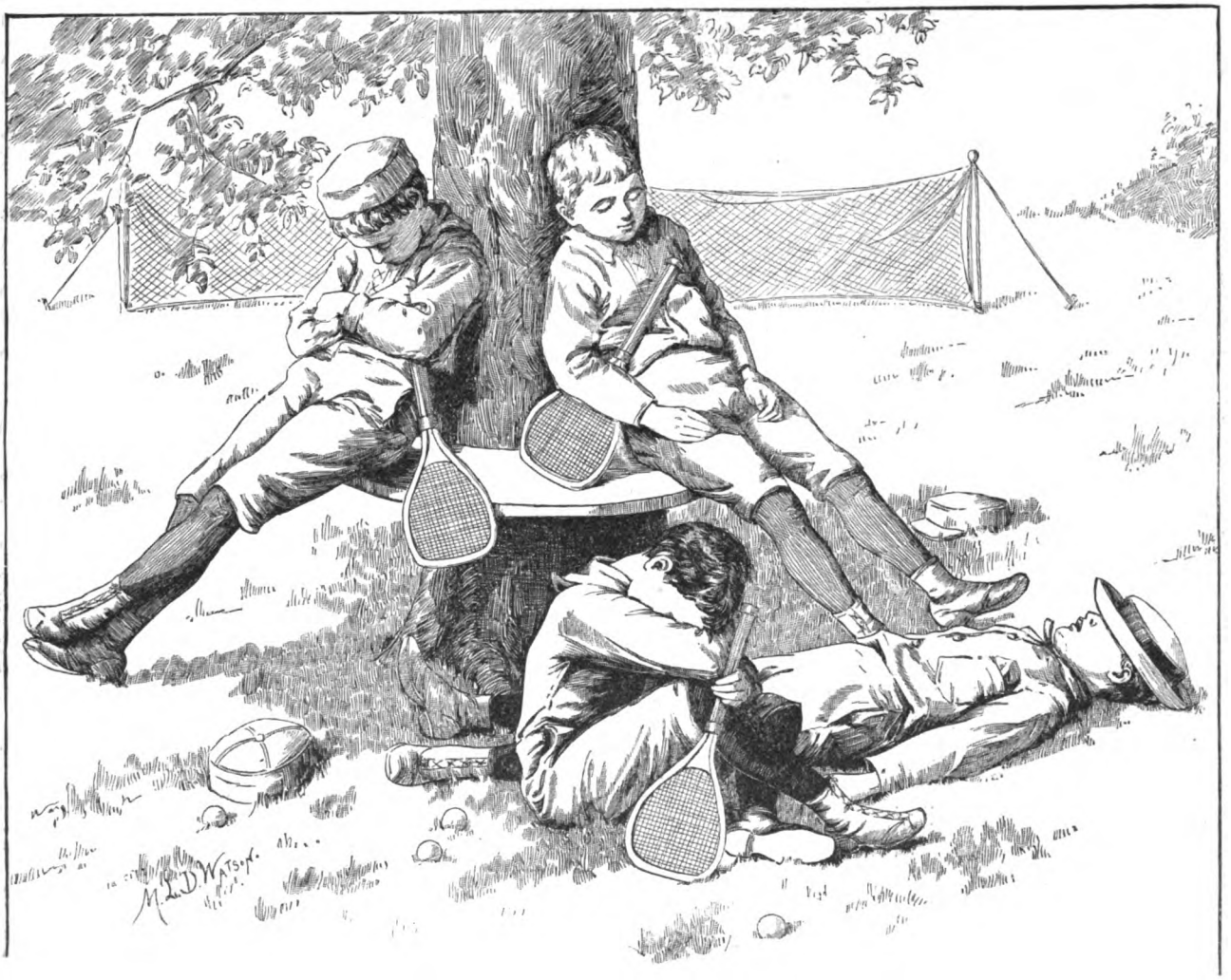
"You were not to blame. But Robinson's donkey—"

"Shall return to Robinson this very day," interrupted Mrs. Reed, with emphasis.

And he did return, led by Jacob.

"Didn't suit?—I want to know;" that is what Robinson remarked.

"And I declare, Mis' Reed," reported Jacob, "them two—man and beast—is *pardners* in villainy, and I'm blest if I know which of 'em is the biggest scoundrel, Robinson or Robinson's donkey."



IT IS A VERY HOT AFTERNOON, BUT THE BOYS POOH-POOH THE IDEA OF TAKING A NAP, AS THE GIRLS ARE DOING, AND GO OUT FOR A GOOD GAME OF TENNIS.

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A RELIC OF HIS BABYHOOD.

"Ha! ha! the idea of a big boy like me ever wearing a little thing like that!"

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

WHAT are you all doing with these merry holidays? I want to hear about the pleasant excursions, the dips in the salt waves, the climbs up steep mountains, the rides on the hay, and the good times my little correspondents are having, now that the school-room doors are shut and the books are put away. How many fish did you catch to-day, Bertie? and, Lulu, did those mud pies you baked in the sun turn out as well as you expected? Charlie, which do you prefer—to swing sister Bessie as high as she likes to go, or to lie in a hammock and read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE? How is Harry succeeding in training his pony? and, Margie, do your birds eat from your hands? And what are you all doing to make other people happy?

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—This is the first time that I have written to you. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number. I have a sister thirteen years old, and a little brother six years old. I have been in Florida, Washington, New York, London, Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, Nice, Marseilles, Genoa, Turin, and many other places. I speak French, and am studying German, drawing, and music. I am very fond of Jimmy Brown's stories. We get all our copies of the paper through Galignani, and look for them anxiously over here in Europe. It is like hearing from home. ETHEL K.

Ethel has been quite a traveller. I hope she keeps a note-book wherever she goes, so that she may put down the beautiful things she sees, for pleasant memories by-and-by.

ALPENA, MICHIGAN.

I see that all my little friends are telling of their pets. I have none. I had some little white rats winter before last, but they froze to death. I have one little sister almost five years old. I live in the city of Alpena. The principal business here is lumbering. I have not been going to school lately, but my studies are reading, spelling, writing, geography, grammar, and arithmetic. I wrote a piece of poetry about Grant, and I send it to you; please put it in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. MYRTIE R. J.

I am much obliged to you, Myrtie, for letting me read your poem on our brave hero, General Grant, but there is not room for it in the Post-office Box. I will just tell the children, however, that it is a good poem, for a little girl's effort.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought that perhaps you might like a letter from New Zealand. Have you ever had one from such a distance before? I have an auntie in America who takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and she very kindly sends it on to me when she has finished reading it. I think it is a very nice magazine. I like the stories very much; that one about "Fauvette" is so nice, I think. A short time ago our Volunteers had a sham fight at the race-course. People say that the Russians will come out here, but I hope that they will not. How is that poor little lame boy of whom you spoke in answer to one of the letters? Mamma saw in one of the letters a way to bind HARPER'S magazines, and I am binding mine much in the same way. Have you ever been in New Zealand? My little cousin Elsie wrote to you once. We are going to leave this place soon, because the doctor says that the sea-air does not agree with papa. Are there any flowers in your garden? Are you fond of music? Two of my sisters study music on the piano, and my youngest sister and I learn the violin. Mamma began to teach my little brother the piano. I hope you will have room to print this letter. Aunt Maggie said that she would look for it. If it is printed, I may perhaps write again when we move, and tell you all about our new house, if you would like to hear about it. We have a little canary; it sings so sweetly. My eldest sister is at Tauranga at school. Some of the little correspondents have very pretty names, have they not? If you ever come to New Zealand, I hope you will come to see us.

With much love, LUCIE G. H.

I must answer all your questions, dear, and so I will begin by saying that I have never visited New Zealand, but that we have had letters in the Post-office Box from even that far-away land, are very glad to have yours, and hope you will write again. I like music very much, and my garden has at present roses, Cape jasmine, fuchsias, pansies, peonies, lilies, and geraniums in very lovely bloom. Here is Elsie's letter:

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

Perhaps you would like a letter from a little reader in New Zealand. I should like very much to come and see you, if ever I come to America, but at present I am too far away. I think some of the letters in the Post-office Box are composed very nicely. Next time I write I will send you some pressed violets. With love, I am your little friend, ELSIE H. (10 years old).

Here is a story from a graceful pen in a little hand.

### CLARA'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

"Time to go to bed, my darling," said mamma one cold winter night at about half past six o'clock.

"Why, mamma, I isn't one bit sleepy; no, indeed," said little Clara Raymond. But, nevertheless, her head (which was clustered around with golden curls) sank lower and lower on pussy's back on the mat where she had been playing for the last ten minutes. "Mamma," she said, slowly raising her head, "you know papa will bring home some mysteous [mysterious] parcel to-night, and I 'most know I ought to see it, so as to see if I like it."

"No, no," cried mamma, laughing; "the parcel will go into the closet, and you will not see it until to-morrow, and so if you want to get up early you must go to bed now, and, as you will be four years old to-morrow, I am going to let you sit up a quarter of an hour longer every night. Won't that be splendid?"

"Oh, mamma! a whole quarter? Oh, how lovely!" cried Clara, clapping her hands, and willing now to go to bed so that the next day would come all the sooner.

By this time, I presume, all the little folks who read this story know that the next day was to be Clara's birthday, that she was to have a party, and have little girls to come to it.

Mamma rang a bell for nurse. Clara kissed her good-night, and went off to bed to sleep sweetly all night long.

Very soon Mrs. Raymond heard the front gate slam, a quick step on the walk, a latch-key turned in the door, and, quicker than I can write it, papa's coat, which was covered with large flakes of snow, was exchanged for a warm dressing-gown, his boots for dry slippers, and mamma and he were sitting cozily at the table.

"What did you bring for Clara?" asked mamma.

Whereupon papa produced something which brought exclamations of delight and pleasure from Mrs. Raymond. It was a dear little dog!

Very soon no lights were to be seen nor noise to be heard. The snow fell softly and slowly through the dark night, covering the flower beds which once had been so gay with bright flowers, covering the house-tops and chimneys, even making so bold as to come up on the steps and piazza; but, ah me! it didn't stop there, but stood on the shutters and sills, and peeped in at Clara sleeping so sweetly with one hand under her dimpled chin, the other thrown out on the coverlet, while a smile played around her mouth.

Well, the next day came. Clara received many beautiful presents. Her father's present to her, which you already know, was a little white dog; it was such a flossy little fellow, as soft as down or a bunch of fleecy clouds. Around its neck was a lovely blue ribbon.

Clara had her party, which was quite a grand affair, and perhaps another time I may tell you all about it. But it is enough to say that the twelve little girls all enjoyed it very, very much, and one little tot said, "Clara, I fink I will come again to-morrow day, for perhaps you may have some tandy left."

And now we will leave Clara playing with her dog, and which is having the better time I can not tell. Can you? GERTRUDE W. FIELDER.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

I had expected to write you a letter soon after Easter, and tell you what a happy time I had, but my auntie could not write the letter for me, and I am not old enough to write for myself. As it is so long since Easter, my auntie says you will not care to hear about it, and I will have to tell you about something else. I have two pets; they are both kittens. I have a brother George, who goes to the public school. I go to the Kindergarten every morning, but Saturday mamma says she gets very lonesome mornings while I am at school. Our school will be out next Thursday, and then we are to have a long vacation. There is to be a big celebration here next month: it is to be two days—the 3d and the 4th. I wish you would please publish this; you published one letter from me some time ago, and I have it in a bound volume. I would like this published, so I can have it in my next bound volume. From your little friend, MARGIE A.

All the mammas are lonesome when the little girls are at school, but we have to let them go, and then we are very glad when they come home again.

GUNNISON, COLORADO.

There are a great many wild-ducks here in the spring, and they swim in the sloughs. I did not have a very good place to shoot them, so I got an armful of willows, and put them on the hill to creep behind. The next morning there were four ducks in the slough, so I took my gun and went over there, and I killed three at one shot. I have also shot a good many blackbirds and prairie-dogs, as they are very thick out here.

GEORGE A. C. (aged 12).

You are quite a hunter. What else do you do for amusement?

NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am ten years old, and go to school. I study Fourth Reader, geography, arithmetic, writing, drawing, and spelling. I like drawing best of all. We have vacation now, and it will continue until the 1st of September. My uncle, when I last saw him, gave me a little rifle, and I go out hunting sometimes, and I waste about two hundred cartridges and never hit a thing. We are going to the sea-shore this summer, and I expect to use it there. I hope you will print this letter, for it is the first letter I ever wrote to the Post-office Box. ROBERT D. H.

I hope you will soon become more expert in the use of your rifle, and be able to tell me that you are a good marksman.

STOCKPORT, OHIO.

I am a little girl ten years old. For pets I have a bird named Polly and three chickens. The bird laid four eggs. I also have a large doll, which mamma brought me from Newark; I call it Fanny. I have a brother named Hiram—he is seven years old—and a sister named Goldie, two years old. I study writing, geography, spelling, grammar, Fifth Reader, and two arithmetics.

GERTRUDE L.

NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little Southern girl twelve years old, and my home is in Chattanooga, Tennessee, but we are now living in Massachusetts for a while. I thought I would write and tell you about our trip to Southern Mississippi, which we took last March. We visited the New Orleans Exposition, which I shall tell you about when I write again. For a month we staid with my uncle, on Montrose Place, and I could not begin to tell you what a lovely time my brother and I had while there. We would go fishing, ride horseback, and do scores of other things. My uncle had a donkey for my little cousins to ride, and we had splendid times riding him also. He was a Mexican burro, about three feet in height, with ears twelve inches long. I named him Don Pedro, which I think suited him exactly. He was afterward given to

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us by my uncle, and we are thinking of having him down at Saulsbury Beach with us, where we shall spend the summer. We start July 1. Last summer we staid there four months, and had a delightful time, bathing every day in the surf, which is very beautiful at that place. Sometimes seals came very near the shore. I shall not begin to tell you about our last winter's sports in the snow, as my letter is already too long. I hope you will print this, as I want to surprise my mamma. I shall some time write again. With much love to the Postmistress, I remain

Your constant reader, NELL H.

BELMONT.

I never wrote to you before, but have been intending to do so for a long time. I have no brothers nor sisters. I have two kittens, Prince and Fluffie. We shut them in the barn every night, and where there is a crack in the door, Prince will put his paw in and open it, and both will come out. I had a bird last summer, but it died. I do not go to school, but study at home, and mamma teaches me music. I go to a missionary society every Saturday; we have sent one box to the missionaries, and will send another this year. I was ten years old last December. I made Christmas presents for my friends last year from the patterns in "Milly Cone's Christmas Presents."

BERTHA B.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

I am a boy of thirteen, and live in a very pleasant city situated on the Arkansas River. I am getting up a collection of curiosities, minerals, Indian relics, animals, and insects. I would like boys of my age to write to me. I attend to a horse, two cows, and my chickens. I milk one of my cows once in the morning and once in the evening. The cows are not named; I wish you would select two nice names for them. I have a turtle that is not as large as a quarter, and one that weighs seven pounds and three ounces.

PALMER CADY.

Daisy and Buttercup would be pretty names for your cows.

DAYTON, ALABAMA.

I am twelve years old, and have four sisters younger than myself. I attend school at Colonel Reeves's, in Dayton, but it is out now; I study Cæsar, university arithmetic, algebra, history, and grammar. We live out on a pretty farm, a mile and a quarter from town. There are three churches in town, and two Sunday-schools.

BESSIE A.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and I have always waited anxiously for the paper to come. I am ten years old, and walk a mile and a half to school every morning. I have a pet kitten that will jump at everything which moves. Is "Rolf House" a true story, and are Jimmy Brown's stories true? Our school had a picnic one Friday not long ago, and I went and had a real nice time. The school takes the paper, and it is used as a library book.

BEATRICE C.

Neither "Rolf House" nor Jimmy Brown's stories are true in the sense that it is true that Columbus discovered America or Washington crossed the Delaware. They are not true as it is true that little Beatrice eats her breakfast every morning. Such stories are what we call fictitious, which means that while some things in them may have happened, they are partly "made up" or imagined, but since they give a great deal of pleasure and teach true lessons we are all satisfied with them. And we are pleased to hear that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is used in your school.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am nearly fourteen years old, and have never written to you before. I take crayon lessons and lessons in painting in oil. I think I like painting best. Sometimes there are some very pretty copies for crayon-work in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I often draw them. My sister Hatty and I are going to the country next week. I have a brother and sister older and a brother and sister younger than myself. My papa keeps a book and stationery store. My sister Hatty and I are great readers. Hatty is nearly two years older than I am, but I am nearly half a head taller than she. Papa made a barrel hammock; it is very nice. I got in it this afternoon, and one of the ropes broke and I fell out. I didn't hurt myself.

BESSIE W. S.

Papa will have to look carefully at those ropes, Bessie.

FULTON, NEW YORK.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published, and should not know how to get along without it. We have a great many books, and I have been looking for something which I can not find in them, and so I write to ask you. It is this. I have a little white goat that I feed with everything I can, but she will not grow fat. Some boys tell me that oats are not good for her; others say that they are. Can you tell me which is right? I have no other pet. I am eleven years old.

FRANK B. D.

I commend this question of feeding the goat to some of the boys who have had experience in the care of this pet. Perhaps the goat is like some little fellows of my acquaintance, and runs about too much to grow fat.

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a boy ten years old. I do not go to school at present, because I have been ill. I had scarlet fever; it was very warm weather when I was getting better, and one day, when nobody was near to prevent me, I climbed up to the soft-water cistern, and had a bath. And I caught something, too. Did you think it was fish? No, it was not fish, nor a whipping, but it was rheumatism. I was very bad after that; I suppose you know that I would be. I think I'm a naughty lad. Mamma and the girls say I am a "bother"; the other boys say I am a "terror"; it is only because I tease them a little bit. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; we all do. There are eight of us children. We have heaps of books; papa brings them, but the day he brings home this paper we run to meet him, and dance and make ever such a noise, because we all want it at once. We had a cat once which we named Sims Reeves, because it sang so beautifully, but it died. Now we have the greatest rascal of a dog, named Whisker; he won't bite, but when he begins to bark we *can't* stop him, and he is splendid to mind the house and to play with. This is the first letter I have ever written.

OSBORNE J.

You poor little man, I am so sorry your imprudent bath gave you rheumatism; it was well it did not kill you. Your letter is quite spicy.

LEWISHAM, ENGLAND.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I wrote to you once before, but as my letter was not in print, I thought I would try again. I have not very long taken in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think it is a very nice book; the story called "Rolf House" is very pretty. We have a dog at home called Master Bob, and a cat called Tim. On last Thursday we all went to the Crystal Palace, and enjoyed ourselves very much, and saw the fire-works in the evening; the set piece was called "Ready." I am going to the Inventors Exhibition on Saturday; may I write and tell you about it? I went to the Fisheries and Health Exhibitions.

JESSIE H.

Yes, dear, you may write.

OLIVE BRANCH, MISSISSIPPI.

I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school, and like my teacher very much. I am studying HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE at school; I like it very much. I have five little kittens for my pets.

PEARL B.

## COFFEE, BREAD, AND BUTTER.

BY ETHEL COX.

Alice Darling had visiting her an uncle who had been around the world. This uncle knew a great deal about how things grow.

"Alice," he said, one morning at the breakfast table, "what do you study at the school you attend?"

"Why," said Alice, surprised at this question, "I study reading, writing, spelling, geography, history, dancing, and languages."

"I suppose," said her uncle, "you are not instructed in the things of nature. For instance, can you tell me how coffee grows?"

"Really, Uncle John, I could not," said Alice, "for I never heard anything about it."

"Just as I thought," observed Uncle John. "Let me tell you. Coffee is raised in Brazil. The coffee bushes are about as large as small plum-trees, with a grayish sort of bark, and with leaves of dark shining green, and white flowers. And now about the fruit. Get me a coffee-bean, please, Alice. You see this kernel; it has a flat side. Now there was a twin grain that fitted this one, and the two, as they grew on the bush, were shut up in a soft red pulp like a cherry. The negroes gather these berries in deep baskets, and lay them out on large flat stones, where the grains are spread out to dry after the red, juicy part is rubbed off. That is how the coffee grows.

"Now about bread. I think you know how bread and butter are made."

"Yes," said Alice, eagerly. "When I spent the summer with grandma in the country, I found out about that."

"Then," said her uncle, smiling, "you can give me your version on these subjects."

"First they plough up a large field," began Alice, "and then it is harrowed. Then a man goes up and down the field with a basket strapped to his shoulders, sowing the wheat. Then it is harrowed again, and presently the tiny green blades can be seen springing up through the brown earth. When it is large enough, it is cut down and cradled; it is tied up in bundles, and left to dry; then it is threshed, and carried off to the mill, where it is ground between two stones, which makes the fine white flour which makes bread.

"Butter is made in this manner: On a rosy morning the milkmaid goes singing with her stool and pails into the barn, where the cow chews her cud, and sometimes, alas! kicks over the bucket when it is half filled with milk, notwithstanding the protestations of the milkmaid, to whom the balmy breezes had wafted the scent of burned hominy and boiling-over coffee. The milk is put in pans, and soon the top of it is covered with yellow cream. This cream is put in a churn, while the farmer's daughter rapidly wields the dasher, and soon the butter is lifted golden and fragrant from the churn and deposited on a dish."

Very well done, Ethel.

DECATUR, ILLINOIS.

I am ten years old, and go to school. I shall be in the Fifth Grade next year. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was first published. I am always glad when Saturday comes, for then I get the paper. I have a little brother five years old, and his name is Deanie. At school I study geography, arithmetic, spelling, reading, writing, and grammar. I like reading the best of all.

ANNA E. C.

ROSEBUD, MONTANA.

I have a little pony we call Frank, and my brothers have one they call Jack. I have four brothers and two sisters. I have a baby brother, who is beginning to walk; he is just as cunning as he can be.

MYRTLE MAY B.

MALVERN LINK, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little boy eight years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for twenty-four weeks, and I like it very much. I have no pets, but I am very fond of drawing. I go to school, and study reading, writing, geography, and spelling. I have two brothers and one sister. I have no mother. Now I must close, with love.

ALFIE E. G.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

A NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 36 letters, and am a quotation from Charles Kingsley.

My 23, 13, 17, 6 is a part of the human body.
My 2, 16, 3, 27, 20 is a bird of prey.
My 21, 23, 26, 7, 11, 19, 10 is the emblem of Scotland.
My 34, 16, 31, 13, 21, 14, 24, 17 is a time for rest.
My 36, 26, 1, 29, 5, 17 is a trimming.
My 12, 9, 28, 32, 4, 8 is fully ripened.
My 22, 33, 35, 18 is a plant which destroys the garden.
My 25, 30, 15 is to unite.

GLADYS and HILDA.

### No. 2.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—My first is in ceiling, not in wall.
My second is in bat, also in ball.
My third is in rain, not in snow.
My fourth is in spry, not in slow.
My fifth is in eat, not in drink.
My sixth is in tell, also in think.
My whole is to be found in almost every house.

FRED W. DEMMICK (9 years old).

2.—If o'er the map your eyes you cast,
You'll see my form, both first and last,
In four of earth's divisions vast.

My home is not the land alone;
In oceans I am seen and known;
And in the stars am also shown.

Yet, strange to say, no sound of me
Is heard in heaven or earth or sea,
Although I dwell in all the three.

EVELYN BEAUMONT.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 296.

No. 1.—Clock.

No. 2. — Nathaniel Hawthorne. Decoration. Jeanie Deans.

No. 3.—One person was the only passenger.

Answer to Puzzle on page 576—"Madam."

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Cockade City, Katie S. Gad, Willie and Leah Frame, Willie Elliott, Henry L. King, Harry D. Gaylord, Harry Howard Hemstreet, Carrie Briggs, Agnes Payson, Della Cairns, Emma Sellew, Johnny Kurtz, L. R. D., Fred Heyden, Ross Reynolds, Fannie Thompson, A de Mendonça, Albert Smith, M. Gillette, Archie J. Dow, Emilie Dayton, A. A., and R. T. Gaines.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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A GOOD GUESS.

*Big Darky.* "Ef you'll guess how many 'taters dar is in dis bag, I'll gin yo' bofe un 'em."
*Little Darky.* "Two!"
*Big Darky.* "G'way f'm heah, chile; somebody done tole yer 'fo' now."

## A PERILOUS HABITATION.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

OF all the strange spots a bird could choose to build its nest upon, the most unlikely, one might think, would be a railway. It seems, however, not to be at all an uncommon thing to find them there. Let naturalists explain the matter as they may.

The following account of one of these oddly placed nests comes to us from Germany, with its accompanying narrative of watchful maternal love on the part of one of the parent birds:

Some years ago one of the porters employed at a small station near Darmstadt observed a pair of larks building their nest in an angle in the middle of the railway where two rails crossed. He did not disturb them. The nest was finished, and soon after four eggs were laid in it. Then the hatching began.

By this time the attention of all the people employed about the station had been turned to the nest. It seemed to them such a wonderful thing that they resolved to do all in their power to protect its owners and it. Meantime the birds themselves seemed to have very clear ideas as to the dangers that threatened them. It was pretty to see how the hen bird, which was sitting on the eggs, would duck her head down when a train passed, and then look up cheerfully when the danger was over.

In due course of time three young ones appeared. One day, after they were big enough to move about a little, but not to fly, one of them hopped out of the nest and seated itself on the rail. At that moment a train was seen approaching. The parent birds called and coaxed in vain. The thoughtless little creature remained obstinately sitting on its dangerous perch. Its destruction seemed inevitable. Just as the train came up, the mother bird flew up from the nest, seized it by the tuft on its head, and threw it over the line, ducking down again itself until the danger was past.

The larks' first friend, the porter, who had noticed the whole proceeding, now resolved to remove the nest, with all its living contents, from its perilous position. He took it up carefully, and deposited it in a neighboring clover field. The old birds followed him step by step, uttering shrill cries of anxiety, which changed to a loud trill of joy and, one might almost say, of gratitude when they saw the comfortable spot in which their kind friend had put their nest.

Could human beings have acted differently?



SUMMER SPORTS IN THE TROPICS—BOATING.

ALL ABOARD! ALL ASHORE!

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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 300. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JULY 28, 1885.
Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"PAUL CLUNG TO HIS FATHER, TWINING HIS ARMS AROUND HIS NECK."

## PAUL SERGOVITZ'S LONG JOURNEY.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

POOR little Paul Sergovitz!

Paul's mother died when he was a baby. He was born a sickly child. Just when he began to walk, a sad accident happened to him. His nurse, an old woman, had taken him to the parade-ground in Odessa to see a review, when a horse belonging to a Cossack soldier having run away, Paul was struck down, and his thigh was broken.

Paul's father, whose name was Paul too, was a great

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big southern Russian. The little sufferer was carried around for a year or two by his father in his arms, but as Paul grew stronger, his father would perch the boy on his shoulder, and think no more of Paul's weight than had he been a feather.

Maybe it was because Paul's father was very poor that the boy's leg did not receive that care which some great and expensive surgeon might have given it, so the consequence was that as Paul grew, one leg was so much shorter than the other that he went about with a crutch.

Paul's father was a silent man, but he never ceased delighting in Paul's chatter. "He talks for both of us," he would say. Paul was very bright and intelligent, and so his father was proud of his little crippled boy. Even when Paul had grown, his father never seemed to worry about his boy's condition and the trouble he had in walking. "My big, strong legs belong to you, Paul," the father would say, as he would lift up the boy when he was tired. On holidays the father would take long walks, with Paul always on his shoulder, and the two would pass many happy hours together in the country.

There must have been something seriously the matter with Paul, caused by the runaway horse, because he suffered a great deal from pains in his back. Sometimes in their excursions into the country Paul would say, "I tire you, father, and pray lay me on that grassy hillock for just a little while, until you get your breath again," and then Paul's father, suspecting nothing—for the boy never complained—would lay him gently on the ground, making a pillow for him with his coat.

"Now if you are quite, quite rested," Paul would say, "I am ready for another start," for then Paul's pains had passed away.

Paul's father was the clerk of a large firm in Odessa, dealing in grain. Every autumn he made a long journey into the country, buying wheat for his employers, and then little Paul was left alone. This was a period of great distress to the boy, though he was careful never to show it.

There was a lady, the wife of one of the merchants who employed Paul's father, and she interested herself about the boy, who had been left in charge of an old woman who swept out the room where Paul and his father lived.

When Paul was seven years old his father was sent into the country, two hundred miles from Odessa, to buy a very large quantity of wheat which belonged to a Russian Prince. When Paul's father examined the wheat, he refused to buy it, because it was not as good as the sample the Prince had sent to Odessa.

The Prince insisted that it was all right, and Paul's father said it was all wrong, when the Prince used some very insulting words to the clerk, which the clerk replied to. A lawsuit took place, and the judge decided that Paul's father was in the right. As the clerk was the principal witness, and told a truthful story, the rascality of the Prince was fully exposed, and now the Prince became his deadly enemy.

The clerk was a fairly well educated man, and Odessa being a sea-port where ships from all parts of Europe come for grain, Paul's father picked up a little French, German, and English. Often the captains of these vessels would make the clerk a present of books and papers, for little Paul delighted in picture-books. When Paul's father had time he would read the easy parts of the books to Paul, translating them into Russian, for if his little son was suffering, nothing seemed to calm the boy so much as reading to him.

How it happened no one could exactly tell, but once or twice the police came to the room where Paul and his father lived, and looked over all the books. Among the few volumes (there were not twenty altogether) there chanced to be one book which the government had declared no Russian should read. For having this book, Paul's father was arrested and kept in prison for a month. At the trial it was proved that the leaves of the book had not even been cut, and Paul's father swore that he was ignorant of its contents. Paul's father was released, it is true, but after that his troubles with the Russian police and spies never ended.

One day the head of the firm of grain merchants sent for Paul's father, and said that he was very sorry, but that the police authorities had warned him that they would give the firm trouble unless the firm dismissed their clerk; and so Paul's father lost his place.

There was now nothing for Paul's father to do, for everybody in Odessa was afraid to give him work. He tried to go away and leave Odessa, taking Paul with him, but the police would not permit it. Now came a most trying time for little Paul and his father, for bread was often wanting.

I have no information when Paul's father joined the revolutionists' party in Russia. His friends say that he became a Nihilist on account of the harsh treatment he had received. One night when little Paul was asleep with his father he was roughly awakened. He saw some soldiers come into the room, drag his father out of bed, and carry him off. The boy clung to his father, twining his arms around his neck, and begged that he might be taken to prison too.

Ten days afterward Paul learned that his father had been sentenced to exile in middle Siberia for life, and was already on his long dreary march, and so Paul was left all alone.

The shock was too great for Paul, and he came very near to death. If the boy had relatives, they never came to help him; but the good lady, the wife of one of the gentlemen in the firm, when Paul could be moved, took him to her own house and had him tenderly nursed. With the consent of the authorities the lady was allowed to do this.

It was a year before Paul had any news of his father, and then a few lines only came, announcing his arrival at a place called Tomsk.

But one idea seemed now to enter Paul's head, and it was that he must go to his father. The lady told him how impossible it was.

"If he had been strong and hearty like other boys," she said, "then, providing the authorities would allow it, the long journey to Siberia might be undertaken, and even then he would have to have a great deal of money; but, crippled as he was, it was madness to think of it."

Paul seemed to be convinced of the excellence of this argument, but still the idea of his joining his father was always in his mind.

Paul was sent to school, and the lady thought that in time he would forget his father. The lady had not the heart to tell Paul that for some cause or other his father had been sent from Tomsk to a small village away up in the far north of Siberia, not far distant from that dreary country where Commander De Long and his comrades died of cold and starvation.

When Paul was ten, once on a holiday the lady sent him on some errand to her husband, who was in his counting-house. Paul took his crutch and hobbled briskly away.

"See," he said to himself, "how fast I can go. Surely there is no lame boy in all Russia who can get over the ground more nimbly than I. If it were not for that pain in my back, which comes on when I go any distance, I should do splendidly. Let me make believe that from our house to the counting-house is the march from Odessa to Tomsk;" and away Paul hurried.

Paul bore his message to the gentleman, who gave him a small piece of money. Paul put it carefully away, saying, "That will pay for one loaf of bread on the way to father."

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Just as he was leaving the counting-house an old clerk met him and put a small package in his hand. Paul opened the package, and in it was an old knife, a brass watch key, and a very much battered silver match safe.

"They were your father's," said the clerk. "I found them two years ago in your father's desk, and have been keeping them for you."

Paul's heart was full. He had recognized all these poor things at once. There was the very knife one of the blades of which he had broken; his poor father had often given him the match safe to play with. Paul thanked the clerk, and said, gleefully: "I will take them to father. The knife, I will have a new blade put in it, the watch key is still good, and the match safe only wants matches in it."

"Take them to your father?" inquired the clerk, astonished.

"Why, yes; Tomsk is not so very far, even for a lame boy like me. Why, I have been only fifteen minutes coming from the upper end of the town to the counting-house," was Paul's answer.

The old clerk said nothing; he could not bear to tell Paul that his father was now a thousand miles and more further away from Tomsk.

Paul was not a moody boy, though engrossed with the one thought of seeking his father. As well as his crippled condition would permit, he played with all the boys and girls in the neighborhood. He was a hard student, and stood first in his class. His love of books was very great. Once he happened to see a picture of St. Christopher, where the boy Christ is carried across the water by the giant, and the lad took the picture to himself, and prayed to St. Christopher, so that he might be borne once more on his dear father's shoulders, and that courage might come to both of them.

Paul would listen with the most fixed attention to stories of travel, and having heard that one of the greatest of all travellers was lame, that fact seemed to give him new strength, and he felt quite certain that he could reach his father. On the school map Paul had carefully looked up the route. He could shut his eyes and follow place by place the long way from Odessa to Tomsk. If there were wolves on the way, what of that? He would sharpen his father's knife and kill them, and then, again, a good solid crutch was by no means a weapon to be despised.

Paul had a grain bag given him, and in that he intended to store away his bread. What if the crusts did become stale and hard?—he could moisten them in the running brooks. The peasants on the road would help him with a ride now and then. If he got ill with the pains in his back, he would be certain to find some grass-grown bank where there was plenty of shade, and all he had to do then would be to think of his dear father, just as in the past time, and then he was quite certain to get well again.

Paul waited yet a whole year, arranging his plans. He had saved every kopeck given him, and had a sum which in American money would be worth not quite two dollars.

It was Easter now, and the children all had their holidays, and it was then that Paul had made up his mind to start on his journey.

There was only one sorrow he felt, and that was to leave the lady who had befriended him. If he told her he was going, she would certainly stop him. So he thought about it a long time, and then hit on this plan. About the middle of Easter it was the lady's birthday, and, some time before, Paul had told her that to celebrate that event he would send her a letter. So he wrote the letter, and gave it to his friend the clerk, begging him to post it to the lady on a certain day, and so that the clerk might not forget it, Paul gave him the money for the postage.

It was just at sunrise when Paul started on his long journey. His sack was half full of bread, and in it was a pair of shoes, because one of his shoes had to be made in a particular way. He opened the door quietly, and was soon in the street. The sun was just rising, gilding the domes of the churches. He went a little out of his way so as to see the old house in a room of which he had lived with his father. "Father will want to know," thought Paul, "exactly how the old house looked."

Paul walked all that day, hobbling merrily along on his crutch, and he must have gone at the very least fifteen miles. Where he slept is not known, probably in the woods.

Paul's absence was at once made known to the lady. The clerk, as in duty bound, mentioned the letter, and brought it to the lady. This was the letter:

"HONORED LADY,—After my father, I love you best. I hate to leave you, but I must go away to see my father, for I know he misses me very much. People tell me that it is ever so far to where my dear father lives, and that there are steep mountains and deep rivers between lame Paul and his father; but I expect to climb the mountains, but how to cross the rivers troubles me some little, because on account of my leg I can not swim; but maybe St. Christopher will carry me over the water. God have you in his keeping, and may you have many birthdays! The first thing I will tell my father is, how good you have been to me. Your affectionate little friend and servant,

PAUL."

Search parties were at once sent out to hunt up Paul, but the boy never was seen again. After a few days had passed, the certainty came that Paul was drowned, because a fisherman had found in a river some twenty miles distant from Odessa a small crutch floating in the water. The crutch having been brought to the lady, she at once recognized it as having belonged to Paul.

He had indeed gone to meet his father, for news came some months afterward that his father had died in far-away Siberia the very day that Paul had set out on his long journey.

## BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

### BOYS' BEHAVIOR.

I KNOW perfectly well how ready you boys are to skip everything except the stories in your dear HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but I positively can not let you skip this bit of advice. If you happened to meet your aunt Marjorie on the street, you would not rush past her without lifting your hats, I am sure, and I do not think you will treat her less politely when she asks you to listen to her for a moment or two while she talks about behavior.

"What difference does it make," said Ned, the other day, "whether I understand all about etiquette or not, so long as I tell the truth, learn my lessons, and obey my father and mother?"

Ned is quite right in thinking that diligence, obedience, and truthfulness are strong points in manly character. A boy who is unfaithful, who disobeys or obeys disagreeably, above all, a boy whose word can not be trusted, will not make a good man nor a good citizen.

But, besides these qualities, a young gentleman—and that is what I hope every one of my boy friends desires to be—must be chivalric and courteous. He must take the part of those weaker and smaller than himself; he must be attentive to girls and ladies; he must bear himself with ease at the table and in the drawing-room.

If you are walking with a school-mate, and he raises his hat to a lady whom you do not know, you should raise yours also. If your sister, or cousin, or a girl friend is about to leave a room or a house, allow her to pass out

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before you; do not go blundering out in front of her. Never walk in front of a lady, except—note this, boys—in going upstairs; it is then your place to go first.

Should you see your mother coming from a shopping excursion laden with those little packages which ladies delight to buy and carry home in their own hands, I hope you will excuse yourself from the most fascinating game, join her, and carry home her *impedimenta*. You know what that old Latin word means, do you not? It is what the Romans used to call baggage or luggage, and I think it is quite a picture in itself.

If you do not hear distinctly what is said to you, please *don't* turn around and say, rudely, "What?" but always say, "I beg pardon." This may appear a little hard to you, if you have not been in the habit of using the phrase, but it will soon grow easy.

The best manners spring from unselfishness. No thoroughly selfish person can be truly polite.

I need not remind you that you should not take the most comfortable chair in the room, and keep it when some older person has entered the apartment; nor that you ought not to seize upon the morning paper before papa has had time to read it; nor to begin a book which at present is in course of reading by any other member of the family.

Be manly, and be gentle too. Then you will be that noblest of beings on earth—a gentleman.

## IMPROMPTU PICNICS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE most charming picnic I ever attended was an impromptu or off-hand affair. Sitting with a merry party of cousins and friends at the mid-day dinner in a farm-house, the good genius of the family suddenly said, "Why not have a picnic this afternoon?" Everybody was charmed with the proposal, and in ten minutes we had arranged where we should go, what we should take to eat, and whom we should invite. The boys were sent to this house and that with "Aunt Mary's compliments, and the boats would be ready to start at two o'clock, and wouldn't Pussy, or Flossy, or Rena and her brothers give us the pleasure of their company?"

Then there was flying to and fro, and a descent upon the pantry, where sandwiches and biscuits and soft gingerbread were presently packed into hampers, where lemons and sugar and a squeezer were found all ready for the making of delicious lemonade, where cold tea was decanted from the tea-pot into a bottle, and where a goodly supply of old and odd plates, cups, and spoons were always in readiness for just such a raid as this. Everybody put on the stoutest shoes and the strongest clothing he or she possessed, plenty of wraps were taken along, and at the hour appointed we were crowded into two big sail-boats, and were off for the favorite picnic grounds of the little sea-side village.

There is no reason why boys and girls who live in the country should not often get up such little expeditions. The thing to be sure of is that your company is well chosen, for nothing is more certain to spoil the pleasure of such an affair than the taking along of an ill-tempered, disobliging, or very selfish person. One such person on a party of pleasure usually manages to ruin the enjoyment of every one else, for nobody can be happy in the society of one who pouts, frowns, or sulks if his wishes are not at once regarded. Then it is always best, if possible, to include one or two older friends in the number who go to a picnic. A genial gentleman or lady never subtracts from the fun and good-fellowship of the occasion, and should an accident happen, or anybody be taken ill, or an emergency of any kind arise, it is safe to have some experienced person with you.

Should you decide overnight, as boys sometimes do, upon a fishing excursion, making your plan after you have gone to bed, and tiptoeing around the passages from room to room to tell Tom and Fred that you will be ready to set out at daybreak, let me whisper a word in your ear.

Because you are getting up so much earlier than usual, there is no reason in the world why you should disturb the sleep of others who are tired and in need of the morning nap. We all owe it to our friends not to annoy them needlessly. I have seen a neat kitchen thrown into a state of wild disorder by a set of rollicking fellows, who, starting upon an early picnic, left a trail of confusion behind them for mother or Bridget to set right.

It is a good thing to have a friend at court, in the person of an older sister or cousin, who does not mind rising early to make coffee and boil eggs for the young fishermen or mountaineers.

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Of course elaborate picnics, requiring a good deal of preparation, are very pleasant. But there is a charm in being agreeably surprised; in having something nice which you were not looking for brought into your day suddenly; and as, after all, it is the out-door merriment and the lack of ceremony which are the special features of a picnic, not the mere eating that is important, an impromptu picnic may be marked in memory with a white stone when the statelier entertainment is forgotten.

# INTO UNKNOWN SEAS;*

## Or, THE CRUISE OF TWO SAILOR BOYS.

BY DAVID KER,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST CITY," "FROM THE HUDSON TO THE NEVA," ETC.

### CHAPTER X.

### THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

"LAND on the weather bow!"

Captain Percy, who was restlessly pacing the afterdeck, started at the call, and hurried forward to the bow. Adjusting his glass, he looked long and earnestly at the dim bluish-gray shadow on the horizon, apparently quite unconscious of the excitement around him, which was caused fully as much by his own strange behavior as by this startling appearance of land where no land was believed to exist.

In truth, the Captain's conduct during the four days which had passed since the council of war in the cabin had been a continual puzzle to all but the three who were in the secret. For two days and nights he had sent his vessel along as if he were flying for his life; and then, without any apparent reason, he had slackened speed all at once, and had begun such a series of zigzags, now to the southeast, and now to the southwest, as completely dumfounded his whole crew, young and old. Evidently he was not going to the south pole itself, or he would have held straight on toward it with all speed, having now no time to lose. But where *was* he going, then?

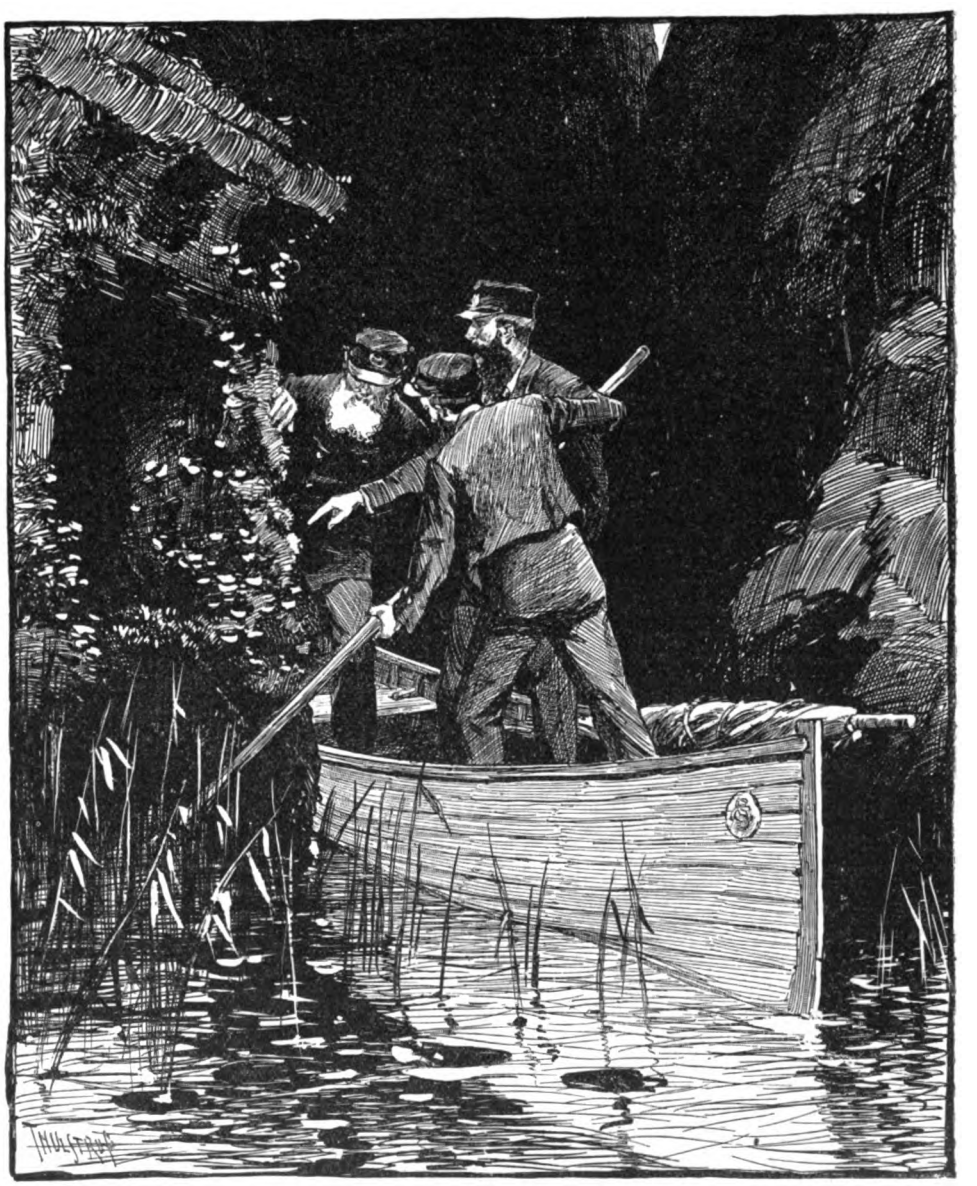
Nearer and nearer came the mysterious land, and the boatswain, shaking his head, began to mutter something about "Cape Flyaway." But this land, so far from vanishing as the phantom island on the African coast had done, grew plainer every moment.

"D'ye think this is *it*, Master Percy?" whispered Gaskett.

"It looks like it," replied the Captain, looking up from the chart upon which he had just pricked their position. "From what this man says (though of course he makes his measurements in a queer, outlandish way) I've always thought that his island must lie due south of the Cape, in 14° east longitude by somewhere about 49° south latitude, and almost equally distant from Prince Edward's Isle on one side, and Tristan d'Acunha on the other; and that's just how this thing lies, point for point."

"Didn't you tell me the other day, my lord," put in Edwards, "that that Portigee chap said his island looked like a big shark broken in three? 'cause if that's so, yonder it lies, as plain as a signal flag on a clear day."

The comparison was indeed a just one. Three rocky islets, separated by such narrow channels as to show that they were merely the divided parts of one island, lay full in view some distance ahead. The nearest, long, low, and flat, represented fairly enough the shovel snout of a monstrous shark; the rugged outline of its back was formed by the high stony ridge of the second; while the third,



"A VAST PIT SHUT IN BY BLACK FROWNING PRECIPICES."

* Begun in No. 292, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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rising boldly into a sharp peak of black volcanic rock, made a very tolerable likeness of the monster's forked tail.

"This is the place, sure enough," said Percy; "but I think we'd better say nothing to the crew till we see whether the wreck's still here or not. In four hundred years it's had plenty of time to go to pieces; and it would be a pity to give our men hopes, only to disappoint them again. The first thing is to find a safe anchorage."

But this was easier said than done. Neither bay nor creek could be found in the shore of the first islet (which was unanimously nicknamed the Snout), and after steaming all round it, they unwillingly went on to the Back.

"We've gained something, however," said the Captain; "we know that the wreck must be on one of the other two islands, for there's no possible place for it here."

The coast of the Back was broken and irregular, and seemed well suited for their purpose; but none of its half-dozen inlets were sufficiently sheltered to be safe at this stormy season. There was nothing for it but to try the Tail.

All this while no wreck was to be seen, nor any sign of one; and as the chance of finding it seemed to grow smaller and smaller, Captain Percy's face showed such marked signs of discomposure that Mr. Gaskett (who knew his leader's coolness by experience) stared at him in amazement.

"I see you think I make too much of this, Jack," said the Captain, "but it's more to me than you suppose. You know what it 'll cost to do what I've planned for these poor boys and any others whom I can pick up; and although my brother would give me as much as I liked, I'd sooner chop my hand off than ask him, when he needs every penny for the good work that he's doing among my poor tenants in Ireland. Now, if we can only get hold of this Portuguese treasure, the whole thing's as good as done already, without depriving any one of a farthing."

At that moment a shout was heard from Tom Edwards, whose quick eye had detected in the rocky shore of the Tail islet, along which they were now steaming, a tiny bay completely protected against all winds except the north-west, which was the unlikeliest of all in that latitude and at that season. Half an hour later they were snugly moored there, and the Captain was off in his smallest boat, with Gaskett and Tom Edwards, to make a survey of the coast.

No one was surprised at their going alone, for all three could handle a boat as well as any seaman on board. But the crew would have been considerably startled had they seen the feverish excitement with which the two old sailors, usually so cool and self-possessed, kept peering into every cleft and hollow, as eager as boys for the first glimpse of the long-lost vessel and her precious freight.

While Mr. Gaskett steered, and Tom Edwards held the sheet of the boat's lug-sail, Percy stood in the bow, turning his eyes ceaselessly from the dark cliffs that towered above him to the faded, yellow parchment in his hand.

"'Two rocks near together, bent inward like unto the bill of a sea-bird,' he says; but there's no sign of them here. Ha! 'Above the which riseth a sharp crag, exceeding high and black.' A high, sharp, black crag? why, that must be the— Tom, slack away a bit. Mr. Gaskett, port your helm. Steady, now!"

The boat was on the opposite side of the island from the yacht's anchorage, and just rounding a huge dark headland, which rose starkly up out of the sea in a sheer precipice of more than a hundred feet. Beyond this point lay a small bay, above which, black and grim against the red glow of sunset, frowned the vast black crag which formed the highest point of the islet, and below it, close together, stood *two rocks bent inward.*

Here undoubtedly was the spot; but where was the wreck?

"She may have been forced through a gap by the big sea," muttered the Captain, through his set teeth. "Run in, Tom, and let's see."

The next moment they glided into a vast pit shut in on every side by black frowning precipices, between whose jagged summits one tiny strip of crimson sky could be seen far overhead. The change from the light without to the darkness within was so sudden that for a time they could see nothing distinctly; but at length they were able to make out that this strange cavern was quite empty, except for a low rock that rose just in front of them.

And yet, when they looked again, *was* it a rock? It might well pass for one, so thickly was it coated with shells and carpeted with sea-weed; but what could be the meaning of that curious angular opening in the middle of it, almost like the corner of a window? Trembling with excitement, Tom Edwards dug his boat-hook into the weeds that covered the opening, and tearing them aside, revealed the carved stern-post of an old-fashioned vessel.

By daybreak next morning the silent wreck was as busy and as noisy as a dock-yard. The lusty blows of axe and hammer, the crish-crish of saws, the ripping and crashing of the old timbers, the hoarse shouts of the men, the merry laughter of the boys, resounded from stem to stern of the battered old hull, and awoke every echo of the gloomy cavern in which it had lain hidden so long.

Every one knew the secret now, and they all worked with a will. The island being a small one—it was barely half a mile across it from the wreck to the anchorage of the yacht (now called Christopher's Bay), which had been left in charge of Mr. Elstow, while the Captain and Gaskett superintended the work on the treasure-ship—messengers were passing between the two all day long, bringing stores and tools, while the heavier articles required could be brought round by the *St. Christopher's* boats, which could be signaled for at any time by the firing of muskets from the point above the cavern.

All this was a perfect holiday to the boys, who, with the threefold excitement of an unknown island, a long-forgotten wreck, and a buried treasure, were, as Jim Selden remarked with a chuckle, "as happy as the day was *short.*" And certainly it was short enough, for the polar winter was now at hand, and they had no time to lose in getting away with their prize; but this only gave their work the interest of a match against time, and made it greater fun than ever.

For two days all went well, and many precious things came to light. The splendid Eastern silks and carpets, indeed, were now mere shapeless heaps of sand and mildew; but several large diamonds and more than a dozen gold ornaments were brought up, as well as a good many pieces of ivory, so carefully packed as to be quite unhurt. But the greatest prize of all—the "Berava-Dourada" image of solid gold—was still undiscovered, and every one was eagerly on the look-out for it.

But on the third afternoon the sky became suddenly gray and gloomy, while the wind, springing up from the west, blew stronger and stronger, till it was little short of a gale. The Captain gave orders to cease work and get on board the yacht at once; and in a trice the workers were filing along the floating bridge that had been laid to the cavern's mouth, and scrambling up the slippery ledge of weed-coated rock that led round the cliff to the shore.

Jim and Sandy, who happened to be the hindmost, noticing that Percy was not with the gang, supposed that he had staid to see all safe before leaving. But when they had got half-way across without seeing him following them, Sandy halted and said:

"Man, Jamie, I'm thinkin' there's somethin' wrong!"

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"That's just how *I* feel. Suppose we go back and see."

It was terrible work to struggle back over that bare hill-side, for the wind was now fast rising into a perfect hurricane. But they fought their way down to the wreck at last, and found, to their dismay, the Captain lying senseless on the deck beside a broken spar, which seemed to have fallen upon his head.

By good fortune he was only stunned, and had no serious hurt; but by the time he was able to move, all hope of reaching the yacht that night was at an end. Even in the sheltered cavern the water was violently agitated, while the path up the cliff outside was buried fathom-deep beneath the mountain waves that were breaking mast-high against the precipice with a roar like thunder. Crouching there in the darkness, they sat listening to the howl of the storm, and the deep booming cannonade of the breakers, till they fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

Toward morning the gale began to abate, and a heavy squall of rain showed that the storm had spent its fury. The moment the falling tide gave them a chance, all three scrambled ashore, and set off toward Christopher's Bay as if running for their lives; for the gale was from the northwest, and this was the one wind which had power to hurt the yacht.

The way was steep and slippery, but they hardly felt the ground under their feet as they hurried on, with a chill horror which they dared not shape into words tightening round their hearts at every step. Eagerly they strained their eyes downward from the summit of the ridge, where the yacht's mast-heads ought to have been visible; but nothing was to be seen.

Still hoping against hope, they rushed headlong down to the bay. Where was the yacht? Where, indeed? The hawser that had moored her lay loose upon the rocks, but the yacht herself was *gone!*

"My poor lads!" cried Percy, whose first thought was of his crew, wholly forgetting the deadly peril that threatened himself.

Suddenly a new idea appeared to strike him. He bent down to examine the parted cable, while the set, grim look which his face had worn when he turned to bay at Catania came over it once more.

The rope had been *cut!*

Then no one spoke; but they all looked at each other.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SOCIABLE BIRDS.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

THERE are all sorts of birds, just as there are all sorts of people. Not only big birds and little birds, but bad birds and good birds; birds that love to fight, like the saucy little English sparrows, and birds that love each other, and cuddle together all the time, like the Java sparrows; fierce birds and gentle birds; birds that build beautiful houses, like the Baltimore orioles, and birds that build no houses, but lay their eggs in other birds' houses, like the cow-birds.

Then, again, there are lonely birds, like the hawks and owls, and sociable birds, like blackbirds and weaver-birds. And speaking of lonely birds and sociable birds makes me think of a curious case of a lonely bird and a lot of sociable birds which all lived together in a most comfortable and happy way.

If ever you have seen a fish-hawk you know he is as wild-eyed and savage-beaked a fellow as you would want to meet. I ought to say she is, for, as a fact, Mrs. Fish-hawk is both larger and fiercer than her husband. She builds her nest in the topmost branches of a lonely, lofty tree as near to the sounding breakers as possible, and there brings up as hungry and noisy a family as can be found.

The nest is a mighty structure, to begin with, but as it is added to each year, it in time grows to be simply enormous. Then it is that the sociable, impudent blackbird comes along, and actually builds in the very nest of the hawk. Not merely one blackbird, mind you, but just as many as can crowd into the huge mass of sticks which makes the big bird's nest.

And there they all live together, with their babies almost touching each other, and yet never quarrelling. They never have anything to say to each other, it is true, but that may be because the hawk and blackbird languages are so different.

Even more odd than this is the case of the owl and the weaver-birds. The weaver-birds are probably the most sociable of all the birds. They do not merely build their nests near each other, but put them side by side in great numbers, and then make a thatched roof to cover them all. It is hard to believe that such a beautiful little bird village can be the work of birds which have no other tools than their bills, but it is, and these little architects do not make any fuss about it either.

The weaver-birds which build this sort of nest are called sociable weaver-birds, to distinguish them from other weaver-birds which build their nests separate from each other.

If there is one bird more than another that most little birds positively hate, it is the owl. The owl sleeps all day, and goes abroad at dusk when most other birds are making ready to sleep. Then the owl's eyes are good, and he can see little birds which can not see him, and down he pounces on them and swallows them. The poor birds can not even hear him coming, for his wings are so covered with soft down that he moves through the air without any noise, and is clutching a poor little bird in his cruel claws before it is awake enough to know it is in trouble.

This is all very well for the owl at night, but in the daytime it is quite another matter. Then his owlship can not see well out of his great blinking eyes, and is wise enough to try to keep well hidden lest the birds he eats by night should catch him and have their revenge.

For in some way the little fellows know the owl can not see any better by daylight than they can by night, and therefore when they catch him in the sunlight they make him suffer for his misdeeds done by moonlight. They cry out and call all the small birds of the neighborhood. Then they scold and scold and fly at him and peck at him, and all he can do is ruffle up his feathers and look wicked, or perhaps console himself with thoughts of how he will worry his tormentors when the horrid sunlight has faded away.

The fact that the owl is so hated makes it so much more creditable to any birds that will refrain from persecuting it when they have the opportunity. A traveller tells of having seen a colony of weaver-birds which not only did not persecute an owl when the occasion offered, but went so far as to give it a home. That surely was a returning of good for evil.

It seems that after the little weavers had completed their house they were one morning surprised to find a visitor asleep on their roof. It was as if you were to come upon a tramp lying on your door-step. No doubt the first thought of the weavers was to give the intruder a very warm reception. There was a noisy consultation and a great deal of flying back and forth, but nothing was done to annoy the owl; and finally the little birds flew off to attend to the business of getting breakfast.

Occasionally a little weaver would perch near the gloomy-looking visitor and chatter for a few moments, but that was the worst that happened, and the owl was seemingly so well pleased with the spot that day after day he returned to it. The result was that at last the little birds came and went without paying any more attention to the owl than if he had been a block of wood.

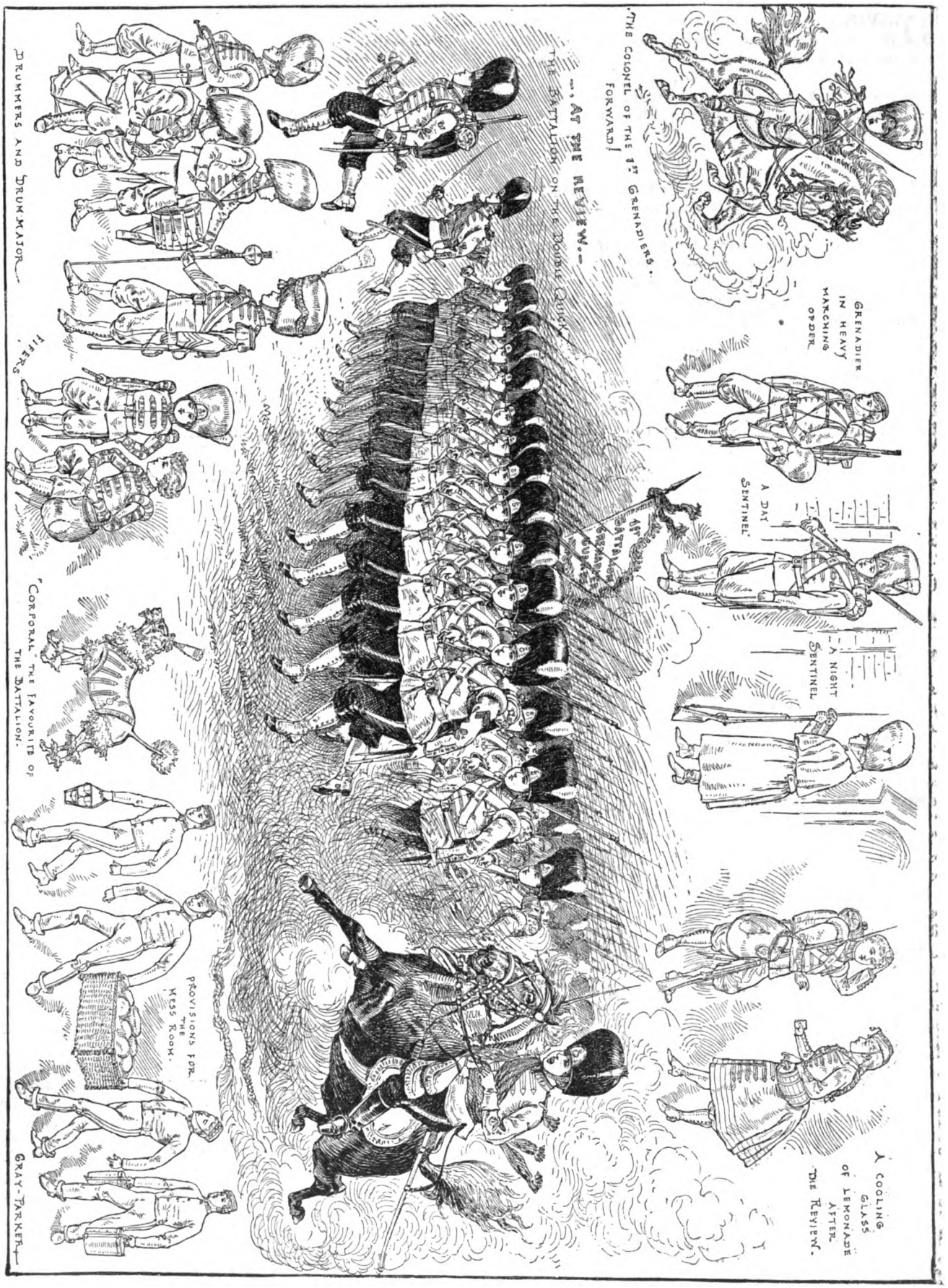
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TENEMENTS IN THE AIR.—Drawn by Dan Beard.

FISH-HAWK'S NEST, WITH BLACKBIRD TENANTS—NESTS OF THE SOCIABLE WEAVER.

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THE "YOUNG PEOPLE" BATTALION OF GRENADIER GUARDS.—DRAWN BY GRAY-PARKER.

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## "WHAT NEXT?"

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

DRIVING, one August day, along a shaded stretch of country road, we came upon a bright-faced little one-armed child perched upon a rocky ledge that overhung a small mirror-like pond of water.

As our weary horse refreshed himself, with his fore-feet and nose lost in the cool limpid pool, we were entertained by the small personage gazing curiously down upon us, after this fashion:

My name? Oh yes, ma'am, my name's George MacDonald Frisbee, and I spell MacDonald with a capital M and a capital D. My mamma says so. Do you know, George MacDonald lives in a book? and my mamma likes him, and one day when she found me eating my dinner at her house—Uncle Doctor Fred says I wasn't bigger then than a pint of sweet cream that the cat has eaten half up—but I was big enough to have a name and to eat my dinner, and because I ate it so fast, and my grandma said, "I wonder what he will do next," and next I cried, and Aunt Louise said, "I s'pose he will keep that up all night," and my mamma felt discouraged, and I don't wonder, for it is awful to hear a baby cry; I know, for Mrs. Willis's baby is always crying—Mrs. Willis lives in the next house to ours, and Uncle Doctor said: "You haven't got to think what he will do all night; all you have to trouble yourself about is what he will do *next*. No man can do the second thing, much more this little man."

That chippered my mamma right up. I've heard grandma tell about it a hundred times. She always tells it when anybody asks what's my name, and my mamma said, "That gives me courage to try to do my best for him, and he shall be named George MacDonald, because George MacDonald said that about the next thing," and George MacDonald I have been ever since. That's how it happens that ever since they have all been wondering what I'll do next, and that is what all of them are always saying.

I don't bother about it, for the next thing always comes right along, just like the cars on a freight train, you know, one right after the other. I'm going to be one of them fellers that run on top of the freight cars, don't you know, when that comes to be my next. Grandma says no use to worry, I've lots of next things to do before that.

About my arm? Oh yes. A boy with one arm must look funny—"as funny as a nangel with one wing," Uncle Doctor says. Well, you see, my mamma had callers. They came in a carriage. I was out to play with the little Willises, and mamma said stay out and play croquet, and not let her be troubling about my next; and I did play a good spell, until Ruby Willis wanted to trade jackknives; then I went to the house and climbed in the parlor window. I hadn't any shoes nor stockings on, and I'd been eating bread and jam, and my face wasn't clean, and I said, they were all a-talking just as nice and pretty when I said—"Halloo, mamma, can I trade jackknives?" and the ladies all looked at me just as sweet, and said, "Oh, is that your little boy?" and mamma had to own up, but she looked as though she had a good mind to say that I was one of the Willises, only that would have been a squicher, and mamma don't tell 'em because she don't want to set the zample for me, and Uncle Doctor Fred he wa'n't 'shamed of me, and he didn't pity mamma's callers a bit, if they had seen me; and he said, "How can a boy who has no knife, and never had a knife, trade jackknives?" and I said: "Oh, I've got two marbles and a cotton string a mile long—as long as Willimantic River!"

And grandma said: "You are not old enough to have a knife, child"; and I said, "I'm older than Ruby Willis, a mild older, as much older's from here to New London right straight down the railroad on a freight train." Then Uncle Fred said, "That settles it; you can trade." And mamma said, kinder anxious, "Now, Doctor, you will have a surgical operation on your hands"; and Uncle Doctor said, "Not on account of that old, dull, blunt, boy's knife; I'll agree to drink all the blood that's shed on account of it."

I didn't like that much, but I went off and traded just the same, and then I went and climbed in the other parlor window, and asked could I take the kerosene can a little while, and mamma and grandma both said, "What will he do next?" and uncle said, "Oil the spring to that knife, if he can get the oil. Yes, George MacDonald, you can have the can, but don't set it on the kitchen stove, and don't spill all the oil, because some might be needed for 'luminating purposes." He meant put in the lamps. He's always talking that way, but after a while a feller gets used to him, and knows what he means.

I oiled the knife, and then I went in the parlor, by the door that time, because it was handiest, and I said, "It's got a splendid spring; want to hear it snap?" and grandma and mamma all said, "Oh, go out! please go out! you smell like a kerosene merchant"; and Uncle Fred said he was glad to hear the knife had one good quality; and grandma said, "Don't cut your fingers;" and uncle said, "No, don't, nor anything else with that knife." Then they all laughed, and I was sort of vexed, and I said I could cut with it switches enough to whip all the folk in Connecticut that made fun of that knife, and I would just show them.

I ran out to the sopsyvinenapple-tree, and climbed up and up, as Jack went up the bean-stalk, you know, and when I got up pretty high, I found a good switch, and when I begun to cut it with that knife I needed both hands, and forgot to hang on, and—well, I don't remember exaztly, but I hollered, and they all came running, company and all, and mamma said, "What will he do next?" and Uncle Doctor picked me up off the ground, and said I wouldn't do nothing next until my arm was set. He sort of laughed then, to make mamma feel better, and said, "A surgical operation without a drop of blood, my dear," because I hollered, when he touched my arm, as loud as a freight train could whistle when cows were on the track. I know, because I drove Daisy and Clover on the track once to see. Then they carried me in and put me on the sofa, and grandma and mamma didn't say a word about kerosene.

I don't remember anything about it after that, until I woke up with my hurt arm bound so close down to my side that I didn't seem to have any arm, and my night-gown was on with only just one arm sleeve.

Aunt Louise was there, and said I looked just like a little white nangel, and Uncle Doctor laughed and said, "Who ever heard of a nangel with a clipped wing?" and then he said they could all be sure for one fortnight what I would do next: I would stay right there on that bed; but he was mistaken, for the next morning, when they were eating breakfast, I woke up, and after I had looked in the glass to see how a nangel looked, I walked down-stairs in my night-gown, and told them I could eat my breakfast well enough with one hand.

That was yesterday. I had my clothes on this morning—some of them, you see—only my arm has to be inside, and my arm sleeves have to be all turned in, so as not to be in the way.

What am I doing now? Oh, running away. I never have done that before, but there's no fun at home. Perhaps you'd like a boy. Uncle Doctor says I'm's good's a circus to keep things lively, but I never try to do anything only the next thing.

"George MacDonald Frisbee!" It was a sweet voice, ringing across the golden grain field that stretched away beyond the shadowy pool.

"Oh dear! well, the next thing is to go home," sighed

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our small entertainer, ruefully crawling through a gap in the rail fence. "I hope the next won't be a switching. I don't think 'twould be fair to switch a one-winged nangel," and his straw hat and yellow curls were lost amid the heads of nodding grain.

## "LITTLE BAMBOO."

BY NOAH BROOKS.

III.

OF Little Bamboo's new and strange life in the beautiful tea-house, with its wistaria vines draped in festoons from the balconies, and the lovely flowers blooming in great clumps about it, I have not time now to speak.

One incident, however, I must narrate. It was late in the second year of her apprenticeship in the house of The Stork that Little Bamboo, now a well-formed and modest-looking young girl, was sent to wait upon a fierce and renowned nobleman, Sama Okii Yari, or Sir Big-Lance, who had entered the humble tea-house accompanied by some of his retinue, while others were humbly waiting without. The great man, with a fierce look on his dark face, threw his helmet on the floor, and impatiently waited for the refreshment that he had ordered. Casting his eyes on the meek little girl who brought the tray and knelt before his High-Mightiness, he muttered, "By the sacred mountain, how very like unto my beloved Asagao is this child! What are you called, little one?" he asked.

"Honorable master, my miserable name is Little Bamboo," she replied, with a profound bow to the floor, with her forehead touching the mat.

The great man stared at her intently, and then said: "I have at home one daughter, the only child of my house. She pines day and night for her mother, who has gone on the Lonely Road. She is alone and weary of herself; she would have some little one to wait on her. I like thy looks. Would you go to Kioto, and live in my country house in the beautiful suburbs?"

Little Bamboo, with much fear and trembling, assured her honorable lord that she would go wherever she was sent. She was but a humble servant of the worshipful Rock-Field, and must do as he said. But a few words between Sir Big-Lance and Rock-Field settled all that. Before Little Bamboo could collect her thoughts she was told that on the following day four retainers of Sir Big-Lance would come out from Yedo for her, and in their company, following in the train of her new master, Sir Big-Lance, she would be carried to her new home in Kioto.

Very little sleep visited the eyes of Little Bamboo that night, excited and sorrowful as she was at the prospect of leaving her friends in the tea-house of The Stork. Some of the young girls envied her what they called her good luck; others predicted for her a very hard time waiting on the proud and stuck-up daughter of so mighty a man and noble as Sir Big-Lance was known to be. But all were sorry to part with Little Bamboo, so loving and lovable was she in all her ways. And it was with secret tears that she mounted the norimon, or palanquin, in which she was to be carried to her new home. The company of neighbors who assembled at this unusual sight of a tea-house girl being carried in a norimon were greatly puzzled to know what manner of fate awaited Little Bamboo, so strangely honored, for only ladies of high degree thus journey in Japan. But Sir Big-Lance was a noble of prowess and renown, and none were so bold as to ask why he paid so great honor to a child of the common people.

Little Bamboo was received by Miss Asagao, otherwise Miss Convolvulus, with great delight and show of affection. Poor Little Bamboo, now far away from all the home she had ever known, was down-hearted and very sad. But she was cheered with the loving words of the motherless Miss Convolvulus, who spared no pains to make her new friend happy. A messenger had run on before the procession of Sir Big-Lance—for no Japanese nobleman travels without making a grand show of himself and his state—and so Miss Convolvulus had been told to make ready for her guest.

A guest and not a slave did Little Bamboo now find herself. Although Sir Big-Lance looked so frowning and fierce when among other men, at home he was mild and pleasant in his bearing; and in the presence of his daughter, whom he adored, he was as mild as any pigeon that cooes on the roof of the tea-house of The Stork. As for Miss Convolvulus, she was in raptures. "Now," she said, clapping her hands with delight, "I shall have a playmate. Now I shall not be alone when my noble father goes to Yedo and to the distant wars." Then, taking from the boxes where the old nurse had laid them a shining heap of glittering robes, she told Little Bamboo that this was her wardrobe, prepared for her as soon as she had heard of her coming.

"Také is not a very nice name. It is the name of one who is called in haste often and many times a day. What shall your new sweet name be?"

Little Bamboo could not think. Suddenly Miss Convolvulus, whose pretty forehead was wrinkled very funnily as with thought, clapped her hands and cried: "I have it! Momo Nohana—Peach-Blossom. Isn't that a nice name? If my honorable father consents, let us have that for the new name of my little sister."

Momo Nohana struck the fancy of Sir Big-Lance very favorably, but it is my opinion that even a far less attractive title would have been acceptable to the great man, so long as Miss Convolvulus, the dearly beloved, asked for it.

Bright were the days and sunny the years that passed with Peach-Blossom in the castle of Sir Big-Lance with her sister, Miss Convolvulus. Often did her thoughts go back to the drudgery of her life in the suburb Inaka. Often did she think, when alone in her chamber, of the dear girls shut up in their beautiful prison of the house of The Stork. Nor did she forget to send a winged thought backward for "Pigling," and the straw doll that was so dear a delight to her childhood.

But a strange fate had overtaken poor old Left-Six. In the distant province of Satsuma, far to the south of the island of Niphon, dwelt a powerful nobleman, Sir Mountain-Field, known to all the country round as Sama Yama Hata. From him, years before, had been stolen his only child, Chrysanthemum, the fairest flower that ever budded in that garden of Japan. Every trace of the lost one had vanished. But Sir Mountain-Field, always followed by an immense retinue of men-at-arms, travelled the country over and over, seeking in what seemed to be a hopeless quest. At last, when all hope had vanished, a dying "ronin," or outcast from his own followers, in his last spasm of remorse, confessed that he had stolen the little Chrysanthemum, and had sold her to his cousin, an old broom-seller near Yedo.

"Miserable slave," cried the angry nobleman, as he stood over the dying outcast, "may the demons seize you and carry away your wretched body, for your great wickedness!" So saying, he would have struck off his head with his ready sword, but he saw that the breath of life was gone, and, with that dread of the dead that every Japanese has, he hastily withdrew.

Great was the alarm in the suburb of Kioto, where the stately castle of Sir Big-Lance stood, when the gorgeous and well-armed cavalcade of a mighty nobleman rode straight up to the big bridge that spans the moat. Was it an attack on the castle of the brave Sir Big-Lance? Had this haughty noble come from afar to affront the good and honorable Sir Big-Lance? With much alarm Miss

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PEACH-BLOSSOM AND MISS CONVOLVULUS.

Convolvulus, with Miss Peach-Blossom half hidden in the shelter of her now much-beloved friend, watched the advancing array.

"What means this unseemly approach?" asked Sir Big-Lance of one of the outrunners of Sir Mountain-Field. "Why comes your lord, mighty and honorable though he be, to break the peace of my castle in ill-mannered haste?"

"My sovereign master, Sir Mountain-Field," replied the man, "is come from the far southern country to seek his lost daughter, the Chrysanthemum of his house, stolen these many years."

By this time the head of the column had reached the draw-bridge, and Sir Mountain-Field, dismounting from his horse, strode in, and in a manner most polite detailed his story, winding up with the information that he had traced his lost child, whom we now know as Peach-Blossom, from the beloved suburb of Inaka to the castle of Sir Big-Lance. Little Bamboo was no longer Peach-Blossom. She was Chrysanthemum, one of the noble flowers of Japan.

My tale is almost done. I should like to tell you how Little Bamboo—for such we may call her for a time—was met by her grand and mighty father, Sir Mountain-Field, and how she wept to find him and be found by him in a fashion so strange. But time and space would not hold out to tell all of these things, nor of the grief with which she parted from her beloved sister, Miss Convolvulus. She was ready to ask if her wanderings would never cease. Her tender heart was wrung, too, to learn of the dreadful end of her old foster-father, the wicked Left-Six, who had been cut down with one stroke of the avenging sword of a samurai, or armed follower, of Sir Mountain-Field.

In the charming annals of the Sunrise Kingdom, written with many other tales of love and happy childhood, you may read the story of Sir Mountain-Field, his beautiful daughter Miss Chrysanthemum, or Royal Flower, and his wife, the graceful lady of the castle, once known as Miss Convolvulus, now famed through all the province of Satsuma as Lady Pure-Gem. And so the wonderful adventures of Little Bamboo come to a happy end.

THE END.

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# FAIRY-LAND DESERTED.



By G. T. Keanigan

I'VE been to Fairy-land, viewing
My friend the Queen's domains.
All's going to rack and ruin,
And thus the Queen complains:

"What has become of the children?
The gates wide open stand,
The paths are not bewild'ring,
That lead to Fairy-land.

"They can find my realm who love it
By the singing of birds so loud,
And the blue sky bent above it,
With its one wee fleecy cloud.

"A droning bee stands sentry,
With chevrons on his sleeve;
Any countersign gives entry
Through the gates of Make-believe.

"There's my garden. The beans in it
Were planted by Jack so spry;
It wouldn't take a minute
For them to reach the sky.

"Puss in Boots by the fire is purring,
Lazy and fat, alas!
But a word would set him stirring
For his Marquis of Carabas.

"Jack the Giant-killer's grown lazy;
With his sword the ogres dread
He flicks a harmless daisy,
Or lops off a poppy-head.

"Cinderella sits the coal in,
And bears her sisters' reproach,
And her rats have gnawed a hole in
Her beautiful pumpkin coach.

"Though they all know what in his den is,
Yet Blue-beard, excellent man,
Spends his days a-playing lawn tennis
With the brothers and sister Anne.

"Red Riding-hood is thriving,
But her grandma's fast asleep,
And the Wolf is homeward driving
Little Bo-peep's tailless sheep.

"My palfrey has slipped his bridle,
And grazes at the door:
All Fairy-land is idle,
For the children come no more.

"Though I see them oft,
their features
Are all so wise and staid;
They're such terribly grown-up creatures,
They make me quite afraid.

"My little subjects belong to
Their sovereign no more;
If they only knew how I long to
Reign over them as of yore!

"Sometimes a toddling mortal,
With her rag-doll on her arm,
Strays in at the open portal,
And I put forth all my charm,




"And I refuse her nothing
Her reckless heart can seek—
Her dolly has golden clothing,
I make it feel and speak;

"And by her crib I sit nightly,
And she laughs as in her dreams
She sees Fairy-land's sun beam brightly,
And hears its singing streams.

"Sometimes you come, and I know you,
Though you with years are changed,
And I take my wand and show you
The fields that once we ranged,












"Once they thronged in in masses—
See how the threshold's worn!—
Now scarce a footstep passes
Of child of mortal born.

"And yet if they would only
Enter and freely range,
They would see these fields so lonely
Nothing have known of change.

"When I found you dreaming under
The old tree by the brook,
Your eyes all wide with wonder,
And your finger in your book.

"You who through life's desert 'wild'ring
Know to Fairy-land the way,
Go and call back the children
To the arms of Mother Fay."

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A DELICATE FOREIGNER.

My Eveline's so delicate,
She can not stand this weather;
You know it's been so very warm
For days and days together.

One lady fainted from the heat—
Suppose my dolly fainted,
Could I throw water over her?
You know she's only painted.

My other children are quite well,
And so are Belle's and Carrie's.
But she can't stand our climate, 'cause,
You see, she comes from Paris. I. McD.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THE writer of the following letter deserves great praise, for she has taken a great deal of pains:

RIDGELAND, SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—You asked the children to write about "A Journey Round the Breakfast Table," so I thought I would try.

You must picture to yourself a pretty little round table in the centre of a large, bright room with all the windows open. It is a fresh spring morning; the birds are all singing as if each one tried to sing louder and more sweetly than the rest, and the bees and butterflies all seem so busy and happy gathering honey from the many bright little summer flowers in the small garden under the window. There are only four people at the table, a lady and gentleman and a little boy and girl, but they are talking quite merrily, and seem to be much interested in what the gentleman is saying. He is only telling them something about the dish of hominy which stands before him, and at first sight this would not seem at all an interesting subject; but we shall see.

Hominy, as every one knows, is corn ground in a mill; before it is cooked we call it grits, and it is the coarse part of ground corn. The fine part is separated from it by pouring it into something like a slanting trough with a wire bottom; the fine part falls through, and that's the corn meal, or flour, which makes very nice bread. But he tells them that the grain of which it is made is not, properly speaking, corn, but maize. The first settlers, when they found it, called it Indian corn; they had never seen it before, but they saw that the Indians had it, and soon found what it was for. On one occasion Captain John Smith, one of the early settlers, set out with a few men to buy corn of the Indians, for the party to which he belonged was nearly starving. When they first met the Indians they were scorned as famished men, the Indians offering them a handful of corn for a gun, and another for their clothes. But when Smith ordered his men to fire off their guns, the savages fled to the woods. After a little fighting, however, they were glad enough to treat for peace, and for a few pieces of copper Smith bought a boat-load of corn, of which the Indians had great heaps. At one time, when there was great scarcity of coin in the colonies, corn was used for money. The corn is ground between two stones: one stands still, while the other goes round. The stone which they use is called buhr-stone; the best is from France; it is very hard—harder even than flint.

Tea comes from China. It is a little plant about two feet high. The leaves are picked by hand, rolled, and dried. The Chinese drink it in little saucers, without milk or sugar.

"I once read of a little Chinese girl called Pensee," said Nelly, the little daughter, "who went with her mother to pick tea on a hill-side. She liked it very much, and was very sorry when she had to go and live on the water in a junk, or Chinese boat."

Tea has taken quite a prominent part in the history of our country, for we all know that the high tax on foreign tea was one of the chief causes of the Revolution.

There was also coffee for breakfast. It comes from Asia, Africa, Oceanica, East and West Indies, and South America. There is Rio coffee from Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, Mocha coffee from Mocha, in the southwestern part of the Arabian peninsula, and many other kinds, but that from the island of Java is the best.

"I know where the sardines come from," said Jimmy, the boy at the table, who was very fond of them. "The genuine ones come from Cape Finisterre, on the coast of Spain. They are packed with olive oil into the tin boxes. The oil is pressed out of the olive—a little green fruit that grows in Spain, France, Italy, and Greece."

Salt is dug from mines. The most celebrated mines are near Cracow, in the northern part of Austria. When the salt is found it is like solid rock. This is used for cows, etc., to lick. This would be too dirty for people, so it is dissolved in water, and allowed to settle; the water is pumped off, and the salt is left pure and clean.

I could say much more about the breakfast table, but I'm afraid my letter would be too long. I am fourteen years old. Good-by.

EMMIE C. W.

SAN JOSE, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

I saw in the Post-office Box that you would like a letter upon the subject, "What I Saw in a Morning Walk," so I thought that I would write one.

As I was walking on the road toward the light-house, which is about three miles from San Pedro, Los Angeles County, I looked to my right, and saw San Pedro Mountain, which from a distance appears as if it had not a stone on it. Then I looked to my left, and saw the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean and, not far from the mainland, a little isle by the name of Dead Man's Island, so called because some United States soldiers were buried there. From the earth of this little island are washed fossils, and there is a little beach where one may gather shells and sea-moss. I then looked in front of me, and again saw the Pacific, and in the distance, almost hidden by fog, was the island of Santa Catana; and I saw also the old Spanish fort that was used when California belonged to Mexico. Here are sometimes found cannon-balls, and I have seen a piece of one of the old cannon. Behind me in the far distance were the high San Bordino Mountains, capped with snow. Across the San Pedro Channel I saw Rattlesnake Island—a long stretch of sand infested by rattlesnakes; and far beyond this I could plainly see the white houses at Long Branch. Good-by.

ANNIE MARY B. (aged 11 years).

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have written to the Post-office Box once before. When I first began to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE I thought I would only read the stories which sounded as if they were meant for girls, but I have found out that all are nice. I like "Rolf House" better than any of the stories. For pets I have three Maltese cats, whose names are Tab, Muff, and Malty, and a canary-bird named Pet. Six little girls and myself had a fair for the Fresh-air Fund, and made $19 04. ETHEL W.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—You must excuse me for not writing about "A Journey Around the Breakfast Table," as I don't know much about it. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a year, and think it very good. Mamma says there are no foolish stories in it. A little playmate of mine and her two sisters are going to take it. I am sorry "Rolf House" has ended; it was so nice. I am reading "Into Unknown Seas," and like it very much. I like the funny part of it, where another man gives one of the men some poison cake. I like to look for new stories. I love to read the Post-office Box. Boys and girls who want to do some work that will take about fifteen minutes, this is the way: Take some mottoes that you have had candies in, and form letters and make a sentence. I made one; it was, "Jesus, Our Lord." Is not that pretty? Your loving little reader,

MAIZIE G. T. (nine years old).

This is a very sweet little letter, and if you really did not want to make a journey around the breakfast table, you did the next best thing in writing just as you did.

POTTS STATION, ARKANSAS.

This is the Fourth of July. I thought I would write a letter to the Postmistress. I am a little girl twelve years old. I have been taking this paper for three months. I like it very much indeed. I like to read the letters best. I have one little pet; it is a little black dog; his name is Nipper. I think a great deal of him. Crops are looking well in this country. If our farmers can have good crops this year, it will be a great help to our State. I have some little cousins out in California; I never saw any of them. Papa bought me an organ; I can play very well. I am not going to school now, but will begin soon.

SALLIE J. R.

BOXMOOR, HERTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have been wishing to send you a letter for some time, but have not known what to say. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since Christmas, and I like it very much indeed. Papa takes HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE every month, and I like it immensely. Some of the articles are very nice: there was one I read with great interest, "The Wild Welsh Coast." I have been in Wales five or six times, and I think some of the scenery is lovely. I have been to Carnarvon and Conway castles, also Beaumaris, where there were some dear little tame rabbits, such pretty little things. We stay at a place called Llandudno, and visit these other places from it. What a number of pets have some of the children who write to the Post-office Box! We have four dogs and one kitten, my own especial property. She will not get used to the two dogs that live in the house, Leon, a retriever, and Mouton, a black poodle, but continues to put herself in such passions that they are quite frightened at her. I think "Rolf House" is a very nice story. I take in *Little Folks*, and it has just finished "King Charles's Page," a delightful historical tale. I did enjoy that, as I am very fond of history; but I like drawing and painting better than anything. I have been doing sepia for some time, and hope soon to be put into water-colors. ETTA C.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—As to pets, I have eight birds—seven canaries and a dwarf parrot. One of my canaries is tame, and as Carrie S. wishes to know how to tame hers, I will tell how I tamed mine. He pecked my finger just the same as she said hers did. I put a hemp-seed on my finger, and when he saw the seed he took it instead of pecking my finger; it is his favorite food. I repeated it several times, until after a day or two I put a seed between my lips, and after a few trials he took it. Now, when he is out of his cage, I put a few seeds on my lap, and he will hop around there quite contentedly, not offering to fly even when I stroke his feathers. Be sure to give him hemp until he is tame, but not too much, as it will make him too fat for health. I liked "Rolf House" very much. I enjoy the letters very much also. BESSIE C.

BEAUCLERC, FLORIDA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—This is what I saw and did before and after breakfast. After feeding my chickens I went down to the store to get my troll and use it on the wharf. When I got there I saw an alligator out in the river, near the wharf; he was quite a large one, and had only his head out of water. I went down on the wharf, trolling, and as I had nearly reached him he gave a great splash, and down he sank for a few seconds to re-appear again further off. This time he showed his whole body, swimming out as fast as he could. Three of these fellows stay around here all the time, and one day when we were in bathing we saw two of them a short distance away. They never hurt us, and we are not the least bit afraid of them. If you splash about a great deal, they won't attempt to harm any one. After putting away my troll I went down to my little wharf; I call it a "fish dock," as I built it mostly to fish from. It is built out from a square terrace, about 30 by 30 (the clay of which it is built came out of a cave we dug; a nice little house it makes), across a lot of cypress knees, and along by the trunk of a large cypress tree. The wharf is about one hundred and seventy-five or two hundred feet long, and about three feet wide all the way. When I got down to the bank, I saw five white cranes on it. I came down so suddenly that they were startled and flew away, but came right back. I did not see them till they flew. I kept quiet for a while, watching the fish, of which there were lots around among the cypress knees. Soon I saw a large pike, so I took my spear, or "gig," and speared him. He gave some great jumps and splashed water all around, frightening the cranes so that they left in a hurry. I managed to secure him, however, and he is now cooked all ready to be eaten. After breakfast I

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fished with a hook and line, and before dinner I caught twenty-two; before four o'clock I had increased the number to thirty-five, all bream or perch, but I almost caught a trout three or four times. I have caught about one hundred off my little wharf since it has been built, and innumerable crabs and about twenty cat-fish. I won't fish now for a week or so, so as to let the fish come around again and get tame. Now if this is published, I hope it may prove interesting to the readers of the Post-office Box. With love to the Postmistress, I am yours, F. C. S.

F. C. S. may be sure that the boys will enjoy hearing of his fishing exploits.

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I am eleven years old, and I have a sister aged ten; her name is Abbie. We are the same size, and some people take us for twins, though we don't look a bit alike. Abbie has dark brown hair hanging down to her shoulders, and dark blue eyes, and I have light brown hair, short and curly, and light blue eyes. I go to school at the convent, and study etymology, arithmetic, geography, French, music, reading, writing, object lessons, composition, and dictation. I have a cousin in Paterson, New Jersey, who takes this paper, and I hope she will see this in print.

ROSA G. P.

DEL RIO, TEXAS.

I think I can answer the letter of "An Admirer of the Post-office Box." She wants to know why her robin pecked at the window that looked into the coal-cellar. It was because he saw himself in the glass; the coal being black, made the glass dark, as the quicksilver does on the looking-glass. Robin thought it was another bird. I do not live here, but am staying with my grandma. I live in San Antonio, but am here on a visit for the summer. I am ten years old, and will be eleven in August. I like "Rolf House" very much, and dislike the Farquhars as much as I like Nan.

JULIA G.

NEW YORK CITY.

In reading over your lovely paper I noticed the letter in which Carrie S. wishes to know how to tame her pet bird. As we have had eleven birds, and a good deal of experience, I think I can answer Carrie S.'s question. On St. Valentine's Day my sister and myself received a beautiful canary-bird, which we named Valentine, in honor of the day, but we call him Tiny for a pet name. We noticed that Tiny pecked at our fingers, so we thought we would tame him. We took the perches out of his cage, and my sister put her hand in the cage and held it out. Tiny, after flying about a little, alighted upon it. We repeated this every day for a week, and then took him up to our room. We went behind the lace curtain with him and held out a finger; he came on it, and in that way he became very tame. We taught him to hop up a cord about a yard or two long by taking a cord and fastening each end to a nail or book of some kind. He would sit on a finger, hop up the finger, then up the arm to the shoulder, and then to the head. We could dance and jump, but he would not go from us. He would fly around the room, and then come to us, but we could not get him to remember his name. He sang until he became very tame, after which he would not sing. So although it is very nice to have a tame bird, still it is very nice to have one that can sing. LENA M. (14 years old).

I hardly think Tiny lost the power of song through his gentle freedom with you. I think he will sing again.

BUZZARD'S BAY, MASSACHUSETTS.

We are two little girls, aged respectively fourteen and thirteen. We consider ourselves quite grown up, but the dear grandmother thinks us quite little children. I, Susette, am fourteen, while my cousin Angelica is thirteen. We have a dear little cousin a year old, whose name is Flora Corinne. Don't you think it is a pretty name? I have an older cousin named Sara, but we call her Sunflower, she is so cheerful.

SUSETTE and ANGELICA R.

BUZZARD'S BAY, MASSACHUSETTS.

We are two girls, Laura and Cora. Laura is twelve years, and I, Cora, am thirteen. We are staying at Cape Cod, and we think it a most beautiful place. Our father lives in Boston, and sends us our paper every week. Our little brother George thinks "Into Unknown Seas" is a splendid story. CORA and LAURA P.

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK.

I live in the country, and our place is called "Strawberry Hill Fruit Farm." I had a vegetable garden, where I raised onions, radishes, and lettuce. Now I have a flower garden, with geraniums, coleus, a lemon-verbena, pansies, a fuchsia, petunias, and two rose-bushes. We went fishing a few weeks ago, and caught only one fish, but we had great fun wading. I like to make up puzzles, especially enigmas and jumbles. My cousin and I used to have a little paper called *The Little Pilgrim*, but we have stopped it now. We have a little house over in our pasture, and we make fires there and cook. I think "Rolf House" is lovely, and so is "Wakulla." I send a few puzzles. I am ten years old.

GERTRUDE C. U.

Thank you, dear.

WALTHAMSTOW, ESSEX, ENGLAND.

I am a little boy eight years old. I have twenty-nine numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; I am taking them regularly, and I hope to have them bound at the end of the year. I have three sisters older than myself, and one brother younger. I have a little dog; it is a fox-terrier. We thought it was never going to bark. It has a black-and-tan face. It began to bark when it was four months old, but it is nearly five months old now. Don't you think it is nice to have a little dog? My papa took me to the Zoological Gardens, and there I saw all kinds of animals, including white bears, elephants, camels, snakes, poll parrots, and cockatoos. I have not written a letter before, but I hope to see this in print.

C. E. H.

I think a dog is a delightful pet.

SHAW LANE, LEEDS, ENGLAND.

I am only a child, but I should like to write you a letter about "Kindness to Animals." How many people in this world think about being kind to them, I wonder? Almost every family has a cat, dog, or bird, or some little pet animal, but are people always kind to them? I think that it is one of our duties in life to look after and take care of the animals, for were they not created by the same God as we, and does He not say that not a sparrow shall fall to the ground without His knowing it? Yes; not even *one* of the meanest little insects dies without His knowledge. If you examine through a microscope the body of an ant, you will see that it is wonderfully made, quite as much so as your own, so that if God made them so wonderfully and perfectly, must He not care for them very much, and do you not think that He will be grieved to see a creature that He has made tortured and killed by a stronger creature whom He made to protect it? Would you not feel hurt if you were to do something for anybody, and he did not thank you for it, but beat you or starved you instead? Horses also suffer from the bearing-rein, having their heads reined tightly back perhaps for six hours, just to look well to please fickle ladies and gentlemen. The common traps for rabbits are very bad, and give a great deal of pain to the poor creatures; I would rather have all my plants eaten than have a single rabbit put in pain. I go to the High School, and we have a Band of Mercy, and try to prevent all cruelty. I wish all children would do the same. ELSIE F. (aged 12).

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

I wrote to you a good while ago, but my letter was not published. I like to read the letters very much. I am twelve years old. We are having vacation now. I went to a picnic last Thursday at Yellow Springs. I had a nice time.

GRACE O. F.

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and think it is a splendid paper. The first thing I read when I get the paper is the Post-office Box. I am just fourteen years old, and am in the highest grammar class. I have no pets, but I did have a little cat, whose name was Blackie, and one night he disappeared, and I have not seen him since.

GEORGENA MAY K.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

I have three brothers and three sisters. I have no pet just now, but we have a little Newfoundland dog; his name is Cato. We also have a cat and five kittens, which are not named. It is vacation. I go to the Convent of the Good Shepherd. I am thirteen years old. My motto is, "Do unto others as you would like them to do unto you." LENA M. H.

If your Newfoundland dog is like the rest of his family, he will not be a little dog very long, but will grow big enough to escort his mistress everywhere.

HOMER, LOUISIANA.

My answer to the bird puzzle is this: the robin saw himself in the window-glass, and was flying at that. Our home is surrounded by a great many birds, and I enjoy watching their habits very much. I saw a bee-martin, the other day, catch a very large butterfly—so large that it had to kill it before it could fly away with it. And this is the way the bird killed it: it beat it to death against the branches of the tree. The mocking-bird is a great singer, and loves to hop about on the trees near the house, where you can get the full benefit of his singing. He seems very proud to have you notice his antics. Often, when the moon is shining, you may hear him singing in the night. There is a forest, an orchard, and a brook near our house, and so it is a favorite retreat for a great variety of birds. They make delightful music, especially very early in the morning. I may write you again some time, telling you of some of their cunning ways. A BIRD-LOVER.

I shall expect you to fulfill this promise.

MANITOU PARK, COLORADO.

I live in a beautiful park in Colorado, about twenty-four miles from Colorado Springs, which is near Pike's Peak. I was thirteen the 7th of this month. I have a very cunning play-house, in which my brother Frank and I have a great deal of fun. We have a camp-stove there, and we often go up and cook our meals. How I wish we might entertain our Postmistress at Idlewild, as we call it. I have five pets. First is my pony Gypsy, then our donkey Betsey Trotwood, and the three others are Carol, my canary-bird (oh, he is such a cunning little fellow!), Jap, our dog, and Robin Gray, my cat. But dearest of all are my two dear little sisters; they are two and four years old. I am not going to ask you to print my letter, because I think you know best whether it is good enough. With all the rest of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I join in praise of it. I fear I may write too long a letter, so I will stop. With a cheer for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I am your affectionate young friend,

LOUISE D. F.

It would be very charming to be your guest at Idlewild, dear, and if it were only a little nearer New York, I might hope for the pleasure.

PAWTUCKET, RHODE ISLAND.

It is lovely on the farm now. The cherries and currants are nearly ripe. We shall begin haying next month. It is nice to hear the birds sing at five o'clock in the morning. I have a fine mocking-bird, which sings all day long. I have four white rabbits with pink eyes. MAUD V. P. W.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

BEHEADINGS.

1. I am a wild animal—behead me, and I am a tool. 2. I am a young wife—behead me, and I am a pleasant way of travelling. 3. I am evil—behead me, and I am part of the body. 4. I belong to a court dress—behead me, and I am falling water. 5. I am quiet—behead me, and I am a money-box. 6. I am a swift look—behead me, and I am a weapon. 7. I am a dish—behead me, and I am a bird. 8. I am a pen—behead me, and I am not young. 9. I am a wicked deed—behead me, and I am frost. 10. I am a stain—behead me, and I am a piece of ground. 11. I am stern—behead me, and I am an edge. 12. I am a thorn—behead me, and I am a tree. MOLLIE PRICE.

### No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In June, not in September.
In mark, not in remember.
In almond, not in honey.
In wise, not in funny.
In sage, not in thyme.
In rosemary and rhyme.
In cup, not in vase.
In surface, not in place.
In sour and in sweet.
In welcome and in greet.
In love, not in hate.
In lily, lute, and late.
In likeness, not in feature.
In owlet, not in creature.
In wain, not in cart.
In feather, not in dart.
In link, not in chain.
In ill, not in pain.
Whole a poet, justly dear
To our countrymen, far and near.

J. T. D.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 297.

No. 1.—

```
      G                T
    F R Y            P U N
  G R E E N        T U D O R
    Y E T            N O T
      N                R
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No. 2.—

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  B O W    R E D    O F F
  O N E    E V E    F E E
  W E E    D E N    F E N

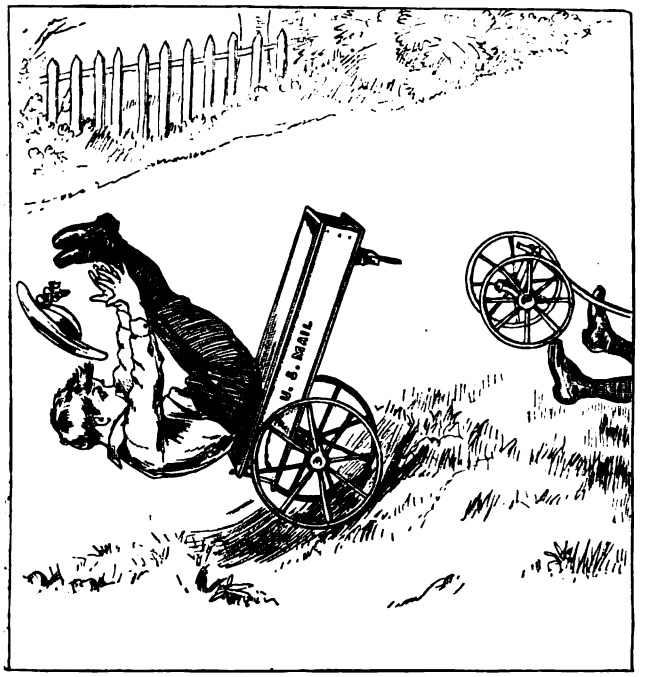
    N U T      H O P
    U S E      O D E
    T E N      P E N
```

No. 3.—1. Volga. 2. Gordon.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Perk Tomkins, Bessie C. Underhill, Helen W. Gardner, Corinne, A. L. Munder, Emma L. Kennedy, Cassie L. Payne, Cockade City, E. McEachron, Kittie Hovey, George Robertson, Dimple Dodd, P. McDonough, Fannie Evans, and Susie B. Morrill.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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BUMPS OF EXPERIENCE—LEARNING ABOUT THE KING-BOLT.

## THE DEAD BIRD.

BY HELEN McCLUNG.

OUR children, Maggie and Johnnie, were the owners of two bright, pretty canary-birds. They called them Charley and Jennie. Jennie was a bird of that light buff-color so rare and so much admired by the lovers of these sweet songsters. Her eyes were like two little shiny black beads, they were so bright and glistening. She was a friendly creature, and liked to be noticed and talked to. When we called "Jennie," she would hop about her cage, and answer "Sweet!" in the heartiest of tones. We all loved her, but Maggie claimed her as her own.

One evening when I went to bring the cages in from the little back porch, where they had been hanging during the warm afternoon, I noticed Jennie's feathers were slightly fluffed up, but as the evening was somewhat chilly, I thought she was probably a little cold, and so paid no more attention to her. The birds were not thought of next morning till after breakfast, when Charley began his morning song in a loud, clear voice. Looking up, I saw Jennie with her head still tucked under her wing as if fast asleep. How strange! Who ever heard of a bird sleeping after daylight?

We gathered round her, and tried to guess what ailed her. One who had a knowledge of birds and their ways prescribed for her, and we did all we could; but she drooped more and more, and closed the beautiful bead-like eyes, and resolutely kept her head tucked under her wing. So we just watched her, while the dishes stood on the table unwashed and the floor remained unswept and the beds unmade. For a long while she sat motionless; then she gave a little flutter, and fell down, a little golden heap, in the bottom of the cage.

Johnnie had been coming in every few minutes with the question, "Mamma, how is Jennie?" He just then came in with the same question. I told him Jennie was dead. He gave a sad "Oh!" as he went to look at her. Maggie was at school, and was unconscious of the sorrow that awaited her. As soon as he saw her coming he ran to meet her, and the sad story was soon told. Poor Maggie! She came to me with pitiful voice, asking, "Mamma, *is* Jennie dead?"

"Yes, dear," I answered.

She went to the cage, took the tiny mite in her hand, and held it, oh, so tenderly! I expected she would cry, but she didn't. She held it till told to put it down. Then she got a pretty box, and wrapping her little treasure in some soft white material, she gently placed it in the little box and put it away till after school, when they could bury it.

All that afternoon, as I was busy about my work, Charley's notes rang out loud and clear and triumphant, as only Charley could sing—for he was a rare singer—but it made me feel so sad that I could scarcely keep the tears back. Charley's singing had never before made me feel sad. It was only because I felt that never again should I hear Jennie's cheerful chirp and twitter.

That evening, after school, the children, with a few of their playmates, put their little pet away out of their sight. A very small grave was made beneath a rose-bush, and a very small head-stone placed in the proper place. A few flowers were reverently strewn around, and when they had finished their work they sadly returned to the house.

As long as we remained in the village that little mound under the rose-bush was the children's special care. While flowers were to be had, a few fresh ones daily found their way to the cherished spot; and now, though months have elapsed and we are hundreds of miles away, little Jennie is not forgotten.







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HARPER'S
# YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 301. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1885.
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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



## INTO UNKNOWN SEAS;

### Or, THE CRUISE OF TWO SAILOR BOYS.

BY DAVID KER.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### CAST AWAY.

WELL might the three castaways look at each other in silence; for never yet, in all their perilous adventures, had their case been so hopeless as now. Alone upon a barren islet in the loneliest part of the southern seas, with their only means of escape gone, and the terrible polar winter close at hand, even *their* stout hearts sank for a moment.

Captain Percy was the first to speak.

"Back to the wreck, quick!" shouted he; "there's not a moment to lose."

Away he flew like a deer, while the wondering boys followed as best they might.

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They wondered still more, a few minutes later, when he made them join in searching the whole wreck from stem to stern as if he expected to find an entire tribe of savages concealed in it. Having at length satisfied himself that there was no one on board but themselves, he rummaged out some food from their stores, and bidding them "make a good meal, for they would need it before long," began to eat as coolly as if he were at dinner on board his yacht.

"Now, my boys," said he at length, "I know that you two are not easily scared, so I don't mind telling you that we're in a very awkward scrape. Our being left here like this wouldn't matter so much, for I dare say we could manage to get away, even without the yacht. But that's not all. We're left alone on this island with a man who intends to murder us all three!"

Both boys started, as well they might.

"No one but Miguel Gomez could have cut that rope," pursued Percy, "and it's plain enough why he did it. When once he had got rid of us by cutting the yacht loose from her moorings—for he'd take it for granted that she could never live through that storm—he would strip the wreck of its treasure, build himself a boat out of its timbers—for there are plenty of seaworthy planks left in it yet, decayed though it looks—and set sail for the Cape. It would be a great risk, no doubt; but not more than a bold man might run for the chance of becoming rich for life. However, the accident of our being detained here has balked him, and so— Ha! see there!"

A *face* had just peered stealthily round the angle of the cliff that flanked the cavern mouth, which all three recognized at a glance, though it was so distorted with baffled rage as to look scarcely human. Like lightning Percy snatched up his rifle, levelled it, fired, and the hideous visage disappeared.

"Missed him!" cried the Captain, savagely, as he flung down his piece. "That's what comes of being in too great a hurry. It's lucky for us that *he* hasn't got a gun; all that were taken out of the yacht are here on board."

"D'ye think he's got any food, Captain?" asked Jim.

"I'm afraid so, my boy; the first thing he'd think of, after planning such a venture, would be to have enough food to last him to the end of it. He's had a good chance to steal from our stores this last day or two; and these shallow lagoons among the rocks are just swarming with fish, and there's plenty of fresh-water. We can't starve him out—we must try him another way."

Both boys looked inquiringly at him.

"You see, it's a match against time both for us and him; for if we don't get away from here before the winter sets in, we shall never get away at all. Now, he can't either build his boat or take away the treasure while we're here; so what we have to do is just to keep ourselves *in*, and him *out*."

At the thought of thus catching the treacherous Portuguese in his own trap the boys grinned from ear to ear.

"In the mean time," continued Percy, "we'll just do as *he* wants to do, and build a boat. We've stores enough here to last us three for a good while, and if the yacht don't turn up again before we're ready—as I still hope she may, for she's not the craft to be easily sunk—we'll just start for the Cape by ourselves, and trust to the mercy of God, which has never failed me yet."

The bright face and cheery, confident tone, which seemed to make light of the awful perils that hung over them, put new life into the stout-hearted lads, who went at once to unmoor and draw back the floating bridge, thus cutting off all communication with the shore.

And now began a new life for our heroes, which would have seemed to most boys of their age intolerably dismal. No more rock-scrambling for them now, no more boating excursions, no more scampering up and down hill, no more sunshine except what little fell upon them as they worked at their boat on a small patch of beach from which they hoped soon to launch the little craft. The gloomy cavern was henceforth their home, and the half-destroyed wreck their only playground.

During the day this mattered little, for they were so hard at work chopping and hammering that they had no time for thinking, while at night they slept the deep, dreamless sleep that follows upon hard labor. But in the evening, when their work was over, and when the darkness closed round them like a wall, hiding them from each other as they sat side by side, the fearful realities of their position would rush upon them like a cold wind, and even *their* bold hearts quailed at the thought of the murderous treachery that was hungering for them behind the gloomy cliffs that shut them in. What if Gomez should swim off to the wreck at midnight and murder them all? What if he should scale the mountains above, and hurl down upon them the rocks that hung toppling overhead? To save himself he must kill them, and they knew that no crime was too black for him. Was it to be for this that they had rescued him from death?

Then it was that their leader's power showed itself. The darkness seemed to grow lighter as his deep, mellow voice came ringing through it, telling them of the great deeds that had been done by lads no stronger or older than themselves—of young Nelson facing the huge bear with an empty gun, or young Casabianca dying with his father, or young Cloudesley Shovel swimming through the pelting shots with the Admiral's dispatch in his mouth. And the boys were always ready with a lusty chorus when he struck up his favorite song:

"This world is a good one in its way
If you will but take it fair;
Whenever the sun shines make your hay,
And laugh at sorrow and care.
And what if at times the sky turns black,
And down comes pelting rain?
Just wait, and you'll see the sun come back,
And all will be bright again.

"Wherever we go there's work to be done;
Then do it, and never say die!
There isn't a trouble beneath the sun
That's worth a whine or a sigh.
So never you fret when things go wrong,
For it's useless to complain;
Just set your teeth and hammer along
Till all comes right again."

Little by little, through sheer dint of hard work, the tiny vessel which was to carry them back to the living world grew toward completion, and all three looked forward eagerly to the day when it would be ready to start upon its venturous cruise. Most people would have found little cause for rejoicing in the prospect of sailing hundreds of miles in an open boat over one of the stormiest seas in the world, with every chance of being crushed by the drifting ice which showed itself in 1828 within three degrees of the Cape of Good Hope itself. But Percy seemed as cool and confident as if he were only bound on a holiday cruise up the Mediterranean, while Jim and Sandy, in their devotion to their new leader, were ready to follow him to the south pole itself if he thought fit to go there.

All this while nothing had been seen of Miguel Gomez, and even Percy began to hope that the wretch had met the fate which he deserved. But they never relaxed their watchfulness one whit, knowing that they could never think themselves safe from such an enemy till they actually saw him lying dead before them.

Meanwhile the weather grew steadily colder, with frequent squalls of wind and rain. A more violent storm than usual had broken over the island one afternoon, and Sandy, working away at a plank partition far down in the heart of the wreck, was answering the roar of the tempest with an old Scottish song, when one of the planks fell inward, and he let fall his hatchet with a cry of amazement, which at once drew his comrades to the spot.

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There it was at last, the long-lost treasure, the famous "Berava-Dourada." Through the darkness of the deep recess behind the planking broke a pale gleam of gold, and little by little the strange and monstrous image shaped itself before them, with its grim visage, and tusk-like teeth, and countless extended arms, just as the great Portuguese Admiral had seen it nearly four hundred years before.

"At last!" said Percy, under his breath.

The words were barely spoken when there came a crash to which the loudest thunder they had ever heard was as nothing. The massive hull rocked beneath them, and a splashing and roaring as of furious waves were heard on every side. The castaways rushed on deck to find their worst fears more than realized. The heavy rains had loosened the crags that overhung the pit, or rather funnel, in which the wreck lay, and a mighty mass of rock, thundering down close to its stern, had wedged itself into the mouth of the cavern, and blocked up forever their only way of escape.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A RELIC-HUNTER'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

FRANK MORELEY had scarcely passed from his last skirts to his first trousers when he became known as the most persistent "collector" in his native town. He began, under the direction of his mother, with pressed flowers; then in succession he collected marbles and tops; a year later his assortment of birds' eggs was envied by every boy in town, and he afterward exhibited at the county fair a collection of stuffed birds which attracted the attention of a prominent naturalist. Of course he attempted to collect coins, and was finally discouraged by the expense of securing a "full set" of anything—even American cents. When he grew old enough to write in manly fashion, he spent all his pocket-money for stamps and stationery with which to solicit autographs of distinguished personages.

When the civil war broke out Frank importuned every volunteer of his acquaintance to send him something—it mattered not what—from fort or field, and as he was himself an obliging fellow, his acquaintances responded so freely that Frank's room soon looked like a junk-shop, or a museum constructed from the contents of a rubbish heap.

Finally Frank grew old enough to go to the war himself, and from that time forward he addressed himself to his favorite pursuit with an industry that was equally amusing and amazing to the veterans among whom he was a recruit. Nothing came amiss: a bit of the saddle-cloth of a distinguished general; a broken bayonet from an abandoned Confederate camp; a green cotton umbrella which an escaping slave said had belonged to an ex-Governor of Virginia; two bricks which Frank himself extracted from the wall of the Colonial powder-house at Williamsburg; a shingle from a house in which Washington was said to have passed a night, were among the treasures which Frank brought into the tent, only six feet square, in which he and three other soldiers lived while in camp.

Frank's comrades merely laughed at these things, but when the young collector endeavored to make room for an entire window-sash, five feet wide, two feet high, and full of diamond-shaped panes of glass of the last century, the other inmates of the tent objected so strongly that Frank had to bribe a hospital steward to secrete the precious "find" under an invalid's bed.

What troubled the young soldier most, however, was that he was unable to secure any real war relics—mementos of great battles. His regiment, like most others in the cavalry service, did much hard work, but seldom—indeed, never, during Frank's early martial days—took part in a hard fight. But one day the Confederates made a reconnoissance in force toward the little post at which the ——th Cavalry was stationed, and there was much powder burned, particularly by a Union gun-boat, which steamed up a little river on one flank, and fired many shells over the woods at the enemy.

After the latter retired, and the cavalry returned from a rather late pursuit, the regiment halted near the scene of the late engagement, and Frank improved the opportunity to scour the field for relics. His search was abundantly rewarded, for he found several unexploded shells, most of them very large. To carry them all to camp was impossible, but Frank was fertile in resource, so, after rolling one 30-pounder shell in his overcoat and strapping it on his saddle-bow, he lugged the others to a bit of woods behind the abandoned house in which the picket reserve was always quartered, laid them in a row on the ground, placed rails from a neighboring fence on each side and on top of them, and then covered the whole with brush-wood, an immense heap of which was close by.

"There!" said the relic-hunter to himself, when his work was completed, "I don't believe any other collector will ever find them. Whenever I happen to be detailed for picket duty at this post I can take one back to camp with me, and some day I'll find a way to ship them all home. What a fine lot they'll make to exchange with other collectors for different things when the war is over!"

About a fortnight later Frank was roused from deep slumber in the middle of the night by the self-explaining bugle-call of "boots and saddles." The regiment mounted quickly, and went at a gallop through the little town, and out in the direction of the recent reconnoissance and fight. Nobody knew what was the matter, but on passing the cavalry picket station it was learned that the enemy had fired a few shells at the station itself—guided, apparently, by the light of a fire which somebody had made in the woods. Why they had not fired more nobody knew, but there had been enough to justify an alarm of the entire post, and to establish the belief that fighting would begin in bloody earnest as soon as day dawned. So the cavalry remained "to horse" all night, and a blacker or more rainy and utterly miserable night Frank had never known. At daybreak the cavalry advanced, a section of artillery being with the advance, and scoured the country; but not a native—not even a friendly negro—had seen one of the enemy within a fortnight.

It was very strange—it was also very wearisome—so as soon as the regiment was again within the picket lines the Colonel ordered a halt and rest. Frank was fearfully sleepy; he was also hungry; but he was consoled by the thought that now he could secure and carry to camp one of his hidden relics; so he made his way toward the woods behind the station.

He did not find the brush heap, nor even the rails, but just where he had hidden the shells—he was certain as to the place, for it was very near an old pine-tree with a peculiar axe-mark on the trunk—was a hole as large as a cellar, and beside it stood the Colonel of the regiment and the Captain of the picket guard. They were in earnest conversation, and Frank heard the Colonel say:

"I never heard of such extraordinary artillery practice. You say the fire in the woods was just here?"

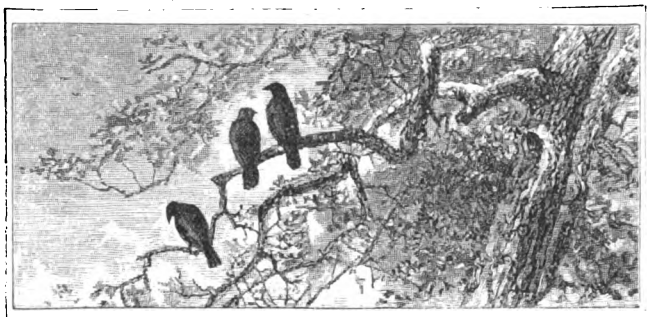
"The very place," said the Captain. "There was a great brush heap here, and some fellow set it on fire, I suppose, while lighting his pipe. Of course when we saw it there was no way to extinguish it."

"I suppose not," said the Colonel; "but how could the enemy have got the range so exactly? They must have used the same gun each time, and plumped their shells in exactly the same spot."

"That isn't possible," said the Captain. "Some of the explosions were much louder than others, so there must have been guns of different calibre."

"It's a mystery," said the Colonel, after eying the hole

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## THE SCARECROW.

BY MARTHA CAVERNO COOK.

IN yonder field he stands erect,
No matter what the weather,
And keeps a watch so circumspect
On foes of every feather.
So faithful is he to the trust
Committed to his keeping,
That all the birds suspect he must
Dispense with any sleeping.

Sometimes his hat tips down so low
It seems a cause for censure,
For then some old courageous crow
Believes it safe to venture;
But catching sight of either arm
Outstretched in solemn warning,
The crow decides to leave this farm
Until another morning.

Although his dress is incomplete,
It really does not matter;
Perchance the truest heart may beat
Beneath a patch or tatter.
And it is wrong to base our love
On wealth and name and station,
For he who will may rise above
His daily occupation.

We should not look with eyes of scorn,
And find in him no beauty
Who stands and guards our fields of corn,
And does the whole world duty,
But honor him for native worth,
For rustic independence,
And send a hearty greeting forth
To him and his descendants.



all over, as if looking for an explanation. "I can't understand it at all."

"I can," said Frank to himself, turning abruptly and walking away. "I see it all. That brush heap took fire, the fence rails burned too, the shells became red-hot, and one by one they burst just where they lay. And that is the end of the finest collection of war relics I ever saw. Oh dear!"

Then, like a dutiful soldier, Frank started back to tell the Colonel how the supposed shelling of the station occurred, but he met the officer sauntering back to his command, and looking so tired and cross, as the result of a wakeful night, that the young soldier quickly concluded that he would wait for a more appropriate time. Rejoining his comrades, Frank thought that he would at least tell somebody, but a full half of the men were asleep, and the others were saying such dreadful things about the enemy who had been mean enough to keep two or three thousand men awake all night without the privilege of trying to get even in the morning, that the young relic-hunter again determined to say nothing until a better time occurred.

So he kept his secret for more than twenty years, but a few days ago he accidentally met his old Colonel, took him home to dinner, showed a lot of relics he had picked up in the later years of the war, and then told him the story substantially as it is here printed.

## PET DOGS AND THEIR TREATMENT.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

THE next time that Allie and Frank met Mr. Calef they reminded him of his promise to tell them how to treat pet dogs in case of illness.

"Certainly I will," the gentleman answered. "Pet dogs suffer more from disease than all other dogs together; they lead a life which is not at all natural to them, and in most cases their sufferings are caused by the mistaken kindness of their owners."

"How is that?" asked one of the boys.

"Why, instead of getting only plain food and no more than they need, they are stuffed with dainties which are bad for them both in quality and quantity. Dogs are very fond of sugar, and of things containing it; the less sugar they have, the better for them, and the same may be said of cakes and all kinds of sweetmeats and pastry."

"Haven't I read somewhere," remarked Frank, "that dogs can live on nothing but sugar?"

"Quite likely you have," Mr. Calef answered, "but they will not keep in good condition. Feed a dog only on sugar, and he will eat a great deal of it, but all the time he grows thin and develops diseases that eventually kill him. Mix saw-dust and pounded bones with the sugar, and don't forget a little earth too, and he gets fat and sleek. The experiment has been tried repeatedly, and always with the same general result.

"Then, too," he continued, "dogs that are kept as house pets rarely have an opportunity to eat grass, and their kind-hearted mistresses do not feed them on the ground, and allow them to get the loam they need to keep their stomachs healthy. When Fido or Daisy falls ill from too much and too high feeding, there is great anxiety in the house in consequence. I'm afraid the advice I should give in the case would not be kindly received."

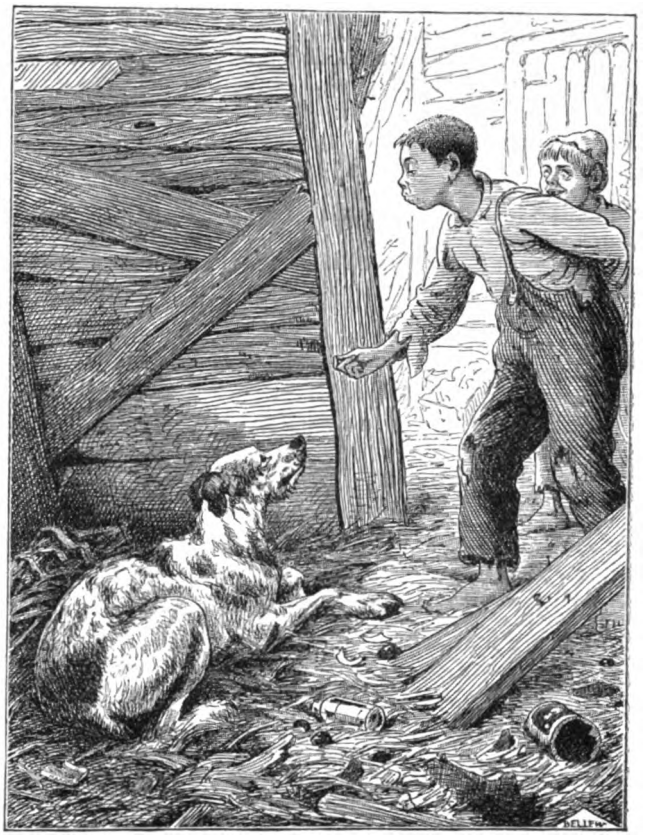
"What would you prescribe?"

"Starvation is the principal remedy, and it must be pushed until it seems cruelty. Fatness and skin disease generally come together, or rather the latter follows upon fatness as a matter of course. The skin is thick and lies in folds; it soon becomes tender and irritable to such an extent that the dog often cries when handled. Blotches

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FIFTY DOLLARS' WORTH.



FIFTY CENTS' WORTH.

appear all over the dog, and unless the disease is checked the hair falls off, and the animal becomes a very pitiable object.

"The sufferer must be fed sparingly, and principally on vegetables, and occasionally he must go an entire day, or perhaps two days, with nothing to eat."

"That would be cruel," said Allie.

"Of course it would," was the reply, "but remember that you would be treating a dog very much as he treats himself in a wild state. When he has to find his own food, he can not obtain it regularly; the keepers of lions, tigers, and other carnivorous animals were a long time discovering that their captives ought to go hungry occasionally, just as they would in their native jungles or deserts. In the Berlin Zoological Garden some years ago several valuable lions and tigers died from regular feeding, and the remainder of the collection was saved and restored to good health by withholding their food for one or two days every week.

"In addition to low diet, the suffering dog should be washed every day with warm water and a liberal allowance of carbolic soap. Dog-fanciers have lotions and ointments ready prepared for skin disease; most of them are good enough, but soap and water will suffice for most cases where the disease has not gone too far. An excellent article of food for pet dogs, whether well or ill, is the so-called "dog biscuit," which can be bought in most groceries and in places where dogs or birds are sold. There are several varieties, but the most celebrated are Spratt's.

"They are made of oatmeal, beet-root, and finely chopped meat," said Mr. Calef, "and baked very hard. When a dog is in good or fair health a whole biscuit should be given to him. It is about four inches square and an inch thick, and nearly as hard as a pine board. The dog gnaws it as he would gnaw a bone, and thus exercises his jaws, polishes his teeth, and creates the flow of saliva necessary for the proper digestion of his food. The proportions of oatmeal, beet-root, and meat fibrin are calculated for the nourishment of the animal, and very often he will need no other food than this. I have known an ailing dog to be entirely cured by being fed on nothing but one biscuit a day, which he was compelled to break up for himself.

"If the dog is weak, the biscuit may be broken and soaked in warm water; soaking overnight will reduce it to a soft pulp, provided it is well broken beforehand. Your pet may become tired of this food after a time, and if so it can be varied with other things. You can quicken his appetite for it by pretending to give him a piece of the biscuit as a reward for performing a trick or doing something else you desire."

Frank asked how often a dog should be fed.

"Only once a day," replied Mr. Calef, "except when he is being nursed through an illness. When a dog is kept about a house he generally gets something at every meal of the family, but he is better off if fed in the morning and allowed to go hungry till the next. Particularly is this the case with ladies' and children's pets, and they should be kept away from the dining-room at all times. Give them plenty of fresh water in a cup or basin where they can drink when they like, and always have a roll of hard sulphur lying in the water. At least once a week a pet dog should be thoroughly washed; one that runs out-of-doors a good deal and gets wet by the rain does not need washing so often, but a good bath occasionally does him no harm.

"Give your dog a warm, clean, dry, and well-ventilated place to sleep in, but don't let him sleep in a bed or on a sofa. A mat or blanket on the floor of his box or kennel is all he needs; the kennel should be free from draughts, and if the animal is small a dog basket is just the thing

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for him. You can buy it in any of the stores where baskets are usually sold."

Allie said he had seen a very pretty basket at his aunt's house; it was shaped like a kennel or dog-house, and was made of willow, with a handle by which it could be carried.

"You must not forget to give your pet all the exercise he needs either in-doors or out. In the house he can romp and play with the children, and outside he can have many a hearty gallop with his master or mistress. If in good condition, the dog will be ready enough for exercise, and it is only the overfed animal that declines it. Health is his natural state, and if a dog is ill, it is, in nine cases out of ten, his owner's fault. It is not only your interest but your duty to be a true master, to rule firmly and kindly, and provide intelligently for the animal's food, lodging, and exercise, just as a parent provides for a child. And now let me tell you how a certain kind of pet dog first gained distinction.

"The life of William, Prince of Orange, was saved by a pug-dog during the campaign in the Low Countries, and from the time of William III. down to that of George II. the pug was the favorite pet of fashionable people, and was often decorated with orange ribbons.

"A book that was published in 1618 says that the Prince of Orange, being retired into camp, Julian Romero procured the license of the Duke of Alva to hazard a *camisado*, or night attack, on the Prince. Julian sallied out with a thousand pikemen, who found their way to the Prince's tent and killed two of his secretaries. The Prince's pug-dog fell to scratching and barking, and awakened him, so that he was able to defend himself till the camp was alarmed. And ever after that time the Prince kept a dog of that breed."

## MUSSELS AND PECTENS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

MARINE mussels grow in large beds in shallow water, fastened to stones and sand-banks, making a solid black mass. They often cling to posts and piers, where they are left uncovered when the tide is low. At such times they keep their shells tightly closed, like barnacles.

The structure of mussels is similar to that of oysters, except that they have a tough foot. The foot is a thick fleshy organ, which may be pushed out to a great length beyond the shell. In the different species of mollusks the foot has various uses, sometimes enabling the animal to push itself about or to leap, while in other cases it is used for boring holes in the sand or mud. Although this organ helps some mollusks to move about from place to place, it has no resemblance to a real foot, but looks much more like a tongue.

Mussels are hatched within the shell of their parents. After leaving the shell, and swimming around for a while, they attach themselves to some object by silken threads called byssus.

At the base of the foot is a gland for secreting the fluid byssus, which, when dry, forms into brown threads not unlike the silk of spiders and caterpillars. The foot attaches this sticky fluid to some object, and is then withdrawn, leaving the silk firmly fastened to the surface as to an anchor. Mussels are also fastened to each other in great bunches, as well as to the bed of the ocean.

The threads of byssus are long enough to admit of slight motion, as the mussels float and drift back and forth, so these animals are not compelled to remain absolutely still, as oysters do. If the byssus is broken in any way, the mussels soon attach themselves again by other threads.

How strange it seems that these lowly sea creatures should spin silk, yet the long fine threads have sometimes been woven into gloves and stockings, and even into cloths of a rich brown color. Some beautiful specimens made from this material were exhibited at the French Exhibition in 1855.

The fresh-water mussels found in our rivers have no fierce waves and tides to resist, and do not secrete byssus.

In many places salt-water mussels are used for food, and are cultivated in a manner similar to oysters. An Irishman named Walton, who was shipwrecked more than six hundred years ago on the French coast, noticed that the mussels which had attached themselves to posts a little above the mud were finer and better tasted than the others. This gave him the idea of transplanting mussels, and he introduced a system which has now grown to be an important industry on the coast of France.

When the baby mussels have reached the size of a small bean they are scraped in masses from the posts to which they have adhered, and carried in baskets to places well suited for their growth. They soon attach themselves to other posts and branches prepared for them; in this way they are transplanted three times before reaching their full size.

All living shells have an outer layer of animal matter called epidermis; they have no lustre upon the exterior until this epidermis is taken off and they are polished artificially or by the action of the waves. Mussel shells show beautiful blue tints when the epidermis is removed.

The color of shells depends much upon the action of light, and those grown in shallow water have generally brighter colors than those in deep water. The largest and most highly colored shells are found in the tropics, whereas arctic shells are mostly small and dull.

We should look at shells beneath the bright water if we wish to enjoy all the beauty of their form and color, heightened

"With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar."

The peculiar lustre of shells is due to the minute edges

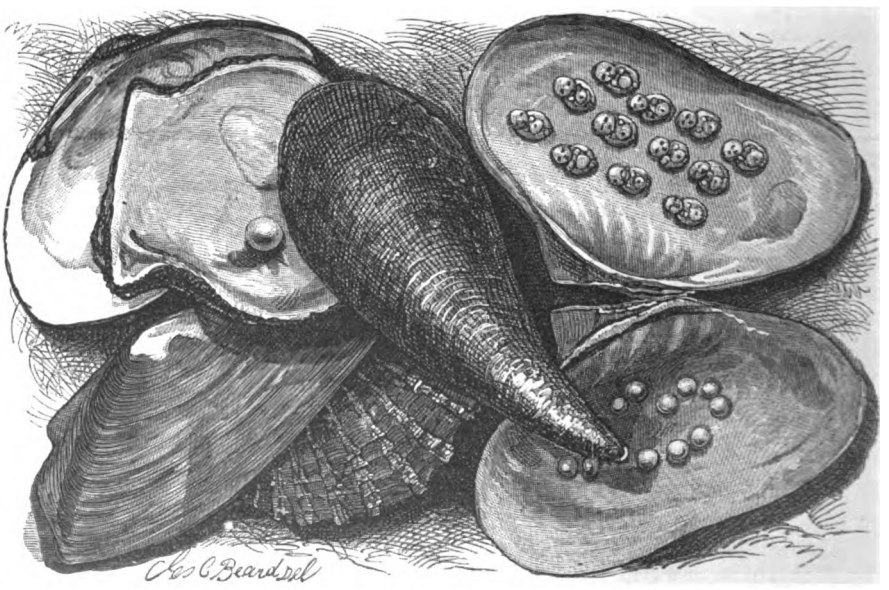


FIG. 1.—PEARL-BEARING SHELLS.

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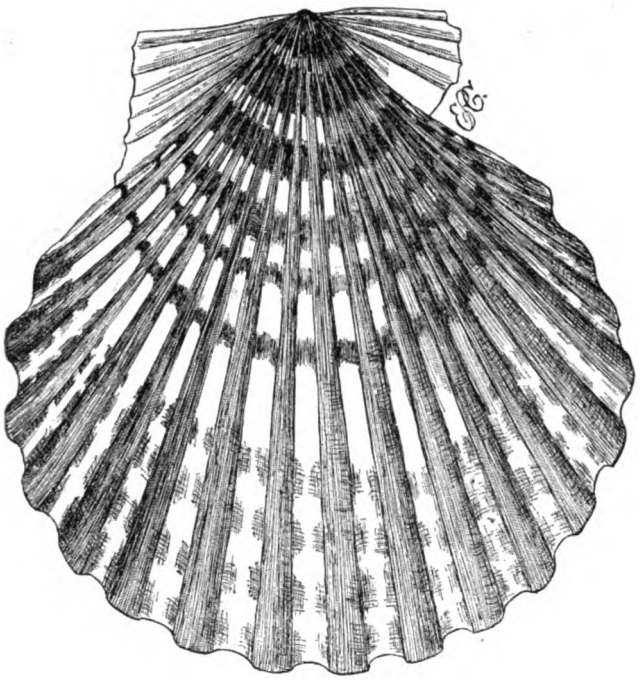


FIG. 2.—PECTEN SHELL.

of alternate layers of carbonate of lime and animal tissue. Pearls are formed in shells when grains of sand lodge between the mantle and the shell, and become coated with the shelly matter or "nacre" which the mantle secretes. Fresh-water mussels yield pearls that are sometimes quite valuable, but the finest pearls are obtained from the pearl-oyster. This is the circular shell in Fig. 1, which has a straight hinge and one pearl clinging to it, and which is partly covered by the mussel.

Pearls mostly have a nucleus of sand in the centre, and the shelly layers are arranged around it in concentric coats like those of an onion. The Chinese take advantage of the knowledge of this fact, and sometimes place small images or beads inside the shell, allowing them to remain until they are coated with pearl. Some of these are shown at the right of the picture.

The most important pearl fisheries are on the coast of Ceylon, and are under strict control of the government. The same locality is not fished every year for fear of impoverishing it. The labor of diving for pearl-oysters is very severe. The divers remain under water only thirty seconds at a time, but they sometimes dive twenty times in one morning, and become very much exhausted. Having touched bottom, the diver gathers all the oysters within reach, and places them in a net, then he pulls a cord as a signal to be drawn up immediately. At mid-day a gun sounds for the fishing to stop, and the boats are taken to the shore and unloaded before dark, in the presence of the proprietors, in order that no robbing shall be done.

The oysters are allowed to remain on shore until they decompose. The pearls are then easily gathered from the gaping shells, after which they are worked with powdered nacre to give them a good polish. Pearls may be round, ovoid, or pear-shaped. Those which adhere to the valves are consequently irregular in shape and are not so valuable, being sold by weight. Mother-of-pearl is the lustrous layer taken from the inside of the shell of the pearl-oyster.

There are a few fine pearls so remarkable for their size and beauty that they have become historical, and their line of descent can be traced for generations. Most of these pearls belong to kings and princes. A famous string of pearls belongs to the Shahs of Persia, in which each pearl is the size of a hazel-nut.

Pectens (Fig. 2) are found in all seas, and of many different varieties. Their elegant shells are ribbed and mottled with various colors, and they grow by additions made to the edge, rather than by a thickening of the valves as in the oyster. The hinge is extended into broad ears, and is worked by a ligament placed in a tiny pit which you can easily discover. The mantle is fringed with tentacles, and has a double row of bright spots on the edge, which are thought to be eyes.

Pectens mostly lie on one side, and the upper valve is more brilliant in color than the lower one. Contrary to the habits of bivalves, the pretty little pectens can swim through the water by opening and closing their valves, which causes them to move by a succession of jerks.

## HOW THE BABY GROWS.

(THE CHILDREN'S OPINION.)

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

NOBODY sees the baby grow,
Baby dear with the laughing eyes,
Who came to our house a year ago,
Looking ever so wrinkled and wise;
But every day of the happy year
He has taken upon him some beauty new.
And as for growing, why, this is clear,
He's never had anything else to do.

Grandmamma says, "When he's asleep,
Then it is that the baby grows."
Close to the crib we often creep
To watch, but we don't think grandma knows.
Never a fringe of the golden hair
Clustering soft around his brow
Lengthens the least while we are there,
And yet it is growing—the wonder, how?

Teacher talks of chemical things
Which into a secret of life combine,
And mother, listening, softly sings,
"O God, be good to this boy of mine!"
And into the sunny summer days
Or into the winter evenings cold
She weaves the notes of her joyful praise
While closely about him her fond arms fold.

Nobody sees the baby grow,
But over his rosy little face
The prettiest ripples of laughter flow,
The dancing dimples merrily chase,
The tiny feet are learning to walk,
The rounded limbs are growing strong,
The lisping tongue is learning to talk,
As cheerily pass the days along.

Nobody can explain it all,
But one thing to our thought is clear:
God, who sees if a sparrow fall,
Sent our beautiful baby here.
And mother cares for him, day and night—
'Tis easy enough when she loves him so—
And God, whenever she puts out the light,
Just looks in and makes him grow.

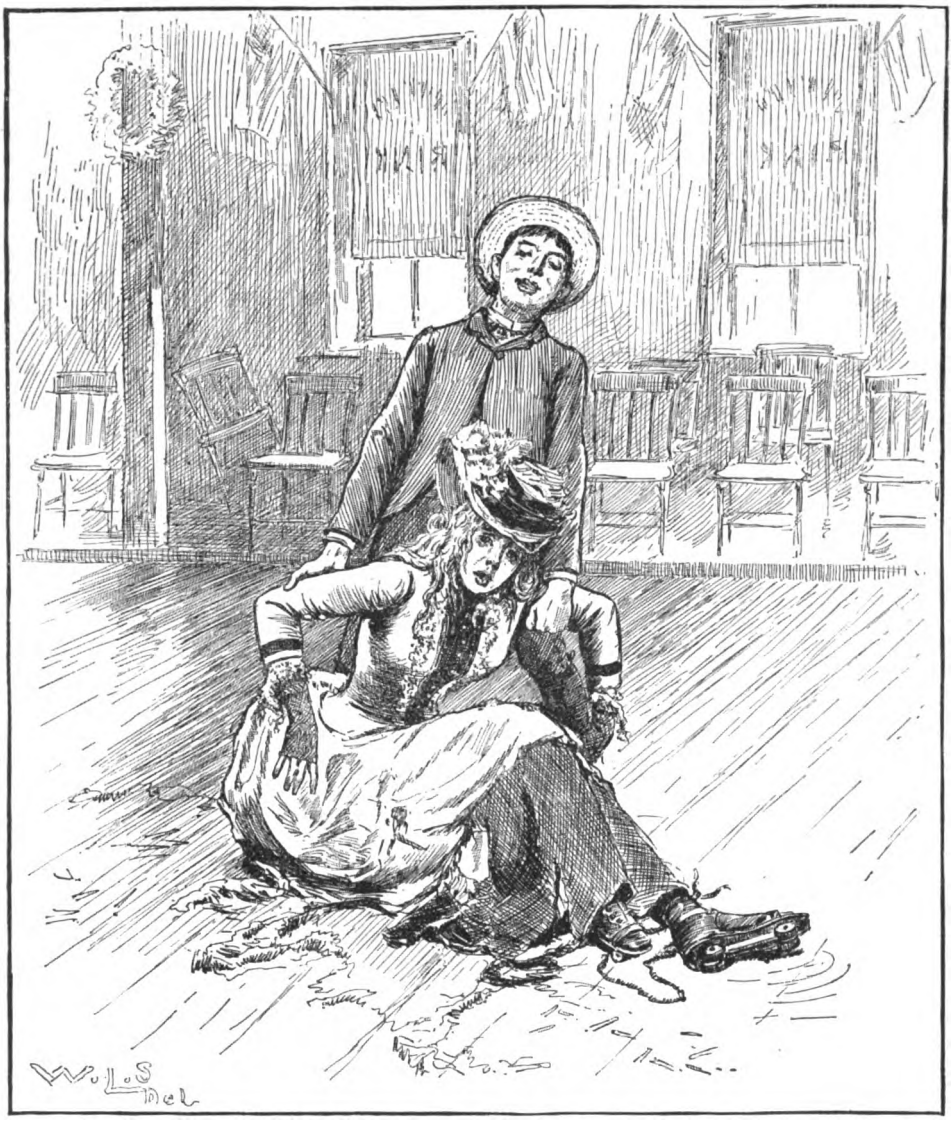
## ROLLER-SKATING.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

WE have a skating rink in our town. A skating rink is a great big building with only one big room, and you skate all over the floor on roller skates. It's almost as good as a circus, and Deacon Hopkins says it's just as good, and that people ought to be ashamed to go to it. I don't think it's quite as good as that, but there is lots of fun in roller-skating.

It looks as easy as anything to skate on rollers, but it isn't so easy after all. I learned to skate in one day, and can skate beautiful now. My knee has got over being stiff, and I can see out of my right eye, though it is pretty black. The doctor says my nose will go down in a few days, and that I needn't wear my arm in a sling morena-week more. I had an elegant time learning to skate,

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"I NEVER SAW A GIRL SO BROKE UP BEFORE."

and I shall be able to skate some more just as soon as my arm is well.

Mr. Travers don't like roller-skating. He's afraid he'll fall and break himself—that's what's the matter with him. I hate to see a man afraid, and I told him so, but he said, Jimmy I've got to buy my own clothes and pay my own doctor's bills and not being as rich as Vandergould I can't afford to skate. And then he told me a story about a boy that would skate all day, and as he didn't use anything but his legs, they grew and grew till they got to be five feet long and as big round as an ordinary man, while the rest of him didn't grow at all, so a party of surveyors that were laying out a railroad hired him and used him for a pair of compasses to measure land with, and they handled him so roughly that they bent one leg and twisted the other off, just as I did with a pair of compasses I used to have. This story didn't frighten me at all. If my legs were to grow like the boy's I'd get a place in a museum with a big salary, and have the best kind of a time. Mr. Travers means well, but he don't know what kind of stories to tell boys when he wants to frighten them and do them good.

Sue was anxious to skate the moment she heard the rink was open, and she tried to get Mr. Travers to give her a pair of skates, but he wouldn't do it. He said she would fall and hurt herself, and I thought he was really unkind. So I told Sue I would lend her my skates, and show her how to skate. She said I was a dear good boy only I am afraid that I'll fall and I don't want to do that before everybody. But I told her that I knew a way to skate without falling, and I'd teach it to her.

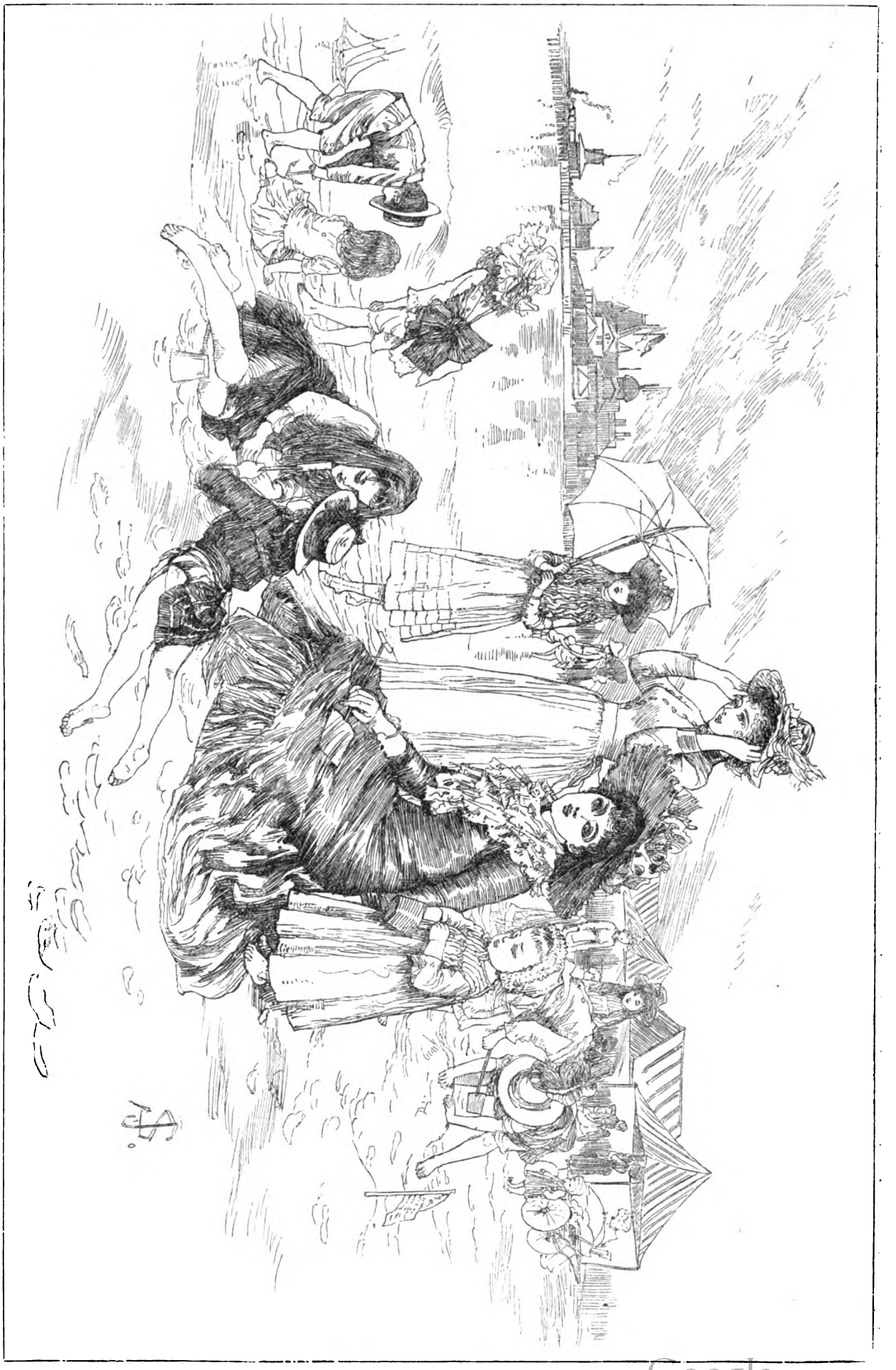
You see, the reason why people fall is that their feet spread apart. When one foot slips away from the other you've got to fall, and there isn't any help for it. Now if you were to tie your feet together with a rope about a foot long, your feet couldn't separate and you couldn't fall. I invented this way myself, and I think it was very generous in me to tell Sue about it for nothing. Some people, if they had invented it, would have kept it to themselves, and been famous, like the man that invented lightning and sewing-machines.

Well, Sue arranged that I was to go to the rink with her, and put her skates on and tie her feet together, some morning when there was nobody else in the rink to see her. I took her there the next morning, and we had the place all to ourselves. I put on her skates and tied her feet together, and stood her up straight, and then she made me go away and leave her. She said I was to come back for her in half an hour, but that she wouldn't try to skate while I was there looking at her. So I went away, but before I got outside of the door she started to skate, and got half-way across before she came down. I couldn't understand how she came to fall, for I was sure I had tied the rope all right, but then you can't expect much from girls.

I came back in exactly half an hour. There was nobody in the rink but Sue, and she was on the floor in just the same place where I saw her last. She was pretty well tired out, for she had been trying to get up and falling down again the whole time. I never saw a girl so broke up before. Her dress was torn in about fifty places, and her hair was full of dirt, and the rink was just covered with hair-pins. She wasn't hurt much in the face, but her hands looked pretty bad, and she said she was almost dead and I'll never forgive you if I live a thousand years and I know you did it on purpose.

She laid all her troubles to the rope. First, she said it tripped her up, and then every time she tried to get up she fell down again because her feet were tied. Come to think of it, perhaps she was right, and a person can't get up very well when their feet are tied together, for I tried it to see if she had any excuse for her conduct. However, I meant to be kind to her and help her to learn to skate, and I think she might have given me credit for that.

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THE CHILDREN'S BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND, NEW YORK.

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## YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

WE hear a great deal about the "good old days," but young people of to-day have no reason to complain of the time in which they live. The nineteenth century is without doubt the golden age of childhood, and boys and girls may congratulate themselves that they were not born a few hundred years ago.

It may not be surprising that the early Anglo-Saxons were rude and superstitious, but it is difficult to imagine parents hard-hearted enough to place their little babies, when only a few months old, on a slanting roof or a waving bough of a tree, where they were in danger of falling at every passing breeze. If the wee stranger was frightened and cried, it was immediately put to death, for they believed it would grow up a "nithing," or coward, and disgrace the nation. A laugh, however, would save its life, and it was carried home in triumph to its trembling mother. It has been thought our nursery song,

"Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree-top,"

may have come from this curious Anglo-Saxon custom.

As they grew older, in place of reading and writing, the little Ediths and Ethelberts were taught psalm-singing and poetry, and there was but one mode of instruction. The masters first told them what they wished them to learn, and then flogged them to make them remember it. So universal was this practice that the Saxons always spoke of their school-days as "when they were under the rod."

The Normans who came over and conquered England were many of them more cruel than the Saxons, although reading and writing now began to be taught. Think of a father tearing out the bright eyes of his children because in play they ventured to hide their heads beneath his cloak! and yet this is what one Roger de Montgomery is said to have done.

Indeed, for many years after, parents considered it their duty to keep their little ones at a distance, and treat them with severity. Children never sat down in the presence of their elders, and never spoke unless spoken to; while ladies carried fans with handles a yard long with which to correct their daughters, even if they were grown women.

That gentle, unfortunate girl, Lady Jane Grey, who was put to death at sixteen, once said to Roger Ascham: "One of the greatest benefits God ever gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in the presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the horror I bear them), so without measure misordered that I think myself in torment till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, that I think time nothing while with him; and when I am called from him I fall to weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of trouble, fear, and whole misliking to me."

And yet of this young girl, Fuller writes, "She had the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle, the gravity of old age, the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a martyr for her parents' offenses."

But you must not think the little folks of long ago never had any good times. There were, no doubt, jolly romps on the play-ground and in the nursery. The girls delighted in dancing, and the boys in wrestling, bull and bear baiting, running, and boxing. About the twelfth century, too, we hear of balls, tops, nine-pins, dolls, and queer little knights on horseback, called jousting toys.

Dolls were first used by Roman children, and were more like little wooden and ivory statues than the life-like images our girls delight in. But they were loved and cherished, and often buried in the coffins of their little owners, where they have since been found.

Live pets, too, children had in abundance, particularly dogs, birds, and monkeys, while part of the bedroom furniture was a perch for the falcons used in hunting.

We read a great deal about magpies in those days, and mischievous creatures they were. A funny story is told of one in a little book of counsels written by a father for his daughter:

"A lady once kept a magpie in a cage, that chatted of everything it saw and heard. Her husband had preserved a large eel in a pond on his estate, which he was saving to give some friends he expected to dine with him. My lady, however, took a fancy to the eel, and one day she and her maid regaled themselves upon it. All this the magpie watched with attention, and when the master returned it shouted, 'My lord, my lady has eaten the eel.'

"Going to the pond, and missing the fish, he asked his wife what had become of it. She tried to excuse herself, but he declared he knew all, for the magpie had told him. The result was a quarrel, and the lady and her maid, in their wrath, seized the poor bird and plucked all the feathers from his head, exclaiming, 'You told about the eel.'

"The bird was left with a bare pate, and whenever after he saw a bald-headed person, he always shouted, mockingly, 'Ah! you told about the eel.'"

Monkeys, too, were prime favorites, and on the antics of one of them once hung the destiny of England. When Oliver Cromwell, of whom you have all heard, was a baby, he was taken on a visit to his grandfather, old Sir Henry Cromwell, who owned a very large and strong monkey. One day when the nurse was out of the way this monkey snatched little Oliver out of the cradle, and ran swiftly with him to the roof of the house. As you may imagine, his mother and all the family were terribly alarmed, and as they could not catch the animal, they placed feather-beds all round the house for the child to fall on if the monkey dropped him. But Master Jocko was a better nurse than they thought, and when he had given his little charge an airing, brought him back, and deposited him quite safe and sound.

There were, too, some grand festivals every year: the May-day dance around the May-pole, cherry feasts in the fruit orchard; "harvest-home," and "sheep-shearing," with their "cheese-cakes" and "warden pies," and, above all, Christmas, with its revels, music, and pageants. We can fancy the merry troops going to one of these fêtes, the girls with their long hair bound with fillets of silver, and the boys dressed to look like men in miniature. The hobby-horse dance, hot cockles, and blindman's-buff, were the chief Christmas sports, led by the Lord of Misrule, who reigned for twelve days; but there was rather a doleful ending to the fun on Innocents' Day, when early in the morning all the poor children were whipped in their beds to impress upon their minds the murder of the innocents.

After the Reformation, learning spread rapidly, but still there were no charming story-books, papers, or magazines published expressly for young people, although it is said we owe our art of printing on paper indirectly to children. A citizen of Haarlem was walking in the woods, when he employed himself by cutting letters on a tree and taking off impressions of them in ink to amuse his grandchildren. This suggested the idea of printing, and from the wish to please some little Dutch Hans or Trudchen came the many books that have been the joy and comfort of millions.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth scholars learned to read from a horn-book, a sort of tablet mounted on wood and covered with horn, on which were printed the alphabet, vowels, words of two letters, and the Lord's Prayer.

In some things, however, young folks were ahead of those of to-day. Girls particularly excelled in needle-

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work, and Queen Elizabeth herself, when only six years old, made the christening shirt for her baby brother Edward VI.—a royal example to our little maids of that age who can hardly sew their dolls' clothes.

It would seem very odd now for a boy or girl of ten to be brought in from play and informed that he or she was to be married within a month. Yet formerly this often happened among the children of the nobility. An incident is told of little Isabella of Valois, who was chosen for the second wife of King Richard II. when scarcely eight. She must have been a staid little woman, for when the Earl Marshal of England waited on her, and said, "Madam, if it please God, you shall be our Queen," she spoke up of her own accord, "Sir, if it please God and my lord and father that I be Queen of England, I shall be well pleased thereat, for I have been told I shall then be a great lady"; and from that time, an old chronicler says, it was pretty to see her practicing "how to act queen."

Gradually, however, times improved, and child-life with them. The bond between parents and children became more that of love and less that of fear. The Dutch sent more and more beautiful toys broadcast over the world, for

"What the children of Holland take pleasure in making,
The children of England [and America] take pleasure in breaking."

Juvenile books began to appear; and an ancient family in England has preserved a baby-house made in the time of Queen Anne, with "the doll dressed in the costume of that period, and the plate of real silver." It was probably the greatest treasure of some old-fashioned little lady, and kept as "too pretty to use"; but after all I have told you, I think you will be glad that you live in 1885, when so much is done for the instruction and happiness of little folks. When lessons are hard and things don't go quite straight, just think of the days of long ago, and I am sure you will not wish to exchange places with the young people of the olden time.

## VIOLET.

BY WALTER BOBBETT.

I.



T was the 7th of June. There was no reason to doubt that. "And yet that stupid old calendar says it is the 1st." Violet tore the leaves off—one, two, three, four, five, six; at last seven. Under the numbers were printed short mottoes. Some she did not quite understand. Under the 7 was this quotation: "Some people have an object in life; some have not." That is plain enough, said Violet, but to make sure she ran to ask mamma. But mamma was in a hurry to go driving, so left her little one on the steps of the house, saying to herself, "I wonder if I have got an object."

The sun had gone, and the little dots in the sky flashed and sparkled as if they had something very funny to say, but had begun to laugh before they had had time to say it. Violet's little head lay on her pillow, eyes upturned to them. "Oh, do tell me if I've got an object, there's a dear little star." Still the stars kept on laughing till the blue eyes were tired of looking up at them, and slowly closed. Violet was asleep.

The big hand on the tower clock next morning pointed up, and the small one at seven, when the nurse entered Violet's room and washed and dressed her. Then the little girl went down-stairs, stopping for a moment in the hall to look at the portraits of grandpa and grandma.

Then came great-grandpa, and after that it was too much for Violet to remember, there were so many "greats." "I wonder whether any of you had an object," thought Violet. At that moment the breakfast bell rang, and Violet had something else to think about.

Violet was in the garden with Anthony the gardener.

"Anthony, that tree is full of little apples."

"Yes, Miss Violet."

"The calendar says 'people ought to have an object in life.'"

"Well?" said Anthony.

"I'll make it my object to wait until the little apples get big, and then—"

"Oh," laughed Anthony, "it don't mean exactly that; but never mind—when the apples are ripe you'll have all you want."

Then a butterfly flew past, and forgetting Anthony and the apples, Violet ran after the flash of silver that floated in the air, on, on, till she found herself on the bank of a stream, while the butterfly, with gently moving wings, seemed to float over the little sheet of water, and disappear in the tall grass beyond.

Greatly disappointed, Violet sat down to cry; then she changed her mind and did not, as nobody was there to watch her, and her grief would all be wasted. "I'll wait here awhile before I go back. I feel a little bit tired." And she sat watching the daisies nodding their heads, and the dandelion seed fly off in a cloud of little spears, as if to drive away all the flies that ventured too near.

Still the daisies kept on nodding—nodding in a sleepy see-saw motion, and everything was so still, and the nodding at last began to keep time to Violet's pulse. She could hear it now, a steady, regular motion. Then it seemed to grow louder and louder, more like the sound of oars. Yes, it must be so. It *was* a boat, a very strange old-fashioned boat. Where could it have come from? The rowers were old-fashioned too. In the stern of the boat sat a gentleman who wore an old-time dress, and Violet at once made up her mind that he was a Cavalier.

The Cavalier arose; so did Violet, who was not a little astonished at seeing such a large boat on the little stream. In the fore part of the boat were piled a number of small barrels, and the Cavalier asked permission to fill them with water at the spring that bubbled out of a rock near where Violet stood. Violet gave permission; so the men stepped out of the boat and carried the water barrels to the spring, while she stood looking on.

Soon the barrels were filled with water and were placed back in the boat. The Cavalier then thanked Violet, and told the men to take the oars and row away. When they had turned the boat round Violet called out,

"Sir Cavalier, if it's not too much trouble, will you row me down-stream, for it will be a nearer way for me to get home?"

"Willingly," was the answer; and so it came that Violet stepped into the old-fashioned boat, and began to chat with the Cavalier as if she had known him all her life.

"Why, how funny all the river looks! it's getting so broad; I never saw it look like this before," exclaimed Violet, as the boat gave a sharp turn around a bend. But her companion did not heed her remark. Violet seemed to have forgotten all about her landing-place, for she never mentioned the subject.

"I never knew it was so long," said Violet; "I thought it flowed into the lake."

"Oh, no, indeed," said the Cavalier; "it does not; it flows into the sea. This boat has only just come from the ship that is anchored at the mouth of this stream."

"And am I going to the ship too?" asked Violet.

All this while the boat was being rapidly rowed on, and

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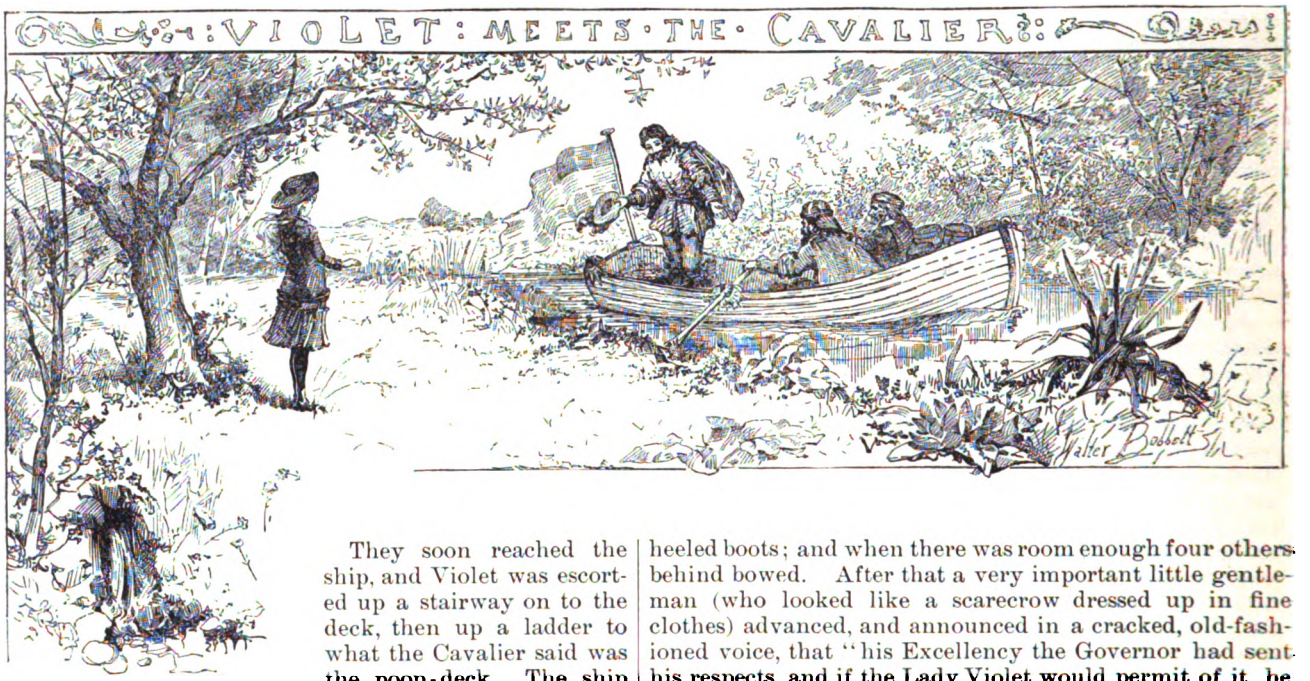
it was not long before the mouth of the stream was reached. Over a few little waves, and they were fairly out at sea. What a sight for Violet! As far as she could see, the blue waters seemed to reach; nor was this all, for a short distance from the boat there floated such a queer-looking ship, and beyond the ship, a long way off, was a country that looked like fairy-land.

"Oh!" exclaimed the little girl, "are we going over there? I'm so glad I came!"

"Yes," said the Cavalier, "you are to sail over in the ship, and dine with the Governor."

"And what then?"

"Oh, you'll see," said the Cavalier.




They soon reached the ship, and Violet was escorted up a stairway on to the deck, then up a ladder to what the Cavalier said was the poop-deck. The ship matched the boat perfectly. It looked two or three hundred years old, and all the sailors seemed to belong to some other period. Over the stern of the vessel hung two great lanterns, and a flagstaff was placed between them.

Before her, with his hand on the flag-pole, stood an elderly man, who seemed to be the Captain. He stepped forward, without noticing the Cavalier, and saluted Violet, then roared through his trumpet, "Raise the anchor!" and invited Violet to lunch in the cabin below, where the Cavalier followed, as a matter of course. They had a very nice lunch, and Violet was very much amused at the Captain, he was so comic. They were so much occupied that no one noticed how the time went until the Captain pulled his watch out of his belt and said, "I think we must have reached the other side." With that he excused himself, and went on deck, as he called it, or on the roof, as Violet called it, and she and the Cavalier followed.

If the distant land which Violet had seen looked like fairy-land when she had started on the voyage, it was nothing then to what it seemed now. It was dazzling. Beyond the beach was a wall of rock that flashed in the sunlight like diamonds, while farther on stood a strange city that seemed all towers. Far and near were groves of palms and stately palaces. Presently a barge put off from the shore and approached the ship.

"What's it coming here for?" asked Violet.

"To take you ashore," answered the Cavalier.

"Will you come with me?"

"No," said the Cavalier; "I belong to the ship. You will see me when you come back."

Violet was sorry to part with her friend, but she stepped into the barge, which by this time had reached the vessel, and after waving "good-by," turned her face toward the shore, and saw that they were making for some stone steps, which after a few minutes they reached.

Violet stepped ashore, and hardly knew whether to laugh or not at the strangely dressed crowd of people that were waiting to receive her, and who looked more like the portrait of the "very great-grandpa" than anything else she could think of.

When the little girl reached the top of the steps four gentlemen bowed, and then shuffled aside on their high-heeled boots; and when there was room enough four others behind bowed. After that a very important little gentleman (who looked like a scarecrow dressed up in fine clothes) advanced, and announced in a cracked, old-fashioned voice, that "his Excellency the Governor had sent his respects, and if the Lady Violet would permit of it, he would deem it a great honor to be allowed to escort her to the palace."

Violet wondered at all the ceremony, and also how they had found out her name, but she gave no token of surprise, and thanking the "scarecrow" gentleman, seated herself in a Sedan-chair that stood ready to receive her, and was borne on the shoulders of four men to the palace of the Governor.

When she alighted she stood lost in wonder at the sight. Nothing she had ever seen had equalled this. Before her was a magnificent castle that seemed to be built of great plates of copper, shining in the sunlight, and reflecting beautiful colors.

While Violet continued to gaze at the scene before her she noticed with surprise that the part of the castle which was furthest from her was rising in the air. Gradually but surely the upward motion was communicated to the whole building, which, becoming at the same time paler and paler in color, seemed to lift itself in the form of a huge white tower. Then, when there seemed to be no-



THE GOVERNOR.

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thing lacking to finish it but the top of the tall spire that reached far up toward the clouds, it suddenly and without the least noise changed, and falling down in a strange manner, became a building shaped like a cathedral.

Violet was astonished at what she saw, and turned round to question some one about it. To her further surprise she found that all the people who had accompanied her had disappeared. The thought of being left alone in that strange land was beginning to frighten her, when haply her eye caught a glimpse of a procession coming across one of the inner courts of the palace.

Violet did not know exactly what to do, so stood still, ready to meet the stately-looking gentleman who, followed by many guards, was advancing toward her. It needed no one to tell her that she was in the presence of "his Excellency;" his dress was enough for her to know that. The little girl had an idea, from all she had ever read, that Governors as a rule were a hard-hearted set of men, who were always putting somebody into prison. But this one was quite different, and won her heart at once. He gave his hand to the little girl, saying, "The Lady Violet is welcome, *very* welcome"; then, without another word, he offered his arm to Violet, which she accepted, and the troops presented arms as they entered the palace gates.



VIOLET GOES ON BOARD THE SHIP.

The Governor was tall, and Violet just the reverse, so that it was all that she could do to reach up to his arm. As for his stooping over, that was out of the question; his dignity was not flexible enough for that.

"How ridiculous this must seem!" thought Violet, but nobody appeared to notice it. Everything passed so quickly that before she was aware of it she stood in the great hall of the palace.

"And now," said his Excellency the Governor, "if the learned Doctor will appear—"

The "learned Doctor" seemed to bounce up in a minute. Violet was delighted with him. He was not a bit old, and did not look more than eleven.

"Oh! how do you do?" said he. "I am so glad to see you! I've been waiting so long for some one to talk to—they are all so stupid here."

"Hush! What will they think of you?" asked Violet.

"Oh, they are all deaf," said the Doctor. "They have one or two answers for all questions you ask them. The Governor is the only one who knows anything, but you must not be surprised at anything he may say to you, for he is a great astronomer, and is always talking about stars. You know, I'm a doctor, and I study—well, I study a great many things. This book," he continued, picking up a large volume, "I always carry with me, so that I can write down all that I happen to hear or find out for myself. In that way I have collected a great deal of information. I also give lectures."

"I thought you said everybody was deaf. How could they hear what you said?" interrupted Violet.

The Doctor very hurriedly changed the subject.

"I am sure," said he, "you would like to see the palace grounds, especially the flower garden."

"Yes, I should very much," answered Violet, "but perhaps the Governor will not like me to leave him so soon."

"Oh, he will not mind; I do not think he will think anything about it."

"But where are we?" asked Violet, as they walked toward a doorway through which flowers could be seen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# August:

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am eight years old. My eldest brother has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number, and we are very much interested in all the stories. I thought perhaps some of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE might like to hear how we spent the Fourth of July. We had a tent erected in the yard. My eldest brother and a friend of his printed programmes and tickets for an afternoon performance. We invited a number of friends, and had our dinner in the tent, which, of course, made it taste better. The tent was decorated with a large flag and with red, white, and blue bunting. The table was trimmed with small flags. In the evening we had fireworks—rockets, pin-wheels, and Bengal-lights. I will inclose a programme of the afternoon's entertainment. I have two little brothers, one five, and the other three; one has blue eyes and light hair, the other black eyes and dark hair. The youngest sings very sweetly; he sang "The Star-spangled Banner" at the entertainment. We enjoyed ourselves very much indeed. I have two dolls. We have a dog which is over twelve years old; he is blind in one eye. MARIE L. G.

The programme which Marie kindly sent is a proof that these young people understand how to arrange a charming entertainment. I would like to have seen the tableaux, to have heard the songs, and to have helped in eating the dinner.

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SHERIDAN, OREGON.

I have no pets except my sweet little two-year-old brother; every one loves him, he is so cute. My older brother has a little pony named Buckskin. We all ride him. Sometimes papa harnesses him to the buggy. My papa is a surveyor, and is gone from home a good deal. We have a nice large orchard; our plums are getting ripe now. We have a nice home, situated near the foot-hills of the Coast Range of mountains. We can see the little town of Sheridan from our windows. I help mamma sew on the sewing-machine. Mamma has a Chinaman as a cook. The Chinese are the best and almost the only servants we can get in Oregon. LILLIE M.

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HOMER, LOUISIANA.

I must tell you about a walk which several little girls and I took this morning. We were going to gather berries and figs. We started early. The morning was cloudy, and a pleasant breeze was blowing. We were crossing an oat field, and were talking gayly, when we heard a noise. We could not imagine what it was. We stopped to listen, when one of the girls said, "It is a bird, and it is in distress." We crept slowly along, and, to our horror, we beheld a large snake wound around a mother bird, a partridge, trying to swallow it, with a brood of little ones around crying. We ran off a little way, when Cora said, "Girls, it is cruel to leave that snake there; it will devour every one of those little birds. Help me, and we will kill it." We picked up sticks and made a charge. We made a brave fight, and finally gained the victory. We then renewed our search for berries, and found two mocking-birds' nests in the fig-trees, with eight young birds in them. Our dog, which went with us, was chased away by the mother birds. On the way home we stopped beside a beautiful running stream and under a shade tree. We swung on the grape-vine swing that my mamma and her little playmates used to swing in; we could swing almost across the creek. I am a little girl twelve years old, and hope my letter is not too long.

LALLA ROOKE J.

You had an exciting adventure.

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LONDON, CANADA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl nine years old. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Papa gave it to me for a Christmas present. At first mamma used to read the stories to me, but now I read them myself. My papa is the Assistant Superintendent at the Asylum here. I have two little sisters; one is Jessie and the other is Elsie. I study geography, reading, spelling, arithmetic, and dictation. We collect specimens and study natural history. I drive in every morning to school with two little ponies that travel like the wind. Our grounds are lovely. We have an avenue a quarter of a mile long. I have a little garden of my own. We are going away next week for a visit to Rochester and Canandaigua.

EDITH B.

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COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and am spending my summer in Cooperstown. I have a little gray kitten, and she is very cunning, but she has a sore eye. There is a lovely lake here, called Lake Otsego. Long ago there used to be Indians here, and people find Indian relics all around. I think this paper is the nicest one ever published, and I am always in a hurry to get it.

LULU M. F.

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WATERTOWN, NEW YORK.

We are two cousins. We both take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much, especially the story of "Rolf House." I, G. M., have a donkey for a pet; his name is Don. I have a little village cart, and enjoy riding very much. We send you some pansies which we have pressed.

GRACE M. and ELLA K.

Thank you both.

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SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA.

I have had curvature of the spine. I am nearly well now. I had to lie down for three years, and could not move my feet at all. Your loving reader, HARRY M.

Will active little fellows, who can run and jump as freely as they please, just stop and think how they would have felt in Harry's place, compelled to lie still for three years? Harry, we are very glad that you are getting well.

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Here is a story by one of our little writers:

### LOST IN THE WOODS.

There was once upon a time a little girl named Florence Evans. She had one brother named Willie, who was nine years old. One beautiful spring morning the two children set out for the woods to gather wild-flowers. When they reached the woods they saw some beautiful blue and white violets. They picked as many as they could carry, and then as they saw in the distance some anemones, they went on to pick them. Near the anemones was some beautiful blood-root. Of course the children wanted to pick that, so on and on they wandered, heedless of everything except the beautiful flowers that seemed to try to allure them further and further. At length Florence said, "Willie, I am hungry; have you anything in your pocket?"

"Yes, Florence," said Willie; "I have a biscuit, but I think that it must be dinner-time, so we ought to go home."

The children turned and tried to find the path, but in vain. Again and again they looked, until at last Florence began to cry, "I want to go home to mamma, and I want my dinner."

"Oh, Florence," said Willie; "don't be a baby. I am trying to find the path, but I can't find it if you don't help me. Here is a biscuit for you, Florence," he added; "you can eat it all if you want to."

Willie tried to speak bravely, for he thought, as he was the older and a boy, he ought to do so, but it was not without great difficulty. Moreover, he was very hungry himself, so it was another sacrifice to part with his biscuit. At length, after he had tried in vain to find the path, he sat down by Florence and tried to comfort her. He saw some wild-strawberries a little way off, so he picked them and gave them to Florence, saying, "Never mind, Florry; I am sure that mamma and papa will find us." As he spoke, he heard a shout in the distance. He answered it, and in a few moments some men came running up, and with them the father of the children. As soon as he saw the children he rushed up and kissed them, at the same time shedding tears of joy and gratitude. In a few moments a wagon came up to the place where they were seated, and the children were lifted in by their father, who gave them something to eat and drink, and then, accompanied by the men who had gone with him in search of the children, he drove home. When they came in sight of their home the children saw their mother on the step, eagerly watching the wagon to see if her darlings were safe. As soon as the wagon stopped, the children rushed into their mother's arms and kissed her. Then their father thanked the men who had gone with him, and took the children into the house, where they were wrapped up warmly and put to bed, so they could not catch cold after their exposure in the woods. The next day they felt quite well, and from that day never ventured into the woods alone again.

M. A. M. (twelve years old).

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PAWNEE CITY, NEBRASKA.

I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for some time, and like it very much. As I am only seven years old, and live in the country, where we do not get many opportunities to go to school, I can not read much, except school-books, but papa and mamma read the paper to me. I like the letters and short stories; I thought "Tom's Troubles" was a good piece, and also the piece about prairie-dogs. I study reading, spelling, and counting at school. We little girls have a good time playing. We have three cats and seven kittens. They are very cute. Yesterday an old hen and one of the kittens had a fight; the hen thought the kitten was going to hurt one of her chickens. I have a wax baby doll which I call Jennie. I have a little sister three years old, Alice Bell, and she would like to go to school. Our school will close next Friday, and I have a little speech to recite. I wish you could see us romping over the place, hunting berries. I can not write very well yet, and papa, who used to be a printer, was afraid your printers could not read my writing, so he wrote this for me.

ELLA V. C.

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MONTICELLO, FLORIDA.

As I have seen very few letters from the "Land of Flowers," I thought I would write one. My dear auntie, who lives in Boston, has been sending me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since November. I am a little boy ten years of age, and I have three sisters, two older than myself and one younger, and we all like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, even papa and mamma. CLIFFORD O.

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PITTSTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

We are two cousins. The scenery on the west side of the Susquehanna River is beautiful. We have a cabinet which contains various stones, moss, money, stamps, and candy from China. We take music and German lessons. There are mountains, woods, and many coal mines where we live. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a long time, and enjoy it very much. We like the Post-office Box the best. With much love to you, we remain your little friends,

BELLA and SELMA (aged 11 and 13).

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I was ten years old last April. I was examined and passed for the B sixth class at school. Vacation began two weeks ago. My teacher is very kind, and I like her very much. We have two cows, Boss and Jock, and a dog named Sancho. I have nine dolls. Our church is going to give an entertainment on the 16th of July, in which I am

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to take part. There are to be the four seasons, and I am to represent Autumn. I shall have a bright red dress on, trimmed with barley and wheat. I received HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present, and can scarcely wait from one week to another for its visits. I am very glad Nan got Rolf House back again. I think I. McD.'s poem is very nice.

ELISABETH EMMA S.

SAND SPRING, IOWA.

I am a little girl nine years of age. I never saw a letter from this State, so I thought I would write one. I think it is nice that we can hear from little girls all over the world through your paper. We like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and are very sorry that "Rolf House" is ended. I like the character of Nan. I have three brothers. My oldest brother cuts pictures, of which I will send you some; he is ten and a half years old. I hope you will have room for them. There was a gentleman from New York here, and he called Iowa the Valley of Eden. We have a great many berries of all kinds, and I wish that all the little children in New York who never saw a berry grow could see ours. MYRA H. B.

Your brother's work shows that he has talent, and I am much obliged to you for sending specimens of it to me, although they could not very well go into the paper.

NEW YORK CITY.

I live in the crowded city of New York, near the East River. My sister wrote a letter giving the description of the view of the East River, so I will not write about it. I will tell you how I received HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. My Sunday-school teacher asked our class if we would like to take it. So she subscribed for it and sent it to me. After I have read it I give it to another girl of my class, and she passes it on, and so it goes, till all the girls have read it. Then I receive it again, and take it to St. Luke's Hospital for the sick children. Our teacher has sent it to us for three years. Then she awarded a prize to the girl who should have the best attendance and lessons; the prize was to be the choice between HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and a story-book. I received the prize, and took HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for one year. EMILIE S.

## FOR THE "LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS."

### BED-MAKING.

Shake the mattress up and down,
Then return it to its place;
Lay the first sheet very smooth,
Slip the bolster in its case;
One more sheet, of blankets, three,
Then the snowy counterpane;
Two plump pillows at the top,
The quilt o'er all the rest will reign.

CLOVER.

Three blankets in this weather, Clover? But your stanza is very good.

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I like this paper very much. Of all the stories, I like "Into Unknown Seas" best. I have one little sister, and a large family of dolls. I love to read, and have a good many books. I have no pets to write about. I send you two Diamonds that I made myself. WINNIE S.

Thank you, Winnie.

VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA.

I thought I would write and give you a description of Vallejo. It is situated on Vallejo Bay, opposite the Mare Island Navy-yard, which is the chief place of interest. Besides this, there are the Good Templars' Home for Orphans, the Starr Flouring Mills, and the school-house. I made a barrel hammock like the one shown in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and find it easier to swing in than the canvas ones. S. McK.

BREAKABALE, LOUISIANA.

I live in Louisiana, on Red River. This is a very pretty place, and I like it very much. Red River runs right in front of our house. Now I will tell you about my squirrel—I call him Bun: if he is up a tree, and I go out and say, "Bun, Bun," he will come. I liked "The Ice Queen" better than any continued story I have ever read in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. DORA A.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

I had a little canary-bird, but he died a few days ago, and mamma bought me another, which is real cunning. I have been studying botany this term. I am collecting leaves, and I wonder if the boys or girls of the South and West would please send me some leaves of trees and plants that do not grow here, with the names attached. I was very sorry when "Rolf House" ended, it was such a real story. I have taken this paper for two years, and I think it splendid. I buy it with my own money. My sister and four other young ladies, who have formed a club and made dresses for the poor children of the city, held a fair and festival last week, which was very successful. They made, after paying expenses, sixty-eight dollars. Some one sent a dozen dolls' clothes-pins, hand-painted in different colors, with narrow ribbon on the top. They were very pretty, but you want to know their use? They were little book-marks. Don't you think it a pretty idea? I am twelve years old. Hoping you will have a pleasant summer, I remain your constant reader, LULIE S.

I am very glad to have you tell about the dolls' clothes-pins, for I fancy some of the other children will try to make some like them. How very pleased I am to hear that so many of our young people are denying themselves and working hard in order that some of the summer's pleasure may be given to the poor! Do you not wish to send a notice of exchange for the columns on the cover, offering some leaves of your own for those of other places?

MARYSVILLE, NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA.

I am eleven years old, and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE but a few months; my sister before that had taken it for some years. My grandfather has built a cotton mill; it is the largest in the Dominion. They have only just begun to make cotton in it; it has been working only since the 1st of May. The trade-mark is a spruce-tree, and it is called "Gibson Cotton." Marysville is a very pretty place on the Nashwaak River. There are a great many trees in it. There are two saw-mills (grandpa is very often called the "Lumber King" of New Brunswick), a lovely little Methodist church, a school-house of three rooms, a hotel, a store, and a great many pretty houses. We have also a brick manufactory. I read in the Fourth Reader, and study grammar, geography, British and Canadian history, and arithmetic. It is vacation now. Professor S. is going away, and we are going to have a new professor. My sister Alice and myself take both instrumental and vocal lessons. Good-by.

ALMA M. G.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

I am ten years old. I have a baby sister named Florence; she is nine months old. I saw a letter in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from a little girl who tried to guess the color of your eyes, but you wrote under it that she had not guessed right, so I thought that I would guess. I think that you have either brown or gray eyes. May I join the Little Housekeepers? NORA B.

I have eyes which are very fond of looking at dear little girls, Nora. What color are yours? You may join the Little Housekeepers.

ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND.

I have often thought I would like to write to you, but feared you would not have room to print it. I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to school, and study various books. I have no pets except a little brother five years old; he has a squirrel. The little squirrel has hurt his foot. We have a great many cherries up here. Do you like cherries? Good-by. JULIA M. P.

Of course I do, and so, Julia, do the birds; but I hope you let them have a share of the feast.

COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK.

I live in Cooperstown, and am ten years old. I have no pets, but I have a sister larger than myself. We live right on Otsego Lake; it is lovely, and the hills around it make it beautiful. I go out fishing almost every day, with a friend of mine; she is writing to you too. I think this paper is lovely. S. W. W.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little boy eight years old. My sister is writing to you too. I have a little schooner, and I sail it on Otsego Lake. My father owns sixty acres of land here. I think this paper is splendid. This is the first letter I ever wrote to you, and I hope you will publish it. EDWARD F.

**Clyde Brobet,** 747 Genesee Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, wishes to receive again the address of a young lady who sent him a sheet of foreign stamps, so that he may complete his part of the exchange.—**Frederick G. R.:** I could read neither your letter nor your story, as both were written in pencil, and very faintly. Correspondents will please write always with ink.—**Several Exchangers:** Birds' eggs are never allowed as articles of exchange, nor are fire-arms of any description. Please recollect that your full name and address should accompany every exchange. Place it at the bottom, not at the top, of your exchange, and write on one side of the paper only. There is no charge for the insertion of an exchange.—**Mattie W.:** Thanks for your letter.—**Abbie T. W.:** The cow was very clumsy to tread on the kittens, and I think the kittens must have been fast asleep or they would not have allowed it. I have no doubt you gave them a very good funeral.—**Hannah H. G.** and **Josie:** Thanks for your letters.—**Clover:** It is necessary to send only the answers to the puzzles you have been able to solve. If you can not solve them all, do the very best you can.—**Sadie V.** and **Florence S.:** You both wrote very pleasant letters.—**Walter B. A.:** Thanks for your puzzles.—**M. C. M.:** A kiss to the baby brother.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. To permit. 3. A fruit. 4. A toy. 5. A letter.

2.—1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. A substance in every-day use. 4. A drink. 5. A letter.

S. T. ERLING.

### No. 2.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—In back, not in front.
In rain, not in snow.
In rook, not in eagle.
In mountain, not in valley.
In bark, not in howl.
In pencil, not in pen.
In lily, not in rose.
In present and in absent.
In bake and in boil.
In run, not in walk.
In air and in island.
In dress, not in cloak.
In gain, not in loss.
In red, white, and blue.
Whole is one of the wonders of the world.

LOTTIE S. SIMS.

2.—My first is in queer, but not in odd.
My second is in halibut, but not in cod.
My third is in mackerel, but not in fish.
My fourth is in platter, but not in dish.
My fifth is in grain, but not in wheat.
My sixth is in head, but not in feet.
My seventh is in Bruin, but not in bear.
My eighth is in anxious, but not in care.
My ninth is in mew, but not in purr.
My whole is a school in Andover.

HERBERT B. FOSTER.

### No. 3.

PI.

Nda etfe hatt toledert lows ot cholos,
Tenw orstngin tou ot ypalngi.

### No. 4.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a frown, and leave a monk's hood; again, and leave a bird. 2. Behead the third month, and leave a structure. 3. Behead contempt, and get a grain. 4. Behead a grain, and get warmth. 5. Behead a garment, and leave a grain. 6. Behead a weapon, and get an articulate sound. 7. Behead to wet thoroughly, and get a tree. 8. Behead a spot, and leave part of a bushel. 9. Behead a lance, and leave a fruit. 10. Behead to whirl, and leave a small pointed instrument. 11. Behead a reel used by weavers, and leave a pond. 12. Behead the best part of milk, and get a measure. PRUDA BOWERS.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 298.

No. 1.—
M
C A B
B A R O N
P O L Y G O N

No. 2.—
P A L M  C L A W
A G U E  L A C E
L U T E  A C H E
M E E T  W E E D

No. 3.—Stove. Brick.

No. 4.—Handsome is that handsome does.

No. 5.—
P
O A K
P A C H A
P A C I F I C
I N F E R
F I G
C

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Oscar Maicas, Ygnacio Vado, M. L. Volanco, Henry L. King, Marian Smith, Claudia Brownold, Harry Weyl, May W. H., Thomas Leeming, Edith Wooley, Nellie K. Robbins, Clara Moore, Zaida E. Heeney, Carrie Brennan, Harry Howard Hemstreet, Ella Brough, Margaret Maitland, Louise Fay, L. D. C., John Tasker, Wilberforce Emmons, Lottie Saunders, Jennie P. Love, Theodore Dow, Freddie Dean, Fritz Glauber, Bella Hirshfield, and Selma Gompertz.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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## HESITATION.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

Of course, without a doubt,
It's best to have it out;
Then I'll never have a toothache any more.
I've hit the very thing—
The door-knob and a string;
But I somehow kind o' hate to shut the door.

## SOME MUSIC-LOVING ANIMALS.

THERE was once a very naughty little girl who frightened her papa and mamma by flying into dreadful fits of crying, which they could not soothe. A wise old auntie who came to visit at the house remarked that she believed these "tantrums" could be cured by music; so whenever Miss Amy began to scream, her auntie began to play "Old Hundred" on the melodeon, and the remedy always proved effectual.

Similar instances of the charm of music are related, not as bearing upon naughty girls, but as affecting animals. In the Highlands of Scotland the milkmaids often sing to the sulky cows to restore them to good-humor, and in France the peasants at work in the fields sing to the patient oxen, and thus cheer them in their labor.

A lady in Edinburgh had a pet rabbit which behaved in a frantic manner if its mistress touched the harmonium, scratching the legs of the instrument, and showing signs of anger quite frightful in a rabbit. But if the lady went to the piano, Bunny was delighted, and almost danced a jig round the piano stool.

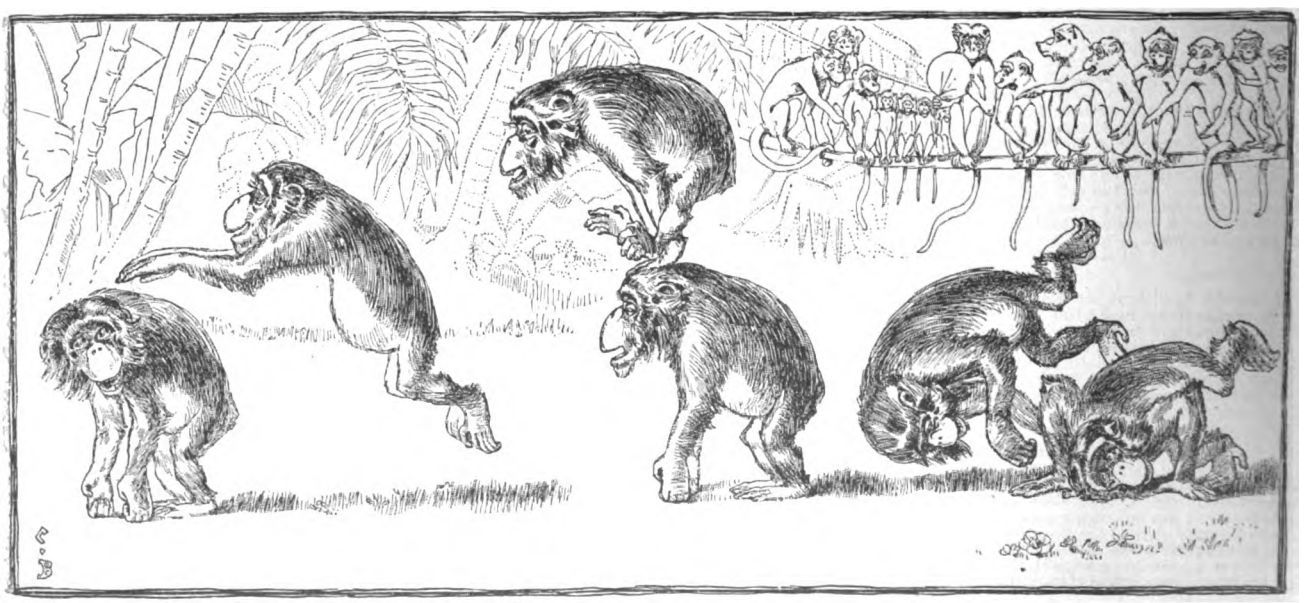
Lambs and sheep pause in the pasture to listen to a lively tune. A lamb has been taught to dance the polka in excellent time. Rats, by-the-bye, have made agile performers on the tight-rope, keeping step to music, and there are a great many houses in which musical mice have lived and died.

Everybody has seen poor clumsy Bruin going through the motions of a waltz, and of course we have seen the performances of trained horses and dogs in the circus. If these animals were not gifted with an ear for music, it would be in vain to endeavor to teach them such difficult feats with their feet.

During long marches in the deserts the conductors of caravans often comfort their camels by playing on instruments. Weary though the poor animals may be, they step out bravely when they hear a merry air.

Perhaps the most wonderful thing which has ever been heard of in this connection is a fact related by J. G. Tennant in the *Natural History of Ceylon*. The cobra is the deadliest of serpents. No cure for its poison has ever been discovered. A snake-charmer playing on his pipe had drawn one of these reptiles out of its hole, and catching him in a hair noose, he released him in an open space. There he experimented upon him in the presence of a crowd of people. Whenever the man played, the cobra listened, seeming powerless. The moment he paused, the cobra threw himself forward with fury. This continued until the audience had been sufficiently amused, when the musician ceased, and the venomous snake was killed.

Many other instances might be related of the extraordinary fascination music has for the dumb creation, and of their likes and dislikes in the matter of instruments and airs.



SPORTS IN THE TROPICS—LEAP-FROG.

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 302. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




THE MUSIC LESSON.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 642.


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## THE LUTE.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

THE noonday air is warm and still,
And sweet with roses blossoming;
The sunlight falls through pillared gloom,
And makes a radiance in the room;
The birds at last have ceased to sing.

But soft through shadow and through sun
There floats a silver thread of sound—
A melody so fine and clear
That scarce the scented atmosphere
Is startled from its hush profound.

A child upon the cool divan
Sits, bending low her silken head.
Forgotten for the nonce her play;
Her books and flowers are cast away;
She clasps a wondrous toy instead.

Above the polished marble floor
She swings her little bare white feet;
Her earnest gaze is downward bent,
Her face with eager thought intent,
With childish beauty fair and sweet.

Within her mother's arms she leans,
Who watches her with loving eyes,
And guides the small, uncertain hand
In ways it does not understand,
But, innocently daring, tries.

Oh, stubborn lute, that would not speak
When little fingers press the strings!
Her cheeks with happy color bloom
When at her touch, through all the room,
The sound of fairy music rings.

Swing carelessly the little feet,
Play lightly, sweetly in the sun,
Bend low above the magic lute,
And wake the chords that linger, mute,
To feel your fingers, little one.

Set all your days to melody
As one by one the years depart;
Tune with your little hand the strings
Till life to one sweet measure rings,
The music of your happy heart.

## THE FIRST INVENTOR.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

MAN takes immense credit to himself for the many wonderful works he has done, in digging mines and canals, in tunnelling mountains, in building bridges, in turning rivers from their course, in walking on the waters, and sailing through the air.

Yet all these things were done by living beings long before he appeared upon the earth. The busy beaver built great dams across the course of streams. Many insects sunk deep mines, dug long canals, or made tunnels under the hills. Others built bridges, and managed to fly and float without wings or sails.

Of these creatures, one of the most wonderful is the spider. We are apt to view this odd-shaped little net-builder with contempt and fear, and to shrink from him as we would from a poison-bearing serpent. Yet all this is the effect of unreasoning prejudice. The spider is one of the most harmless of all creatures, and can be freely handled without the least danger to life and limb.

And we might safely forgive our little weaver his lack of beauty for his great usefulness. We consider him our enemy, but he is really one of our greatest friends. He does not get in our way or meddle with our private concerns, but only asks to be let alone in his out-of-the-way corner, where only he is at home. And if by chance he makes his appearance on table or desk, sleeve or finger, we may be sure that he is doing his best to get away. He feels himself as much out of place as we feel him to be, and if left to his own devices will quickly emigrate to a less public situation.

Our special foes in this small world are the buzzing flies and stinging mosquitoes, and the innumerable gnats and midges which are so annoyingly fond of human company, and which flirt and dance about us until we pray for winter and relief.

It is here that the spider is our great friend, for his whole labor of life is devoted to the removal from our path of these troublesome insects, of which untold millions are destroyed every year by our uncouth ally. The insect plague is bad enough as it is, but life in summer would be almost unbearable did not the active spider come to our rescue and make havoc in the endless army of our foes.

Seeing here and there a spider web holding the wings and limbs of a few devoured insects, we might imagine that no important number of these noxious creatures was destroyed. Yet spiders are far more abundant than we might fancy from this. Go out on a dewy morning, and look over a field of waving grass, and you will probably see it shining with myriads of fine silken lines, which seem to have sprung into being, like Aladdin's palace, in the night. Yet, in fact, they were there long before, though unobserved. It is only the dew and the sun that bring them so suddenly into sight. Everywhere these lines are spread, and endless hosts of minute flying nuisances fall into them and perish.

But let us now consider our little arachnid in another light—that of a rival of man in the mechanic arts. Of all the lower animals, none but the ant compares with the spider in the variety of its instincts and industries, while by the aid of its floating line the spider performs feats which the greatest genius in the ant world would attempt in vain.

Thus the spider is the primitive fisherman. It trolls for the trout of the air with its far-reaching lines, and it weaves these lines into an artistically fashioned net, which it sets across the path of its flying prey, as men drop similar nets into rivers across the path of their swimming victims.

To lie in wait for its prey this shrewd fisher constructs cunning lurking-places of intricately woven silken lines, which sometimes become close and comfortable tubes, or cylindrical palace halls, lined with silk, and as neat and cozy as a lady's boudoir. Here Master Arachnid sits like a true fisherman, with his foot on a line that leads out to his net, waiting eagerly for a nibble. If he feels the least pull on his fishing line, he dashes out hastily to secure his prey. But if some powerful creature has rushed through his net, tearing it into ribbons, as a sturgeon will rush through and rend the net of a shad-fisher, he quietly mends his torn net, and sets it again in the stream.

As the spider wove the first fishing-net, so he invented the first flying-machine. And this is a contrivance far neater and safer than the balloon, and one which man will probably never surpass. It is the useful silken line again, here turned to a new purpose. We may see these lines occasionally floating in great numbers through the air, though we usually fail to see the captain spider, seated comfortably at one end of his flying ship.

Close observation has shown how this is done. A young gentleman spider, who has taken a fancy to see the world, stations himself on some good holding locality, and begins to send out a fine thread from his spinnerets. As it grows longer and longer, the faint breeze catches and drags at it. But the spider clings firmly to his support. It is not long enough yet for his purposes. As the line grows longer and floats upward on the wind, it pulls more strongly. But not till he feels that it is able to bear his weight does he let go. Immediately away he soars, high and far through the free fields of air.

The light line of spider silk answers to the gas of the balloon. Not until the tug of gas or silk is strong enough does the aeronaut let go his hold upon Mother Earth and mount upward toward the stars. When tired with his flight, the balloonist lets part of his gas escape, and descends to the earth. How is it with the flying spider?

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We do not know, but it is quite likely that he draws in part of his line, until the remainder is not quite able to bear his weight, and so descends gently toward the earth.

Water no more checks the roving tastes of our enterprising friends than does the air. They may be seen to run as lightly over its surface as on dry land. And as spiders invented the first flying-machine, so did they the first diving-bell. It is no uncommon sight to see a spider descend below the surface and remain under water for a long time, sometimes for several hours. He takes the air with him, just as the diver does in his bell. But the insect has the better contrivance of the two. He needs no boat-load of other spiders above him to pump down fresh air. He takes enough with him to last during his whole trip.

In some cases our spider goes further than this. He builds a little under-water cave, attached to the side of some water plant, and opening downward. This he fills with air, which is taken down bubble by bubble, until it closely resembles the diving-bell made by man. Here the eggs are laid, and the young are born, safely removed from all the dangers of the dry land, and with air enough to keep them in breathing material, until they are old enough to desert their water palace and come ashore.

Again we may look upon the spider as the builder of the first suspension-bridge. He quickly flings a bridge across the chasm, and runs lightly over.

It is the ubiquitous web again. He quickly spins a line, throws it out on the air, perhaps first deciding on the right direction of the wind. The silken line floats until it strikes some object on the other side of the chasm, to which it immediately becomes fastened by its gummy surface. There is nothing now to do but to break off the line and attach it to the surface on which he stands, and the rope bridge is complete. The whole job of bridge-building may not have occupied a minute, yet it answers the spider's purpose as well as human bridges which are years in the building.

Finally, we may look upon our spider as himself a miner. Certain species excavate the earth to a greater depth in comparison with their sizes than man has done in his deepest mines. These under-ground excavations are not left rough, damp, and uncouth, but are lined with delicate silken tapestry, which keeps them deliciously dry, warm, and smooth. Nor are they left open at the top, but are covered with a trap-door, hinged at one side.

## "CAPTAIN KIDD."

BY KATHERINE D. McILVAINE.

MRS. CARTER stood in the store-room in the midst of boxes and barrels and baskets. The high shelves were filled with rows of jars and pots of preserves and sweetmeats and jam and pickles of the most appetizing nature. Old Aunt Maria, the fat colored cook, stood also in this fascinating place, receiving instruction and supplies.

"Now, Aunt Maria," Mrs. Carter was saying, "you must be careful not to put more than two table-spoonfuls of flour in this pudding, or it will be—"

At this instant a small boy with short trousers and large blue eyes dashed wildly through the hall.

"Mamma!" he shouted—"mam*ma!* Oh!" he panted, diving suddenly into the store-room, "can I have a goat?"

"Where are you going to get one?" asked his mother.

"From old Uncle Joe; he said I could have it."

"Oh, Louis, it will eat up all the bushes in the garden, and, besides, you won't take care of it, and all the trouble and responsibility of the goat's existence will fall on me. Keep out of that sugar, dear."

"Indeed, mamma," said the little boy, earnestly, "he isn't that kind of a goat at all. He never eats anything but cabbage leaves and brown paper. That's what Jack Barlowe's goat eats. He won't bother the old rose-bushes. Please let me have him."

"See here, Louis: who feeds your rabbits, and the peacock, and Scamp, and Rags?"

"Oh, well, mamma, I have to go to school so early that there are never any scraps ready for the dogs, and the peacock is just an old bird, his tail's all come out anyway."

Mrs. Carter seemed impressed by this argument, but she added, "How about the rabbits, Louis?"

"Rabbits ain't goats," replied the young man, with conviction. "I'm going to build him a board pen," he continued. "Jack, he's going to help me; he knows how to build goat pens. Say, can't I have him?"

"Louis, let those figs alone; you've had enough. You can have him if you promise not to let him starve to death."

Louis clasped his mother around the waist, gave her two hugs, and fled. In about two minutes he was back again.

"I forgot," said he. "Mamma, he's a dollar and a half."

"Who?" said his mother.

"Why, the goat. And Uncle Joe is going to make me a wagon and a harness for nothing if I buy him."

"Louis, you haven't a dollar and a half. You haven't a cent."

"Why, yes, I have. There's the fifty cents grandma gave me, and this week's 'lowance."

"My dear boy, you spent the fifty cents last week to go to the circus, and your allowance is only a dime."

"I know I spent my fifty cents for the circus, but I don't see how I could have, for I saw it on your bureau this morning. Can't I have it, mamma?"

"Can you buy a dollar-and-a-half goat for fifty cents?"

"Why, you see, mamma, if you give me that fifty cents, I'm going to borrow fifty cents of you, and old Joe says he'll let me take the goat now, and pay the rest when I save it out of my 'lowance."

Mrs. Carter sat down on the sugar-box, and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. Louis felt that his cause was won, and after a series of bear-hugs bestowed on his mother, the loan was effected, and he departed happy.

That afternoon Mrs. Carter went out to pay some visits. On her way home she overtook her husband, who was returning from his office. As they turned into the street they lived on, they observed with surprise and some alarm that directly in front of their house was a crowd of people, which filled not only the sidewalk, but extended into the middle of the street. Like all other crowds in Washington, it was largely composed of darkies, men, women, and girls, and a great number of boys.

"Oh, Charles!" exclaimed his wife, grasping his arm, "what can be the matter?" At this instant the crowd parted with a prolonged whoop, and then came tearing down the street a small white kid, about four months old, with a leather strap buckled around his neck, and to each side of this strap was tied a piece of rope; attached to the end of each rope was a small seven-year-old boy, shrieking at the top of his lungs, and his fat legs fairly flying.

Mr. Carter leaned against a tree-box and roared with laughter. "Emily!" he gasped, as soon as he could speak, "compose yourself, my dear; it is only the boy!"

When dinner was about half over Louis appeared. "I'm sorry I'm so late, mamma," said he, "but I've been exercising my goat."

"It looked to me a good deal as if the goat were exercising you," said his father.

"We've built him a splendid house. Jack he helped me. I had to go to the lumber-yard for some more nails and boards, because there weren't enough. I told 'em you'd pay for 'em, papa, and the man said it was all right. You see, mamma lent me the money to buy him with, and I s'posed you'd want to do something. Now you and mamma come out and see him in his house. His feed won't cost a cent. Johnson said I could have all the stale greens from his market. He's a real kind man, Mr. John-

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"'EMILY, COMPOSE YOURSELF; IT IS ONLY THE BOY.'"

son is. He said he'd be glad to get rid of his old things. My goat 'll be a convenience to him, he'll eat up so much."

"Why, Louis," cried his mother, in despair, "you have built the goat's pen right by the kitchen door. I *can't* have it there! You ought to have put it down by the back fence, next the alley, entirely away from the house. It *can't* stay here. And just look at the cabbage leaves all over the yard!"

"Never mind, mamma," said Louis, comfortingly. "Jack 'll come over here Monday afternoon, and he'll help me, and we'll pick 'em all up, and clean up the yard all nice."

"Monday, indeed!" said Mrs. Carter. "Here, Seelye" —to a colored girl who appeared on the kitchen porch— "come out here and help Master Louis to pick up all this trash."

"What is your goat's name, Louis?" asked papa.

Louis slowly rubbed his pet's neck. "I don' know. I haven't named him yet. See him butt. He's just too cute. Feel his horns sprouting. He butted me over twice this afternoon. His name is Billy, I suppose. All goats are named Billy. Jack Barlowe's is, and the livery-stable's, and there's a goat down on G Street named Billy."

"Well, this goat is *not*," said Mrs. Carter, decidedly. "If I've got to have a goat on this place, he shall not be named Billy. There are some things I won't stand, and a goat named *Billy* is one of them."

"Pshaw!" said Louis. "It don't make any difference about his name, so long as we've got the goat. What do you want me to call him, mamma?"

"Anything you like except Billy."

"Call him 'Captain Kidd,'" suggested his father.

"All right," said Louis. "His name's Captain Kidd. That's a first-rate name. It's a heap better than 'Billy.'"

The next day was Sunday. Sunday-school began at half past two in the afternoon. Mrs. Carter had a class consisting of Louis and seven other boys of about his age.

"Come, Louis," she said, at two o'clock. "It is time for you to get ready."

"Mamma," responded her son, with great promptitude, "I don't feel very well this afternoon. I don't think I'll go to Sunday-school. My head aches."

"Come here, dear," said his mother, and she laid her hand on his head. It was not at all hot.

"I don't think you are very sick, Louis, and I wish that my little boy had manliness enough to say honestly that he would rather stay at home and play with his goat than do his duty. I do not like to think that you are not a brave enough little boy to tell the truth." Louis looked ashamed.

"But my head does ache, mamma," he said. "Must I go?"

"No, not if your head aches and you don't want to."

"Well, I don't," said Louis; and she went without him.

The service was just beginning when Mrs. Carter reached the church, so she had a little time for quiet, but when the lesson-time arrived she was pursued with questions about the goat and Louis. The boys had heard of it, and wanted a description of the animal.

"Never mind the goat now, boys. You must all come and see him;" and she opened her Prayer-book.

"Who gave you—" she began.

"Why didn't Louis come?" interrupted one of the boys.

"He had a headache," replied Mrs. Carter.

The boys giggled.

"He couldn't leave that goat," suggested one.

"Boys," said poor Mrs. Carter, "if you will say your lessons *first*, I will tell you all I know about the goat."

"Where is Louis?" asked Mrs. Carter of her husband when she came into the parlor after Sunday-school.

"Don't you know?" returned that gentleman. "Where could he be but with Captain Kidd? I have been watching the Captain bowl him out. He has had him down about five hundred times."

That night, about nine o'clock, a small, white, barefooted figure slipped noiselessly down-stairs and into the parlor.

"Mamma," said a forlorn little voice, "I can't go to sleep; and I want to tell you about something, mamma."

Mamma took the little boy into her arms and kissed him. "Well, darling," she said.

"Mamma, my head *did* ache this afternoon, and you didn't believe me."

"Does it ache now, dear?" said mamma, tenderly.

"No, mamma, not now; but I want to tell you somethin' else. I bumped it against the end of the sideboard to make it ache, so I could stay at home and play with the goat. Was I very bad, mamma?"

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"A SMALL, WHITE, BAREFOOTED FIGURE."

One day Louis came into the house in great haste. "Old Uncle Joe says my goat's wagon is nearly done, and I've got to take Captain Kidd down there and leave him till to-morrow, so he can fit the harness on him."

The instant Louis got out of school next day he rushed down to old Joe's shanty.

"Where's my goat? Is my harness done?"

"Sakes, honey, you is in sech a pow'rful hurry, 'pears like you jest couldn't wait half a minit. Dis yer harness is gwinter be a mighty fine harness, and I sorter reckon it 'll be jest 'bout de day arter ter-morrer 'fo' it's done. Dullaw chile! you 'ain't neber seen no sech mighty fine harness as dis yer I's gwinter mek fo' yo' goat!"

The next day it rained, and the day after, and the day after that. On the fourth day a gleam of sunshine appeared, and Louis hurried down to Uncle Joe's.

"Where's Captain Kidd?" said he. "Give him to me —quick! I want to drive him while the sun's out."

"Howdy, Mars Louis? How you is growed!" said the old darky. "You is jest de ve'y print image ob yo' gran'pa. He was er han'somest ole genelman, ole Marster was."

"Where's my goat?" demanded Louis, impatiently.

"Now, sah, yo' is jest like yo' gran'pa; he neber wanter wait. When yo' gran'pa was a-co'tin' yo' gran'ma, dere's jest about a hunderd ob de quality a-doin' ob de same—"

"Is Captain Kidd out in the yard?" said Louis.

"Law, no, chile, he ain't. Well, 's I's a-sayin', de quality's a-co'tin' yo' gran'ma, an' de hosses a-stan'in' five deep outside de front do', an' de pickaninnies a-hol'in' by de bridles, an' yo' gran'pa he jest rode froo de hull ob 'em, an' he flung he bridle ter he nigger, which 's me, an' he jest walk right in wif he spurs a-jinglin' an' he sword a-rattlin', an' he cyar' off yo' gran'ma sho' nuff, an' de res' ob de quality come a-petterin' out. Dey jes' had ter sequestrate aroun' an' git what was lef', fo' yo' gran'pa had cyar'ed off de prize. He's a pow'ful fine man—"

"What have you done with my goat, Uncle Joe?"

"Nothin', honey; I 'ain't done nothin'. How's yo' ma, Miss Em'ly? Laws! I kin see her now ridin' on her white pony befo' de war. She eber tell you 'bout it, honey? He's a awful scamp dat pony was!"

"What became of him?" asked Louis, with interest.

"Why, honey," said the old darky, "de Confederacy had need ov hosses, an' dey jest up an' tuk dat white pony of yo' ma's. Yo' ma jest hated ter let him go, an' General Robert E. Lee jest up an' tole her ter trus' dat pony ter him. I forgits jest what happen, but seems ter me dey's bofe killed by de Yanks."

"Uncle Joe, I want my goat right off."

"Chile, has you heerd how sick I's been since you been hyar. Laws! honey, dis yer po' ole nigger mighty nigh gone ter glory. I's had de rheumatics pow'ful bad, an' de misery in my insides, an' de misery in my head worse 'n all. Laws! honey, I's pow'ful sorry ter have ter do it, but yer know de Good Book says when people's sick dey has ter drink de blood ob bulls an' goats, an' ole Isaac he eat de flesh dressed wif yarbs same's de white folks eats mutton. I 'ain' got no bulls, so I jes'—"

"Where's my goat!" cried Louis, in a rage.

"Well, honey, I's about ter die, an' I know'd you wouldn't keer, so I jest eat him fo' ter resto' my health, an' I is a heap better."

"Did you kill my goat and eat him?" demanded Louis.

"Yase, honey, an' I's a-thinkin' ob yo' an' ob yo' ole gran'pa in de Happy Lan' ebery tase. I jest couldn't let my ole mammy's chile die when I could sabe his life. Yo' goat, honey, done sabe dis yer ole sinner's life!"

"You're an old cannibal, and I just wish you had died, you nasty old thing. You killed my Captain Kidd, and I'll have the policeman take you to jail and hang you!" and in a wild fury of tears Louis broke out of the house, flinging a stick of stove-wood and an empty pail at Uncle Joe, with such good aim that they crashed against his shins, thereby doubling him upon the floor.

"'Pears ter me like dat chile hab done got his gran'pa's temper, sho," observed the venerable reprobate, as he picked himself up.



"ONE, TWO, THREE! I AM FREE!"

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## A WISE LITTLE MOUSE.

BY CARLETON HOWARD.

HE was a very curious little mouse, indeed, and had his home in the wall of a farmer's kitchen.

Now I can't begin to tell you all the mischief this little mouse did. He had gnawed holes through the doors of the cupboard, and poked his nose time and again into the cream bowl, and eaten great pieces out of the new cheese, and knocked over a beautiful glass preserve dish and shivered it to atoms; but, worst of all, he had nibbled great holes in two of Mother Sprague's fine linen table-cloths. Oh, he was, indeed, a naughty, naughty little mouse, and he quite gloried in the mischief he did.

They had set traps time and again for him, but without avail, for he was a most cunning little mouse, and somehow kept clear of them all. Even the delicious smell of cheese had failed to entice him within those queer-looking little wires. He knew well enough that danger and death were there.

Miss Puss, too, with all her cunning, was unable to catch this frisky little mouse. She had tried time and again, by strategy as well as open warfare, but each alike had failed. Just when she thought she had her sharp claws upon him, away would scamper the little mouse, stopping just long enough to glance defiantly back at Miss Puss, with a look in his sharp beady little black eyes which seemed to say, "There! I've cheated you this time, old mouser! you see you are not half as sharp as you thought you were."

In short, they had set so many traps and formed so many plans, the farmer, his wife, and the servant-girl, by which to catch the little mouse, and had never yet succeeded, that he was in high glee over their repeated failures, and so well pleased with himself in consequence, that he had grown to be a very conceited little mouse, as well as a most cunning one.

Very often he would talk to himself after this manner: "They will *never* catch me, this is certain. I am too wise a little mouse not to see through all their movements. They might as well save themselves the trouble of setting those traps, for all the good it 'll do 'em. I wonder if they *really* think I am silly enough to poke my nose into one of those holes just to get a nibble at that scrap of cheese, and be choked to death for my pains, when I can gnaw my way into the cupboard and eat as much of that whole fine cheese as I want, without any danger to myself. No, indeed. It is all too plain that I am too cunning for them, too wise a little mouse by far, ever to be caught in a trap."

However, something happened one day that proved the little mouse was not nearly so wise as he thought he was.

Some fresh oysters were brought into the kitchen. In preparing them for supper the girl happened to overlook one of them, and it was left lying in a corner of the hearth with its shell partly open.

That night, when every one had gone to bed, and all was silent within the kitchen, this cautious little mouse thought he might venture forth on a raid. Very soon he came to where the oyster was lying so still upon the hearth.

"Ha!" said he, cautiously approaching it, and bending his sharp little eyes near it, so as to take a good look at it, "what is this, now? Another trap, perhaps; but no; it doesn't look at all like one. There is nothing suspicious-looking about it, it is true; but still it is best to be cautious, therefore I'll take a closer view of it."

So the little mouse bent down his head till his little twinkling eyes were close beside the oyster, and then he peered in through the half-open shell. The oyster lay very quiet within, and looked so nice and cool and fresh that it quite set the little mouse frantic with the desire to feast upon the new dainty.

"Oh, dear me!" said he, licking his whiskers, "how nice it smells! and I am sure it must taste even better than it looks. What a feast I am going to have, to be sure! and such a laugh to myself over the sour looks of the servant-girl in the morning, who was, no doubt, saving this delicious morsel for herself!"

So saying, this wise little mouse, who had never yet been caught in a trap, and who bragged to himself continually in consequence, poked his sharp little nose through the half-opened shell of the oyster.

Now if I had been there, I would have whispered: "Be very careful, little Mr. Mouse, for, with all your cunning and boasting, you may get yourself in a fix yet."

And it was just as you have doubtless suspected—*the oyster was alive!* and no sooner had the little mouse poked his nose into the opening than it closed with a sudden spring, and lo! the little mouse was caught at last!

Now I dare say, if he had been given the time to think over it all, his one thought would have been that he was not such a very wise little mouse after all.

Little boy, little girl, I am very much afraid there are some of you just like this wise (?) little mouse. Oh yes, you are *quite sure* you have wit enough to keep out of danger. You are too sharp, so you think, *ever* to be caught in a trap. Take care! The oyster looked very tempting and harmless to the little mouse, but within lay danger—*death!*

## VIOLET.

BY WALTER BOBBETT.

PART II.

"WHERE are we?" repeated Violet, as the little Doctor did not give any heed to her first inquiry.

"Where?" said the Doctor; "why, on the Mirage. Have you never heard of it?"

"Of course I have," said Violet; "it was in our geography lesson this very week. I read that things are always changing on the Mirage."

"Yes, certainly they are," said the Doctor.

Then Violet related what had happened when she arrived at the palace gates, but the Doctor was not at all surprised.

"Yes," he remarked, "it will all be different to-morrow;" and sitting down on one of the seats that were placed at intervals along the walk, he opened his book and said, "If you like to listen, I'll read what it was yesterday."

"I always like to write in rhyme," began the Doctor. "It helps to pass away the time. That's my motto, and here is the poem:

> "'Twinkle, twinkle, little star.
> In the road there stands a pig,
> Who is not very little,
> Nor yet very big.'"

"What has that got to do with yesterday?" laughed Violet.

"Oh, nothing at all," said the Doctor, looking very wise; "only it was *written* then. I'll read you some more, if you don't object—"

"Object!" exclaimed Violet; "why, that is the very word."

"Of course it is," said the jolly little Doctor; "that's why you came here. How lucky I happened to mention it!" so saying, he jumped up and knocked over a sleepy old caterpillar that had been thinking over the events of the week on a leaf near by.

"I beg your pardon," said the Doctor; and he picked him up and placed him on a flower.

"These caterpillars are always in my way," he said.

"Won't he hear you?" asked his little friend.

"Oh no; he is asleep now; but come, and I will show you this flower," said the learned little gentleman, pointing to a misty-looking plant. "Blow right into it with all

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your might, and you are sure to find out what your object is. I did it before I was a doctor, and it made me sneeze, so I got a blank-book and wrote in it, 'The collycheese'—that is the name of the plant—'made me sneeze,' and in that way I became sure that I was meant for a doctor."

The little Doctor talked on at such a rate that Violet could not follow his reasoning at all, and so, to save herself any trouble, took everything for granted that her companion had said, and proceeded to follow his instructions. Leaning over, Violet drew in her breath, and then blew, with all the force that could be expected of a little girl of her age, into the midst of the downy plant. It broke apart and flew out all over her, and, half blinded, she sprang back with a little scream, "Oh, my!"

"Your *what*?" inquired the Doctor.

"I did not say anything. But look at my dress!"

"Make another," suggested the Doctor. "Depend upon it, that's what your object is. You must make a dress."

"But how?" asked Violet. "I do not think we have got anything to make it of."

"Yes, that's so; but it must be made, for all that."

It was to be of velvet. No, that was not good enough for the Doctor: he had heard that Brussels something or other, he forgot what, was very expensive.

"Why not make it of that? By all means make it of the most expensive material"—and there was no telling when he would have stopped had he not been interrupted by Violet, who burst out laughing at the thought of having a dress made of Brussels carpet, so that there was nothing left for him to do but sit down and make an entry of it in his book.

"But I can never go about like this; I look a fright."

"Well," said the Doctor, "if we can not get a new dress, we must try and fix this one, and pick off all the little seeds. If you do the front and I the back, I do not think it will take so very long."

With that the kind-hearted little Doctor helped Violet to remove the feathery flowers, and soon the dress was as good as ever, and Violet was happy. They had spent so much time with the collycheese that they had not gone far on their journey through the garden when they were overtaken by a little page, who came to tell them that the Governor was awaiting their pleasure to dine with him. Back to the palace they went, and entered a hall, in which they found the Governor, who was standing near a table, on which was spread a tempting repast.

"We were just beginning to wait," said he, as they seated themselves. His Excellency was very entertaining, and did all in his power to make it agreeable to his little visitor, though her host was "particularly deaf," as the Doctor remarked, that day, and misunderstood nearly everything she said to him.

The Doctor, at his end of the table, did not seem to be enjoying himself so well, however, and was very much put out by two or three flies. Without waiting for an attendant to bring a fan, he caught up his napkin by one corner, and drew it quickly through the air. In doing so he happened to see the Governor looking at him with an expression of the greatest pleasure.

"Ah, Doctor, I see what you mean by that motion. You refer to the comet. I was looking at it last night, and about eleven o'clock I was very much delighted, for I saw it *wag its tail.*"

The Doctor's little head began bobbing up and down. "I did not mean that, your Excellency," he managed to say. "I wished to drive away those flies."

"I beg your pardon," said the Governor.

"Flies," repeated the Doctor.

"*Files*?" said the Governor. "Oh, indeed."

"Is he often like this?" whispered Violet.

With so much to amuse her since her arrival at the palace, it was not surprising that Violet had almost forgotten about returning home; and when she spoke of leaving, the Doctor begged her not to think about it, but Violet said she must go. After a little time she took the arm of the Governor, while the Doctor walked at her side, and the three went out through the garden till they came to a stream.

Here they paused, and the Governor took a ring off his finger, and giving it to Violet, told her that when she reached the ship she might have occasion to use it. "For," said he, "as long as you keep it in your hand you will go safely homeward, but if you wish to return to the palace, you have only to place it upon your finger. If you do not wish to return, you must throw it into the sea."

So saying, the Governor bade the little girl good-by, while the little Doctor sobbed a farewell, and slipped a piece of paper into Violet's hand, saying:

"It does not quite rhyme, but it is the best I could do in a few minutes."

"Farewell," said Violet, as she stepped into a tiny boat that began to float away as soon as she had seated herself.

Violet floated down-stream in her little boat, listening to the chirp of the birds, and watching with great interest the many changing views. As she approached the sea again, she thought she could just see the top of the palace through a little break in the trees, and then she began to wish that she had not left it, after all.

Thinking this over a great many times, she hardly noticed how far she was leaving the land behind, till, turning round to see the cause of her little boat rocking so much, she saw that she was not more than half a mile from the ship, which lay at anchor, with its sails set ready to take her home. Moved on by the same power that had brought her thus far, it was not long before she reached the ship, and going at once on to the poop-deck, stood by one of the great lanterns, watching the little boat that now began to return to the land. Softly the breeze came, and the great ship moved toward a low line of dark blue that stretched far along the horizon.

Seating herself on a little ledge that ran around the rail, she related all that had happened to her, and amused the Captain very much with the account of the Doctor and the collycheese.

"Not yet," said he—"you have not found your object yet; but do not let it discourage you; you must have a little patience. Listen, and I will tell you what a little fairy did," and the Captain related to Violet the following tale:

"Far away south, in the land of ice, dwelt a sea fay, who was an idle little rogue. Happening one day to be in a mischievous mood, he espied a tiny lichen that was struggling for existence on the sunny side of a rock, and for no other reason than that he had nothing else to do, he tore it up by its roots and flung it on the ice, where it withered up and died. Now this lichen belonged to one of the powerful elfin kings, and when he heard of the insult offered to him in killing his plant, sent forth some of his elves, and they captured the little sea fay and brought him before the indignant monarch, who, in punishment, deprived him of his wings and shut him up in a glen that was inclosed on every side by high ice-bound mountains, and his wings he locked up in a great stone that lay in the glen.

"As the little fay had always been kind to the sea-birds, and had fed them when they cried for food, the king gave him one chance for escape, and what do you think that was?"

Violet could not guess.

"Well," said the Captain, "I'll tell you. The king told the fay that somewhere under the snow that covered the glen lay buried the key with which he might open the stone and recover his wings, and that the only way in which he could find it was to gather the feathers that dropped from the wings of the wild fowl, as they flew past, and with them to sweep the snow away until the key was found.

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VIOLET AND THE DOCTOR IN THE GARDEN.

"Did the little fay ever find the key?" asked Violet, as the Captain paused. Receiving no answer, she looked up and saw he had left her, and that she was alone.

"I am so afraid," said the little girl, aloud. "I do wish somebody would come, for I don't like to be left alone. If the Cavalier was only with me now;" and going to the door that led into the cabin, she called loudly to him, to know if he was there, for she had not seen him since she had returned to the ship. Two or three times did she repeat her call, but no answer reached her, and she heard no sound save the moan of the wind and the rush of the ship through the water.

"Oh, if I could only return to the Mirage! Why did I leave it to come on this old ship?" was a question that she could not help asking herself; and repeating what the Governor had said to her when he had given her the little ring, she began to slip it upon her finger. Surely the daylight was returning, for it was becoming lighter, and the wind was dying away. She tore the ring from her finger, and threw it far out into the foaming waters.

The ship trembled, the sea became smoother, and the masts began to swing to and fro, while the sails were no longer spread out, but were gathered up into great folds. Holding tightly on to a rope, she watched the change that was taking place, for gradually the deck of the ship turned into brown earth, the masts dwindled down into apple-trees, and the foaming sea became a field of daisies that were blown about by the gentle breeze.

Violet found herself sitting on the bank of the stream where she had first seen the Cavalier and the old-fashioned boat. She arose and walked home, and at the entrance to the garden found Anthony leaning on the gate.

"Well, little girl, where have you been all this while?" said he; "two hours have passed since you ran after the butterfly."

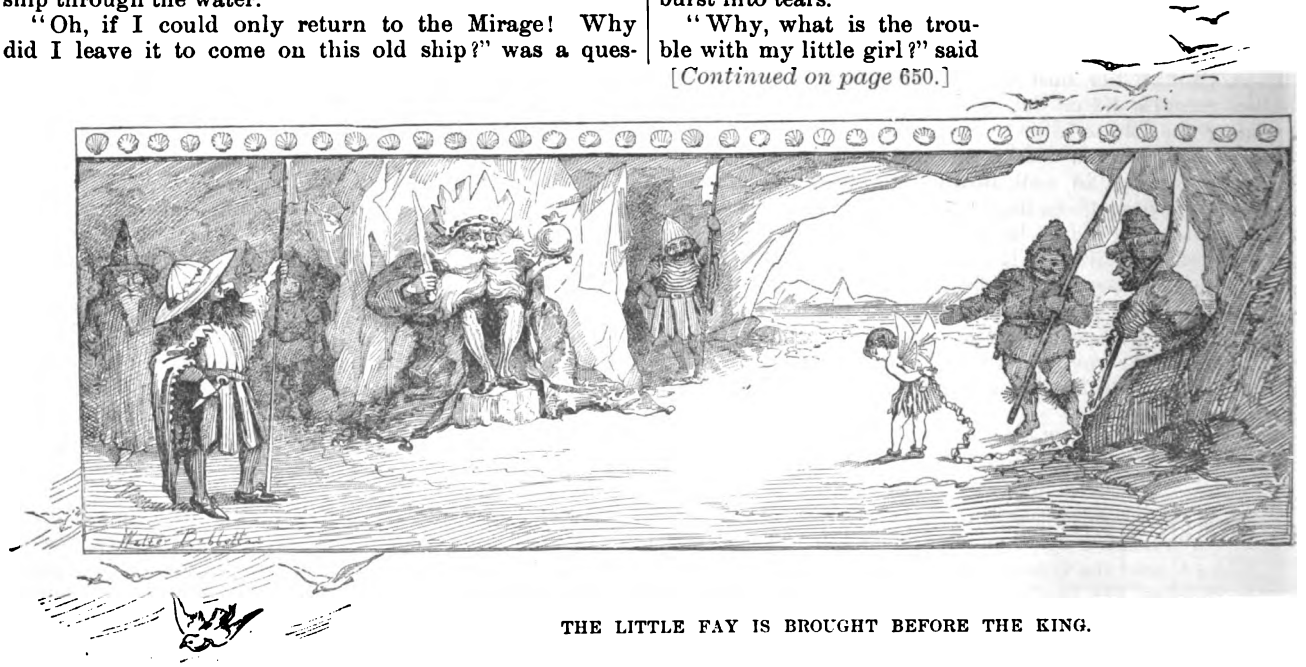
Violet laughed—it was a strange little laugh—and said, "Anthony, is the sea very far away?"

"Lor'! what put that into your head? Why, yes; it is over a hundred miles from here."

Going into the house, she entered the sitting-room, and there found her mamma, who greeted her with a smile. Violet said not a word, but walking up to her, threw her arms around her neck and burst into tears.

"Why, what is the trouble with my little girl?" said

[Continued on page 650.]



THE LITTLE FAY IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE KING.

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# THE HERO AND THE DAISIES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

ON the mountain-top the pine-trees,
solemn pine-trees,
Murmured gently to the Hero,
Whispered greetings from the Southland,
sighings wafted by the West breeze,
Loving words from Northern people, tidings from across the salt seas,
All of sorrow, tears, and sighing
For the Hero who was dying.

Faint he was, and very weary—oh, so weary!—
He who had been first in battle,
Leader of the men who struggled through the years of tribulation
To preserve the life and honor and the freedom of the nation.
Strongest man of all was he
Who suffered now so patiently.

In the valley grew the daisies, star-like daisies,
Filling all the broad, low meadows
With their innocence and sweetness, with their radiant life and beauty,
Ever looking up to Heaven, teaching love and hope and duty,
Full of cheerfulness and gladness,
With their smiles dispelling sadness.




Through the meadows trooped the children, happy children,
Seeking out the fairest daisies,
Plucking them to cheer the Hero. With these proofs of love to cheer him,
To the star-eyed daisies whisp'ring that they'd soon be very near him,
And must charm away his pain,
Help to make him well again.

To the Hero faint and dying, sadly dying,
Came the children with the daisies,
Hoping thus to bring him comfort, turn the sorrow and the sighing
Into thoughts of joy awaiting, soothe the grief, and banish crying.
And the daisies' smiling faces
Lighted up the saddened places,
Taught him that amid all pains
Still the hope of Peace remains.

NOTE.—The meadows about Mount McGregor have been unusually full of daisies this season. On the little railroad winding up the mountain-side is a point known as Daisy Station. Here the train stops in the midst of an open field that the passengers may get out and gather the dainty flowers. The children made use of the opportunity thus presented to pluck great quantities of daisies and carry them to General Grant during his last illness.

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her mamma, trying to comfort her; and in broken, sobbing tones, Violet related all that had happened to her.

"My dear, you have been reading some fairy tale; but do not cry any more, and don't worry over anything that you may see printed on the calendar, for those mottoes are only for grown people to think of, and are not meant for little girls at all."

"But don't you think that anything I told you of happened?" questioned Violet. "Why, there is the paper that the Doctor gave me."

"Let me see it," said mamma.

Violet put her hand into her pocket and pulled out a crumpled little leaf. Mamma said nothing, but kissed her little girl again, and smoothed her hair from her forehead.

"Everything must have changed when I threw the ring away," said Violet.

Her mother smiled, and said: "My dear, do not think any more about it. I have bought you a new dress, so you see that one part of your dream has come true."

## FARMER BROWN AND THE "FRESH-AIR FUND."

BY MARY D. BRINE.

ALL spick and span was Farmer Brown
As he started one morning for New York town
In his Sunday suit and a new straw hat—
An honest old fellow, kind-hearted and fat.
And waving "good-by" from the farm-house door,
His wife was certain that never before
Lived woman so blessed in a husband as she,
And never a man half so clever as he.
The sun was hot in the summer sky,
But a hundred breezes went dancing by,
And the meadows were cool in their robes of green,
And the hills rose fair in the sunlight's sheen,
And over the fields the daisies grew,
With clover blossoms and buttercups too,
And sunshine and shadow together played
In the shady places the great trees made.

The train sped on with Farmer Brown,
And carried him safe to New York town.
His thoughts were busy with "market truck"
(Whether in prices he'd have good luck
In the bargains on mutton and beef, of which
He'd plenty to sell, "Ef there warn't no hitch
In coming to terms") as he walked along
Through the crowded streets and the busy throng,
Till his head grew dizzy and weary his feet,
And red his face in the stifling heat.

But presently what did the old man see!—
A crowd of children. So full of glee
Were the small pale faces, one could but say,
"There's a real *good* time ahead to-day."
Down to the wharf the little ones turned.
Over each child the old heart yearned,
Till he asked his neighbor, "Say! what can it mean,
This here percession thet I've jest seen?"
So they told the farmer the story *we* know
Of the "Fresh-air Fund," and his heart was aglow
With honest pleasure and sympathy free,
As he nodded his head, with, "Yes, yes; I see."
And a new light entered his soul right there.
He slapped his knee. "Wa'al, now, I declare
It's a 'tarnal shame thet I 'ain't heard tell
Ere this of a plan I like so well."

He thought of the farm-house long and wide,
With plenty of room on either side;
He remembered the meadows fair and green,
Where surely the loving Lord must mean
That children should scatter out under the sun
To gather the daisies till daisies were done.
He thought of his wife, who had wept at night
For the children long passed from her earthly sight;
And he knew in his heart she would say, "My man,
Let us make *other* children as glad as we can."
So he said to himself: "Now, Joshua Brown,
You've work for the Lord ere you leave this town.
Just keep your eyes open for such as should go
From this place straight to where daisies grow."

The heat and the bustle and business at last
Sent Farmer Brown travelling for home full fast.
His broad old face was all on a grin
As he looked at the flock he had "gathered in."
One was a cripple, and one was blind;
Another was "just a bit weak in his mind";
Three had been beggars from day to day
(Poor little midgets, half starved on the way);
The seventh and odd one, she was a girl,
With the bluest of eyes and hair all a-curl:
And each one was an orphan, with none to recall
The farmer's right to lay claim to them all.
He planned the best and the brightest of joys
For his one wee girl and his six small boys;
And Betsy, he knew, wouldn't care for the bother,
So long as once more she'd have children to "mother."
"With plenty of milk an' lots o' good pastur',
He reckoned at last they'd fill out, an' grow faster
Than weeds in a garding. At any rate, he
Would try in this way the Lord's steward to be."

To-day, if you chance by the farm-house to pass,
You'll see six young laddies and one little lass,
All brown with the kisses of sunshine and breeze,
And merrily playing beneath the old trees,
All learning the lessons most sweet in this life,
At home in the hearts of the farmer and wife;
And the farmer will tell you, "That 'Fresh-air Fund' plan
Is the best thing to get at the best of a man."

## IN THE COUNTRY OF KING ARTHUR.

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE.

I SUPPOSE all young people who are at all interested in history are familiar with the name of King Arthur, and know something of his famous Round Table, where sat the loyal Knights Gawain and Percivale, the spirited Sir Tristram and the impetuous Lancelot, the gentle Caradoc and noble Galahad, and the rest of the twelve, who for their deeds of valor, piety, or chivalry were found worthy of rank among that celebrated band. But fact and fiction, poetry and romance, are curiously blended in accounts of this notable knight and his comrades, so that it is difficult to tell their story accurately, or to judge with any sort of precision about the monuments which are supposed to be Arthurian, or the traces of the Round Table epoch in English history.

A peculiar charm attaches itself to everything connected with these chronicles, and one August we made a journey to Glastonbury, in England, with the feeling that it was in reality to the tomb of King Arthur, Glastonbury being reputed as the burial-place of the pure-minded knight after he was slain by his nephew Modred. It is also the seat of a famous abbey, which was begun in early Christian days, and which in King Arthur's time was celebrated for offering its pious hospitality to the knights and ladies of his chivalrous court.

Before telling you of our little visit to Glastonbury, or, later, of an hour in the old hall at Winchester, where what is supposed to be the Round Table is now kept, I will give you the outlines of King Arthur's story.

What is actually known as matter of fact about him is that somewhere in the first stages of Christian England there actually lived a valiant knight of that name, noted for piety and chivalrous intent, and having followers who devoted themselves to noble and pious deeds. The Round Table might also have flourished as the chroniclers assert, and the main incidents of Arthur's romantic story may have their foundation in the doughty exploits of the real Arthur, who belonged to a period of very picturesque adventure. Still, much that is mythical belongs to the story, and it is difficult to make distinctions. The chronicles as we have them were compiled in the fifteenth century by Sir Thomas Malory, who translated some of them directly from the old French of that day.

Arthur was supposed to be the son of Uther, a mythical king of England, surnamed Pendragon, and the tra-

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dition runs that he began his career about A.D. 500. By twelve victories he overcame the progress of the Saxons, after which Arthur reigned in peace, his last battle being fought at Bath, in Somerset, England. Twenty years later, Modred, King Arthur's nephew, rebelled; a terrible battle was fought, and finally Arthur and Modred met hand to hand at Camlan, in Cornwall, and Arthur was fatally wounded. Then it was, when being carried to his barge, he said:

"For me there is no further help, and so I will to the Isle of Avalon," and they bore him thither, where he died and was honorably interred, although a tradition immediately arose that he did not die, but remained hidden in England, to arise and do battle for some pious or noble cause again.

Arthur was chosen to be King at the age of fifteen, and soon after was wedded to the beautiful Guenever, Merlin, the magician of whom we read much in those chronicles, having arranged the marriage. The court of Arthur, which for all its piety and learning was very splendid, is supposed to have been held chiefly at Winchester, the old cathedral and school town, and in the chronicles it is called "Camelot," to which name the poet Tennyson, in his famous "Idyls of the King," adheres. Sometimes the court was held at Caerleon, which is supposed to be either Cardiff or Chester, while Shalott, another city often mentioned in Arthurian legends, is the picturesque old town of Guildford, in Surrey.

The Round Table was the work of the famous enchanter Merlin, and was made with thirteen seats marked off, though only twelve could be occupied. A knight had to prove himself entirely worthy before a seat was assigned to him. The thirteenth seat was kept vacant, and was called "The Seat Perilous," because on one occasion a bold Saracen knight had declared that no power should keep him from seating himself in it. The knights were assembled in their usual places when this daring person strode into the hall and, doffing his plume, sat down in the vacant place. Instantly, says the legend, he was swallowed up within the earth, not a trace being left but the helmet he had tossed aside, which was at once hung up in token of this daring and disastrous act.

Before the seat of each knight his name was written by a magic power. When a place fell vacant, the knight in Great Britain who aspired to filling it had to perform some deed of glory, of valor, or of especial value to mankind; if he did not do so, it was supposed that on taking the seat he would be thrown out by some mysterious force.

An Irish knight named Moraunt, who had long occupied one of the principal seats, fell by the sword of Sir Tristram, and his place remained vacant for ten years, while Tristram did many a deed of penance and of valor. At last, believing the penitent knight to be worthy, Arthur planned a very splendid occasion. All the knights, in their most glittering attire, were assembled, and the King led Tristram down the hall to Moraunt's vacant place. Instantly sounds of exquisite music, blending with the fragrance of delicious perfume, filled the hall, and in letters blazing with light the name of Tristram appeared where Moraunt's had formerly existed. This was regarded as a proof that at last Tristram was worthy of the peace Arthur had bestowed upon him.

When a knight was admitted to the Round Table he was obliged to pass ten days in search of adventures, and many complications, curious and amusing and most entertaining in the chronicles, arose from the fact that his comrades were permitted during this period to test him in every way—to waylay him in disguise, if they liked, and to put him through every possible trial of strength and of valor. This, of course, gave rise to many of the legends of the knights. We know, for instance, how Tristram sallied forth, and did many a valiant deed; how Lancelot of the Lake did great honor to the Table by certain of his deeds; and how "meek" Percivale rode into Arthur's court, and there made a "most melancholy damsel to smile," and declare him to be the bravest and best of knights, after which he went forth to the meadows and recovered from one who had stolen it a famous golden goblet, thus acquiring the knighthood he so much desired.

Our journey to Glastonbury was made one August day, when the country looked so green and golden, and everything was so full of summer charm, that it was easy to conjure up pictures of this enchanting period of romantic literature as we made our way up the High Street of the old town. We lunched in a quaint little inn, which has its traditions belonging to the early times of the town, and was supposed to be part of the ancient monastery. Afterward we walked over to the fine old ruins of what was once a celebrated abbey, which tradition says was founded by Joseph of Arimathea. Whether this has any foundation in truth or not, we know that the monastery was one of the earliest of Christian times, and celebrated as a centre of learning in the Middle Ages. Still growing near to the abbey is a graft from the famous thorn which the saint was supposed to have planted, and which occasionally blossoms at Christmas-time, and is known as the Rose of Arimathea, or the "Miraculous Thorn." The original tree, which has stood within the abbey grounds for centuries, was destroyed during the Puritan wars in England, but it is said that many grafts from it are still flourishing in Glastonbury gardens.

Entering the grounds of the ruin you see at once the outline of St. Joseph's Chapel, St. Mary's Chapel, and, best of all, what was known as the Abbot's kitchen. The Chapel of St. Mary has superb archways and many-pointed windows richly hung in ivy, and the kitchen, which is quite distinct from the other ruins, is a solid structure with buttressed walls, and belongs to the fourteenth or fifteenth century. St. Patrick and St. Dunstan were among the patrons of Glastonbury, and in 1539 Henry VIII. demanded of Abbot Whiting the monastery and all that it contained. On the abbot's refusal, he was condemned to be hanged and quartered, and the monastery was confiscated to the King's use, but its early traditions were carefully preserved.

As we sat upon a mossy bit of terrace, looking upon the sun-lit ruins and the grass-grown inclosure, it was hard to realize that this was indeed the "Avalon" of King Arthur, but we knew that Cambrensis, the historian, made very clear the one special fact connected with our romantic hero's death and burial. In the reign of Henry II. Cambrensis tells us that a search was made in the cemetery of the abbey for traces of King Arthur's coffin, and in the historian's presence a leaden cross was discovered with the following inscription upon it: "Here lies buried in the Island of Avalon King Arthur." This was under a stone seven feet below the surface of the earth, and the workmen, excavating nine feet further, discovered an oaken coffin full of dust and bones.

At Winchester the most interesting memorial of King Arthur is preserved. As all young readers of English history know, Winchester was formerly the residence of the sovereigns of England, until the reign of Henry VIII., the castle having been built by William the Conqueror. Of the ancient palace only the hall remains, and there, on the eastern wall, hangs a large circular table, which for many centuries has been called "King Arthur's Round Table." It is a matter of history that Henry VIII. showed this to Francis I. during his memorable visit to England, and the painting which decorates its surface at present was done in the reign of the same King on the occasion of his passing through the city with Charles V.

The Round Table company furnish examples of Christian piety and charity; of an elevated point of view and a noble purpose in life which were of unquestionable benefit to the chivalry of Great Britain.

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# INTO UNKNOWN SEAS;*

## Or, THE CRUISE OF TWO SAILOR BOYS.

BY DAVID KER,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST CITY," "FROM THE HUDSON TO THE NEVA," ETC.

### CHAPTER XII.

### BURIED ALIVE.

AMID the darkness of the fatal cavern—darker than ever now that one of its only two passages to the light was choked up—the doomed adventurers eyed each other in gloomy silence.

Where were now their visions of a safe return home, crowned with the glory of an exploit beyond the boldest deeds of those by whom these seas had been discovered? When their stores were spent they would perish slowly of cold and hunger; their prison would be their tomb, and no one would ever know how or where they had died. And their treasure, which they had found only to lose it, and their own lives as well, what did it profit them *now*? In the midst of the shadow of death that hemmed them round, the golden glimmer upon the hideous face of the great idol seemed like the light of a mocking grin.

But after a moment of awful silence, Captain Percy's voice came through the darkness as firmly as ever, though its clear musical ring was gone, and it sounded strangely dull and hollow.



"THEY WERE FORCED TO CRAWL ON THEIR HANDS AND KNEES."

"We've just one chance left, boys, and the sooner we try it the better. This place must have been a volcano once upon a time, and this cave that we're in now is just the inside of the crater. Now we can't climb up the sides of this hole, for they're too steep for us, as you see; but when the fire, and the boiling lava, and all that, rise up inside the mountain and want to break loose, they're sometimes in such a hurry to get out that they tear their way right out through the hill-side, and make a new crater for themselves. It's just possible there may be a hole like that somewhere here; and if we can find it, we'll get out yet."

Not a word of the terrible thought which was gnawing at his own heart, that even if they *did* get out they would be unable to get at their half-built boat, and be just as helpless as ever, with no chance of escape save the forlorn hope of a stray vessel happening to pass within reach. "It will come upon them soon enough, poor lads!" said he to himself; "what's the good of troubling them before the time?"

"Couldn't we blast a hole in the rock with our powder, Captain?" suggested Jim, whose spirits had quite revived already under the influence of Percy's cheering words.

"I'm afraid not, my boy. Our powder's not the right sort for that, and we haven't enough if it was. Now let us have our supper, say our prayers, and get a good long sleep to freshen us up; and to-morrow, if there's another passage to be found, we'll find it."

The boys, tired with their day's work, were soon sleeping as quietly as if they had been on board the yacht. But it was long before Percy could compose himself to sleep, and when he did so, the same unquiet thoughts haunted him even in dreams.

He dreamed that he was standing all alone in the cavern, on the back of an enormous shark which wore the face of Miguel Gomez. The monster was slowly sinking beneath him, and he felt the cold, deadly water mounting over his ankles, then to his knees, then, higher, higher, higher; and still he had no power to move, or even to cry for help.

Suddenly there arose from the depths below a shape like the St. Christopher that formed the figure-head of his yacht, though its features were those of little Giacomo, the child whom he had saved at Catania. As he recognized the face he was filled with hope, and a sense of great relief came to him, even though he was conscious that it was but a dream.

Upholding him with one hand, the figure extended the other toward a projecting crag with three jagged points (the central one longer than the other two), and said,

* Begun in No. 292, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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"You have helped me, and I help you." And as the words were uttered, Percy started and awoke.

Jim and Sandy were already astir, preparing breakfast. But the breakfast ended almost as soon as it began, so eager were all three to be off. Having no boat they made a raft of their floating bridge, pushing it along with poles, and looking keenly at every cleft and cranny as the red light of the torch that they had kindled played on the gloomy rocks, or made fiery ripples in the sullen waters below.

They had skirted nearly the whole inner side of the cavern, no one daring to utter the chilling thought which was creeping into the hearts of all three, when the Captain gave a sudden start. Over his head hung *a three-pointed crag*, with the central point longer than the other two. Was his strange dream really coming true, then? But look as he might, there was no sign of an opening.

Suddenly Sandy, who was peering down into the depths to watch the fish that were darting to and fro in alarm at the torch-light, uttered a loud cry. Just below the three-pronged crag the green transparent water was blotted with a broad patch of black shadow, into and out of which the fish kept flitting unceasingly. The opening was found!

Found, but useless till the tide should fall; and who could tell whether it would be found passable even then? All that they could do was to watch and wait.

Inch by inch the water sank, while the three watched it silently, with clinched teeth, and hands that trembled as if in a fever-fit. How long they sat waiting there none of them could ever have told; but at last the dark mouth of a low, narrow passage lay bare before them.

No pause, no drawing back now. For life or for death, in they went, the Captain leading, Jim second, Sandy third.

And after that all was like a troubled dream. The moment they entered, the faint light failed altogether, while the passage narrowed and narrowed till they were forced to crawl on their hands and knees, bruising themselves at every turn against the sharp teeth of unseen rocks. In a silence so deep that they could hear the loud beating of their own hearts, they crept onward through the depth of the eternal darkness.

What text was that about men who "go down alive into the pit"? Sandy had learned it at school, and had forgotten it; but it came back to him now as if written on the gloom in letters of fire. What made the air so hot and thick? and hark! what was that dull rumble far away below them? Was fire still lingering in the corpse of the dead volcano, ready to tear the hills asunder once more?

No, it was something worse than that. The returning tide had filled the lower end of the passage, and there was no retreat for them now. Whether life or death lay beyond, back they could not go.

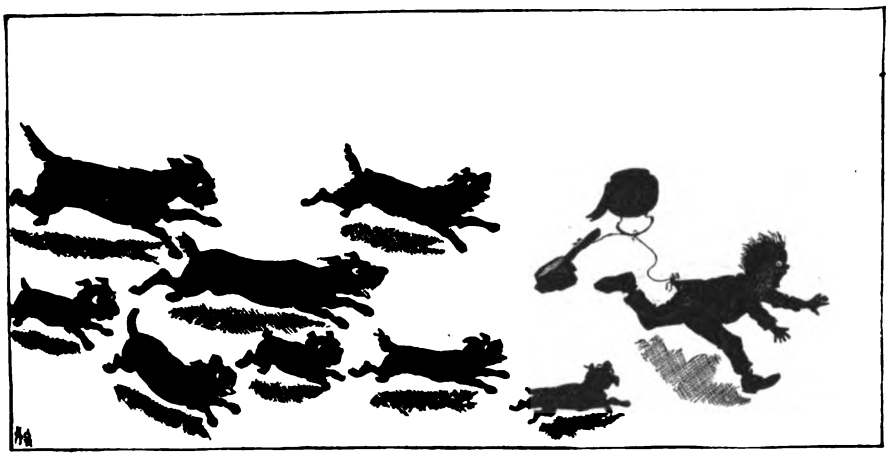
All at once Captain Percy stopped short, and a muttered "God help us!" broke from his quivering lips. His outstretched hand had just encountered a rough face of apparently solid rock, without a single opening of any kind. They were *buried alive!*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]




A SUMMER SCENE IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK—THE ICE-CREAM MAN.

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"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT YOURSELF?"

# TWO ARROWS:

## A Story of Red and White.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

Author of "The Talking Leaves," etc.

Our readers will be glad to learn that a new serial story, the title of which is printed above, will be begun in the next number.

"Two Arrows" is a story of adventure among the Indians of the Southwest. It has two heroes, one a white boy, the other an Indian youth; and when it is said that the story is in Mr. STODDARD'S happiest vein, it is unnecessary to say anything further. Mr. STODDARD has no rival in the field of Indian life and adventure, his fidelity to Indian character and local surroundings being such as to invest his subject with a fascinating atmosphere of reality.

The illustrations for the story will be by Mr. H. B. FARNY.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

### TO THE BOYS.

MAY the Postmistress say a word or two to the boys about something that occurred the other day? Edward, Clara, and Susie were taking a walk upon a country road, on one side of which was a deep precipice. Edward kept upon the very edge of this precipice, sometimes balancing himself as if he were about to fall, and terrifying his sisters so that they did not enjoy their ramble in the least. If Edward had missed his footing, and fallen into the ravine at the foot of those steep rocks, he would probably have been killed; but even if he had been in no danger, it was not manly for him to frighten his little sisters. There is a great difference between being brave and being foolishly venturesome. Besides, boys, no gentleman ever alarms a lady. You are stronger than your sisters, and you should always protect them, and always, too, behave in such a way that they need not feel the slightest fear in your company. To destroy their pleasure by making them uneasy about you is a thing no manly boy will ever think of doing.

ALGARROBOS, PORTO RICO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Although I have not written to you as yet, we have for some time taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I must now make up for not writing before, and relate you all I can, and that I may interest you, I will begin by describing our house. It is called in Spanish, Algarrobos, which means locust in English. The house is a long, narrow one, made of wood, and it faces the north, where there are some very pretty mountains, which make a lovely view for us. To the south we face the Caribbean Sea, which is quite close, and we are soon thinking of going to bathe there, as it is such warm weather. To the east side of us we have the Bay of Arroyo, where all the vessels from different parts of the world, but chiefly from America, anchor. On the west, but some distance off, we have the town of Guayama, the church of which, as it stands on a hill, can be seen far out at sea, and serves as a guide for vessels to enter into port. On the front part of the house we have a garden of roses, on one side a vegetable garden, and at the back a fruit garden. At present we have a lot of sunflowers growing, which I think look very fine and gay. I should much like to have some scarlet and other geraniums, but we have no seeds to plant, and so should like to exchange with some one for some, with some foreign stamps, which I inclose. I am very fond of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and think it very kind of my brother Charles, who subscribes to it for us. I have two sisters and one brother younger than myself, and we are always looking forward for the next number of HARPER'S to arrive. The story of "Rolf House" is what I like best; poor Phyllis is so nice, and Laura so full of fun. I am learning to play the piano, and I like it very much. I don't go to school, but study at home, and my eldest sister, Nellie, hears my lessons, but now I have holidays, for there is much sewing to do, and I have to help Nellie to sew our dresses. We sew them at home, as the dress-makers here are not good ones at all, and generally spoil the work which is given to them; they are only fit for very plain sewing. I have forgotten to tell you how old I am; I was twelve years old in February. Now I must bid you good-by, with much love, and may I hope one of these days to see one of my letters in the Post-office Box? Believe me, dear Postmistress, one of your affectionate friends, ADELE MCC.

The Postmistress has returned the pretty pink and green stamps to Adele, and has inserted her exchange on the cover. No doubt she will receive letters from girls who have seeds to send, and who will be glad to effect an exchange with her. What a clever little woman, to be able to help make her own dresses!

LITCHFIELD, KANSAS.

We are living on a farm, and have horses, cows, calves, pigs, and chickens. I help papa milk the cows. I am not going to school this summer, but I am going to Sunday-school. The nearest school-house is three miles away, but I am studying at home. I study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, history, and geography. I am eleven years of age. VERNIE K.

The next letter was written to her father by a little girl away from home on a vacation visit, and he kindly copied it for the Post-office Box:

ENIGMA, TENNESSEE.

We are well, and got here all right. We had as pleasant a trip as could be expected, being such a long one by stage-coach. We took dinner at Lebanon, and left there about 11.30 o'clock, and reached Chestnut Mound a little after ten o'clock at night. We went to the hotel, and had to call a man out of bed to get a place to sleep, and then found we were in the wrong room! We soon found the right place, and had a good night's sleep, being very tired. I got acquainted with Mamie and Alice S. last Sunday, and we have been wading the creek together two days now. I have had a splendid appetite since I came here, and have eaten a great deal. Uncle Sam has been ploughing and cutting down oats this week. Aunt 'Tilda has an old cat and three kittens, twenty-nine ducks, and five turkeys. While Aunt 'Tilda was feeding Touser to-day a little turkey was picking up the crumbs, when the dog snapped it through the head and killed it. I go barefooted every day. The plums are ripe, and some of the apples are too. Mamma is making her new dress, and Aunt 'Tilda is helping her. Mrs. L. is staying here now. Uncle Sam has a boy helping him work on the farm; his name is Nicholas. Uncle Sam is lively and jolly as ever. One of the little kittens fell in a tub of water. They get in my lap at the table, and cry for me to give them something to eat. Uncle Sam has got three dogs, whose names are Ring, Shep, and Touser; he has also got a little colt and little calf, and I don't know how many chickens. I hope you are well. As I have nothing else of interest, I will close now. We all send much love to you. Write soon, and don't forget to come and see us. Yours, lovingly,

ALLIE MAY T.

BANGOR, MAINE.

I have a little friend here who is with me all the time. She is a year younger than I, and she likes to read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as well as I do; she says she would like to take it very much. She was going to write, but she was afraid you wouldn't like it. I am out in the country now, ten miles from Bangor. It is on a farm, and we have beautiful times here. I do not mean that we live here; we are only spending the summer. We see them milking the cows every night, and we feed the chickens too. There is a spool factory here. I visited it the other night, and it was very interesting indeed. Perhaps you would like to have me tell you about it. First they have long sticks about an inch square and two feet long, and they have a machine which they put a stick in, and then they come out round, with a hole through them, and they are put in another machine, and they come out spools, and they have a stamper which stamps them, and then, last of all, they are put in barrels and turned round and round until they are polished. This is all done by machinery. My friend has been to Germany, and she has a beautiful big doll, and a little stove which she can cook in. We would like to join the Little Housekeepers very much. Good-by, with love. EVA S. (10 years).

Both your little friend and yourself may join the Little Housekeepers. One thing which as Little Housekeepers you may do this summer is to always have a fan ready to offer a visitor who happens to call on a very warm day. Your friend need not be afraid to write to me; every little reader of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE owes at least one letter to the Post-office Box.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I have seen many letters from the Eastern States, but very few from "Little Rhody." We live very near the Providence River, and on clear summer mornings can see ten miles down the river. On the Fourth of July our family went down to a genuine Rhode Island clam-bake—you know our State is noted for its clam-bakes—and we spent a very enjoyable day. It was at the town of Warren. Perhaps you and the many girls and boys who read the letters in the Post-office Box would like to know how the clam-bake was prepared. Well, I will tell you. First they dug a large hole in the ground; in this they put shavings, kindlings, dry twigs, and sticks next, then about two barrels of paving-stones, after which they set fire to the kindlings. When the stones were hot, they put on three bushels of clams, a peck of potatoes, seven or eight pans of dressing tied up in cloths, and then the whole was covered with a sail-cloth, and sea and rock weed were piled on that, and then another sail-cloth was spread all over it, and the poor clams were left alone to cook an hour, while mamma and other ladies set the table. In addition to the bake, we had brown bread and hot coffee. And I suppose there is no need to tell you we all did due justice to that "Rhode Island clam-bake."

GERTRUDE P. (age 10 years).

I can fancy the appetite you brought to the famous picnic luxury, and I am not surprised that those clams tasted good.

WEST CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

I thought I would write. There are a great many different birds around here. I have numbered upward of seventy that breed here, besides those that rest here in their migrations. I have seen an eagle. I have a collection of seventy-five different kinds of eggs, about sixty found around here, and some from Labrador and the Atlantic coast. Among the birds here are orioles, kingbirds, one or two species of *Trochilidæ* (hummingbirds), turkey-buzzards, three or four hawks, screech-owls, night-jars, turtle-doves, three or four species of *Picidæ* (wood-peckers), blue-jays, green herons, belted kingfishers, different blackbirds, thrushes, *Muscicapidæ* (fly-catchers), *Hirundinidæ* (swallows), *Sylviadæ* (warblers), and about twenty different sparrows. I found a nest of the spotted-sandpiper; there were four eggs, dark, creamy brown, with black and dark brown markings, getting larger and closer at the large end.

S. H. M.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Sometimes there are more than three around our breakfast table, but now there are but three, as my big brother has gone to Utah. One morning we had beefsteak, fried potatoes, biscuits, milk, buckwheat cakes, and syrup. Beef is the flesh of cows or steers, which are raised largely in the United States.

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Texas affords fine pasture-land, and many cattle are raised there. Potatoes are the roots of plants which are grown in most parts of the Union. The flour to make bread of is made of wheat, of which a large quantity is raised in the northern part of the Mississippi Valley. The wheat raised there is cut late in June; then it is threshed. After that it is taken to the mill and made into flour. We have a cow that hardly gives any milk, because she is too fat, and she ought to be sold for beef. Buckwheat is raised in the north central part of the United States. It is made into flour, and when you eat buckwheat cakes with maple syrup they taste good. Maple syrup is made of the sap of the sugar-maple tree (but part is made of glucose). The sap is boiled down into sugar, and that is boiled into syrup. When we have eggs, they are laid by my hens—at least most of them are.

LOUIS H.

ST. FRANCES BARRACKS, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

We came here in July from Washington. I like this place very much. We have such good fun in the salt-water. I am learning to swim. I do not like Florida thunder-storms; they frighten me. I have a little brother and two sisters. I am nearly seven years old. I want a birthday party in August. My mamma has Sunday-school in our parlor every Sunday for the children living in the barracks. I like my magazine, and hope my papa will give it to me again next Christmas. The colored people catch crabs, shrimps, fish, and great big turtles in front of our house. Sometimes we get lonesome, and miss Washington City with its nice stores, but my mamma says as long as we are all well and together, we ought to be happy wherever we are.

EDITH S.

MONMOUTH, ILLINOIS.

My kind uncle has sent me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly two years. I am a little girl ten years old. I live in the country, and go to school. I have never seen any letters from Monmouth yet. Monmouth has six thousand inhabitants, and is noted for its college. There are always between two or three hundred students here. Commencement is always about the middle of June, and the exercises last about a week, and are very entertaining.

ELDA T.

PERRY, NEW YORK.

I live in a small town in Western New York, about one mile from Silver Lake, a summer resort to which many people come from all over the country. The lake itself is one mile wide by three long; the land on both sides slopes gently to the water's edge. It is an excellent farming country, and on the west side are several beautiful farming places, and a large grove where picnic parties often go. The eastern shore is lined with rows of comfortable cottages, which are occupied by families from all over the State. Three handsome steamers ply the lake, while fleets of fine row and sail boats dot the water from morning until night. There are two hotels, two skating rinks, and a dancing hall, besides many other places which afford excellent opportunities for amusement and exercise. The Pioneer Log Cabin is an object of interest which attracts many people; it contains many relics, some of which are known to be over 2000 years old. During the month of August a Temperance Camp-meeting is held. Speakers come from different parts of the globe. The greatest favorite with the children is Colonel George W. Bain, of Kentucky. The new steamer *Shiloh*, the successor of the one burned, is to be launched to-day.

LAURA MAY B. (13 years).

ABBEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I live in the South, and almost every morning I go down into a field below our house and pick blackberries, put sugar on them, and enjoy them very much. When I do not pick berries I am either at the peach-trees or the plum-trees, for we have three large plum-trees in our garden. I have taken this paper ever since it was first published. I have four sisters and two brothers. The baby is just as sweet as anything; his name is Rob. My other brother's name is William. I am going to the mountains on the 14th on the Press Association, for my papa is an editor, and he generally takes Annie and myself. I anticipate a real nice time. I will close my letter now, so it will be short and you can find a little wee tiny place for it.

HANNAH H.

PENDLETON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

We had taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years. It stopped coming in December, but we missed it so that papa sent on for it as my birthday gift. I sent an offer to the Exchanges, and I got a great many replies. It was very funny. The letters were addressed "Sir or Madam," and I am only a little girl, not yet fourteen.

EMMA J. T.

RAINBOW, OHIO.

We live in a pretty place called Rainbow, so called from the bend which the river makes here. Rainbow is six miles from Marietta, the oldest town in the State. It has a great many Indian mounds. The last four years we have lived in Marietta in the winter, and in the summer we have moved to the country. We all liked it very much. My sister Katie, who is eleven, made herself a dress; she can make white cake and spice-cake and pies. My sister Mamie is going to have HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE bound next Christmas. We have thirty-two dolls and four cats. I am nine years old.

MURIEL C. D.

MOUNTAIN VIEW, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I am a big girl seventeen years old, but I like to read your delightful paper. We are all very fond of it. I want to tell you about my dear Southern home. We live in the upper part of the State, on a large farm; its name is "Mountain View," for you can see the mountains in three States from our front piazza. Our house is surrounded by a large lawn covered with grass and trees. We have a great many pets: two dogs, Czar and Don, a donkey named Nellie, a calf called Pansy, Stella the colt, and five cats; then we have peacocks, ducks, and chickens. Have you ever visited the South, the land of cotton and little darkies? I am very fond of horseback riding. Papa takes us for long walks, and we come back with our arms full of ferns and flowers. Last year we had three great horned owls for pets, but the mother got away one night, and the young ones died. I wonder how many of your young people ever saw one. I could tell a great many things about my home, but fear my letter is too long now; so if I want it published, I must stop. From one of your affectionate

SOUTHERN GIRL READERS.

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl nearly nine years old. I do not go to school, as I have been quite ill, but I have a governess to visit me every day, and I take two music lessons every week. I have a great many lovely pets. I have four pretty kittens, and a great big hunting dog, and lots of lovely dolls, one dressed as a bride. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE one year, and like it very much. I have taken lessons six months.

DESSIE GREER S.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I am sorry to say I have no pets. My sister and I used to have a pair of rabbits and a pigeon. The pigeon when it was given to us was nice and clean, pure white, and looked like a dove; it had a piece of blue ribbon tied around its neck; but although it was young and could not fly, yet with all the washing it would get dirty. After a while we gave it away, and, I am sorry to say, the last I heard of it, it was dead. I have also had several dogs, all of which I liked very much. I am ten years old, and am in the Fourth Grade of the grammar school. I live on Park Avenue, and have been living on this square seven years this spring.

B. H. G., JUN.

BONNIE BRAE, MARYLAND.

I live on a small farm, sixteen miles from Washington. I will tell you about my pets, which make me happy every day. I have, to begin with, a donkey, which I ride and drive everywhere; her name is Dolly, and I love her dearly. Then I have a young cow named Daisy, and a special pet lamb, besides seven others, one of which is so tame it will eat out of my hand. I had a pet pig, which I sold. One of my papa's cows has a beautiful calf, which I shall adopt in place of the pig. I have no brothers or sisters, as so many of the children who write to you have, so the animals are my great friends. I do not go to school, but mamma teaches me at home. I have a little playmate on the next farm; I ride to see him very often on my donkey. I am tired of writing, but I hope you will not be tired of reading my letter. Your little friend,

CONSTANCE A.

Am I too late to send you a "morning walk" letter? This morning I thought I would take a walk, and enjoy the lovely cool breeze. I left home at seven o'clock, and got back at nine. During the two hours I wished more than once that the Postmistress and her correspondents were with me, everything was so beautiful. I was greeted by a robin's sweet song, the chorus of which was sung by many other birds, among them a lively blackbird. All along my path were daisies, cobwebs with the dew still on them, and black raspberries, and once I saw a lovely wild rose, which I tried to pick, but the sharp little thorns under the green leaves saved the pretty rose, and it is blooming still. The sunshine on the dewy cobwebs made them look as if spun of silver. The next thing I saw was a real country picture. In the shade of an old barn stood a patient cow being milked. The woman had on a sun-bonnet, and near them was an apple-tree laden with small green fruit. All around them were gardens, one of which I noticed especially, for, set back from the street a little, stood a tiny arbor covered with green vines. Back of this arbor was a pump, which had once been blue, but through weather and wear had lost its original hue. Next there was a little school-house, and near stood a very small boy underneath a very large hat, trying to chop down a fence. I then crossed a railroad, and came to the bridge of a mineral stream. The banks of this stream were colored buff, yellow, and dark red. Further on were rhododendrons and many other things;—but, dear Postmistress, if you are not exhausted by the time you finish this, I shall be glad.

FLORRIE.

A very good description, Florrie; but think, if we had all been there, what a crowd it would have made!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I want to tell you about our little kitty. She is black all over, and is very cute. We call her Dipper. She is three months old and very small. I am twelve years old, and have a dear little brother four years old. I wrote to you once before, but my letter was not printed. My favorite authors are Oliver Optic, Louisa M. Alcott, and Martha Finley. I am very fond of reading, and am much interested in the "Elsie" books. Please print my letter, because I want to surprise my mamma. I have a garden in our back yard. I have a doll named Bertha and one named Edna.

MARIAN S.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I do not go to school now, as it is vacation; but school will begin again in a few days, then I will go. Most of the children tell of their pets. I have none, but the butcher who lives next door has pigeons, and this morning I put some crumbs down in our yard, and some of the pigeons came and ate them, and after a while a large rat came and ate some more. This is the second letter I have written to you, though I have taken the paper for several years. My other letter was not published, and if this is it will surprise my mother.

MARY E. H.

PRAIRIEVILLE, ILLINOIS.

As I always read the letters in the Post-office Box, I thought I would like to write one too. I am ten years old, and like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I think the continued stories are very nice, and I was sorry when "Rolf House" ended. Prairieville is not a very large place; it had two stores, but one of them was burned the evening before the Fourth of July. I go to school, and study the Fourth Reader, spelling, geography, history, botany, and arithmetic.

MARY A. T.

MADISON, NEW JERSEY.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for several years, and like it very much, and I think I will subscribe again. I have twenty-four bantams, a canary-bird, and a very pretty pony; his name is Prince. I give him something to eat every day myself, and when I enter the stable he will look at me and whinny. I hope I shall see this letter printed. Good-by.

MURRAY S.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. A liquor. 3. An article of dress. 4. Part of the day. 5. A letter.

2.—1. A letter. 2. Anger. 3. System. 4. A sort of fish. 5. A letter.

PRUDA BOWERS.

No. 2.

TWO CHARADES.

1.—No mortal ever saw my first
On plain or vale or hill;
And yet no mortal lives on earth
Unless it helps him still.
My first you'll find on tossing grass,
And on the rippling rill.

My second is a busy place,
Where children love to play,
Though oft I fear their active limbs
Are very much in the way.
It does its work quite patiently
By night as well as day.
My whole is meant for use and duty,
But always has a certain beauty.

BLANCHE.

2.—My first is at present in your hand.
My second is usually an unknown quantity.
My whole is of use in the school-room on a breezy day.

CLARENCE.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 299.

No. 1.—Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.

No. 2.—1. Carpet. 2. The letter A.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Cockade City, Mary and Rhoda, Imogene Fayreweather, Ella Holmes, F. S. M., Leon Rose, Adelaide Walsh, Emma G. Moore, Jannette Shafer, Lucy Pease, Linda Marsden, John Johnson, F. Mumford, Theodore Wells, and Charlie Sisson.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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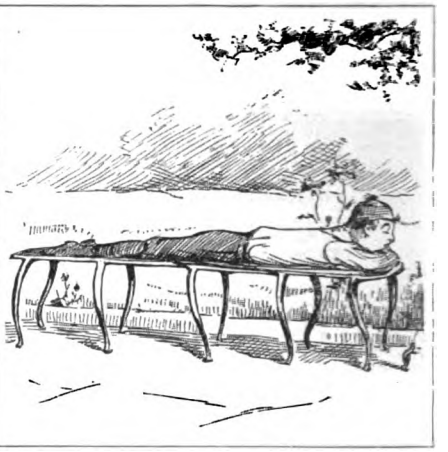
## A YOUNG NATURALIST'S EXPERIENCE.



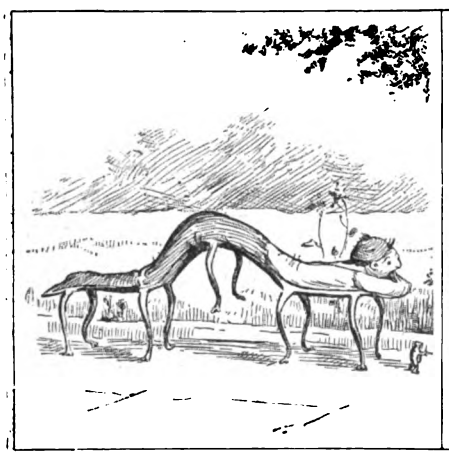
"Hello! here's an empty Park bench. I think I'll lie down and rest."



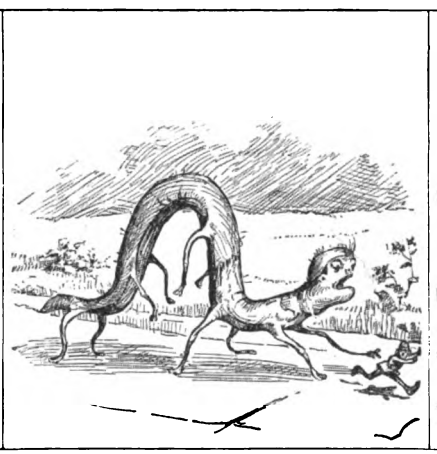
He stretches himself out on the bench, and watches a span-worm that is industriously measuring off the pavement.



Presently he notices that the form of the worm begins to change, and that he and the bench begin to behave in the most extraordinary manner.



He notes with astonishment that the worm is assuming the form of a Park policeman, and, what is more wonderful, he and the bench begin to resemble the span-worm, and to move in a very remarkable manner.



But imagine his delight when, as a fully developed span-worm, he chases the pigmy Park policeman out of the Park.



But his delight is turned into consternation when a *real* policeman rudely awakens him from the deep sleep into which he has fallen.

## ODD TRICKS.

IF you want to see curious sleight-of-hand performances, you must go to India. No jugglers in the world can compare with those who practice their curious art in that far-away land.

They have neither curtains nor tables, boxes nor drawers, nor do they wear loose embroidered mantles with large sleeves, as Western wizards usually do. An Indian juggler is clothed only with a strip of muslin fastened around his body. His limbs are bare. He stands in an open court-yard, without a tree, a grass-plot, or the shelter of a tent; and in the midst of a ring of spectators, all gazing at him with intense watchfulness, he calmly performs tricks which look like miracles.

For instance, he extends to you his empty hands. You see that there is nothing in them. He stoops down, picks up two or three pebbles, rubs his hands together, and presently there is a shining silver rupee.

Again he shows you his bare hands, picks up the rupee, breaks it in two, or pretends to do so, and there are two coins. He breaks these again and again until he has ten or a dozen, and where the money has come from or where he had it hidden no mortal can tell.

The basket trick is a favorite and a very mysterious one. The basket is shown you, empty. It is turned upside down in your sight. You know perfectly that there is nothing beneath it; but the juggler sings a little song, "Mieow! mieow!" is heard, he lifts the basket, and out jumps a cat. Sometimes instead of "mieows" one hears the barking of a dog or the cooing of a dove, and one of these emerges instead of Madam Puss. More amazing still it is to see puss there by herself at one moment, and the next, on the lifting of the basket, to behold her the centre of a happy family, kittens crowding by her side, and a bird perched on her head.

Sometimes a child is placed under the basket, and the juggler dances wildly around it, thrusting long lances and knives into the bamboo until blood comes out, and the spectators are horror-stricken. But just as they are ready to interfere, a merry laugh will be heard on the edge of the circle, and there will be the little one quite unhurt; and how he escaped from the basket, or where the red fluid which looked like blood came from, is not explained.

A French traveller saw a juggler set a large top spinning on the end of a stick which he balanced on his forehead. The top then stopped revolving or went on at the word of command, just as if it had been alive. Some of the jugglers dance airily on a loosely fastened rope, their feet bare, and earthen jars on their heads. One of them was seen to walk along the rope without a misstep, although buffalo horns were tied to his feet.

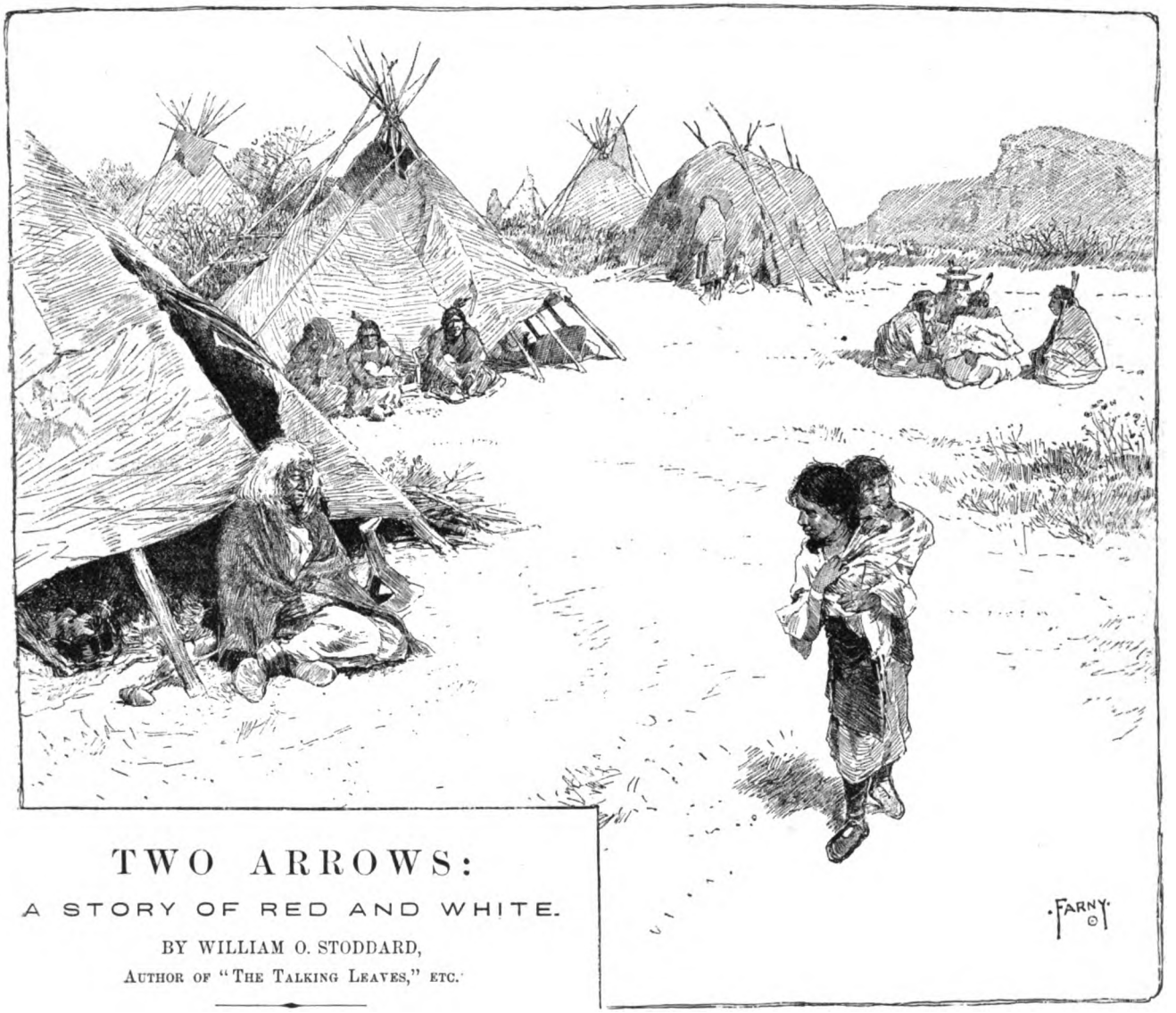
I think you will agree with the general opinion that if you want to see really clever tricks you must go to India.

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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 303. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1885.
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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




# TWO ARROWS:

## A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE HUNGRY CAMP.

THE mountain countries of all the earth have always been wonder-lands. The oldest and best known of them are to this day full of things that nobody has found out. The great western mountain country of the United States is made up of range after range of wonderful peaks and ridges, and men have peered in among them here and there, but for all the peering and searching nothing of the wonder has been rubbed away.

Right in the eastern edge of one of these mountain-ridges, one warm September morning not long ago, a band

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of Nez Percé Indians were oncamped. It was in what is commonly called "the far West"—perhaps because always when you get there the West is as far away as ever. The camp was in a sort of nook, and it was not easy to say whether a spur of the mountain jutted out into the plain, or whether a spur of the plain made a dent in the ragged line of the mountains. More than a dozen "lodges," made of skins upheld by poles, were scattered around on the smoother spots, not far from a bubbling spring of water. There were some trees and bushes and patches of grass near the spring, but the little brook which trickled away from it did not travel far into the world from the place where it was born, before it was soaked up and disappeared among the sand and gravel.

Take it altogether, it was a forlorn-looking, hot, dried-up, and uncomfortable sort of place. The very lodges themselves, and the human beings around them, made it appear pitifully desolate. The spring was the only thing that seemed to be alive and cheerful and at work.

There were Indians and squaws to be seen, a number of them, and boys and girls of all sizes, and some of the squaws carried pappooses, but they all looked as if they had given up entirely and did not expect to live any longer. Even some of the largest men had an air of not caring much, really, whether they lived or not; but that was only the regular and dignified way for a Nez Percé or any other Indian warrior to take a thing he can't help or is too lazy to fight with. The women showed more signs of life than the men, for some of them were moving about among the children, and one poor, old, withered, ragged squaw sat in the door of her lodge, with her gray hair all down over her face, rocking backward and forward, and singing a sort of droning chant.

There was not one quadruped of any kind to be seen in or about that camp. Behind this fact was the secret of the whole matter. Those Indians were starving! Days and days before that they had been away out upon the plains to the eastward hunting for buffalo. They had not found any, but they had found all the grass dry and parched by a long drought, so that no buffalo in his senses was likely to be there, and their own ponies could hardly make a living by picking all night. Then one afternoon a great swarm of locusts found where they were, and alighted upon them just as a westerly wind died out. The locusts remained long enough to eat up whatever grass there was left. All through the evening the Nez Percés had heard the harsh, tingling hum of those devourers, as they argued among themselves whether or not it were best to stay and dig for the roots of the grass. The wind came up suddenly and strongly about midnight, and the locusts decided to take advantage of it and sail away after better grass, but they did not leave any behind them.

The band of Nez Percés would have moved away the next morning under any circumstances, but when morning came they were in a terribly bad predicament. Not one of them carried a watch, or he might have known that it was about three o'clock, and very dark, when a worse disaster than the visit of the locusts took place. By five or six minutes past three it was done completely, and it was the work of a wicked old mule.

All but half a dozen of the ponies and mules of the band had been gathered and tethered in what is called a "corral," only that it had no fence, at a short distance from the lodges. Nobody dreamed of any danger to that corral, and there was none from the outside, even after the boys who were set to watch it had curled down and gone to sleep. All the danger was inside, and it was also inside of that mule. He was hungry and vicious. He had lived in the white "settlements," and knew something. He was fastened by a long hide lariat to a peg driven into the ground, as were all the others, and he knew that the best place to gnaw in two that lariat was close to the peg, where he could get a good pull upon it.

As soon as he had freed himself he tried the lariat of another mule, and found that the peg had been driven into loose earth and came right up. That was a scientific discovery, and he tried several other pegs. Some came up with more or less hard tugging, and as fast as they came up a pony or a mule was free. Then he came to a peg he could not pull, and he lost his temper. He squealed and turned around and kicked the pony that belonged to that peg. Then he stood still and brayed, and that was all that was needed.

It was just after three o'clock, and in one minute the whole corral was kicking and squealing, braying, biting, and getting free, and joining in the general opinion that it was time to run away.

That is what the Western men call a "stampede," and whenever one occurs there is pretty surely a mule or a thief at the bottom of it; but sometimes a hail-storm will do as well, or nearly so. By five or six minutes past three all of that herd was racing westward, with boys and men getting out of breath behind it, and all the squaws in the camp were holding hard upon the lariats of the ponies tethered among the lodges. When morning came there were hardly ponies enough to "pack" the lodges and other baggage, and every soul of the band had to carry something as they all set off, bright and early, upon the trail of the stampeded drove of ponies. Some of the warriors had followed it without any stopping for breakfast, and they might have caught up with it, perhaps, but for the good generalship of that old mule. He had decided in his own mind to trot right along until he came to something to eat and drink, and the idea was a persuasive one. All the rest determined to follow their leader.

It was not easy for men on foot to catch up with them, and before noon the warriors sat down and took a smoke, and held a council as to what it was best to do. Before they finished that council the ponies had gained several miles' start of them. The next council the warriors held contained but three men, for all the rest had gone back as messengers to tell the band that the ponies had not been recovered. By night-fall the remaining three had faithfully carried back the same news, and were ready for a fresh start.

That had not been the whole of the sad history. On the evening before the stampede that band of Nez Percés had been well supplied with riding ponies and pack-mules, and had also been rich in dogs. No other band of their size had more, although their failure to find buffaloes had already begun to have its effect upon the number of their barking stock.

There was no help for it; the ponies ate the grass up at the spring, and then one of them had to be eaten, while the warriors rode all around the neighborhood vainly hunting for something better and not so expensive. They did secure a few rabbits and sage-hens and one small antelope, but all the signs of the times grew blacker and blacker, and it was about as well to kill and eat the remaining ponies as to let them die of starvation. A sort of apathy seemed to fall upon everybody, old and young, and the warriors hardly felt like doing any more hunting. Now at last they sat down to starve, without a dog or a pony left, and with no prospect that game of any kind would come into camp to be killed.

## Chapter II.

### A YOUNG HERO.

Away from the camp a long mile, and down in the edge of the dry, hot, desolate plain, there was a wide spread of sage-bushes. They were larger than usual, because of having ordinarily a better supply of water sent them from the mountains than if they had settled farther out. In among such growths are apt to be found sage-hens and rabbits, and sometimes antelopes, but the warriors had decided that

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they had hunted out all the game that had been there, and had given the bushes up.

Two of the members of the band who were not warriors had not arrived at the same conclusion, and both of these were among the "sage-brush" that morning. The first had been greatly missed among the lodges, and had been much hunted for and shouted after, for he was the largest and most intelligent dog ever owned by that band. He was also about the ugliest ever owned by anybody, and his misfortunes had earned for him the name of One-eye. He could see more with the eye he had left—and it was his right—than any other animal they had ever had, or than most of the warriors. He saw what became of the other dogs, for instance, and at once acquired a habit of not coming when an Indian called for him. He kept his eye about him all day, and was careful as to where he lay down. Just about the time when the ponies began to go into the camp kettles he was a dog hard to find, although he managed to steal pony bones and carry them away into the sage-brush.

Perhaps it was for this reason that he was in even better condition than common that morning. He had no signs of famine about him, and he lay beside what was left of a jackass-rabbit, which he had managed to add to his stock of plunder. One-eye was a dog of uncommon sagacity; he had taken a look at the camp just before sunrise, and had confirmed his convictions that it was a bad place for him. He had been to the spring for water, drinking enough to last him a good while, and then he had made a race against time for the nearest bushes. He lay now with his sharp-pointed wolfish ears pricked forward, listening to the tokens of another presence besides his own.

Somebody else was there, but not in bodily condition to have made much of a race after One-eye. It was a well-grown boy of about fifteen years, and One-eye at once recognized him as his own particular master, but he was a very forlorn-looking boy. He wore no clothing, except the deer-skin "clout" that covered him from above his hips to the middle of his thighs. He carried a light lance in one hand and a bow in the other, and there were arrows in the quiver slung over his shoulder. A good butcher-knife hung in its case by the thong around his waist, and he was evidently out on a hunting expedition.

He was the one being, except One-eye, remaining in that band of Nez Percés with life and energy enough to try and do something. He did not look as if he could do much. He was the son of the old chief in command of the band, but it was two whole days since he had eaten anything, and he had a faded, worn, drawn, hungry appearance, until you came to his black, brilliant eyes. These had an unusual fire in them, and glanced quickly, restlessly, piercingly in all directions. He might have been even good-looking if he had been well fed and well dressed, and he was tall and strongly built. Just such Indian boys grow up into the chiefs and leaders who make themselves famous, and get their exploits into the newspapers, but as yet this particular boy had not managed to earn for himself any name at all. Every Indian has to do something notable, or have something memorable occur to him before his tribe gives him the honor of a distinguishing name.

There could be no doubt about that boy's pluck and ambition, and he was a master for any dog to have been proud of, as he resolutely and stealthily searched the sage-bushes. He found nothing, up to the moment when he came out into a small bit of open space, and then he suddenly stopped, for there was something facing him under the opposite bushes.

"Ugh! One-eye."

A low whine replied to him, and a wag of a dog's tail was added, but a watch was kept upon any motion he might make with his bow or lance.

"Ugh! no. Not kill him," remarked the boy, after almost a minute of profound thinking. "Eat him? No dog then. All old men fools. No dog to hunt with. No pony. Starve. Keep One-eye. Try for rabbits."

He called repeatedly, but his old acquaintance refused to come near him.

"Ugh! knows too much."

It was not a matter to lessen the value of One-eye that he understood his own interests, and his master ceased, wearily, his efforts to entice him. He pushed on through the bushes, but now he was instantly aware that One-eye was searching them with him, keeping at a safe distance, but performing regular hunter's duty. He even scared up a solitary sage-hen, but she did not fly within range of bow and arrow. She was an encouragement, however, and so were the remains of the rabbit to which One-eye managed to pilot the way. They seemed like a promise of better things to come, and One-eye stood over them for a moment wagging his tail, as much as to say,

"There; take that and let me up!"

The boy picked up the rabbit and said several things to the dog in a clear, musical voice. He spoke the guttural Nez Percé dialect, which is one of the most difficult in the world, and One-eye seemed almost to understand him—and yet there are white boys of fifteen who stumble dreadfully over such easy tongues as Greek and Latin.

The boy and dog seemed to be on better terms after that, and went on through the sage-brush toward where a straggling line of mesquite scrubs marked the border of the open plain. The dog was ranging the bushes right and left, while the boy slowly followed the narrow lane of an old, hard-beaten "buffalo path," with an arrow on the string, ready for anything that might turn up. They were nearly out of the mesquites when One-eye uttered a quick, sharp, low-voiced whine, which his master seemed to understand.

It is not every dog that can whine in Nez Percé dialect, but the boy at once dropped upon his hands and knees and crept silently forward. He had been warned that something was the matter, and his natural instinct was to hide until he should discover what it might be. Again the dog whimpered, and the boy knew that he was hidden ahead and beyond him. He crawled out of the trail, and made his way under and through the bushes. He made no more sound or disturbance than a snake would have caused in doing the same thing, and in half a minute more he was peering out into the open country.

"Ugh! buffalo!"

His brilliant eyes served him well. Only an Indian or a dog would have rightly read the meaning of some very minute variations in the brown crest of a roll of the prairie, far away to the eastward. Only the keenest vision could have detected the fact that there was a movement in the low, dull line of desolation. Back shrank the boy under the bushes at the side of the trail, and One-eye now had enough of restored confidence to come and crouch beside him. In a few minutes more the spots were noticeably larger, and it was plain that the buffalo were approaching and not receding.

At another time and under different circumstances even an Indian might have been unwise, and have tried to creep out and meet them, but the weakness of semi-starvation brought with it a most prudent suggestion. It was manifestly better to lie still and let them come, so long as they were coming. There was no sort of fatigue in such a style of hunting, but there was a vast deal of excitement. It was a strain on any nerves, especially hungry ones, to lie still while those two great, shaggy shapes came slowly out upon the ridge. They did not pause for an instant, and there was no grass around them to give them an excuse for lingering.

On came the two bisons, and it was apparent soon that no more were following them.

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"Bull—cow," muttered the boy. "Get both. Laugh at old men then. Have name."

His black eyes flashed as he put his best arrow on the string and flattened himself upon the dry, hot earth. Nearer and nearer drew the gigantic game, and with steady, lumbering pace they followed the old trail. It was a breathless piece of business, but it was over at last. The bull was in front, and he was a splendid-looking old fellow, although somewhat thin in flesh. Neither he nor his companion seemed to have smelled or dreamed of danger, and they walked straight into it. The moment for action had come, and the boy's body rose a little, with a swift, pliant, graceful motion. With all the strength starvation had left in him, he drew his arrow to the head. In another second it was buried to its very feathers in the broad breast of the buffalo bull, and the great animal fell, pierced through the heart.

The young hunter had known well the precise spot to aim at, and he had made a perfect shot. The cow halted for a moment, as if in amazement, and then charged forward along the trail. That moment had given the boy enough time to put another arrow on the string, and as she passed him he drove it into her just behind the shoulder, well and vigorously. Once more he had given a deadly wound, and now he caught up his lance. There was little need of it, but he could not be sure of that, and so, as the bull staggered to his feet in his death-struggle, he received a terrific thrust in the side, and went down again. It was a complete victory, so far as the bull was concerned, and One-eye had darted away upon the path of the wounded cow.

"Ugh! got both!" said the boy. "Have name now."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE TOMB OF "AN AMIABLE CHILD."

BY FRANK BELLEW.

ON the west side of New York, along the banks of the Hudson River, there runs a long strip of land, commencing at Seventy-second Street and extending many miles up. This strip of land is beautified with a fine growth of trees, luxuriant meadow-grass, and numberless wild flowers. It is called Riverside Park, and is the most lovely spot on Manhattan Island.

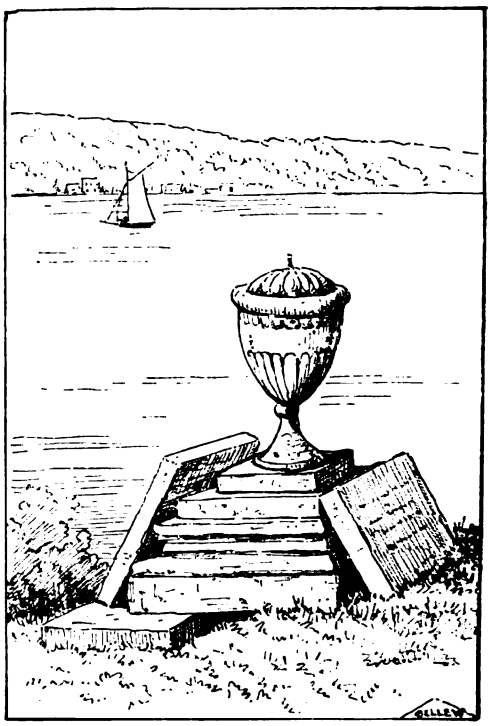
A short time ago, while wandering along the upper end of this park, in the neighborhood of One-hundred-and-twenty-fourth Street, in a secluded, solitary spot, I came suddenly upon a little tomb—an urn of white marble, with a pedestal of the same, standing among the grass and buttercups. Two slabs of stone leaned against the pedestal, one of which was inscribed with the words of Job:

"Man that is born of woman
Is of few days, and full of trouble.
He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down;
He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

The other bore the following inscription:

Erected
to
the Memory of
an Amiable Child
Sr CLAIRE POLLOCK
died 15 July 1797 in the 5th
Year of his Age

"Seventeen hundred and ninety-seven," I thought to myself. If this *amiable child* were still living, he would now be ninety-two years of age, and I pictured him, in my mind's eye, standing before me, with bent shoulders and gray hair, looking out on the broad Hudson flowing beneath. On the tomb of the soldier, the statesman, or the poet are recited his deeds of valor, wisdom, or genius. The child can have none of these to be recorded, but could there be a sweeter or a nobler fame to hand down to posterity than is expressed in the simple words of this inscription, "To the Memory of an Amiable Child?"



MONUMENT TO ST. CLAIRE POLLOCK.

It seemed sad and strange to find this solitary, unguarded grave, in a public park, exposed to the rude assaults of lawless idlers. And yet it had stood there for eighty-seven years, and is little injured.* But why was this little tomb planted in this isolated spot, with no companion grave near, to hold out forever to sailing ships and steaming craft below its plaintive legend: "To the Memory of an Amiable Child"? I thought there must be some romance connected with it, and as I walked away and mounted the higher ground beyond, I resolved, if possible, to ascertain its history. Presently I came upon an old, old mansion, which I at once concluded, and rightly, to be the former home of the *amiable child*.

There was no romance, I found, connected with the tomb beyond the romance of love and sorrow, though the history of the place had otherwise some interest. The occupant of the little sepulchre was the son of Carlile Pollock, who built the mansion I saw, which he deserted, a broken-hearted man, after the death of his child. He was a merchant of New York, and belonged to an old family that has now died out.

The house, it seems, is well known as having been once the residence of Viscount Courtney, who fled from England, after committing some crime, and lived here in guilty solitude. He had but one friend, Robert Fulton, to relieve his loneliness, until he succeeded to the earldom of his father, shortly before the war of 1812, when he went to Paris, where he died.

There are many other interesting historical associations connected with the surroundings of this last resting-place of the *amiable child*. Before his birth it was the theatre of war, and felt the tramp of armed men; later, a quiet and secluded retreat for work-worn men of mark; and now our growing young giant city of the East stretches out her long arms to embrace it.

* Since I first saw it a high iron railing has been erected round the tomb by some thoughtful hand, so that it will doubtless be preserved to us as a memento for a long time.

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And now, after a lapse of nearly a hundred years, the lonely grave is to have a companion, and for generations to come the place will be visited by millions drawn thither to see the monument of the greatest soldier America has yet known. Within a few yards of the urn erected to little St. Claire Pollock is the spot which the city of New York has selected for the last resting-place of General Grant.

Thus, close together, will stand two memorial structures to two noble lives—the one, a great commander of vast armies, and a conqueror; the other, a little child, who conquered hearts by the goodness of his own heart, whose glory was his gentleness, and whose virtues are touchingly and quaintly recorded in the inscription, "To the Memory of an Amiable Child."

# INTO UNKNOWN SEAS;

## Or, THE CRUISE OF TWO SAILOR BOYS.

BY DAVID KER,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST CITY," "FROM THE HUDSON TO THE NEVA," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIII.

### HOW IT ENDED.

FOR an instant the daring Captain was so utterly unnerved that he felt as if all were indeed over; but even *then* he thought less of himself than of the two brave lads who followed him, and of whose death (as he said to himself in the bitterness of that fatal moment) he alone was guilty.

But the very thought stirred up his indomitable energy anew. If these young lives might be saved by anything that *he* could do, saved they should be.

"Hold on a minute, boys," said he, as cheerily as he could. "There is something in the road, and I am going to try and clear it away."

The Captain spoke more hopefully than he felt, but even now he did not wholly despair. The rough, crumbling surface of the obstruction seemed like a mass of volcanic cinders and dust rather than one solid bowlder, and if so, it might be cut through.

Out came his heavy dirk-knife, and a powerful stroke was followed by the rattle of falling fragments. He was right, then. To work he went like a giant, bringing down handfuls of rubbish with every plunge of the strong blade, till at length it struck against a stone, which seemed to be a large one. Clearing away the crust all round it, he seized the stone with both hands, shook it, moved it, and finally, with one tremendous effort, tore it from its place. Instantly the whole mass gave way with a crash, and when the thick lava dust had settled down they saw before them, dim and faint as a distant star, but still unmistakably visible, the light of *day*.

Had any one seen the three ghastly figures that staggered forth from that living grave and sank exhausted on the ground, he might well have thought that they had only escaped one death to perish by another. But the sight of the declining sun roused them at length, and though their laboring breath seemed to choke itself with every gasp, and their nerveless limbs tottered under them like those of an infant, they struggled to their feet, and reeled dizzily toward a tiny stream of water that trickled from the rocks to their right.

Many a time did they plunge their burning faces right into the stream before their raging thirst was quenched or the fever that consumed them abated. But with every draught new life seemed to run through their veins, and when Percy, having knocked over a passing bird with a well-aimed stone, broiled it on a fire of dry leaves, their strength revived with the first taste of food.

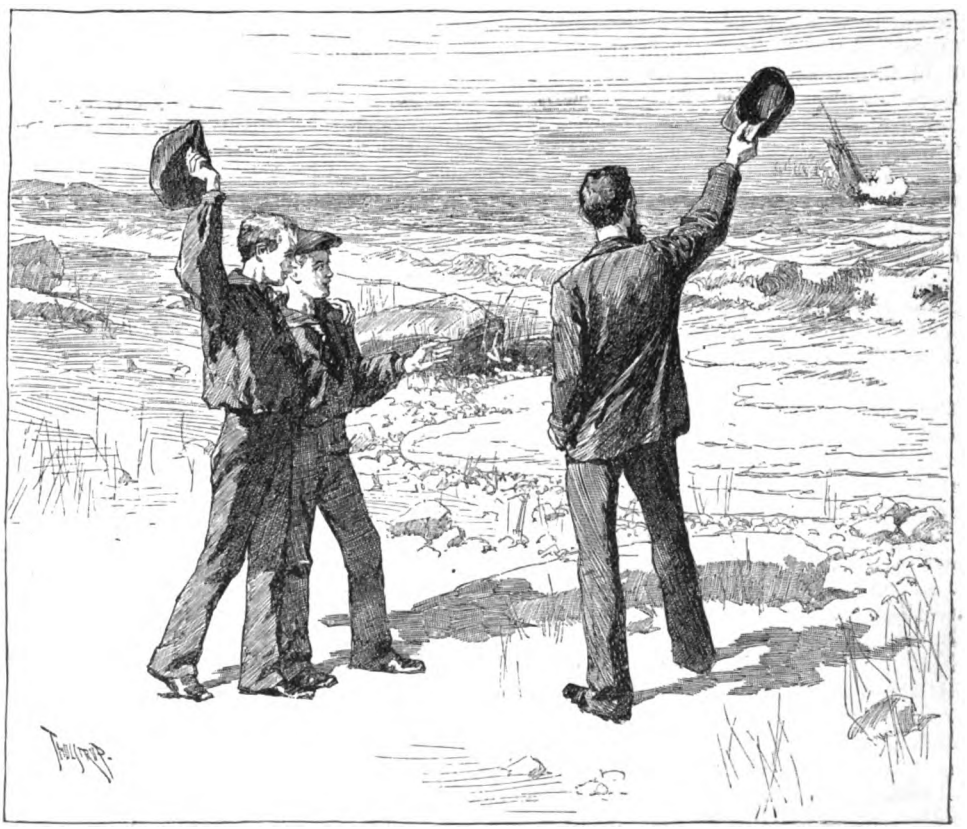
Supper over, they made a fire on the highest part of the ridge, and heaped fuel upon it till the broad red blaze could be seen far and wide. Little hope, indeed, was there of any ship passing near enough to sight it, but it was their only chance.

Hark! Was that a *gun*?

All three were on their feet in a moment peering wistfully down into the great gulf of blackness, whence another dull boom arose as they listened.

There was little sleep that night for any of the three. All through the long dark hours they strained their eyes anxiously into the surrounding blackness, and listened with beating hearts to the guns, which continued to fire at intervals all night long.

Morning dawned at last, and showed them a light vessel steering straight for the island. There was a strange and awkward look about her rigging, which was evidently pieced together out of old spars and make-shift tackle; but to Percy's sailor eye the lines of her hull were too fa-



"A LIGHT VESSEL STEERING STRAIGHT FOR THE ISLAND."

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miliar to make it any surprise to him when the British union-jack fluttered out at her gaff, and his own private flag at her peak. It was the *St. Christopher!*

An hour later our three Crusoes were once more among their old ship-mates. While the other boys were overwhelming Jim and Sandy with questions and congratulations, Mr. Gaskett was telling the Captain how they had been blown far away down to the southeast, and were several days before they could put about; how they met another gale in returning, lost their masts, and had to patch up "jury masts" as best they could; and how, the chart marking the position of Shark Island having been lost when the chart-house was swept off by a big sea, they had been forced to steer by guess, and were actually running past the island without seeing it, when they sighted Percy's signal fire.

The yacht and its crew being once more at his disposal, Percy resolved that the treasure for which so much had been risked should still be theirs. His first idea was to plant a crane on the brow of the precipice, and swing up the golden image from below; but this proving impracticable, he tried another method. The fall of the crag which had blocked the cavern mouth had cracked and split the surrounding rocks in such a way that a small charge of dynamite sufficed to blow out one of them altogether. Through the opening thus made the sailors penetrated the cave, and one afternoon's work put the "Berava-Dourada" safely on board the yacht.

Before quitting the island, however, they made a visit to the scene of the land-slip which had so nearly proved fatal to our heroes. It was no easy matter to scale the peak, but they did so at last, and looked wonderingly at the great black gap that yawned in the rim of the crater, and the masses of jagged rock that lay strewn all around.

"Ugh!" said Mr. Gaskett, as he looked down into the abyss; "if *I'd* been down there, Master Percy, with those things coming tumbling in, I'd not have known nor'east from sou'west. We'd better be off sharp before the whole island tumbles to bits like a bag of biscuit."

At that moment a loud cry was heard from old Tom Edwards, who had gone a little way ahead, and hurrying to the spot, they found him staring open-mouthed at a livid face that looked forth at him from between two huge bowlders.

All recognized at a glance the features of their enemy Gomez, and all saw in what way the traitor had met the death he merited. When the land-slip occurred he had been prowling around the mouth of the chasm that sheltered them, in the hope of reaching them from above, and had been crushed by the falling rocks.

"Poor wretch!" said the Captain, turning away, "he has gained little by his treason, after all. God forgive him!"

But it was not till some time later that they learned from what a formidable and merciless enemy that well-deserved punishment had delivered them. On her way home the *St. Christopher* put in at Cape Town to refit, and there they heard for the first time of the recent destruction of a pirate brigantine, and the mysterious escape of her Portuguese captain, whose description corresponded exactly with that of Miguel Gomez.

Little more remains to be told. Jim and Sandy are still aboard the *St. Christopher*, and declare that they would not leave her for the finest frigate afloat; but Gaskett is now "in dock" in a snug little cottage at Portsmouth, living on a pension given him by "Master Percy," who pays him a visit every year. The Captain has spent his share of the Portuguese treasure in founding a home for orphans and destitute boys generally, which is now under the charge of a cheery old ex-quartermaster known as "worthy Mr. Thomas Edwards," who is never weary of telling how "my lord and me went a-cruisin' into them unknown seas."

THE END.

## "SPOOK."

BY HELEN S. CONANT.

ONE morning in June when we opened the street door he walked in, calmly entered the parlor, and jumping on the sofa, curled himself into a little round soft bunch, and began to purr. We all stood and looked at him with astonishment. He had evidently taken possession with the intention of staying. He was a very handsome cat, with beautiful black stripes on his gray fur. We patted his head and stroked his glossy coat, and he rubbed his nose affectionately against our fingers.

Suddenly he looked up with a piteous little miaou, as much as to say, "I'm very hungry; please give me some breakfast." We carried him to the back balcony, and gave him a plate of meat and a saucer of fresh milk, which he devoured eagerly.

"He's only a tramp cat," said the big boy of the family. "Soon as he gets enough to eat he'll run away." But he never did run away. He staid, and every member of the family became his devoted slave. We named him Spook, because he was like an apparition. He belonged to nobody, and, so far as we knew, came from nowhere.

He soon discovered a rat-hole in the back yard, and spent long sunny mornings patiently watching that hole, but he never caught a rat. All through the spring the rats had marched out of that hole—armies of them. They had scampered in troops all over the back yard, and had even entered the kitchen on grand thieving expeditions. They had skillfully avoided our traps, and passed the most tempting bait with a disdainful sniff. But Spook was too much for them.

We were very grateful to Spook for relieving us of the company of the rats, and the whole family, even the cook, thought nothing was too good for him. Singularly enough, he refused to eat his meals in the kitchen. He would not even touch his morning saucer of milk until the family had breakfast. We put him in the kitchen at night, but the moment the door was opened in the morning he scampered upstairs and paid a visit to each bedroom, purring all the while and begging to be caressed. Spook was lord of the house.

When he had ruled for several weeks we were presented with a tiny kitten, which we named Spectre, as a fitting companion for Spook, and which, as it was very small, soon came to be known as Speck. Spook growled over it at first, but soon began to patronize it in a lordly fashion, only he never would allow it to take even a sup of milk in the dining-room with the family.

One fatal morning, when Speck had been a member of the household for some time, our big boy carried it upstairs, and put it on the bed where Spook was sleeping. His lordship arose with an ominous growl, and indignantly left the room. That afternoon we saw him on the fence endeavoring to entice poor Speck to accompany him on a promenade. The little kitten at length climbed up, and flattered no doubt by an invitation to see the great world, disappeared among the grape-vines and trees of neighboring back yards. We thought it very friendly of Spook, and expected to see the pair come scampering home at dinner-time. But Spook returned alone. We made diligent search and inquiry for poor little Speck, but we never heard from it again. Like the baker who hunted the snark, it had "softly and suddenly vanished away."

But Spook was not always so heartless. We often noticed him playing among the grape-vines with a graceful little black and white pussy, whose home was in a house near by. One warm evening he came scampering in from the yard crying as loud as he could. We thought he was hungry, and took him to the kitchen where his supper of fish and milk was already prepared. To our astonishment he refused to eat, but insisted, in persistent cat fashion, that the kitchen door should be opened. We opened

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it to see what would happen. Spook dashed out into the darkness, but returned in a moment, followed, to our great astonishment, by the black and white pussy. It was very shy at first, but Spook coaxed it with the most friendly sounds, until at last it came in and began to eat.

When they had finished, they purred and looked up in our faces as if thanking us, and then both scampered to the yard, and went to sleep on a bed of old carpet which we had placed there for Spook's comfort during the nights when it was too hot to shut him in the kitchen. We found on inquiry that the family with whom the black and white pussy lived were away in the country, and poor little pussy was for the time homeless, and we wondered much over Spook's sagacity in bringing it to us to be fed.

Oh, the mortifications we were put to on his account! One evening we all went to a concert, and on returning no Spook was to be found, but frantic miaouings from the next back yard plainly indicated his whereabouts. Now that yard was a trap. There was no grape-vine trellis to scale, and a cat once there had to stay. Spook had jumped down there once before in pursuit of a fleeing rat, but that was in the day-time, and the lady next door had kindly allowed us to go through her basement after our cherished pet. But now it was midnight, and our neighbors were asleep, and we were too soft-hearted to leave Spook miaouing there till morning, for the night was piercingly cold. At length a step-ladder was brought, and with much clatter we let down a water-pail in the hope that he would climb into it.

But he wouldn't. Of course he wouldn't. On the contrary, he ran to the most distant corner of the yard, and miaoued louder than ever. Finally our big boy balanced himself on the fence while we hauled up the step-ladder, and helped put it down on the other side, while one of us held up a lantern suspended on the end of a clothes-pole. We heard back windows go up all around the block, and knew that wild suspicions of dark and evil intentions on our part must be afloat, but we were determined to have that cat, and we got him.

As Spook grew older he acquired a bad habit of "scoopin' out after dinner, ma'am," as the cook expressed it. He went off over the grape-vine arbors, but invariably returned to the front door. If we were out late, we always found him waiting on the steps when we came home. But if we were not out and his furry lordship chose to return at midnight, somebody had to get up and let him in, for he allowed no one to sleep if he was outside. It was wonderful how much noise he could make if the front door was between him and his bed.

Spook had many adventures, but the most heart-rending of all occurred on a sunny afternoon when he was basking on the fence. Some bad-hearted boy—for any boy who can torture an innocent animal is bad-hearted—shot our beautiful puss. The poor thing had strength to get home, and came staggering into the kitchen covered with blood. There was nothing done in the house that day except to nurse poor Spook. We thought he would die. He was very weak, and cried piteously whenever he was moved. He lay stretched out like a child, and looked up at us with his great eyes, while we bathed his wound. Fortunately the savage bullet had ploughed along under his fur without touching any vital part. We could feel where it had lodged, and as days went on and he gained strength, we petted him more than ever. He was our veteran, our old soldier, and the children regarded him with increased admiration because he had a bullet under his furry coat.

Spook is an old puss now, and is much more dignified than formerly. He prefers to view the world from the window instead of chasing about the streets. If some day you see a large black and gray pussy sitting serenely in the window of a certain house in Brooklyn, you must notice him carefully, for it will no doubt be Spook, the venerable household pet and hero of many adventures.

## THE GIRLS' TALLY-HO.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

"IT'S almost as nice as a bicycle," declared Ivry Gray, when she found that one of her birthday presents was a patent self-propelling coach and pair.

"But how do you make it go?" inquired her cousin Bessie.

"I'll show you," cried Edgar, and jumping in, he began pulling at the reins in such a way as caused the hobby-horses to rear and plunge, and then start ahead in quite a life-like manner.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Rob, waving his hat. "Look out for the tally-ho!"

Ivry clapped her hands, with the cry, "Oh, that's just what we'll call it! And see, Bess, there's room enough on the seat for two, so it 'll be yours as well as mine as long as you're here. Let me try now, Edgar," she added, as her brother approached after his second trip around the circle in front of the house.

But the driving was not such an easy thing to do as it appeared to be, and after three or four attempts Ivry was glad to let Edgar's more practiced hands furnish the motive power. Then Bessie and Rob took their turns at having rides, and by that time Ivry's other presents reasserted their claims to her attention.

After lunch Edgar and Rob went off with some friends to fish, and as mamma and auntie were busy with the dress-maker, the two little girls were rather at a loss what to do with themselves until it was time for their tea party at five o'clock.

"I'll tell you what," exclaimed Ivry, as they wandered about under the trees, "I'll teach myself how to work it, and take you for a drive in the tally-ho;" and she hurried off toward the summer-house, where the wagon had been left.

"But don't you feel a—a little afraid?" asked Bess, doubtfully, as Ivry confidently stepped in and placed her feet on the steering-iron.

"Why, you don't think they can run away with us, do you?" she replied, laughingly, gathering up the reins. "Now are you in all snug and safe? One, two, three; here we go!" and Ivry gave a fierce tug at the lines, and the coach—remained where it was.

Then she tried a pull of another sort, which sent the wagon backward bump against the summer-house.

"Oh dear, why can't I do it as Edgar does?" exclaimed the driver, not a little put out.

"Suppose you jerk every way you can think of," suggested Bess.

"So I have," returned Ivry, "but it don't—" That time, however, it "did," and the tally-ho went rolling off down the path in fine style.

Ivry had caught the motion at last and kept her horses prancing nobly.

"Why, where are you going, Ivry?" exclaimed Bess, in some alarm, as presently the coach was steered from the walk on to the avenue that led to the public highway.

"Just going to try the road," replied her cousin. "You know it's as hard as a board, and it 'll be more like a real tally-ho to go where there are other horses and carriages."

"But suppose they run over us?" continued Bess, still anxious; but Ivry tossed her head, as she answered that it would be very queer to have a collision when she and the other drivers would always be steering away from one another.

"Besides," she added, with a thought of prudence, as they glided out of the gate, "we won't go far."

The road was certainly a tempting one, and as at that hour of the day there were few people stirring, the girls had it all to themselves.

"Isn't it fun?" cried Ivry, sawing away at her horses' heads with a will.

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"'OH, THERE SHE IS NOW!' SAID BESS, IN AN AWE-STRICKEN WHISPER."

Bess nodded and held on tighter; she seemed to feel that it was not impossible for the horses to run off.

Presently Ivry stopped to rest, only to propose the next instant, "Let's ride down to the creek and astonish the boys! I don't believe it's more than half a mile, and downhill all the way."

"But won't it be hard work coming back?" objected Bess.

"Oh, the boys 'll help us"; and without waiting for her cousin's formal consent to the plan, the impetuous Ivry cried "Get up," and started on again toward the brow of the hill.

"Stop, Ivry, I'm afraid," exclaimed Bess, when the steepness of the decline was fully revealed to her.

"Why, Bessie, don't you remember how you coasted here last Christmas? Besides," added Ivry, "as long as I keep hold of the lines, we can't go any faster than I choose."

However, they were going fast enough to make Bessie's hat fly off, which caused her to scream out, and Ivry to look back just as they spun around the curve. A pony attached to a pretty little village-cart, that had also turned the corner coming up the hill, wheeled short about as the two girls in their queer carriage shot by almost under his nose, something white was pitched out to one side of the road, and then the horse and cart vanished on a run.

As for the tally-ho, its terrified driver tried to steer out of the way so suddenly as to land both coach and passengers in a confused heap on the ground.

"Oh, Bess, are you hurt?" cried Ivry, as she sat up in the dust and rubbed an earthy spot on her forehead.

"N-no," replied her cousin, scrambling to her feet. "But, oh, Ivry, I'm afraid the little girl's killed!"

"Killed! What little girl?" And Ivry's eyes opened wide with terror.

"Why, didn't you see when she was thrown out of the carriage?"

"Bessie Hinson, what do you mean? I didn't see any—"

"Oh, there she is now!" interrupted Bess, in an awe-stricken whisper, pointing in among the tall grass in the ditch across the road.

Ivry looked and saw part of a white dress, and then, gathering her little cousin up in her arms, she sobbed out, "Oh, Bess, what have I done? It was all wrong for me to—to ride on the road, but I—I wanted to show the b-boys how. And now to think! Oh, oh, I'm afraid to go over and look. Do—do you see her move?"

Bessie raised her head, glanced across at the dreadful spot, and then whispered, "No, but perhaps—"

"Oh, what will they do with me?" moaned Ivry. "Hark! here comes a carriage now."

"Oh, dear, it's the very same horse we frightened, and the man's coming back to look for the little girl," reported Bess, for her cousin still kept her eyes covered.

Suddenly the latter lifted her head resolutely and exclaimed: "Let's run to meet him, and find out the worst!"

On came the village-cart, driven by a colored man, who kept looking first one side of the road, then the other. Ivry signed to him to stop, and began at once.

"Oh, if you please, we're awfully sorry we scared your horse, but—but you know I couldn't see you coming around the corner. And—and you can see the little girl's dress over there in the weeds. Oh, if I've killed—"

"Killed, miss?" replied the man, to the girls' horror actually grinning. "I jes' guess I wouldn't 'low no pony ter kill me. But I's bound ter say he did run consid'ble distance 'fore I could pull him down. Whar'd yer say missy's clo'es war? Oh, I see 'em," and the coachman drove on toward that terrible ditch, leaving the girls to follow with thumping hearts.

When the cart stopped they both stood still and watched breathlessly as the man got out, stooped down, and picked up a bundle of summer dresses fresh from the laundry.

"Not a speck on 'em," he cried, joyfully, as he sprang back to his place. "G'lang, Prince," and horse and driver disappeared around the curve.

For about five minutes Ivry and Bess laughed and cried hysterically, and then the former insisted on pushing the tally-ho up the hill all by herself, while her cousin went to pick up her hat.

And so the boys were not astonished, except by a fish which one of them actually caught.

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A LITTLE "TRAMP."—Drawn by C. A. Northam.—See Poem on Page 666.

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## A LITTLE "TRAMP."

BY MARY D. BRINE.

OUT among the grasses sweet
Wanders Baby Marguerite.
Just a dimpled "tramp" is she,
Bubbling o'er with roguish glee,
Proud of being a runaway
On this golden summer's day.
'Mongst the grasses sometimes hiding, then away where daisies grow—
Never in one spot abiding, always, ever on the go.
Honey-bees and butterflies
Follows she with eager eyes,
As they rove from flower to flower,
Happy in each golden hour.
Now she waits to hear the singing of the bird in yonder tree
Ere again her own flight winging still away from home and me.

By-and-by the sunshine's kisses
Grow too warm for Marguerite.
Glowing sunbeams! who can blame them,
Stealing kisses all so sweet
From the dimpled cheeks, as rosy
As the very reddest posy,
Loving her with might and main as they hover round about her,
Wondering, maybe, how the world ever could be fair without her,
Pretty Baby Marguerite,
Brown-eyed runaway so sweet?

Ho! what sings the little brook?
"Come here, Marguerite, and look
At my ripples, how they flow;
Cool for tired feet, you know—
Baby feet that are so tired
Tramping on a summer's day.
Surely in the sparkling ripples
They will like to splash and play."
So they do, and cease their playing only when the merry breeze
Whispers, "Come and see the shadows dancing underneath the trees."
Then away the bare feet scamper,
Neither socks nor shoes to hamper
Their fleet steps adown the hill,
While the breezes lift at will
Tangled curls of golden hair 'neath the white sun-bonnet straying,
And around the little feet sun and shade are gayly playing.

But at last our runaway
Tired grows with the long day,
Thinks of mother and of home,
Cares no longer now to roam,
Wonders whether she'll be scolded
Or in loving arms infolded,
Plans a peace-offering of flowers
To atone for anxious hours.
Home and mother are so far;
How she wishes that mamma
Just would come and take her baby, little tired runaway,
Drowsy little "tramp," so weary of the long and busy day!
Courage, baby; she is now
Coming near, with anxious brow,
Coming on with flying feet
In search of Baby Marguerite.
But not all your pretty flowers
Will atone for anxious hours—
No, indeed—but only this,
Baby's tearful eyes and kiss.

## THE WHISTLING WREN OF DARFUR.

BY W. O. AYRES.

DID you ever hear of the Fur? You must pronounce the word Foor; and I am afraid you have heard little about them, for they are a people who live in a region so remote that few travellers reach them. If you look on your map of Africa, west of Abyssinia, across the Nile, you will see the name Darfur or Darfour. The word means the country of the Fur, and the Fur are the ones of whom I spoke. It is a strange country, and they are a strange people, and I must tell you about this strange little bird, the whistling wren of Darfur—at least that is the name I gave him. The Fur, as nearly as I could understand, called him milly-mill, I suppose from his song, and in books he is called *Drymioca maculosa*. He is found in other parts of Africa as well as in Darfur, and as he belongs to the tribe of birds that are called wren-warblers, and as I saw him in that country, I think the name Whistling Wren of Darfur suits him at least as well as his scientific name.

Darfur lies almost in the desert, for the great Sahara bounds it on the north, and strips of desert country cut it off from Abyssinia on the east and Wadai on the west. It is about three hundred miles across, and running north and south through it is a very rough district somewhere about seventy-five miles wide. This is the range of the Marrah Mountains, from three to four thousand feet high. They are mostly bare of trees, are very rocky, and are cut into by deep ravines. When I saw them, in March, these ravines were almost all perfectly dry; but I could easily see that during the rainy season, which begins in June and lasts only three months, they must be filled with torrents of water.

Around those which have water running the whole year the country is fertile, and close to one of them I heard the wonderful whistle of this little bird and saw its nest. It was close by a Fur village, and on the borders of a field of durra, the durra being the grain which they cultivate more than any other—one of the varieties of sorghum. But who are the Fur?

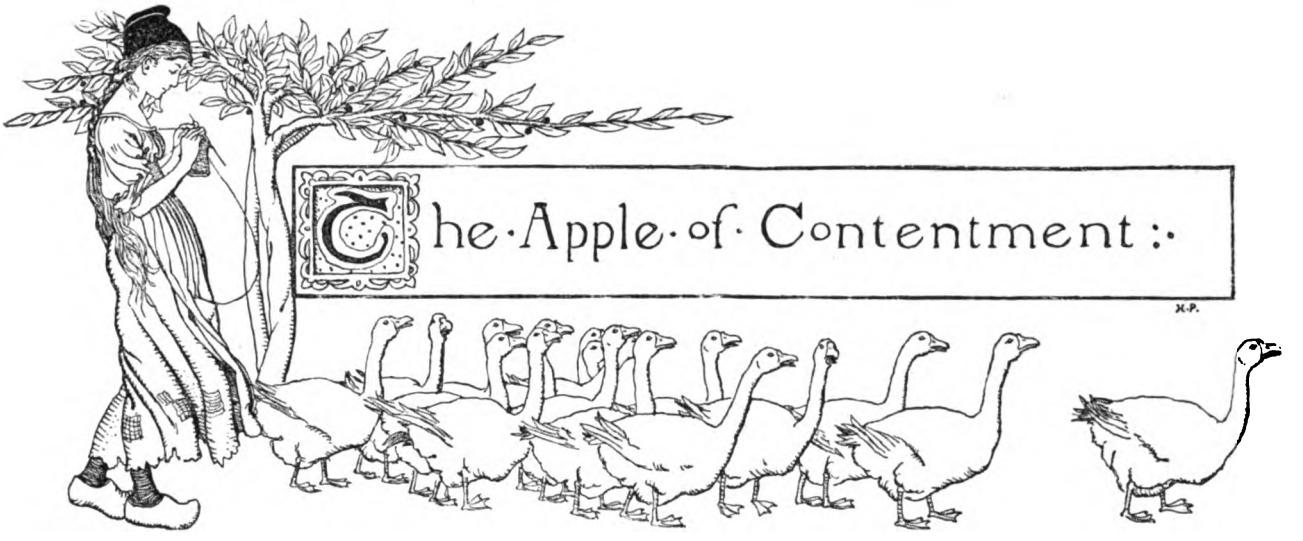
That I can not tell you, for no one knows. Their history goes back so far that we can not trace them to their origin. I have no doubt that when Moses was put into his little bulrush basket, or even when Abraham first went down into Egypt, and perhaps long before that, the ancestors of the very people whom I saw there in the mountains were living in the same country and were speaking the same language as now, excepting as the language has changed by use, and doubtless the little wren whistled as strongly then as now. Other tribes have crowded in upon them, especially those from the south and the east, and in the course of time have driven them back, until now, and for many hundred years past probably, the Fur have had for themselves only the valleys in the midst of the mountains. They speak their own language, though those all about them speak Arabic. They are dark-skinned, but they are not negroes, nor at all like negroes. They have claimed to be an independent people until lately, but now they are under the rule of Egypt. They are peaceful and quiet in their habits, and cultivate the ground even more than the Arabs are in the habit of doing.

I had reached one of their villages in a valley on the west side of the Marrah Mountains, and was passing a field of durra of some extent, when all at once I was startled by the piercing notes of a fife, as I thought; and the fife was played with great vigor too, only the player had but a small allowance of notes to his music. He went on repeating three notes, with a strong accent on the first —milly-mill, milly-mill—over and over again. I could not see any one who had the fife, and I stopped to look for him. After a short search I was satisfied that it must be a bird, for it was in a low tree near me, and there certainly was no man there.

I looked closer, and presently I saw, to my very great astonishment, within twenty feet of me, this plain-looking, sober-colored little bird. He sat on a small branch, perfectly still, and every one or two minutes he poured out, "Milly-mill," with a power that was perfectly wonderful. He did it so gravely, and seemed to think that it was such a solemn affair, that after listening to him a few times I fairly shouted with laughter, and frightened him from his song by so doing. It was comical to hear so much sound come from so small a body. He was truly a whistling wren.

After some search I found the nest, and was much astonished at its size. This is, however, characteristic of this tribe of birds. Many of the true wrens build nests of remarkable size.

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# The Apple of Contentment

BY HOWARD PYLE.

THERE was a woman once, and she had three daughters. The first daughter squinted with both eyes, yet the woman loved her as she loved salt, for she herself squinted with both eyes. The second daughter had one shoulder higher than the other, and eyebrows as black as soot in the chimney, yet the woman loved her as well as she loved the other, for she herself had black eyebrows and one shoulder higher than the other. The youngest daughter was as pretty as a ripe apple, and had hair as fine as silk and the color of pure gold; but the woman loved her not at all, for, as I have said, she herself was neither pretty nor had she hair of the color of pure gold. Why all this was so, even Hans Pfifendrummel can not tell, though he has read many books and one over.

The first sister and the second sister dressed in their Sunday clothes every day, and sat in the sun doing nothing, just as though they had been born ladies both of them.

As for Christine—that was the name of the youngest girl—she dressed in nothing but rags, and had to drive the geese to the hills in the morning and home again in the evening, so that they might feed on the young grass all day and grow fat.

Well, one morning Christine started off to the hills with her flock of geese, and in her hands she carried her knitting, at which she worked to save time. So she went along the dusty road until by-and-by she came to a place where a bridge crossed the brook, and what should she see there but a little red cap, with a silver bell at the point of it, hanging from the alder branch. It was such a nice, pretty little red cap that Christine thought that she would take it home with her, for she had never seen the like of it in all her life before. So she put it in her pocket, and then off she went with her geese again. But she had hardly gone twoscore of paces when she heard a voice calling her, "Christine! Christine!"

She looked, and who should she see but a queer little gray man with a great head as big as a cabbage and little legs as thin as young radishes.

"What do you want?" said Christine.

Oh, the little man only wanted his cap again, for without it he could not go back home into the hill.

But how did the cap come to be hanging from the bush?

Well, the little hill-man was fishing by the brook over yonder when a puff of wind blew his cap into the water, and he just hung it up to dry. That was all there was about it. And now would Christine please give it to him?

"See, Christine," said the little man, "I will give you this for the cap"; and he showed her something in his hand that looked just like a bean, only it was as black as a lump of coal.

"Yes; good. But what is that?" said Christine.







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"That," said the little man, "is a seed from the apple of contentment. Plant it, and from it will grow a tree, and from the tree an apple. Everybody in the world that sees the apple will long for it, but nobody in the world can pluck it but you. It will always be meat and drink to you when you are hungry, and warm clothes to your back when you are cold. Moreover, as soon as you pluck it from the tree another as good will grow in its place. *Now* will you give me my hat?"

Oh yes; Christine would give the little man his cap for such a seed as that, and gladly enough. So the little man gave Christine the seed, and Christine gave the little man his cap again. He put the cap on his head, and—puff! away he was gone, as suddenly as the light of a candle when you blow it out.

So Christine took the seed home with her and planted it before the window of her room. The next morning, when she looked out of the window, she beheld a beautiful tree, and on the tree hung an apple that shone in the sun as though it was pure gold. Then she went to the tree and plucked the apple as easily as though it were a gooseberry, and as soon as she had plucked it, another as good grew in its place.

By-and-by the oldest sister came out of the house, and when she saw the beautiful tree with the golden apple hanging from it, you can guess how she stared.

"I will just pluck it," said she, "and no one will be the wiser of it." But that was easier said than done. She reached and reached, but she might as well have reached for the moon; she climbed and climbed, but she might as well have climbed for the sun, for either one would have been as easy to get as that which she wanted. After a while came the second sister, and when she saw the golden apple, she wanted it just as much as the first had done. Last of all came the mother, and she also strove to pluck the apple. But it was no use! She had no more luck of her trying than her daughters.




One day a King came riding along the road, and all of his people with him. He looked up and saw the apple hanging in the tree, and a great desire came upon him to have a taste of it. So he went to the house and knocked on the door.

"What do you want?" said the mother of the three sisters.

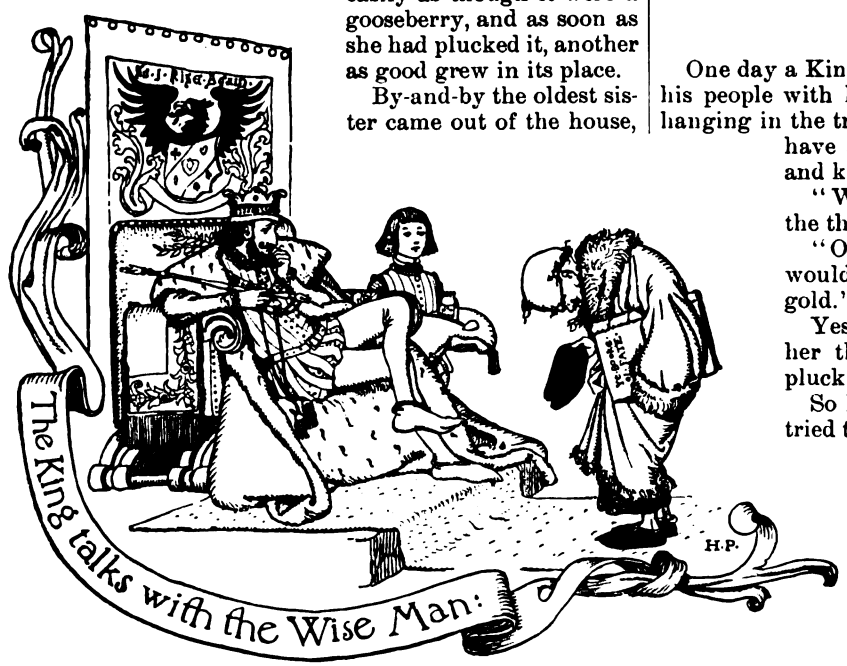
"Oh, nothing much; only to know if she would sell the apple yonder for a pot full of gold."

Yes; the woman would do that. Just pay her the pot of gold, and he might go and pluck it, and welcome.

So he gave her the pot of gold, and then he tried to pluck the apple. First he reached for it, and then he climbed for it, and then he shook the limb.

At last he had to ride away without so much as a smell of the apple.

After the King came home he talked and dreamed and thought of nothing but the apple, for the more he could not get it the more he wanted it. Then he sent for one who was so




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wise that he had more in his head than ten men together. This wise man told him that the only one who could pluck the fruit of contentment for him was the one to whom the tree belonged. This was one of the daughters of the woman who had sold the apple to him for the pot of gold.

When the King heard this he was very glad; he had his horse saddled, and he and his court rode away to the cottage where Christine lived. There they found the mother and the elder sisters.

The King took off his hat and made a fine bow.

The wise man at home had told him this and that. Now to which one of her daughters did the apple-tree belong? so said the King.

"It is my oldest daughter who owns the tree," she said.

So; good! Then if the oldest daughter would pluck the apple for him he would take her home and marry her.

Prut! that would never do. What, was the girl to climb the apple-tree before the King and all of the court? No, no! let the King go home, and she would bring the apple to him all in good time.

As soon as the King had gone, the woman and her daughters sent for the goose-girl to the hills. Then they told her that the King wanted the apple yonder, and that she must pluck it for her sister to take to him; if she did not do as they said, they would throw her into the well. So Christine had to pluck the fruit, and as soon as she had done so the oldest sister wrapped it up in a napkin, and set off with it to the King's house.

As soon as she had come to the King, she opened her napkin. Believe me or not as you please, all the same I tell you that there was nothing in the napkin but a hard round stone. When the King saw only a stone, he was so angry that he stamped like a rabbit, and told them to put the girl out of the house.

Then the King sent his steward to ask if the woman had any other daughters.

Yes; the woman had another daughter, and it was she who owned the tree. Just let the steward go home again, and the girl would fetch the apple in a little while.

As soon as the steward had gone, they sent to the hills for Christine again. Look! she must pluck the apple for the second sister to take to the King; if she did not do that they would throw her into the well.

So Christine had to pluck it, and gave it to the second sister, who wrapped it up in a napkin, and set off for the King's house. But she fared no better than the other, for when she opened the napkin there was nothing in it but a lump of mud. So they packed her home again with her apron to her eyes.

After a while the King's steward came again. Had the woman no other daughter than these two?

Well, yes; there was one, but she was a poor ragged thing of no account.

Where was she?

Oh! she was up on the hills now.

But could the steward see her?

Yes; he might see her, but she was nothing but a poor simpleton.

That was all very good, but the steward would like to see her, for that was what the King had sent him there for.

After a while she came, and the steward asked her if she could pluck the apple yonder for the King.

Yes; Christine could do that easily enough. So she reached and picked it as though it had been nothing but a gooseberry on the bush. Then the steward took off his hat and made her a low bow in spite of her ragged dress.

So Christine slipped the golden apple into her pocket, and then she and the steward set off to the King's house.

When they had come there everybody began to titter to see what a poor, ragged goose-girl the steward had brought home with him.

"Have you brought the apple?" said the King.

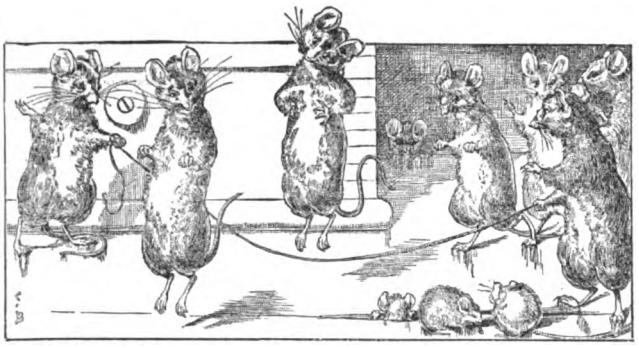
Yes, here it was; and Christine thrust her hand into her pocket and brought it forth. Then the King took a bite of it, and as soon as he had done so he looked at Christine, and thought that he had never seen such a pretty girl.

And were they married? Of course they were! And a grand wedding it was, I can tell you. It is a pity that you were not there; but though you were not, Christine's mother and sisters were.

"Never mind!" said they, "we still have the apple of contentment at home, though we can not taste of it." But, no; they had nothing of the kind. The next morning it stood before the young Queen Christine's window just as it had at her old home, for it belonged to her and to no one else in all of the world.




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"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY THE MICE WILL PLAY."

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

WOULD you like to hear of some pretty games which you may play together in the summer twilight? One is called

MY LADY QUEEN ANNE.

A ball is concealed with one of the children who form the circle. A girl is placed in the centre, and a dialogue goes on as follows:

"My lady Queen Anne
She sits in the sun,
As fair as a lily,
As brown as a bun.
The King sends you three letters,
And bids you read one."

The girl answers:

"I can not read one unless I read all,
So pray, Master [or Miss], deliver the ball."

If the person she names happens to be the person who has the ball, they change places; if not, the game goes on until the girl in the middle names the possessor of the ball.

In England, when the girl does not succeed in her guess, the circle sing, defiantly:

"The ball is mine
And none of thine,
So you, proud queen,
May sit on your throne,
While we, your messengers, go and come."

THIMBLE IN SIGHT.

This is a good game for a rainy day, when you are forbidden to go out-of-doors for your amusement.

Place a thimble so as to escape notice, and yet so as to be visible to all in the room the moment the attention is directed to it. Each one of the party who discovers the thimble makes known his success by saying, "Rorum, torum, corum," after which he takes his seat. Somebody who is in the secret may, if he please, assist the seekers by saying, "Lucy is warm" or "Charlie is cold," according as Lucy or Charlie is near or distant from the object.

HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON?

This is the way this pretty game was played in the days of Queen Elizabeth: At either end of a field or lawn a party of players was grouped, and one, in the middle, was appointed to stand still. He was what we call "It" in an old-fashioned game of tag.

The following conversation must take place, provided you intend to play this, after which the central player must try to catch some one of the others as from both sides they rush past him.

*Central Player.*—
"King and Queen of Cantilon,
How many miles to Babylon?"

*Other Players.*—
"Eight, and eight, and other eight."

*Central Player.*—
"Will I get there by candle-light?"

*Others.*—
"If your horse be good and your spurs be bright."

*Central Player.*—
"How many men have ye?"

*Others.*—
"Mae nor ye daur come and see."

These games are taken from *Games and Songs of American Children*, by William W. Newell, published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

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When papas and mammas are kind enough to write to us, we always feel like saying "Thank you," very cordially; do we not, chicks? So we place at the head of the list to-day this letter from a friend in

JEFFERSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Will you permit an "Old Boy's" letter, in correction of Alice's description of how butter is made, in No. 87. Alice has given the bright side, and I could not help but smile as I read it. I am a farmer, and have been making a fancy article in the way of butter (that is, my wife and myself have) for a number of years. Alice should be informed that all mornings are not rosy by a great deal, particularly when the milk-maid (a man), on a raw wintry morning with the thermometer below zero, goes with lantern and pail in hand shivering to the barn, there to feed and fodder a number of cows and horses, and then to spend an hour or so in milking several cows, then returns to the house, not with the rosy morn, but more likely with rosy cheeks and aching fingers and toes. Next the milk-maid should not, before going to the barn, have put on hominy and coffee, for fear of having too many "irons in the fire" and the irons too far apart.

Then comes the care of the pails, milk vessels, and churns which in this section generally falls to the good-wife (for help is unreliable). The amount of boiling and scouring is immense and necessary to secure good butter, and without it would come complaints from customers.

The churning must fall to the lot of some stouter person than the farmer's daughter, for I speak from experience when I say that the wielding of the dasher is no easy task, particularly with contrary cream (for cream, like human beings, sometimes becomes contrary), when the butter will not come for two or three hours, and sometimes more.

I rather think that Alice must have visited both country and dairy under most favorable circumstances.

I suppose that, like the rest of the children, I must tell my age. I am an old boy, forty-eight years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for several years for the children, also, like them, I hope that you will publish this, as it is the first time I have ever written you. I read all the letters in the Post-office Box with pleasure and amusement. Kindly yours, OLD BOY.

The Postmistress must confess that so far as a practical knowledge of butter-making is concerned, she is no better informed than Miss Alice. If it were a loaf of bread, now, we could both make one with which our friend's butter would be delicious; could we not, Alice? But who ever thought of mornings below zero in Kentucky? You surely do not have them often.

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SITTINGBOURNE, KENT, ENGLAND.

I am a girl of thirteen; my birthday was the 22d of June. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and like it very much. I liked "Rolf House" very much. I was very glad to find that Nan found another will. Can you tell me where I can purchase the book called *Nan*, as I have never read it, but should very much like to. I have no pets, but my father has given me a piece of ground, and I am going to follow some of the directions about gardening which I have seen in your lovely paper. With love to all the little writers, LIZZIE L.

*Nan* is published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York, and I presume may be obtained by a little English girl on application to Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., the English publishers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.

This is my first letter to you, so I hope you will be able to find a corner for it. I liked "Rolf House" very much indeed. I have two pets, a goldfinch and a tortoise; the latter is named Tim. I go to school, but we have our holidays now, for five or six weeks. I was twelve years old last April. I went to a picnic last week to Ryhope Dene. We often go to the beach; it is not far from our house. Please may I write to you again?

With love, NELLIE S.

Yes, dear; write as often as you choose.

---

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

Have any letters appeared in the Post-office Box from Ireland? I have come from England, and used to take your paper there. Now I take it again. I think there is no English paper so nice. The pictures, and the paper on which they are printed, are so good. I take another beautiful American paper also. I should love to live in America, and see prairies and wolves; it must be so different from these countries. I should like to write to some one in America. I have made a card-board model of a locomotive railway engine. Please find room for this.

S. CHARLES H. R.

Indeed, Charles, you might travel a long way in America before you should find either a wolf or a prairie, but you would discover a great deal to interest you, as we always do when we visit the older lands. You are not our first correspondent from Ireland, but you are the first boy who has written from Dublin.

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HARTLEPOOL, DURHAM, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am twelve years of age, and live here. Hartlepool is a sea-port town. We are having our midsummer holidays now, and we have great fun on the beach. The town moor is washing away, and they are going to build a large sea-wall to protect it. We have the militia here, and it is nice to watch them drill. We have a white fox-terrier. He makes himself very dirty. He will sit up and beg, and is very fond of biscuits. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the beginning of this year, and like it very much, especially "Rolf House." LILLIE G.

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KINGSTON, RHODE ISLAND.

I go to Newport during the winter, because there are no good schools here. I have two friends in Newport who have several large apple-trees in their yard. When the apples ripen, the boys of a school which is on the street above us, while passing the yard, come in and steal the apples. At last we boys formed a society to keep them out. The initials of this club are N. P. V. M.; tell me whether you can guess what the name is. Our first skirmish was with some little fellows, who ran the moment they saw us. They reported the matter to the school, and the result is that very few apples have been stolen since. JAMES B.

N. P. V. M.? You will have to tell me. The V. and the M. are a great puzzle. I think I might fancy the meaning of N. and P.: N. stands for Newport; P. for Protectors, or Police, or something of the sort. But the V. and the M. I give up in despair.

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ALGARROBOS, PORTO RICO.

We live on the island of Porto Rico, on a country farm, as my sister Adelita told you. It has plenty of fruit trees, but not of every kind. We have some horses, but as it has not rained, there is very little grass at present, and they are as thin as can be. My two elder sisters have a partnership for keeping poultry, and they have a pair of American fowls. They are very big, and I will tell you their names: the Americans are named Paul and Virginia, and the others, Mercy, Charity, Faith, Hope, Ruby, Tony, and Jet, and there are three others which have no names as yet, and five little chicks. We are being suffocated with the heat. It has not rained a drop since December, and nobody knows what will be the end of this, but I believe that it means the seven years of famine. The almanac says there is going to be an awful hurricane, but I don't believe it at all. I wish to relate to you some of the customs of the people here. The ladies go about in their houses in white princesse dresses, and when they go to see their friends they never put on hats nor gloves, only take a parasol, and it is only on grand occasions that they put on their hats. The gentlemen go out, as it is so warm, in white drill clothes and large Panama hats, which look very nice and cool, though I dare say it appears strange to foreigners. The breakfast hour here is eleven, and we take dinner at seven in the evening, and only coffee and bread-and-butter at eight in the morning. We tried to take breakfast at eight, but it could not be done, because everybody became ill, and so we had to go back to the hours which are customary here. Now I must say good-by. KATHERINE L. MCC.

Adele's letter will be remembered, as it was in the Post-office Box of last week.

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ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy eight years old. I thought I would like to write you a letter, if you could find a little corner to put it in. If you care for what a little boy says, I think that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the nicest paper I ever read. I hope it will be my Christmas present for a good many years. TOMMY S. K.

Of course we care a great deal about a little boy's opinion of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. We want all the boys who read it to like it very, very much. And I hardly see how they can help doing so, for the paper is always growing better and more entertaining and beautiful.

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I am seven years old. I have four sisters: two are young ladies, and two are younger than they.

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but older than I. And I have five brothers, four grown up, and one little one who is also older than I, because I am the baby of the house. We have a very pretty view here. My brother Willie has a lot of guinea-pigs and rabbits. We have cocoa-nut-trees planted on one side of the house, and two mango-trees also. From our house we can see the sea. We have lots of fruit trees planted in a garden, and we have lots of vegetables. We live in Porto Rico. Do you think my writing bad? EDITH McC.

I think it very, very good.

Now we will slip in a part of little brother's letter:

Our mother makes guava jelly, and it is very good, and I am going to tell you how it is made. Boil two pounds of white sugar, squeeze out the juice of the guavas, and put it all to boil together, with a little alum, and when it is done it is poured into pots and allowed to cool and set, and then the pots are covered up. So, having nothing more to say, except that I am going to try and make a whirling-jack like the one in HARPER'S, I will end for to-day. With best regards to you, dear Postmistress, from a little friend, EDWARD O. McC.

Edward shall be one of our Little Housekeepers. I am proud of him. It is not every little boy of his age who can tell us how to make guava jelly.

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CHELSEA, KANSAS.

I am a boy eleven years old. I have one brother who is nine years old, and his name is Bernard. Our pets are a Scotch collie named Don, a beautiful gray cat named Bascom, a mocking-bird Dido, and a canary-bird Fritz. We also have a team of brown horses called Billy and Rarus. We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for about two years. We like "Into Unknown Seas" very much. My brother Bernard and I ploughed eighteen acres of corn this year. Our county is a little larger than the State of Rhode Island; it is Butler County. We live near Walnut River. We skate on it in winter, and fish and bathe in it in summer. We have a good school eight months of the year. I am now taking music lessons and working on the farm. My brother Bernie don't know I am writing this, and when he sees it he will be surprised. He generally reads all the letters in the Post-office Box, and has talked about writing himself. Your loving little friend, IRVIE B.

How you must enjoy the river, which is so fine a play-place for you both in summer and in winter.

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MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have long wanted to write to you and tell you about my native city, which is New Orleans. We never stay there in summer, as the heat is too oppressive. This year we are spending the summer in Milwaukee, where we all like it very much. Though the summer is disagreeable at the South, the winter is very pleasant. You may not believe it when I tell you that many girls in New Orleans have never seen snow. I have seen a little, as we spent two winters in Germany a few years ago. Sometimes, though, it is very cold, and a few times we have kept fire day and night. Some of the public buildings are the Custom-house, the Mint, the Cotton Exchange, and the City Hall. I will try and write to you again, and tell you about the Exposition. Your constant reader, RAE W.

One of the most charming features of our Post-office Box is the opportunity it gives the girls who have never seen snow to correspond with those who have to keep fires burning day and night for much more than half the year. There is nothing I enjoy more about you all, my dears, than fancying how you look and where you live, and the more you tell about your homes and daily pastimes and occupations, the better we all shall be pleased.

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NEW YORK CITY.

I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and enjoy reading the stories very much. I have a great many brothers and sisters, and we have splendid times together. I wish you could see our old cat and dog play together; it is great fun watching them run around after each other. I hope this letter will be published, as I shall like to see it.

FRANCES S.

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FAIR VIEW, GEORGIA.

May I join the Little Housekeepers? for I know how to cook and take care of the house. My oldest sister, Lois, cooks breakfast and dinner, and I cook supper. We won't let mamma work. Lucie does the sweeping and attends to the baby. Sister Lois is the oldest, and I am next, and Lucie, Benham, Evelyn, and Hattie come next. We always try to see which can get HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE first. We all think it is the best paper published in the world. I want to make this proposition: let all the Little Housekeepers wear a rosette of blue or pink ribbon as a badge. Your true and loving friend always,

ANNIE LAURIE J.

We will talk about wearing a badge when it is cooler, Annie. I like to hear of girls like your sisters and yourself, who save mamma all the steps they can.

---

MANNINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA.

I am nine years old. Papa owns part of a tannery. I have one sister named Ada. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; papa paid one dollar and I the other. I think it is well worth the money. I live on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. I have been in New York five times. I have cousins in Chenango County, one of whom is William A. B. N. In 1882 I went to the American Institute, where I saw nearly everything. In 1879 I went to the Exposition at Cincinnati. When I was one year old I went to the Centennial. I made a pitcher and camp fire out of egg-shells.

VAN M. B.

I wonder if I saw you at the Centennial. Perhaps I did, but then I did not know you.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl five years old. I can not write, so one of my brothers is writing this letter for me. I have three brothers, Charlie, John, and Joe, besides myself, whose name is Bessie. We are all going up to Mackinac Island this summer, and we expect to have a very nice time. We have bought HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE bound at the end of every year since it was published. Good-by. BESSIE B.

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SARGENT, MISSOURI.

I am a little girl nine years old. I do not go to school, but I study at home. I have no pets except my dog Don. I have a brother eleven years old. I have four dolls; their names are Bessie, Ted, Josephine, and Guinevere. We used to live in Pennsylvania, but we moved here three years ago. I liked it better there than here, for there were no ticks there. Did you ever see any? There are lots of beautiful wild flowers here in the summer. We have a nice horse; his name is Charlie. My brother can ride like the wind, but I am still a little afraid. CORA C.

Those little wood ticks are very great pests, and I do not wonder that you dislike them. But the wild flowers are charming, and one almost always finds in life what is disagreeable as well as what gives pleasure. The true rule is not to think very much about the former and a great deal about the latter.

---

BRAMPTON, ONTARIO.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since No. 9, but have never till now written to the Post-office BOX. I am nearly nine years old, and am in the Third Book. We were at Muskoka last summer, and lived on an island. It seemed rather funny not to be able to go anywhere except in boats, but it was very nice, and I learned to row. We have a flood here every spring, and though the stream is usually very small, it is then quite large. It sometimes sweeps away sidewalks, bridges, and fences. M. E. F.

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GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA.

I noticed a letter in No. 197 from Clarence S. G., in which he described his tame sparrow. He says he cut the bird's wing, and that it has never grown since, which is very natural, as, when a feather is cut, it dies and will never grow again. The only thing for him to do, if he wishes the wing to grow to its natural size, is to pull out all the cut feathers. Holding the bird firmly but carefully in his left hand, with the wing between his thumb and finger, with his right hand he must pull out the quills one by one in quick, sudden jerks, which will not be so painful as drawing them out slowly. This will leave room for the new feathers to come in, and the clipped wing will soon be as large as the other. Clarence also says that when he spreads a newspaper in his lap his sparrow "will fly into it and scratch about and flutter his wings as if he enjoyed it very much." This indicates that it requires a dust bath. The best way to prepare this is to place a quantity of ordinary street dust, or fine coal ashes, in a large box. If placed in this, the bird will probably go through the same motions as when in the newspaper. The dust will cleanse its skin from all impurities. This bath will make a great deal of dirt, so a place for it should be selected accordingly. He may also desire a water bath, and should be allowed to take it as canaries do. Please print this, that Clarence may see it, for I think this course of treatment will benefit his bird. TED.

I thank you, on Clarence's behalf, for this kind letter.

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FERY, MICHIGAN.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I live about twenty miles from Lake Michigan, between the two branches of White River, about two miles from the north branch and four from the south branch. My papa owns a farm of eighty acres. In the season he makes maple sugar, so I will try to tell you a little about it. Papa has a sugar orchard of about four hundred maple-trees. The first thing he does is to tap the trees by boring a hole in the tree about two feet from the ground. He has spiles made of sumac and some of tin for the sap to run through into buckets. When the buckets are full, he goes around with a team and gathers the sap into barrels and takes it to the boiling-place. Here he has an arch built of stone (some are of brick), and has two large pans to boil the sap in. It is boiled down until it becomes thick syrup, and then it is strained through a cloth, and carried to the house, where mamma puts it in a small pan on the stove and boils it until it becomes sugar. If you are lucky enough to have some snow or ice, just take some before it is quite done enough to grain and turn it on the ice, and it is better than all the candy you can buy. If you ever come into northern Michigan in the spring, we will be glad to give you some to eat. I would like to tell you something about the lumbering business that is carried on around my home, but I will tell you about that some other time. My love to all the little readers. Good-by. LEONA B. M.

---

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

Upon glancing over this valuable paper, I finally came to the Post-office Box, and seeing so many correspondents, I thought of adding one more to the list. I have always (with the exception of the past year) resided in your great city of New York, and find it very quiet living here, although but thirteen miles out, and only four miles from the great and bustling city of Newark. I have, like all the other writers, my special favorite among my four-footed friends of the animal kingdom. It is a beautiful specimen of an English or Gordon setter dog, and if you have ever seen a dog of this kind, you will note the beautiful look of confidence it almost invariably gives you. We gave him the name of Sappho, on account of his mischievous character. I would like to correspond with some boys of fifteen or sixteen years of age living in England, Scotland, Syria, Canada, or some other foreign country.

GEORGE M. KELLEY,
601 North Broad Street.

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Something worn by May and Dennis
   When they both are playing tennis.
2. A title British artists crave.
3. A boat oft manned by sailors brave.
4. A medicine much prized of old.
5. The science great commanders hold.
6. The spinner of a silken net.
7. To make this acrostic turn out well,
   I must present it with an ell.

My whole is something that glitters and shines,
And is worth recording in poetic lines.
Far over the sea, and also here,
We have walked under its roof without a fear.

B. O. B.

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### No. 2.

CHARADE.

Without my first, my second could not exist, and my whole is as old as the world itself.

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### No. 3.

TWO ANAGRAMS.

1. Fat bakers.
2. 'Tis no demon's art.

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### No. 4.

ENIGMA.

In salt, not in fresh.
In axe, not in knife.
In rose, not in pink.
In steak, not in chop.
Two easy words you'll find, my dear,
And if you learn the one quite well,
You'll earn the other, never fear.

CHATTY C.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 300.

No. 1.—B-oar. B-ride. H-arm. T-rain. S-till. G-lance. B-owl. F-old. C-rime. B-lot. G-rim. S-pine.

No. 2.—James Russell Lowell.

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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Linda Elliot, Herbert H. Morrison, Mina Acton, Arthur Munder, M. L. Volanco, Helen Arnold, Madeleine Fisher, Dimple Dodd, Mamie Klotz, Walter G. Muirhead, Henry L. King, Amy Bisbee, Leander Bush, Ella McCheyne, M. C. D., Jessie Farquhar, Madge Wildfire, Florence Eels, and Amalie Jenner.

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[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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This is an adventure which happened to Freddy, and which he afterward described to his Mamma thus: "Den dere came a *gweat* BIG wave, and I didn't wun away."

wanted. This soon had the desired effect, and Spot was seen slyly creeping along under the shadow of the fence toward his safe-deposit vault, where, after casting a cautious glance around to see that he was not watched, he began a lazy and deliberate scratching. All of a sudden the grim and grizzly Jack flew out of the earth, looking none the less awful from having his hair and whiskers filled with particles of earth and gravel.

Spot glared with dumb terror at the apparition for the sixtieth part of a second, and then gave one great bound backward, and, uttering a howl of agony, wheeled off, with his tail between his legs, till he was brought up standing in one of those vegetable porcupines known as a gooseberry bush. Then he pricked up his ears, tightened his tail more firmly between his legs, stared wildly to the right, left, behind, and all round, and then raised up his voice and wailed, "W-o-o-o-o-o-o! oo-ow-wow-ow-wow!" After this he took two bars' rest, looked all round again, and once more gave vent to a "Wow-wow-wow!" but this time rather more defiantly. Receiving no response to this challenge, he ventured to take a few steps cautiously toward jack-in-the-box, paused a while, and gave another bark; and so, with barks and pauses, he at last reached the fearful object.

It would take too long to describe all his manœuvres and his many snaps before he ventured to seize the thief who had stolen his bone, but when he did so it was very amusing to watch the manner in which he worried that unlucky toy.

The spiral spring, which we all know is the backbone of a jack-in-the-box, was the only thing which baffled him, the end of it getting into his eyes, up his nose, in his ears, and everywhere. For weeks after, when that spiral wire had become covered with rust, Spot used always to give it a timid nibble, followed by a contemptuous sniff, as he passed it by.

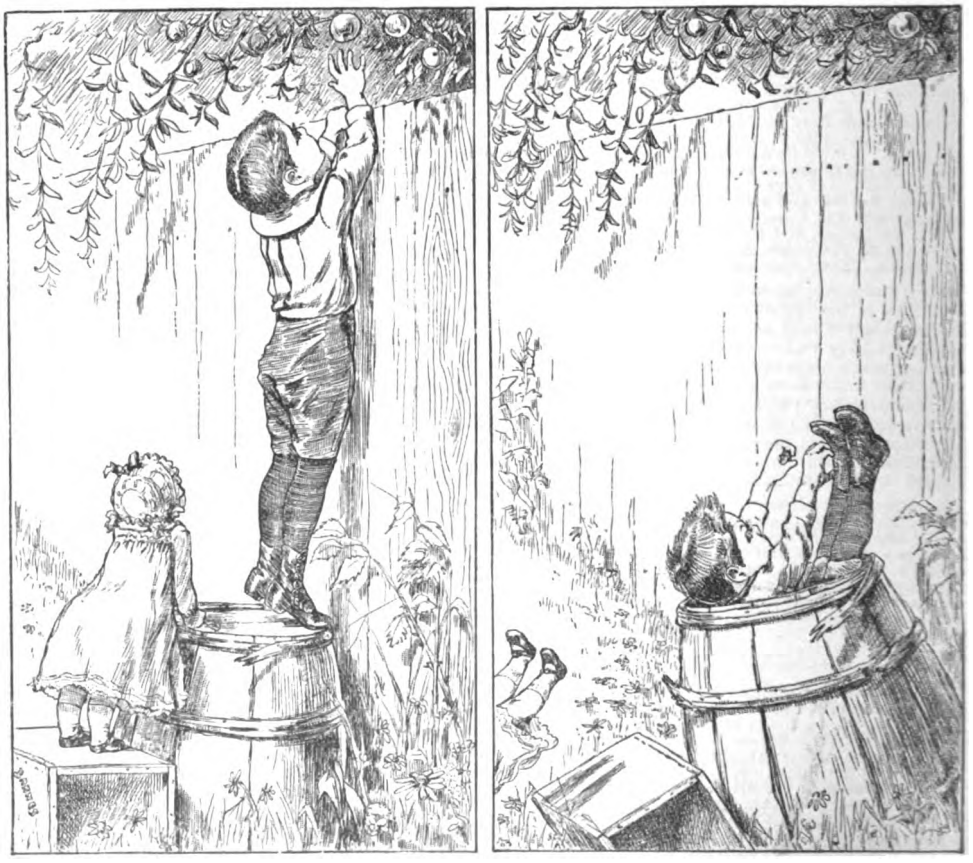
For a long time after this Spot was very cautious about digging up his buried treasures, and when at last the boys tried another trick upon him (in which gunpowder played an important part), and his savings-bank "burst up," as other banks sometimes do, he lost his faith in banks of deposit, and never buried any bones thereafter.

## SPOT'S SAVINGS-BANK.

WE are all familiar with the habit peculiar to dogs of burying and hiding bones for future dinners and lunches, making, as it were, savings-banks of our flower beds and strawberry patches. I once lived in a farm-house where there also resided a dog which was particularly given to this thrifty practice, and the boys used to play practical jokes on him on account of the miserly habit.

One day, having watched him hide a sheep's humerus (or shoulder-of-mutton bone) in this manner, they dug it up, and buried in its place one of those toy jack-in-the-boxes, with big furry whiskers and large staring eyes, which fly up with a spring as soon as you unfasten the lid. This they so arranged that the moment Spot touched it with his paw it should go off, so to speak.

For several days Spot was as closely watched as a suspected Nihilist would be by the police in Russia, but he showed no sign of drawing on his bank account. At last it was suggested by a shrewd little fellow that they cut off his rations, and so starve him into doing what they



A "FRUITLESS" UNDERTAKING.

So near! Oh dear!!

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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 304. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1885.
Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

## "NEDDY."

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

TELL me when and where and how donkeys ever won the reputation they bear of being perverse, stupid, ill-tempered animals. Certainly there never was a case in which a poor creature had his character taken away from him with less reason.

Look at this picture, at the bright, intelligent-looking Neddy, with his clear round eye, and knowing ears cocked up straight and turned forward to catch all there is going on, and Miss Trixy with her fresh round face, and who knows how much human brains tucked away under that jaunty fez!

The artist that made this picture and posed these two playfellows understood perfectly that Neddy was no stupid dumb beast incapable of playing an honorable part in the affairs of this world, and unworthy of having his picture taken in a manner calculated to bring out his best points.

There really is not in all the world a more patient, hard-working, and I think I may almost say intellectual, creature than Neddy. Wait until you travel in the southern portions of our great West, or in some of the warm countries of Europe, and see the part Neddy plays. Why, he is a saddle-horse, water-carrier, vegetable market, house-dog—anything, everything that requires patience, endurance, and good faith.

I never shall forget the wonderful donkeys I saw in and about the city of Naples, in Italy. We wanted to climb a mountain, and Neddy carried us on his back. We wanted water, and he brought it to us in kegs hanging at his sides. We wanted fresh vegetables, and



CLOSE FRIENDS.

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Neddy brought them in such heaps and profusion that nothing was seen of him amid the load but a nose and four legs. When we slept at night, it was his knowing bray that informed us when thieves were near.

In this part of the world Neddy is scarcely more than a pet and a playfellow. But he is a most popular one, and I fancy that if the boys who have the good fortune to own a donkey were asked which of their possessions they would be willing to part with, their donkey would be the last on the list. When a boy has a good donkey and a donkey a good master, there is no couple of people or things in the whole world that can have a better time.

But a great deal depends on the treatment accorded to Neddy by his young master. That wonderful old woman, Mother Goose, I think, found out the secret first, for, as you all remember, she says:

"If I had a donkey that wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd whip him? Oh, no, no.
I'd give him some hay, and say, Gee, haw, whoa,
Get along, donkey. Why don't you go?"

This is the way to manage Neddy, for, as I have already told you, in spite of the bad reputation some stupid people have given him, he is very intelligent. If you doubt it, let me tell you the prompt manner in which one of his kind resented what he thought improper treatment. Master Dick, who owned him, lent Neddy to a friend, who thought fit to manage him, or rather to try to do so, with a switch. Neddy felt the blow. He looked round, considered the matter for a moment, then— Well, Neddy's heels didn't quite kick the moon out of the sky, and fortunately the great puddle out of which we had to fish his would-be rider wasn't deep enough to drown anybody.

On another occasion two warm friends started for the woods one summer afternoon. Night fell, and they did not return until, heart-sick and anxious, a party started in search of them. Finally, after going a considerable distance, they heard the most mournful and long-repeated braying. At regular intervals it sounded harsh, prolonged, and dismal. Rushing to the spot, there stood Neddy, one eye fixed on his young master lying flat on the ground with a broken leg. In the only language he knew he told the story of his master's mishap as far as his voice would reach. He could easily have used his four sound legs and trotted home. That was not his idea of duty. He stood still and called for help until help came.

Never fancy that Neddy is stupid or obstinate or ugly. Because he can not tell you just all he knows, you must not think he does not know anything. And when you are inclined to laugh at his big ears, funny tail, and unmusical voice, stop and ask yourself what he thinks of a curious creature with only two legs, no ears to speak of, and the merest mite of a nose, who is always wanting to get on his back, drive him here and there, and make him do things he doesn't like and doesn't see the least sense in.

## "BARRING-OUT."

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

TURNING over the papers of some odd things which had lain many years by themselves in a trunk, I came upon a little volume with which some years ago all children, I believe, were completely fascinated. It was a little paper book, not particularly well printed, and with illustrations which marked very clearly how much more is done in the way of art for young people now than then; but the stories were fascinating in the extreme, and as I turned the thin, faded-looking little pages, I remembered how puzzling as well as delightful one of them had seemed to us.

This was Miss Edgeworth's little tale entitled *Barring-Out*, and it, together with the play in the same volume called *Eton Montem*, illustrated a curious old school custom in England, which is not entirely obsolete, although, I believe, at the present day it is only put in practice on very special occasions, and with a special license which deprives it of something of its old charm of an impromptu rebellion.

In Miss Edgeworth's story, as those who have read it will recollect, two parties are formed at the school of respectable Dr. Middleton, the one headed by an ambitious boy called Archer, the other by a pronounced favorite in the school named De Gray, who is in every respect what a gentlemanly youth at a first-class boarding-school ought to be. Archer decides upon a "barring-out," and the substance of the story is derived from what follows, and very amusing the story is.

All long-established English schools have some traditionary customs, which unquestionably help in keeping up a feeling of loyalty and respect for time-honored observances in the boys' minds. An Eton boy, for example, goes into college — whether as a "Colleger" or "Oppidan"—filled with a sense of old-time Eton, and ready to follow the dictates of the school with a peculiar sort of loyalty, born of a knowledge of its traditions, so that the simplest of its laws have their charm as well as force.

"Barring-out," as it is called, consists really in taking possession of the school and locking out the masters and teachers until certain privileges which the boys demand —as, for example, special holidays—are given. In the last century this practice was so frequently resorted to that at one time it threatened to break up several well-known schools, yet such was the reverence for old-time customs that few masters dared to interfere with it. The boys, for their part, however, seemed to have understood that they could only indulge in a "barring-out" at certain times of the year, which was usually just before the approach of the holiday season, and it took place about the middle or end of April, either in order to prolong the Easter holidays or to insure, before school recommenced, certain privileges which the boys had either lost during the past term or desired to have begun.

There may have been some excuse in those days for such high-handed proceedings, when we remember the hardships which many public-school boys in England had to suffer. Even twenty-five years ago the boys in what is called Long Chamber at Eton had much to put up with; for not alone was the fagging system in full force and exceedingly severe, but the hardships were so many that only the prospect of glory and of educational advantage induced parents to send very young boys to the college.

In order to make "barrings-out" successful, the boys who organized them had to lay in a stock of provisions, and provide themselves with lights and candles in case they should hold their fortress longer than a day. Very often dismal failures were the result, for if the masters decided that the "barring-out" was an unjust proceeding on the part of the pupils, they would not give in, and the boys who had locked themselves so successfully into the school were compelled to surrender, after which, as you may well imagine, instead of acquiring new privileges, greater hardships and penalties were put upon them; but now, as I have said, the act, wherever it is permitted, is a purely formal or amusing one, the master readily signing his name to the "Orders" sent to him by the boys, which are formal demands for the holiday they desire. The orders being signed and returned, the garrison capitulates, the boys march out in procession, the master and his assistants are permitted to take possession of their school once more, and some very merry and rather noisy game usually ensues.

Whitsuntide is a favorite season with English schoolboys, and old records show that it has long been so. When Addison was twelve years of age he undertook and car-

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ried out a very riotous "barring-out" at the old school in Lichfield, but it appears from other sources that the boys had for some time been very badly treated, and compelled to endure so many hardships, that only by availing themselves of this old-time privilege were they enabled to face the rigors of the coming term.

What is known as the "Montem" at Eton belongs also to the same season of the year, and until quite lately has been a very special festival. The ceremony is a procession of Eton boys in fancy costume, with music, to Salt Hill, in the neighborhood of Windsor, where a certain amount of money is collected, known as "Salt," which is put to special purposes in the college. These performances being ended, a grand dinner takes place, and in the evening the Eton boys, salt-bearers, etc., always appeared on the terrace at Windsor Castle, and were treated with special distinction.

The origin of this custom is supposed to have grown out of certain incidents in the life of the patron of all school-boys, good St. Nicholas, who, it is supposed, suggested the hanging up of stockings for presents, and who likewise is considered authority for various school tricks and observances, especially that of putting shoes in different places at Whitsuntide, expecting to receive therein certain contributions in the way of money, "goodies," or other simple luxuries of school life. St. Nicholas lived and died in the fourth century, from which period old records are full not only of his virtues, but of his goodness in protecting the boys sent to Lycia to be educated under his special patronage.

There are several reasons given for the use of the term "salt," but it would seem that it really came from the custom of making the neighborhood of the salt the place of honor at dinner, and so in the Montem festivities two boys were selected as special salt-bearers and scouts; each carried a quantity of the desired article in a handkerchief, and obliged every visitor, as a token of friendliness, to take a pinch of it before making his or her contribution. Like all such traditionary customs, however, the actual meaning has been so long shrouded in mystery, that it is difficult to arrive at any definite conclusion concerning it, but none the less is it reverenced and in its way held sacred by Eton school-boys.

In the reign of George III. the Eton boys were treated at Whitsuntide with very marked distinctions by the royal family, and one special Montem day is recorded as being very fine indeed. This was on Whit-Tuesday, 1793, when the entire royal family assembled at the college to witness the going forth of the Montem procession, afterward receiving them at Salt Hill, and later in the day entertaining them upon the terrace of the castle. The sum collected on this occasion is reported to have been £1000.

It may be that the encouraging of these traditionary observances in English schools prevents a certain kind of lawlessness and fondness for tricks which are attended with very disagreeable results among school-boys. We rarely hear of any real harm arising from allowing the English boys to carry out their plans in connection with these admitted customs; the keeping up of certain school ways or habits, which seem rather absurd, really helps in preserving order and discipline. The boy who enters Eton knows precisely what he has to expect in the way of school frolics and school-day severities, and he is prepared to take all and enjoy all.

In old times, as I have said, in the "barring-out" period, Long Chamber at Eton was rather a place of punishment. The first term of an Etonian's life was passed there; the beds were of the hardest kind; lights were few, and candlesticks unknown; and, as many a one has testified, the chief frolic indulged in was a good rat hunt, which of itself shows the condition of things in the old building. Fagging was so severe that a junior Colleger's life was a very hard one. I heard an Eton boy not so long ago bemoaning his period of fagship in his father's presence, and receiving much encouragement by his parent's account of what it was in *his* day, and assuredly one can hardly believe that so short a time ago so great a difference existed. In fact, everything that was hard was put upon the fag, who was servant, or one might almost say slave, to his young master, but who, singular to say, when his own turn came, rarely was any less severe.

In the days of the famous Dr. Keate at Eton one might well imagine that a "barring-out" now and then would not have been out of place. This was not much more than half a century ago. The Doctor, who was one of the most learned men of his time, was very small and slight, but noted for his vigorous use of "birch and green holly." On one occasion it is said that the boys had decided upon a sort of rebellion, founded upon the "barring-out" principle. The Doctor heard of it, and made up his mind as to the best course to pursue. The rebels were in the lower Fifth Form, which is one of the upper classes at Eton, and so the boys were mostly well-grown lads, but, as you will see, on this occasion they were no match for the little Doctor.

It was supposed that the boys had their plans laid for a certain night, and accordingly the Doctor waited until they were all comfortably in bed, whereupon he sent for two masters, whom he ordered to go around to each room and bring the unfortunate rebels to him, six at a time. It is recorded as a fact that between ten o'clock and midnight the Doctor himself had flogged the entire eighty would-be "barrers-out." Indeed, it was said of him that he on that occasion flogged future dukes, and generals, and bishops, and highly commissioned officers; and some one has written in an old book in the British Museum, under a picture representing old Dr. Keate at his favorite employment, these lines:

"Birch and green holly,
Birch and green holly;
If thou be'st beaten, boy,
Thank thine own folly."

On the whole, however, it may be just as well that the ancient privilege of "barring-out" has declined into something where mere amusement is the principal motive, for certainly English public-school boys have very little to complain of at the present time.

## ANNELY, THE LOST ROSE OF THE TYROL.

### A Fairy Tale.

BY VILLAMARIA.

### I.

ON one of the lofty mountains of Tyrol there once stood a herdsman's little hut in the middle of a sunny green meadow.

Late one afternoon the door of the cottage opened, and a boy about ten years old, with dark curly hair and clear brown eyes, came out. He put his hand over his eyes to shade them from the blinding sun, and looked down the narrow winding road which led from the village to their high alp and lonely hut. "Mother isn't coming yet, Annely," he cried, after a while, back into the hut. "Come out a minute and see how the glaciers sparkle in the sunlight."

Little Annely came, and as she stood there in the sunlight, her long fair hair floating over the little bodice, and a loving, gentle expression in her blue eyes, she looked more like a charming fairy child who had strayed here among mortals than like the daughter of Seppi, the poorest peasant in the whole valley.

"Oh, give me some of those pretty red and blue flowers up there on the glaciers!" she cried, stretching her lit-

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"OH, GIVE ME SOME OF THOSE PRETTY RED AND BLUE FLOWERS!"

tle white arms out toward the ice peaks over which the sunlight was playing in blue and purple waves.

"But those are not flowers, Annely; that is the sunshine—the Alpine glow," said her brother.

"Then let's go up there," begged the little one.

"No, indeed," cried Tony; "mother told us not to leave the hut, so no harm could happen to us. Come in, quick."

But Annely could not take her eyes off those flaming peaks, for she had come up to the alp this summer for the first time. She begged and coaxed Tony, who, like other people, could never refuse his little sister anything; so at last he took her hand, and they ran quickly over the green grass to a tall rock which shut in the meadow on this side, while a narrow foot-path bordering on a deep precipice wound about the side of it.

At length he stood with his sister as far from the dreaded edge as he could get, leaning against the rock, which at this point was covered with tall ferns, and they gazed with delight on the dazzling glaciers, which glowed like a whole forest of transparent violets.

Suddenly a little marmot sprang out quite near them. Was it so very tame, or did it not see them? It came close up to the breathless children, and began to eat the plants at their feet.

"Catch it—oh! catch it!" cried Annely, softly.

Tony sprang quickly upon the animal, but the marmot ran away still faster, and went a few steps back on the narrow path and nearer the precipice. There it stopped and began to eat again. Tony promptly followed, but without any result.

At length the marmot had reached the narrow path, and was creeping slowly along. Tony had a sudden idea.

"Don't stir from this place, Annely," he cried to his sister. "I will bring you the marmot. It can't get away from me here."

"Only catch it," said the little girl, "and I'll be sure to stay here."

Satisfied with this promise, Tony hurried down the narrow path till he saw the pretty little animal close in front of him. Now it was so near that he stooped down to seize it, when it slipped aside and disappeared in a dark hole in the rock.

"Now I'm sure of you," shouted the boy, creeping through the low opening on his hands and knees.

But he had gone only a few steps when great numbers of bats began whirring about him, striking him in the face with their ugly wings, and catching their claws in his thick curly hair.

With a loud cry Tony turned to flee, all the exciting chase of the marmot forgotten, and he got back to the opening as soon as the narrow passage would allow. Not till he was out again in the bright daylight could he shake off the horror of those frightful bats, and he hurried along the path to the place where he had left his sister.

But the place was vacant; the child was no longer there, and look as much as he might, he could not find her anywhere.

"Annely! Annely! come, don't tease me," he cried, half laughing, half anxious.

"Tease me," came back the echo from the mountains.

He bent aside the tall ferns, he hurried back toward the hut, searching every nook and corner, but no Annely was to be found. Tears streamed down Tony's pale face. He looked in despair down the road leading from the valley up to the hut, and in one of the distant windings he saw his father and mother, who, with their baskets on their heads, were coming home from market.

"Oh," sobbed the poor boy, "what will they say when they find their darling gone, and through my fault? And I promised so faithfully that I would never leave Annely alone!"

In his anguish he ran back to the lonely rock once

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more, and looked under every bush again, and then, shuddering, he went to the edge of the precipice. He lay down on the ground, and holding on by the trunk of a dwarf evergreen, he bent over as far as possible, and gazed with wide eyes into the dark depths.

"Annely! Annely!" he cried in despair, down into the abyss.

"Annely!" was echoed back from the wall of rock behind; "Annely!" sounded out of the abyss, but no echo of the dear sweet voice answered the boy's cries. There was no trace of her to be found either on the heights or in the depths. Annely had disappeared.

They were terrible days that followed. Tony fell ill of grief, and when he recovered all his old merry ways were gone. In summer he would sit silent for hours by the lonely rock, and in winter he would sit gazing dreamily into the fire without speaking to any one. All the children in the village called him "dumb Tony."

Ten years had passed away. Seppi had prospered, and was now quite a rich man. But in all these years they had never found a trace of Annely, and Tony was still the same silent, gloomy Tony of past years.

One afternoon in autumn Tony was sitting, as usual, on the bench before the house, lost in thought, and gazing at the mountain-tops glistening in the sunshine.

Just then an old man who was passing, struck by the lad's sad face, came up to him, and laying his hand softly on his shoulder, said,

"What are you thinking about, Tony?"

"What I am always thinking about—the misfortune of which I have been the cause," answered the lad, in a low tone.

The old man looked cautiously about him. "I don't believe Annely is dead," he said, mysteriously.

"What did you say?" cried Tony, starting up. "Annely not dead?"

"I don't think so," replied the old man. "My great-grandmother had a sister, as lovely as your Annely, who disappeared in the same mysterious manner. Her brother, who would not believe in her death, tried to find her, and he did, but she would not come back with him."

"But where was she, then?" asked Tony, anxiously.

The old man bent down and whispered to Tony for a long time. The boy listened eagerly with glistening eyes.

"I will try it, with God's help!" he cried at last, springing up with a determined air. "Oh, the mere hope has made me strong again already. But why did you not tell me before?" he asked, reproachfully.

"Because it is a daring attempt, and may cost you your life," replied the old man. "But now you know all I do, and must use your own judgment. Good luck to you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

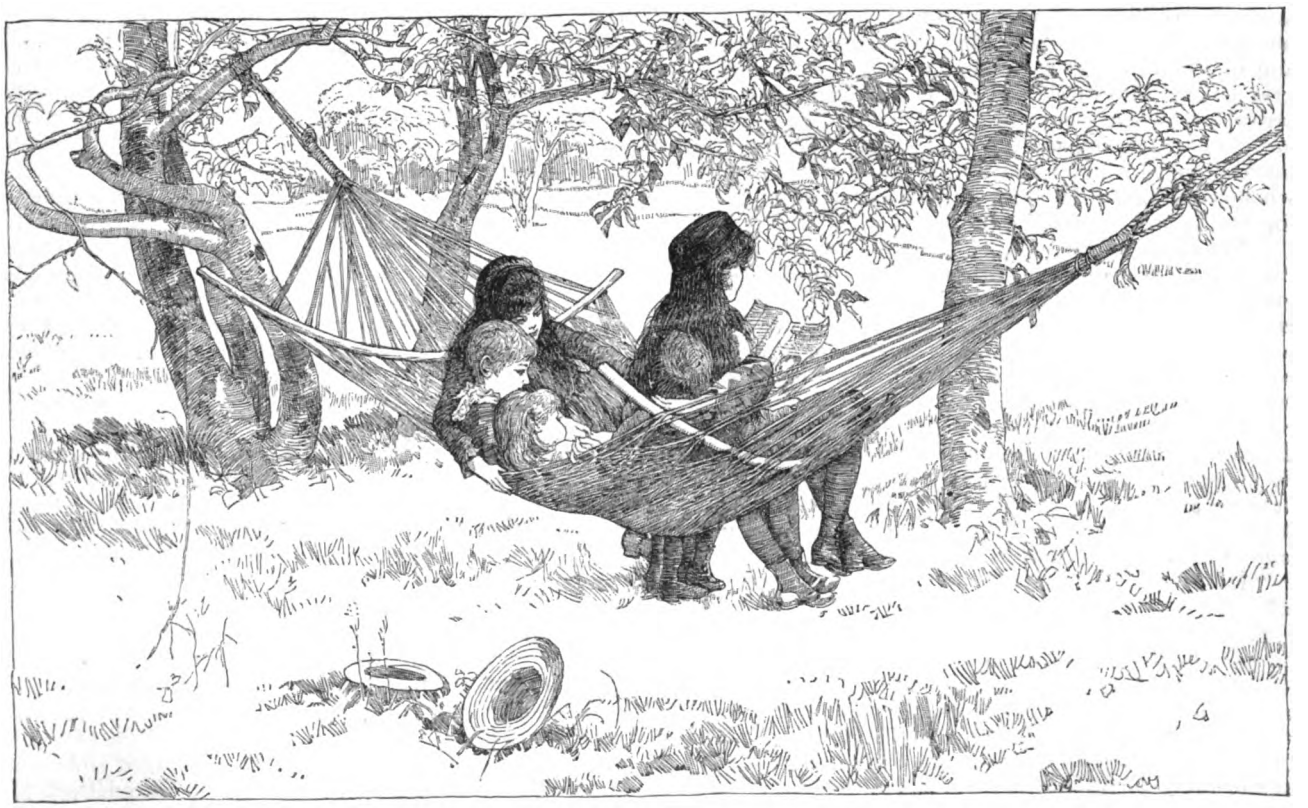
## A TIMID LITTLE MAID.

A LITTLE maid one day
Set out to cross the bay
In a sail-boat when the wind was rather high,
And it blew in such a way
That the deck was washed with spray,
And the timid little maid began to cry.

The timid little maid
Was very much afraid
When the great big boom went swinging o'er the deck,
That the boat would be upset,
And they'd all get soaking wet,
And have to cling in terror to the wreck.

Her father hushed her fears,
And wiped away her tears,
As he said, "The Captain has to tack, of course,
With all his sail outspread,
For the wind is dead ahead,
And there is no other way to get across."

When the anchor then they weighed
To return, the little maid,
Intending to do justice to the "tack,"
With a tremor in her voice,
Said, "Papa, will Captain Joyce
Have to *nail* as many times in going back?"



"BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE."

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# TWO ARROWS:*

## A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,
AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

### A BRAVE NAME.

ONE-EYE followed the arrow-stricken cow, and he ran well. So did the cow, and she did not turn to the right or left from the old buffalo trail. There was but one road for either the trail or the cow or the dog, the very formation of the land leading them all into the mountains through the nook by the spring, and so by and through the camp of the starving Nez Percés. On the cow went until, right in the middle of the camp and among the lodges, she stumbled and fell, and One-eye had her by the throat.

It was time for somebody to wake up and do something, and a wiry-looking, undersized, lean-ribbed old warrior, with an immense head, whose bow and arrows had been hanging near him, at once rushed forward and began to make a sort of pincushion of that cow. He twanged arrow after arrow into her, yelling ferociously, and was just turning away to get his lance, when a robust squaw, who had not been made very thin even by starvation, caught him by the arm, screeching,

"Dead five times! What for kill any more?"

She held up a plump hand as she spoke, and spread her brown fingers almost against his nose. There was no denying it, but the victorious hunter at once struck an attitude and exclaimed,

"No starve now, Big Tongue!"

He had saved the whole band from ruin, and he went on to say as much, while warriors and squaws and smaller Indians crowded around the game so wonderfully brought within a few yards of their kettles. It was a grand occasion, and Big Tongue was entitled to the everlasting gratitude of his nation quite as much as are a great many white statesmen and kings and generals who claim and in a manner get it. All went well with him until a gray-headed old warrior, who was examining the several arrows projecting from the side of the dead bison, came to one over which he paused thoughtfully. Then he raised his head, put his hand to his mouth, and sent forth a wild whoop of delight. He drew out the arrow with one sharp tug and held it up to the gaze of all.

"Not Big Tongue. Boy!" For he was the father of the young hero who had faithfully stood up against hunger and despair, and had gone for game to the very last. He was a proud old chief and father that day, and all that was left for the Big Tongue was to recover his own arrows as fast as he could for future use, while the squaws cut up the cow. They did it with a haste and skill quite remarkable, considering how nearly dead they all were. The prospect of a good dinner seemed to put new life into them, and they plied their knives in half a dozen places at the same time.

One-eye sat down and howled for a moment, and then started off upon the trail by which he had come.

"Boy!" shouted the old chief. "All come. See what."

Several braves and nearly all the other boys, one squaw and four half-grown girls, at once followed him as he pursued the retreating form of One-eye. It was quite a procession, but some of its members staggered a little in their walk, and there was no running. Even the excitement of the moment could get no more than a rapid stride out of the old chief himself. He was well in advance of all others, and at the edge of the expanse of sage-brush in which One-eye disappeared he was compelled to pause for breath.

Along the path in front of him, erect and proud, but using the shaft of his lance as a walking-stick, came his own triumphant boy hunter. Not one word did the youngster utter, but he silently turned in his tracks, beckoning his father to follow.

It was but a few minutes after that and they stood together in front of the dead bull bison. The boy pointed at the arrow almost buried in the shaggy chest, and then he sat down; hunger and fatigue and excitement had done their work upon him, and he could keep his feet no longer.

Other warriors came crowding around the great trophy, and the old chief waited while they examined all and made their remarks. They were needed as witnesses of the exact state of affairs, and they all testified that this arrow, like the other, had been wonderfully well driven. The old chief sat down before the bull and slowly pulled out the weapon. He held it up, streaming with the blood of the animal it had brought down, and said:

"Long Bear is a great chief. Great brave. Tell all people the young chief TWO ARROWS. Boy got a name. Whoop!"

The youngster was on his feet in a moment, and One-eye gave a sharp, fierce bark, as if he also was aware that something great had happened, and that he had a share in it. It was glory enough for one day, and the next duty on hand was to repair the damages of their long fasting. Two Arrows and his dog walked proudly at the side of the Long Bear as he led the way back to the camp. No longer a nameless boy, he was still only in his apprenticeship; he was not yet a warrior, although almost to be counted as a "brave," as his title indicated. It would yet be a long time before he could be permitted to go upon any war-path, however he might be assured of a good pony when there should be hunting to be done.

There had been all along an abundance of fire-wood, of fallen trees and dead mesquite bushes, in the neighborhood of the camp, and there were fires burning in front of several lodges before the remainder of the good news came in. The cow had been thoroughly cut up, but the stern requirements of Indian law in such cases called for the presence of the chief and the leading warriors to divide and give out for use. Anything like theft or overreaching would have been visited with the sharp wrath of some very hungry men. The Big Tongue had seated himself in front of the "hump" and some other choice morsels, waiting the expected decision that they belonged to him. He also explained to all who could not help hearing him how surely that cow would have broken through the camp and escaped into the mountains if it had not been for him, until the same plump squaw pointed at the hump and ribs before him, remarking, cheerfully:

"Go get arrow. Kill him again. Need some more. Boy killed him when he stood up."

There was not strength left in that camp for a laugh, but the Big Tongue seemed to have wearied of the conversation. He looked more weary afterward when the hump was unanimously assigned to the old chief's own lodge, that Two Arrows might eat his share of it. Indian justice is a pretty fair article when it can be had at home, not interfered with by any kind of white man. The division was made to the entire satisfaction of everybody, after all, for the Big Tongue deserved and was awarded due credit and pay for his promptness. If the buffalo had not already been killed by somebody else, perhaps he might have killed it, and there was a good deal in that. He and his family had a very much encouraged and cheerful set of brown faces as they gathered around their fire and began to broil bits of meat over it.

Indian etiquette required that Two Arrows should sit

* Begun in No. 303, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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down before his father's lodge and patiently wait until his "token" should be given him. His first slice of meat was duly broiled by his mother and handed him by his father, and he ate it in dignified silence. It was the proudest hour of his whole life thus far, and he well knew that the story would spread through the Nez Percé nation, and lead the old men of it to expect great things of him: it was a beginning of fame, and it kindled in him a tremendous fever for more. His ambition grew and grew as his appetite went down and his strength began to come back to him.

It was a grand feast, and it was not long before there were braves and squaws ready to go and cut up the bull and bring every ounce of him to camp. Starvation had been defeated, and all that happiness had been earned by Two Arrows.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE MINING EXPEDITION.

THE place away out upon the rolling plain at which the unlucky hunting camp of the Nez Percé band had been pitched when the locusts visited them, was occupied again a few days after they left it. The new-comers were not Indians of any tribe, but genuine white men, with an uncommonly good outfit for a small one. They were one of the hundreds of mining and exploring expeditions which every year set out for one range of mountains or another to try and find what there is in them. They are all sure to find a good deal of hard work, privation, and danger, and some of them discover mines of gold and silver.

This expedition consisted of two very strongly built but not heavy wagons, with canvas-covered tilts, and each drawn by four mules. What was in the wagons besides the drivers could only be guessed at, but riding at the side or ahead or behind them as they came toward the camping-place were six men and a boy. There were several spare horses and mules, and the whole affair looked as if it had cost a good deal of money. It costs a great deal to bring up eight men and a boy so that these may be fairly included, but there were wide variations in the external garnishing of the riders and drivers.

They had all been guided to that spot, partly by the general aim of their undertaking, partly by the trail they were following, and a good deal by a tall old fellow with a Roman nose and a long, muddy yellow beard, who rode in front upon a raw-boned, Roman-nosed sorrel mare, with an uncommon allowance of tail. When they reached that camping-ground it was not late in the afternoon, but it was not well to go on past a deep pool of water, surrounded by willows and cottonwood-trees, however little grass there was to be had in the neighborhood. They had found water and grass getting scarcer and scarcer for two or three days, and there was quite enough in the look of things to make men thoughtful. They knew nothing about the Nez Percés and the grasshoppers and the wicked old mule, but the tall man in front only looked around for one moment before he exclaimed,

"I'd call it— Been some kind of Injins here lately. No game, I reckon, or they'd ha' staid."

"No kind of game 'd stay long in such a burned-up country as this is," added a squarely made, gray-headed man who rode up alongside of him. "We've nothing to do but to push on. We must get out of this or we'll lose our whole outfit."

"Sure as shootin'! I move we just unhitch long enough for a feed and a good drink, and lay in what water we can carry, and go on all night. There's a good moon to travel by, and it'll be cooler work for the critters."

"It's our best hold. Sile, don't you gallop that horse of yours one rod. There's work enough before him. Save him up."

"All right, father. But isn't this the camp? He can rest now."

"No he can't, nor you either. It's an all-night job."

Sile was not gray-headed. He was very nearly red-headed. Still, he looked enough like his father in several ways. He was broadly and heavily built, strong and hearty, with something in his merry, freckled face which seemed to indicate a very good opinion of himself. Boys of fourteen or thereabout who can ride and shoot, and who have travelled a little, are apt to get that kind of expression, and it never tells lies about them.

Sile's horse was a roan, and looked like a fast one under a light weight like his; just large enough not to be called "ponyish," and with signs of high spirit. The moment the youngster sprang from the saddle and began to remove it, it became manifest that there was a good understanding between horse and boy. Any intelligent animal is inclined to make a pet of its master if it has a fair chance.

"Now, Hip, there isn't any grass, but you can make believe. I'll bring you a nose-bag as soon as you've cooled off and have had a drink of water."

He was as good as his word, and there were oats in the nose-bag when he brought it, and Hip shortly left it empty, but in less than two hours from that time the two tilted wagons were once more moving steadily onward toward the West and the mountains.

There had been a hearty supper cooked and eaten, and there was not a human being in the party who seemed much the worse for fatigue. The spare horses and mules had taken the places of the first lot in harness, and it was plain that there was plenty of working power remaining, but there was a sort of serious air about the whole matter. The sun set after a while, and still, with occasional brief rests, the expedition pushed forward. It was a point to be noted that it travelled about twice as fast as the band of Nez Percés had been able to do after they had lost their ponies. It was not hampered by any heavily burdened foot-passengers. The moon arose, and now Sile was riding on in front with the muddy-bearded veteran.

"Pine," said he, "s'pose we don't come to grass and water?"

"Most likely we will before mornin', or before noon anyhow. If we don't, we must go on till we do."

"Kill all the mules?"

"They'll all die if we don't, sure's my name's Pine—Yellow Pine."

"They can't stand it—"

"They can stand anything but starvation. Did you ever try giving up water?"

"No; did you?"

"Well, I did. I was glad to give up giving it up after a few days. It's the queerest feeling you ever had."

"How'd it happen?"

"I don't feel like tellin' about it jest now. There's too good a chance for tryin' it again to suit me."

"Is that so? Pine, do you know, I wish you'd tell me how they came to call you Yellow Pine."

The fear of either thirst or hunger had plainly not yet fallen upon Sile, or he would not have asked that question just then. It sounded so much like fourteen years old and recklessness that the great, gaunt man turned in his saddle and looked at him.

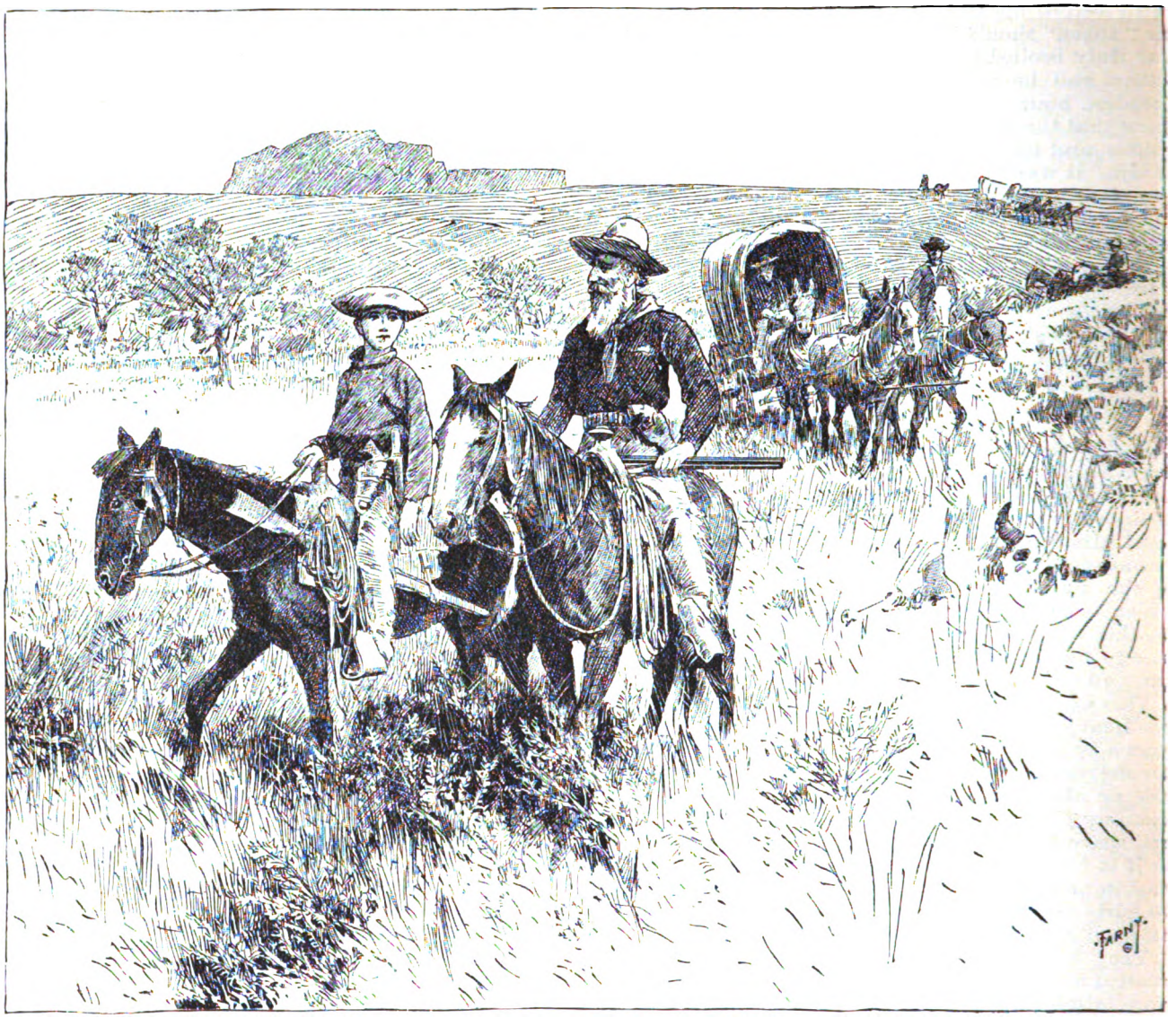
"I'd call it— Well, now, you're a customer. Some reckon it's my complexion, and I *am* turned kind o' yaller, but it ain't. It's my own name."

"How'd you get it, anyway?"

"How? Well, my father was just like me; he was a wise man. He named me after his brother, my uncle Ogden, and after Colonel Yell, that was killed in the Mexican war. So I'm Yell O. Pine, and nobody but you ever cared how it kem so."

Sile was satisfied as to that one point, but there did not seem to be anything else on that prairie about which he was satisfied, and at last his companion remarked to him,

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"HOW DID THEY COME TO CALL YOU YELLOW PINE?"

"Now look here, Sile Parks, you go back and tell the judge, if I've got to answer questions for you all night, he'll hev to raise my wages. I'm thirsty with it now, and there's no water to spare."

Sile was in no wise disconcerted, but rode back to the main body in excellent spirits. It was the first real danger of any sort that the expedition had encountered, and there was a keen excitement in it. He had read of such things, and now he was in one without the least idea in the world but what everything would come out all right, just as it does in a novel. Before midnight he had asked every other human being around him all the questions he could think of, and had dismounted four times to examine the grass at the way-side and see if it were of any better quality. Each time he was compelled to mount again and ride on to report to his father, "Chips."

When bunch-grass gets to be so dry that it will crumble in the fingers, it ceases to be of any use except to carry a prairie fire in a great hurry. It will do that wonderfully, but it will not do to feed animals on, and it was needful to have something better.

When a halt was called, at about twelve o'clock, and a rest of two hours was decided on, the barrels of water in the wagons were drawn upon for only a moderate ration all around, and the animals plainly testified their eagerness for more. They were not at all distressed as yet, but they would have been if they had done that amount of work under sunshine. When the moment for again setting out arrived, and the word was given, Judge Parks inquired,

"Pine, where is Sile?"

"Where? I'd call it— There he is on his blanket, sound asleep. I'll shake him up."

"Do, while I put the saddle on his horse. Guess he's tired a little."

A sharp shake of Sile's shoulder had to be followed by another, and then a sleepy voice responded:

"Water? Why, Pine, there's a whole lake of it. Were you ever at sea?"

"Sea be hanged! Git up; it's time to travel."

"Ah, halloo! I'm ready. I dreamed we'd got there. Riding so much makes me sleepy."

He was quickly in the saddle again, and they went forward; but there were long faces among them at about breakfast-time that morning. They were halted by some clumps of willows, and Yellow Pine said, mournfully,

"Yer's where the red-skins made their next camp. They and their critters trod the pool down to nothin' and let the sun in onto it, and it's as dry as a bone. We're in for a hard time and no mistake."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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WAITING FOR FATHER.—Drawn by A. G. Reinhart.

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## THE LITTLE DOG'S LESSON.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

HE was a very small dog, and a very restless and unhappy dog, because he considered himself a dog of no account. He envied the dog that was covered with spots, and ran all day under a great carriage. He envied the champion fighting dog of the town, because no one dared to pick him up by an ear or indulge in other familiarities unpleasant to a dog. And he was even jealous of the dog that wandered the streets without a home, because that dog did not have to submit to the indignity of a weekly bath.

One day when the unhappy little dog was running across the lawn in one of his most sorrowful moods, thoroughly dissatisfied with himself and the world generally, he espied a new ornament on the grass.

It was a large ball, apparently of quicksilver, and had great reflecting power; and when the dog saw himself in it he was simply electrified with surprise, for the ball magnified him into a dog of great size and dignity.

"I see," said the unhappy little dog, who was now happy, "that I am a large dog after all, and that I have been kept in ignorance of my size and strength that I might not become dangerous. I suppose it is the same with all great animals. The elephant, in all probability, thinks he is no larger than a pig, and that is what makes him so gentle and kind. The next time that cat scratches me, I shall tell the mice to come out here some moonlight night and look at themselves, and they will discover that they are as large as sheep, no doubt, and that will be the end of Mr. Cat."

Then the little dog viewed himself with great pride and satisfaction. The silver ball did not increase his height as much as it did his breadth; but it made him appear as high as a mastiff, and his muscles stood out like saplings. And when he opened his mouth and saw what great teeth he had, he remarked:

"I think it a great shame that I did not know this before. Here I have been chased and wantonly bitten by little insignificant dogs, simply because I thought myself weak and harmless. But now that I know I am great, I shall have a big, brave heart to correspond. And I shall not deign to notice the small pet dogs I used to play with, but shall only associate with the large ones. I suppose I ought to go up the road now and have my revenge out of that bull-dog that gave me such a thrashing the other day."

So he bustled away, like a small man who has suddenly had greatness thrust upon him, and is full of his own importance. A little way up the road he met the bull-dog.

"How do you do?" said the bull-dog.

The other bowed haughtily.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the bull-dog; "haven't you had any dinner?"

"Yes, and a good big one, too," replied the dog who had suddenly discovered his greatness.

"You seem to be rather out of sorts," said the bull-dog. "Perhaps your digestion is not good."

"I think I could digest you in a few minutes, Jack," replied the warlike dog.

"If you are going to treat me with haughty disdain," said the bull-dog, "you should call me by my last name, which is Stilton, with the prefix of Mr."

Here the warlike dog held his paw over his mouth to conceal the smile that played on his features.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded the bull-dog.

"I was just laughing at your name, and wondering if you are a member of the great Stilton Cheese family—that was all."

"That was enough," said the bull-dog; "in fact, a little too much. You should have controlled your features until you got off a little way. Don't you know it is not polite to snicker right in a dog's face?"

"I don't know whether it is or not, and don't care. I snicker whenever I please."

"Then you are no gentledog," said the bull-dog, "and I think I'll teach you such another wholesome lesson as I did when I thrashed you the other day."

"I was sick that day," replied the new-made warrior; "I had, only an hour before the fight, dined on lobster croquettes. But I am well to-day."

The details of a dog-fight are anything but entertaining. Therefore it is but necessary to state that the dog whose greatness existed only in a lawn reflector was taught a valuable lesson.

When he limped back home, all the other little dogs met him in the yard, and laughed until they had to hold their paws against their sides. And even the old hens caught the fit, and were obliged to put their heads under their wings to conceal their mirth.

And then the crest-fallen dog went down to look at himself again in the silver ball on the lawn. He was just as large as ever, but oh, how he was astonished at what he saw! He was covered with gashes, and every gash seemed an inch wide, and every mark of his opponent's teeth seemed as large as an auger hole; for the silver ball magnified the wounds just as it did the dog.

"Gracious!" said the vanquished champion, "that dog must be twice as large as he seems to be, and I am free to confess that I am about the saddest and wisest, if not the sorest, dog in this community. I shall fight no more, and I shall never again allow myself to be deceived into the belief that I am greater than any other dog."

## CLAMS AND RAZOR-FISHES.

BY SARAH COOPER.

THE name clam is applied to many different species of mollusks along our coast having thick shells. Upon looking carefully at one of these shells you will find that it differs in many respects from the oyster shell we examined. You will at once notice the two marks (*a*, *a'*, Fig. 1) left by the muscles, and you will readily infer that the valves of clam shells must be connected by two muscles.

Notice what curious freaks the pallial line, *p*, has taken between these two points. You can scarcely understand now why it should turn inward and make that deep bend, but the reason will flash upon you when you have learned about the animal that inhabited this shell.

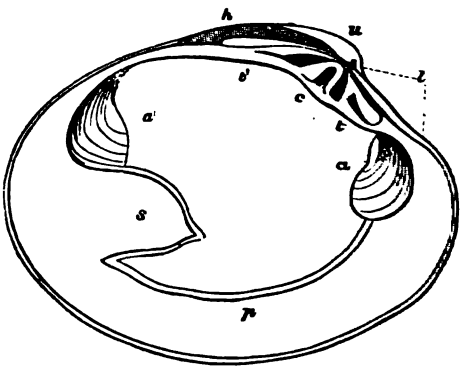


Fig. 1.—INSIDE OF A CLAM SHELL.
*a*, *a'*, Impressions of the Muscles; *p*, Pallial Line; *s*, Bend occupied by the Siphon; *h*, Hinge; *c*, *t*, *t'*, Teeth.

Observe also the peculiarities of the hinge, *h*. In some species there is a large spoon-shaped hollow, with long ridges on each side fitting into corresponding grooves on the opposite valve, so that they interlock when the shell is closed. The central hollow space contains the ligament or spring which, as we learned in the oyster, is always trying to push open the shell. The hinge in some other varieties of clam has two teeth in one valve fitting nicely between three teeth in the opposite valve, as is the case in Fig. 1, *c*, *t*, *t'*.

On the outside of the shell the lines of growth are plainly seen, and you can trace the exact size of the clam

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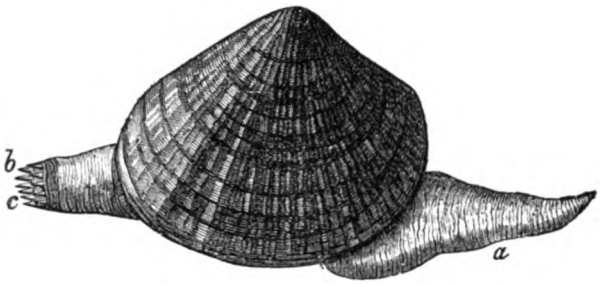



Fig. 2.—CLAM (*Mactra*).—*a*, Foot; *b*, *c*, Siphons.

at different periods of its history all the way back to babyhood. These shells do not grow thick with age.

You have no doubt noticed how torn and ragged a clam looks on opening the shell. It is impossible to remove the valves and leave the animal smooth and uninjured, as the oyster is when taken from its shell. This is because the mantle is attached to both valves along the pallial line, making a closed bag for fluids, which is torn when we open the shell.

Water is admitted into this closed sac only through a siphon (*b*, *c*, Fig. 2), which is in reality the mantle rolled up into two tubes. Through one of these tubes a stream of sea-water enters, and, circulating under the mantle, passes down to the mouth and gills. It is then thrown out by the second tube, carrying off all waste matter. The circulation of water is kept up by countless cilia which line the tubes, and which, by their constant waving motion, draw the water toward the gills.

The tentacles at the entrance of the siphon are very sensitive to the touch, and keep out all floating particles except the very small ones which are suitable for food.

You will now understand that the curious bend, *s*, in the pallial line (Fig. 1) is the impression left by the siphon.

The gills and the labial palpi of the clam are similar to those of the oyster. The heart is under the hinge, and, strangely enough, the intestine passes directly through it. Clams have a tough foot (*a*, Fig. 2) near the mouth, with which they push themselves along, and dig holes in the sandy beaches, to which they are well suited. It is surprising to see how these animals can increase their size when they wish to extend the foot, the siphon, or the edges of the mantle. This is done by taking in sea-water through numerous pores in the skin. Touch the mollusk, however, when these parts are extended, and they are quickly drawn in and the shell closed.

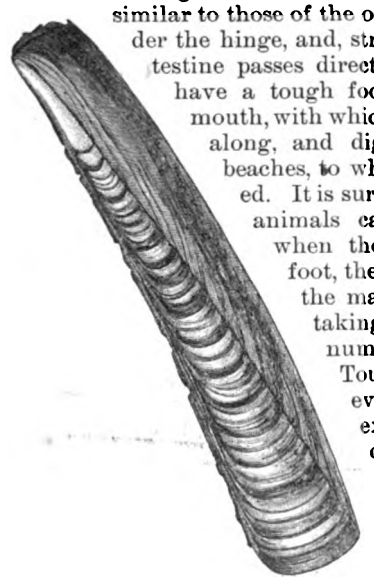


Fig. 3. RAZOR SHELL (*Solen*).

Clams spend their time buried in the soft mud, with the mouth downward, and the siphon extended out of the shell until it reaches the water above. They may sometimes be seen spouting water from small holes on the beach. You will find it good sport to dig them out and see how nimbly they bury themselves again in the sand, using no tool but the foot. Many clams have only a short siphon that does not extend far beyond the shell.

Some of these holes on the beach you may find occupied by "razor-fishes" (Fig. 3), and they are not so easily caught. These mollusks are abundant on all sandy shores, where they live buried in the mud. By means of the foot they dig a deep hole, which they do not leave. They raise themselves to the entrance of this hole, but disappear quickly upon the slightest alarm.

Fishermen become very expert in dealing with the peculiar habits of timid sea animals, but even the fishermen find the razor-fish hard to catch, and if they fail in the first attempt to capture it, no efforts will induce the shy creature to appear again.

The long slender razor shell is thin and brittle, and the delicate tints of rose or violet are nearly concealed by the brown epidermis which covers it.

NOTE.—Figs. 1 and 2 are taken from *Comparative Zoology*. By the late Professor James Orton, A.M., Ph.D.

## MR. THOMPSON'S UMBRELLA.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.



MR. THOMPSON was in a meditative and rather a revengeful mood. He had just purchased a new silk umbrella with a curiously carved ivory head, and the young man who boarded in the house had whispered at the dinner table that "the head on the umbrella looks just like Thompson."

Now Mr. Thompson is not a handsome man, nor does he lay any claims to beauty, but he hardly thought he looked like the grotesque face carved on the ivory umbrella handle. So he sat in his easy-chair and stared at it very hard. The umbrella stood in the corner and stared back with its beady eyes until Mr. Thompson was startled by seeing it wink. He rubbed his eyes very hard, and looked again, and to his surprise the umbrella repeated the wink. This time Mr. Thompson could not be mistaken; it was a wink of the most aggressive character—an impudently familiar wink. Mr. Thompson shuddered in anticipation of something unpleasant about to happen; he did not exactly know what, and he began to wonder what it could be. The umbrella winked again. This was more than Mr. Thompson could stand.

"Whom are you winking at?" he exclaimed, angrily. "You are too familiar, sir—too familiar."

"Humph!" answered the umbrella, contemptuously. "You needn't be so stuck up because you own me. That young fellow said that we look like brothers."

"He did, eh?" growled Mr. Thompson. "I'd like to break you over his head."

"Now, there you go," said the umbrella. "That is the disadvantage of being an umbrella. You get loaned, and lost, and broken, and can't do a thing to protect yourself. I wish I was a man;" and the umbrella sighed deeply.

Here was a new phase of the question, and Mr. Thompson was interested.

"There are many disadvantages in being a man," he said, in an argumentative tone. "As an umbrella you have no bills to pay, no bores to avoid, no impudent young men to annoy you. You are carefully treated, and your mission in life is a beneficial one. How many lovers you may shelter from the rain! Your lot is one to be envied."

"Oh yes; that is all very pretty in theory: all your the-

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"TO SHIELD MISS ANGELINA FROM THE RAIN WAS A PLEASURE."

ories are pretty," growled the umbrella. "The trouble is, they haven't a solid foundation of fact. If you think it so delightful, perhaps you would like to try it for a while. You wouldn't change for anything."

"Yes, I would," exclaimed Mr. Thompson, hastily.

"It's a go," shouted the umbrella. Mr. Thompson recognized the phrase as a favorite slang expression of the young man who boarded in the house, but had no time to think of anything more, for he suddenly found himself standing in the corner, and to his disgust he saw the umbrella sitting in the chair. Mr. Thompson was compelled to admit that there was a likeness, and was about to remark to that effect, when there was a knock on the door, the umbrella said "Come in," and Miss Angelina entered.

"Oh, Mr. Thompson!" she exclaimed, "I've got to run around to Sixth Avenue to get some tape, and it's raining, and it is getting so late!"

Mr. Thompson was about to answer, but the umbrella was ahead of him.

"If you will accept my protection," it said, "I should be most happy, and you see I have a new umbrella;" and it glanced maliciously toward poor Mr. Thompson, who suddenly realized that on account of his change of shape he was unable to move without being carried. Miss Angelina ran out to get her bonnet and water-proof, and the umbrella put on Mr. Thompson's rubber coat and hat, and taking Mr. Thompson under his arm, went to the front door to await her coming. It was then that poor Mr. Thompson realized the bitterness of being an umbrella.

To shield Miss Angelina from the rain was in itself a pleasure; but to be obliged to listen to the chatter of the odious umbrella which had taken his shape, to see her leaning confidingly on its arm, and to hear it saying pretty things to her, was too much. But he was powerless, and he got through the shopping somehow.

On the way home it had stopped raining, and the umbrella carried Mr. Thompson under its arm at an angle of about forty-five degrees, in imminent danger of poking some one's eyes out with his brass ferrule. Twice poor Mr. Thompson was forgotten in a dry-goods store, once he was taken at the door by an objectionable little boy, and pushed into a rack with a leather strap and a brass check around his neck, alongside of umbrellas of high and low degree, squeezed between a natty dude, silk covered, with a silver head, and a faded plebeian green gingham.

At last he was taken home, but instead of being taken upstairs to his room, he was carelessly left in the boarding-house hat-stand, while the umbrella went into the parlor; presently he was taken upstairs and stood in the corner to drip. He felt the water slowly settling around his ankles, and knew that it was rotting the silk. He was fast becoming desperate, when the door opened and in walked the young man whose remark had been the cause of all the trouble.

"Hello, Thompson," he said; "I hope you don't bear any malice about what I said. I know I'm—"

"Oh, don't mention it," said the umbrella, which was sitting in Mr. Thompson's favorite chair, reading his best edition of *Wood's Natural History*—"don't mention it. To show you that I don't mind it, I will make you a present of the umbrella;" and it glanced maliciously at Mr. Thompson, who was standing in the corner.

This was too much. To be given to one's worst enemy by one's own umbrella was more than Mr. Thompson could stand. He made one mighty effort, and sprang for the wretched thing. He grasped it round the ivory neck, and extending it toward the young man, he almost shrieked, "Here, take it; I never want to see it again."

With his spring, the relative positions seemed changed.

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He suddenly found himself standing midway between the chair and the corner, with the curiously carved umbrella in his clutch. The young man was near him murmuring a profusion of thanks.

"That's all right," said Mr. Thompson, hurriedly—"only take the thing away;" and as the young man left the room he muttered,

"I hope he will change into an umbrella and stay so." Then he thought what delight it would be to borrow him and lose him.

Now Mr. Thompson carries an umbrella with a plain wooden handle, and preserves a mysterious silence in regard to why he gave away his ivory-headed umbrella. He, however, told the story, under pledge of secrecy, to Miss Angelina, who imparted it in strictest confidence to five of the lady boarders, who all told me, after I had promised faithfully never to breathe it to a living soul. So you must never tell anybody I told you, or you will get me into trouble with my old friend Thompson, who is still rather sensitive about the fact that he looks like his umbrella.



## THE CHILD AND THE SEA-SHELL.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBBINS.

[Reprinted from "Godey's Lady's Book," 1843.]

*Child.*

WHY do you moan so, pretty shell?
You look so bright, I can not tell.
I laugh to see your brilliant dye,
I weep to hear your mournful sigh.

*Shell.*

You must tell me why you weep,
Or my secret I shall keep.
Listen in your heart and hear—
Are there no low murmurs there?

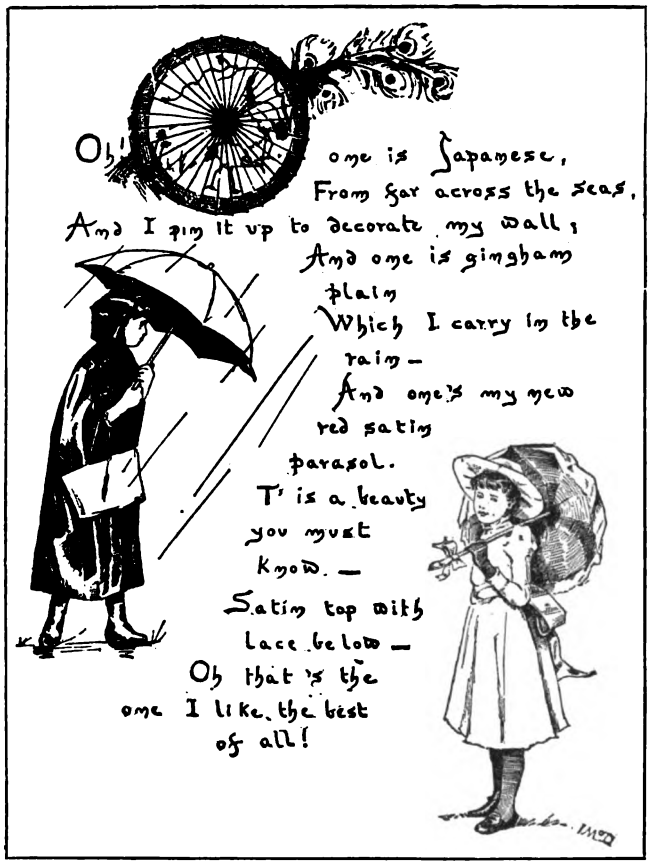
*Child.*

That is why you make me weep.
Sometimes, when I go to sleep,
Come such murmurs in my ear,
As like songs I used to hear;
What they mean I can not tell.
Whisper to me, pretty shell:
Is it that we love each other,
And our home was once together?

*Shell.*

Little child, I love the ocean—once it lulled me with its motion—
And the cool and curling billow, while I slept, would kiss my pillow.
Once you had a higher home, whence all infant spirits come,
And the murmurs in your ear are the songs you used to hear;
If you do as these shall say, you will find your home one day.

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THE THREE PARASOLS.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THE following little incident, related by one of our older friends, will interest all the children:

TRINITY CHURCH RECTORY, LEWISTON, MAINE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—One morning last summer, while at the sea-shore, I was taking a walk with a lady and two little friends, when our attention was attracted to a cricket which was dragging a large dead grasshopper along. The grasshopper was nearly two inches in length, and seemed to us a great burden for the cricket, which was hardly more than half so long. Besides this, the road was rough and up a hill. After a time the cricket left the grasshopper, and went at a brisk rate up over the hill, and we said, "We will wait awhile and see if he comes back for it."

In a few moments we saw him coming back, but not in a straight path, and we wondered if he were looking for a smoother road. However that was, he seized his load again, and took what seemed to us a very steep and rough path, and persevered until he had dragged the grasshopper to his hole—a distance of about fifteen feet, we judged.

The door to the cricket's house was a hole in the ground about half an inch across. When he arrived there he laid the grasshopper down near the edge, and went out of sight. Pretty soon he appeared again, bringing a load of earth, and this he repeated three times. We supposed that while he was down there the first time he brought enough earth to the door inside to make these three loads. After he had brought them out, he went down out of sight again, and we supposed he was bringing some more to the inside of the entrance, as he was gone some time, but he again brought out three loads, and he kept on in this way until he had a place large enough prepared for the grasshopper. When all was ready, he seized the grasshopper by its head and dragged it down after him out of sight.

How we wondered what kind of a place that could be down there, and how many more such things he had stored away! While we were talking about it, the cricket came up again and began to fill up the entrance, and it was not long before he had it neatly filled and smoothed down, so that no one would ever notice it.

We were all very much interested in what we saw, and I thought this account of it might interest some of your readers. MRS. W. H. W.

BADGER, WEBSTER CO., IOWA.

I am a girl twelve years old. I live in the country, and like it very much. When I go to school, I study reading, arithmetic, spelling, writing, geography, history, and grammar. We have vacation now. I have one sister, Lena, and two brothers, John and Launie. For pets, we have a kitten and a puppy. I love flowers, but have only five kinds. This is the third year we have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. We all like it very much. I like Lucy C. Lillie's stories best. I would like to have a boll of cotton, as I have never seen one, and if any one will send me one in full bloom, I will send in return some pressed flowers or a piece of gypsum from the quarry from which the Cardiff giant was cut.

CARRIE MELAND (Box 6).

NEW MIDDLETON, TENNESSEE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have been reading the Post-office Box this morning, and thought I would write, as it has been a good while since I wrote last. My little kitten eats the chickens, and auntie had to whip her. I was so sorry. My sister takes much interest in the chickens; she attends to them nearly all the time. I like very well to eat them, but I don't like to have any trouble with them. I think you must be the nicest lady in the world. We are going to have a protracted meeting here next week. I like to go at night. We have such delicious peaches. I wish I could send you some. We had a pear-tree that broke all to pieces, it had so much fruit on it. I think "Into Unknown Seas" is just splendid. CASSIE L.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

If you were to visit us at this season of the year, you would find the fig-trees heavy with their loads of ripe purple, brown, green, and white fruit. You would find the half-ripe oranges hanging in clusters from the trees, and the peach-trees laden with ripe and unripe fruit. At the present time New Orleans is very healthy; there is a very small mortality, and there are hardly any cases of sunstroke. There is no yellow fever here. WILLIAM SKITTMAN P.

I once spent some time in a Southern city, in which, in the season, ripe figs, neatly set out on boards covered with white cloths, were carried about for sale. I learned to like the delicious fruit as I picked it from the trees, or bought it from the men who came through the streets, calling, musically, "R-i-i-pe fi-i-g-s!"

BROOK FARM, PROCTORSVILLE, VERMONT.

I pity you children who do not live here,
No matter how pleasant your homes may appear;
I've been in the South, the East, and the West,
But my own dear home is always the best.

The White Mountains were lovely—they seemed so to me;
Newport was fine, with its view of the sea,
But if you wish real good fun and good rest,
'Tis here you will find it, and always the best.

The day has been warm, but the evening is cool;
I went to the barn, and sat on a stool,
For it always is pleasant, and always is cool.

BESSIE B. (11 years old).

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am among your admirers, though not one of the youngest, and in reading the letters from the young people I see so many mentions of pets that I would like to tell about mine. I have a great many, and am very fond of them. Mamma says I pet all dumb things, and tire her with them, so I had to leave them all when I came to this city; but I love them none the less because they are so far away. They often write me from home about my black setter Kate, and tell me of how good she is. I taught her a great many things, among others to shut the door when she came into the room (she thought a certain cushion by the open fire her own peculiar property), and it was amusing to see her throw herself against the door, set her head on one side, raise her ears, and so listen for the "click" of the bolt that told her it was fastened. Sometimes she would be in a hurry to get to the fire, and I would have to command her once or twice to "go shut it, Kate," before she would obey; but after once learning it, she knew that even if she found the door open she was expected to shut it. I have known her to raise her head and look at me when one of the children would leave it open, and it needed only a smile and nod of the head from me to cause her to trot away and shut it, and come back with wagging tail and erect ears. It was utterly impossible for any one to get her to do anything if I were near—she would obey no one else; and let them try to drive her out, with a growl she was beside me, and, with her head on my knee, would defy them to send her away. She would never hurt my cat, Isaac, but thought all other cats her enemies. I have often seen her show much jealousy when I would pet the cat. She is only a common setter, but my success shows the result of training. I would like to tell of my pet calf Dolly—how gentle she was, knowing my voice and coming to me from any part of the grove or orchard; of my chicken Thorwaldsen, that would follow me from a downy chick until he became a grown one, and how he thought there was no nicer place to cuddle in at sunset than my shoulder under my long hair, and how, hunting for me one evening and not finding me, he flew up on the shoulder of a visitor and went to sleep. I want to tell of my squirrel, my mocking-bird Denis, and the many funny things that my tame crow Dick was guilty of, but am afraid my letter is already too long, and I want to tell how I tamed a very wild canary. He is quite a classical bird, in name at least, having the high-sounding one of Leonidas Lycurgus Xenophon Aristotle, but we call him Nick. He was so wild that I could not put my hand into the cage, nor even go near it, without his seeming as if he would beat out his little life against the wires. One day I gave him plenty of water, but no seed during the day. I talked to him, and would try to pet him, and just at night I gave him plenty to eat to keep him from hunger during the night, but left no seed in his cage. I tried this plan for a day or two, and at last I could put my hand into his cage, when he would hop on it, and let me carry him about the room. He will now fly from his cage to my lap or head, but he will never sing. MINNIE F. F.

CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

My holidays began on the 31st of July. My school is almost opposite our house. I live in Cambridge; it has a university. I am going to the Cornish coast. We have seven weeks' holidays. I am very fond of reading, and I have a good many books. I study history, geography, Latin, French, arithmetic, and English (which means repetition, parsing, and grammar). I think "Into Unknown Seas" is very good, and I also like Jimmy Brown's stories, and I wish he would write again. We have a French master to teach us French. Some time ago I visited the Zoo in London. I think it was very nice. There were lions and tigers. One lioness had three little cubs, which were only born in December, 1884. But the best of all was a seal, which was tamed, and it kissed its keeper. The keeper would tell it to go up on a chair and drive away some kind of foreign bird that was there, and the seal obeyed. There were also some very small deer, almost as small as a black-and-tan terrier, but they were mostly brown. I think there was every kind of animal and bird. You may have rides upon the elephants, camels, and dromedaries. Last year I went to a place in Scotland called Biggar; is it not a funny name? There is a saying about it; the saying is, "London is big, but Biggar's bigger." I am in the Second Division of the First Class. The First Division of the First Class comes first, the Second Division of it comes next, lastly and thirdly the Second Class. We do not have very hard work. Our school has been playing a great many cricket matches this term. Please could you tell me how boys play base-ball? Do boys play cricket in America? I think it is my favorite game.

C. R. PATTISON M.

The Postmistress has never played base-ball, but as it is a very popular game with American boys, she would like some youthful catcher or pitcher to describe it in the Post-office Box for our English readers. Cricket is played here to some extent.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I think I will tell you about our city. I like to drive through the streets, because they are just like parks, and the main part of the city seems like a large park. We have some very fine buildings here, and large trees line our streets and avenues. We have a very pretty river; it gives

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us, for household uses, water which is very nice and clean. You can also take pleasant trips on the water. The scenery is very beautiful on both the Canadian and American sides of the river. I would like to correspond with Mabel G. T., of East Dereham, Norfolk, England. I am fourteen years old, and my address is 84 Alexandrine Avenue East, Detroit, Michigan. MAUDE W. K.

PETALUMA, CALIFORNIA.

My father is the proprietor of a newspaper in this city, and he has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years, and given it to my little sister Jessie and myself. We think a great deal of it. We enjoy hearing the stories read. We liked "The Ice Queen" and "Rolf House." Our town is a very pretty place. About 4500 people live here. The climate is very nice, and I know some of my little Eastern friends would enjoy the pleasant days and cool nights. I have three sisters; two big ones and one little one. We have just got home from camping. People in California may camp out-doors as long as they wish, for there is no rain here in the summer. I will tell you about the geysers. There are a boiling spring and a cold one, side by side, and there is also one that is as black as ink; they use it in the hotel to write with. There is a place in which if you put a cane you can not pull it out again. I have five birds. I was eleven years old on the 20th of June. EVA MCN.

HARTFORD, VERMONT.

I am a girl fourteen years old, and I live in a little country town up here among the Green Mountains. I am very fond of these mountains, from which we get beautiful views of the surrounding country. I am very fond of animals, especially of dogs and horses. My older sister has a beautiful cat named Jack, which was shot through the body a short time ago by a cruel boy. The poor kitty was found alive, and sister thought so much of him she didn't have him killed, but has nursed him so that he is still alive, although he can not walk at all yet. Jack is very intelligent, and when he was found so hurt, and my sister went to him, he tried to purr. I go to school, but it is vacation now. I am very fond of playing archery and croquet. Your true friend,

ANNIE L. M.

I hope the poor cat may recover, but if he is to suffer very much, it would be kinder to kill him, although it may seem unkind to say so.

NEWTON, NEW JERSEY.

I live in Newark, New Jersey, but I am spending the summer in Newton. A five minutes' walk in any direction will bring one out into the country, where the view is too beautiful to describe. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the 1st of November, and I like it very much. I enjoy the Post-office Box as much as any one of the short stories. I have HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE sent to me by mail while I am here, and I expect as long as possible to take this paper. Hoping that you, dear Postmistress, and all the readers of this paper are enjoying the summer, I remain

Your constant reader, BESSIE P. O.

BLACKWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy nine years old. Yesterday I helped with the garden. I have a little dog named Don; he is a funny little dog, but he loves to chase the chickens. I hope to have my little letter printed.

Your little friend, ROBERT B.

PLYMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl thirteen years old. My home is in New York, but I am spending the summer in New London. I am now visiting Plymouth for a week with mamma and papa. I caught on a bent pin and No. 40 cotton a trout weighing exactly one pound. A few days ago I sailed around Lake Winnipesaukee, and had a real nice time. I go fishing, ride horseback, and do a great many other things. I have one pet; it is a horse named Dick, and I ride him a great deal. He tried to throw me off this summer, but I did not fall. I think "Rolf House" was a very nice story. I think Jimmy Brown's stories are very nice. I go bathing a great deal in our lake; it is not salt, but I think it is great fun to bathe in fresh-water. With much love to the Postmistress, ALICE I.

PEMBROKE VILLA, ROXWELL ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—My father having seen a bill lying about the house, read it, and saw HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE printed on it, so he ordered it the next Saturday. We thought it was a very nice book, and like it very much, especially the letters, because the little folks might be enticed to write letters to their friends across the sea. We have two Scotch terriers, but I do not make them pets, because they are so noisy and are very fond of running after the birds on the roads; their names are Jako and Toby. I have two sisters and two brothers, the youngest one being a year and five months old. I am the eldest of the family, my age being twelve years. I would like to see my letter published. I am very fond of reading, and like school very much. I study reading, writing, arithmetic, algebra, and French, and am very fond of cricket. I should like to know if any of your readers know how to make an aquarium, and if so, will they let me know how to go about it. ARTHUR B.

Will some one who has made and taken care of an aquarium write a letter for Arthur's benefit?

LANGHORNE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have but one pet, and that is a Maltese cat. She had two dear little kittens, but one of our cows trod on one and killed it, and broke the other's leg, but as it was so very little, we thought perhaps it would heal, but the next day it died. I was very sorry, but I couldn't help it. We had a little funeral the day it died. We have nineteen cows, and send our milk to Philadelphia.

ABBIE T. W.

I forgot to tell the children that my little bird died not long ago, and I had a little funeral for it, all by myself, because the children were not at home. I buried it in the garden under a red-rose bush.

THANET, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I promised to write again and tell you more about the burning ship if my letter was printed, and I looked in every number until I saw it. I must tell you about the ship. It was a Norwegian bark full of timber, and first it got wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, and in removing the cargo it was set on fire, no one knows how. It burned for about forty hours, and gradually floated in front of our house. We watched it until it became red all over; then it broke to pieces and floated about, all burning. Fortunately no lives were lost. And it was a beautiful sight. I was fourteen last March. RUTH S.

CAMBRIDGE, NEBRASKA.

I am a little boy twelve years old. I think it is our duty as well as for our good to write a few lines for the Post-office Box. We live in the far West, and five years ago these prairies were wild, with buffalo, antelope, wolves, and badgers for their inhabitants. Here and there, in a dug-out, or sod house, from ten to twenty miles apart, a family might be found. Jack-rabbits are numerous here still. Their ears are about five inches long, and their bodies are in proportion. They are very destructive in a garden; our pease and beans were all eaten up by them. They are very nice to eat when they are fat. I trapped an Indian badger last April. They are very strong, with short legs, long hair, and long claws, and are larger than a large cat. I have one pet, a little duck. I had a pet jack-rabbit, but he became sick and died. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; it is a welcome visitor in our house. When I write again I will describe a cow-boy and his outfit. FRANCIS E.

Write again soon.

RACINE, WISCONSIN.

I am a little boy eight years old. I see all the other boys and girls write about their pets, so I will. I had twelve rabbits, and three ran away. I go to school, and study reading, writing, spelling, language, and numbers. FRANK B. A.

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS.

I read an article on roller-skating some time ago. It spoke about the danger of splinters being breathed into the lungs. I will therefore copy something I read in a newspaper: "Indianapolis has a rink with a *paper* floor. It is made by pasting and pressing straw boards together by the hydraulic process. There are no joints, it is perfectly smooth, and, in comparison with wood and cement floors, it is noiseless." Now don't you think that such a floor as that would be perfectly harmless?

I would like to correspond with some girl about fifteen or sixteen years old who lives in England, Scotland, or in one of our Western or Southern States. CLARE CUNNINGHAM.

HERKIMER, NEW YORK.

I am one of the many readers of our dear paper, and I assure you I am very glad to be numbered among them. I think it is just splendid. The Post-office Box is perhaps the most interesting of it all to me, because the letters really come from girls and boys who live so far away from each other. I have had several correspondents who lived a great way off, mostly in the West, and every one was found through HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Will some young girl between the age of thirteen and fifteen please write to me? I will be pleased to hear from any one. Please tell me all about the place in which you live, your friends, pastimes, and everything. Good-by. MAE E. HUYCK.

ISLE OF HOPE, NEAR SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

I am a little boy ten years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I have four pets—two dogs, a pony, and a cat. We had three cows, but papa sold them. Please print this, for I want to surprise papa and mamma.

JAMES K. M.

It is a rainy day, so I thought I would write to you. I have been ill, and am not very strong. My favorite authors are Mrs. Lillie, Howard Pyle, Ernest Ingersoll, Jimmy Brown, Louisa M. Alcott, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. I have a flower bed, but the seeds did not come up nicely. I go to school, and study reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, geography, grammar, and history. I am eleven years old. We have two cats, a canary, and a calf for pets. I like Howard Pyle's style of pictures and stories. ANNA PEARLE T.

This little correspondent gave only half her post-office address. The Postmistress will keep that half to herself, but when Anna writes again, will she please give it in full—town, and county, and State?

**Bessie E.:** The Postmistress would be delighted to have you call on her.—**Georgia Staten:** Write a letter, describing your village and its scenery, and tell what you study, and which of your daily occupations you most enjoy. I liked your letter, but it was not just what it is best to publish in the Post-office Box. Georgia, who is twelve years old, would like to correspond with a girl of her own age. Her address is Newark, Newcastle County, Delaware.—**Chrissie H.:** With so many pets, and your kind aunties and cousins, you ought to be a very happy little girl.—**Birdie B.:** Five girls in a house must make merry times for everybody.—**Mary E.:** You have been unfortunate with your pets. What a famous huckleberry season you have had, sending thousands of quarts to New York every day.—I am glad to hear from **Edith M. B.** It would have been a pity if her little kitten had not found its way home again.—**Fanny B.:** I have tried in vain to imagine the meaning of the mysterious letters, L. W. A. They stand for the name of a girls' society. Who can puzzle them out?—**Florence S.:** I wish you a great many happy birthdays, dear child.—**Jesse B. C.:** Your letter was interesting, but I prefer to have my little friends write to me with pen and ink, if possible. Pencilled writing is hard to read.—I say the same to dear little **Louise R.**—**Lewise J.:** You should teach your pretty little dog better manners.—Will some reader send **K.** a receipt for marshmallow drops?

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

ENIGMA.

In brass, not in gilt.
In iron and in quilt.
In rock, not in cleft.
In money, not in theft.
In bird, not in fowl.
In neigh, not in howl.
In gold, not in fold.
In hale, not in old.
In Cleveland, not in Hendricks.
In Morgan, not in Pugh.
My whole is a city of mineral wealth,
Where lives a sweet cousin whose cheeks bloom with health. PEEP.

### No. 2.

THREE EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. A short poem. 2. An Oriental ruler. 3. Part of the body.

2.—1. Something useful in wet weather. 2. The plural of is. 3. A beverage.

3.—1. Wisdom. 2. Auger. 3. A number.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 301.

No. 1.—

```
    L          P
  L E T      C A T
L E M O N  P A P E R
  T O Y      T E A
    N          R
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No. 2.—1. Brooklyn Bridge. 2. Queen Anne.

No. 3.—And feet that loitered slow to school
Went storming out to playing.

No. 4.—S-o-owl. M-arch. S-corn. W-heat. C-oat. S-word. S-oak. S-peck. S-pear. S-pin. S-pool. C-ream.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from O. J. Greenwald, Annie and Mary Cox, Clara K., Shirley Peebles, Flossie Raymond, Amy Hathorn, Jeanie Somers, John W. Tarrance, Leander Paul, Wilhelmine D., Evelyn Gray, Archy P., Joscelyn D., F. G. H., and Monumental City.

[*For* EXCHANGES. *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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A MISTAKEN CAUSE.

NED (*oppressed by the heat*). "Oh, Papa, I do wish the leaves would move again, and make another breeze!"

## THE CHICKEN THIEVES—A PUZZLE.

TAKE seven white beans; place five in a row before you; hold one in each hand. Then begin the following tale:

"There were once two tramps" (open each hand, and show a bean in each; then close the fists, and keep them closed, and as far apart as possible, during the whole story)—"there were once two tramps walking down a lonely road, on a sharp watch for a meal. Presently, right before them, they spied a brood of chickens" (indicate the beans upon the table). "They opened their bags, and each made a grab for them.

"'I'll have this chicken.'

"'I'll have this one.'

"'I'll have this.'

"'I'll have this.'

"'I'll have this.'"

Each hand alternately takes a bean from the table, while concealing its contents, keeping the arms apart as much as possible.

"Now they had their bags full, and walked along until they saw the farmer driving toward them. The chickens kept up such a noise that the men were forced to let them out. They went behind the bushes, and cautiously opened their bags.

"'I'll let out this chicken,' and, 'I'll let out this one'—until all are laid down."

Each hand alternately drops a bean.

"They crouched beneath the underbrush until the farmer had passed out of sight. Then they stole after the chickens once more.

"'I'll have this chicken,' and, 'I'll have this one,' etc."

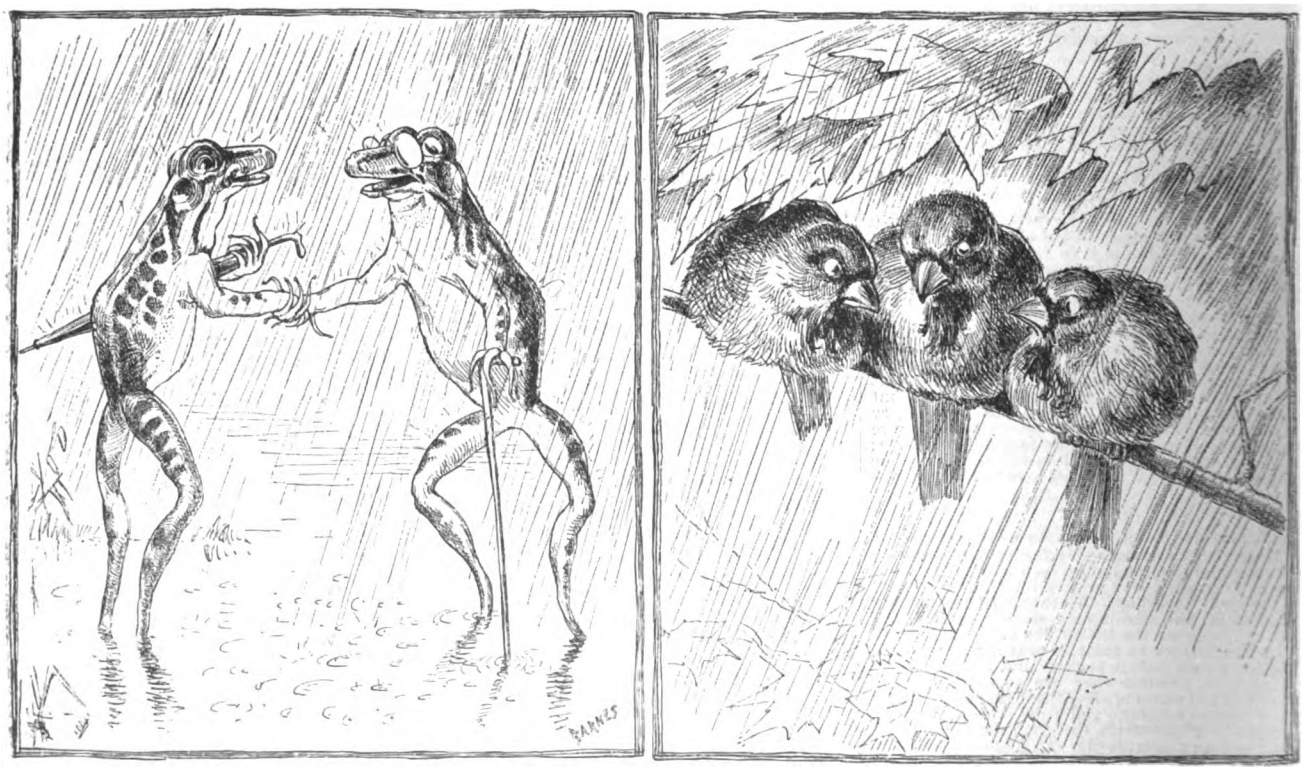
Each hand takes up one bean alternately.

"So they started off with their bags full again. After a while they came to a country store, where they left their bags outside while they bargained for a jug of liquor." (Still keep the hands closed and wide apart, rapping on the table occasionally.)

"Now the store-keeper was also the county sheriff, and understood the sort of men he was dealing with. Pretending to search for a jug, he went into a back room and blew a whistle. A constable sprang to the front door, blocking the passage. Then the sheriff came back with his handcuffs, and took the two men to jail." (Here open one hand, and show but two beans within.)

"Then the constable took the five chickens back to the farmer." (Here open the other hand, and show five beans.)

In order to play this trick, be sure to have the objects representing the chickens and thieves exactly alike, but do not appear to notice this fact. After beginning the story, keep the hands closed, so that the full hand and the empty hand will look alike. Then alternate the hands in this way: The right hand begins to pick up beans before the farmer makes his appearance. The right hand holds four beans, the left hand three beans. When the chickens are to be let out in the story, the left hand begins to lay down beans; consequently when all the chickens are let out the right hand holds two beans and the left hand none. When the chickens are stolen the second time, begin to take up with the right hand, so that the right hand adds three beans to the two already held, which makes five (chickens), while the left hand only secures two beans, which represent the thieves.



A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

"ISN'T THIS JOLLY!"

"ISN'T THIS AWFUL!"

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 305. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.





"KEEP HER HEAD TO THE LIGHT."—DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.


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## A CHAT ABOUT SNAKES.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

MORE than once, in the history of wars, two valiant armies have marched together, looked each other in the face, and then ran away, each scared out of its wits by the mere sight of the other. In the history of men and snakes the same thing has frequently happened. The man runs in one direction and the snake in the other, and it is hard to tell which is the more frightened.

We are apt to look upon snakes as terrible monsters, but they seem to look upon men and boys as equally terrible, and the most poisonous serpent will fly if it has a fair chance, and only fights when it finds itself cornered.

There are many wrong ideas entertained about these gliding reptiles, and it may not be amiss to stick a pin in some of these false notions, and let out what truth is in them. The general idea seems to be that all snakes are horridly ugly and deadly poisonous monsters, fiercely bent on destroying the race of man, and armed with a forked sting which they constantly thrust out from their dreadful jaws in search of victims.

The fact of the matter is that many snakes are very handsome, being brilliant in color and graceful in form, while their flexible, gliding motion is perhaps the most attractive of all movements in the animal kingdom. As for the forked sting, it is only the tongue of the serpent, and is as soft and harmless in its touch as a piece of velvet.

The poisonous organs are a pair of long teeth or fangs, often sharper than a needle. These are either hollow, or they have a sort of canal down the inner side. The poison is a liquid which lies in a gland at the base of the fang. The moment the teeth enter the flesh of a victim certain muscles press on the gland, the poison is forced out, and runs down the hollow of the tooth and into the wound.

As for the forked tongue, which plays in and out with such rapidity, it seems to be the feeling organ of the serpent. It is used as we use our fingers—to find out more about things than can be told by the eyes.

The great majority of snakes are as harmless as a mouse. In all North America there are only three or four poisonous kinds of snakes. These are the rattlesnake, the moccasin, and the copper-head, which are very dangerous, and a little snake found in some of the Southern States, called the harlequin, which is only slightly poisonous. All these snakes, except the harlequin, are marked by a deep pit on each side of the head, between the eye and the nostril. What the pit is for no one knows, but if any of my readers meets a snake with these holes in the sides of its head, he had better have business in the other direction if he does not want to get into trouble.

Most of our common snakes are as harmless as doves. The black, the whip, and the milk snake, the water and garter snake, the hog-nosed snake, and the big and ugly pine snake of New Jersey, with many other common species, may be handled as safely as one would handle a flexible strip of India rubber. There is no reason why man, boy, or girl should show the same senseless fear of snakes as is shown by monkeys. These animals, as is well known, are dreadfully afraid of snakes, and can not be made to come near even to a dead one, but will stand off at a safe distance, chattering and flying in wild fright if the slightest motion is seen. The human race is like the monkey race in this. They seem born with a natural dread of snakes.

The rattlesnake is born with a small knob or button at the end of the tail. After that, every time the snake sheds its skin, as a rule a new rattle is added. But this may happen three or four times a year, and it is not possible to tell the age of a snake by the number of its rattles. They are all alike in one thing: they shake the tail, causing a rattling sound, when they are disturbed or cornered.

There are in all from fifteen to eighteen species of rattlesnakes. Some of these average seven or eight feet long. The most common variety in the mountains of the Middle States and in the South is the banded rattlesnake. It is about four feet long, of a yellow or grayish color, with black bands. It is mostly found in rocky situations, and feeds on birds, frogs, toads, and the like small game.

The only other poisonous snake in the Middle and Eastern States is the copper-head. This creature is seldom more than three feet long, is very slender, and rather pretty. It is of a pale red color, with a row of dark brown spots on the back. The head is of a color something like copper. It lives in rocky places, and grows scarcer the farther north we go.

The moccasin seems to be only found in the Southern States. It is from three to four feet long, and lives in swampy places, often on tufts and hummocks of grass. It is a short, thick snake, with rough scales. When young it is of a greenish hue, with dark bands on the neck; but when old it becomes almost black. The common water-snake of the North is often called a moccasin, though it is not at all like the true moccasin, and is quite harmless.

All snakes may be divided into three classes: those that kill by poison, those that constrict, or coil around their prey, and those that swallow their prey alive. Their mode of swallowing is one of the most remarkable features of snake life, since they often swallow creatures much larger than themselves. It is rather curious to see a slim-bodied serpent slowly swallowing a fat frog two or three times its diameter, and looking after the operation like a rubber tube with a base-ball in its centre.

In fact, all snakes have a rubber-like power of stretching. The head is very curiously constructed. Instead of the bones being firmly joined together, as in other animals, they are held together by elastic ligaments. These readily stretch, so that the bones can be pulled apart, and the opening of the jaws greatly widened. It is the same with the body. It has great stretching powers, and can easily hold something of a diameter several times larger than its own. But the stories that are sometimes told of the great tropical boas swallowing oxen or other large animals need not be believed. In these travellers' stories there is shown a power of stretching which beats that of any snake.

No one need believe the story that the snake licks its prey all over, and covers it with a slimy substance before attempting to swallow it. Snakes have a great flow of saliva, and their food when taken into the mouth is quickly covered with a slimy substance which makes it more easily swallowed.

The snake's mouth has six rows of long, fine teeth, curved inward, which are not suited to cut or bite, but are good at holding on. When a frog, mouse, or bird is caught, it is worked into the mouth, the teeth letting it enter easily, but not letting it out again. The six bones which bear the teeth each moves separately, and each keeps loosing its hold and taking a new hold further out, so that the prey is steadily drawn back by this active motion.

The bodies of all snakes are covered with scales. These help them in their movement by the friction of their edges with the ground. But the main moving organs are the ribs. Of these some snakes have as many as three hundred pairs, all movable, and able to press backward through the skin upon the ground.

As to the power of snakes to charm other animals, this needs yet to be proved. It is well known that many animals become motionless and helpless when seriously frightened, and what is usually called charming is probably this effect of fright. The wonderful stories of bird charming by snakes are no doubt a little embellished to make them seem more remarkable. It is possible that the effect is something like what we call mesmerism, or animal magnetism.

Snakes are divided by some writers into five classes—the burrowing, the ground, the tree, the fresh-water, and the sea snakes. The burrowers live mainly underground.

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They have a short, stiff body, with firm, close-set scales, and live on worms and slugs, etc. The tree snakes are small-sized, swift-moving creatures, often bright green in color. Many of them can swing downward by the tail when seeking their favorite food of eggs or young birds. Some of them are poisonous. The ground snakes comprise far the greater number, and are those best known. Though ordinarily living on the ground, they frequently take to trees or to the water. The true water snakes are small in size and harmless, though poisonous ground snakes often frequent the water.

Snakes are very fond of milk, though they do not milk cows, as has been asserted. They are also fond of eggs, and there is a story of a cobra having entered a hen-house through a chink, and swallowed so many eggs that he could not get out again. The robber was slain, the eggs placed under the hen again, and duly hatched out as if nothing had happened.

On an average, snakes sleep half the year, while the green garter snake of the United States sleeps eight months out of the twelve.

## A FAMILY JAR.

BY LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

EVERY one said there was something queer about Larry O'Shannon, the head workman at the pottery. He was a rather handsome young Irishman, naturally, one would think, of a merry disposition, for now and then he would make a droll remark or sing a snatch of a rollicking song. But in the midst of his joke he would seem to remember something, and would shut his teeth together with a snap, and scowl in a way that gave his fine features a determined and almost ugly look.

Mr. Thurston, his employer, distrusted him vaguely from the first, though he would have been puzzled to give a reason for so doing, for Larry was industrious, often working after-hours, and never idling like some of the other workmen. With his companions he had the reputation of being an unsocial, miserly chap, with "a shtory behind him." What the story was no one could ascertain. Some said he was in love; others darkly hinted that he had served a term in the State's-prison. But Mr. Thurston, on investigating his record, found that all was clear since his landing at Castle Garden, only two years before his engagement at the pottery, and the assertion that he was in love was visibly a base slander, for he was very shy, and never willingly spoke to a woman.

He had one friend, little Caro, the daughter of his employer, who loved to loiter and chat with him when she brought her father his luncheon, or stopped for him on her way home from school.

Larry always brightened up when Caro called on him. He often gave her a bit of clay to play with, and she would make little tea sets, and give grand dinner parties on the low bench beside the turning table. One particular morning he seemed quite gay, and sang his most comic songs as he patted and punched the lump of clay. As he held the curved piece of wood to the outside of the mass, and gave the table the twirl which would model the outline symmetrically by paring off the clay evenly as every portion of the lump was brought around, the whirring wheel kept up a droning accompaniment to the ballad of "Lanigan's Ball."

"Burr, burr," buzzed the wheel.

"'And the byes were all in muslin dressed,'"

sang Larry.

"Burr, burr, bur-r-r-r."

"'And the girls in corduroy.'"

"Do they really dress that way in Ireland?" Caro asked.

"Bless your dear heart, no; quite the contrary. Many's the ball I've footed it in a fine green corduroy suit, and Kathie in white muslin, with a rose in her hair, and as pretty a foot as ever trod on a poor fellow's heart."

"Who was Kathie?" Caro asked; but the potter did not hear her, and all the sunshine had gone out of his face.

Caro was making some little rabbits out of her clay, shaping their ears carefully with a pin, and she prattled away without noticing the change in her friend's mood.

"Did you know that there is lots about pottery in the Bible? We read the verses in Sunday-school yesterday. The Lord told Jeremiah to go down to the potter's house, and He would teach him a lesson. Jeremiah went and watched the man. He couldn't have been a good workman like you, for first he tried to make a pitcher, but he couldn't make the handles stick on, or he spoiled it in some other way by his clumsiness. So he changed his mind and made another kind of dish out of it. I forget what this was to teach, but it was something about trying again if you don't get it all right the first time."

"That's a good wurrd if it comes while the clay's soft, but when it's been through the foire it's as hard as Phairey's heart, it is. It's a nice little leddy ye are, though, and there's a crock in the windy I made meself afther-hours for yez. Ye can plant a posy in it if ye likes, or keep cakies in it, as is most convanient."

Caro trotted home hugging her jar, and quite determined in her own mind that it should be put to no common service. If she only knew enough of decorative art to paint a stork on it, and set in the corner of the parlor to hold a ribbon-tied sheaf of cat-tails, like the young lady from Boston! But wishing was of no use, so she simply filled it with water and coiled within it the long stems of the pond-lilies which Jerry had brought in from Bemis's Pond. The glorious flowers burned like lamps against the dark blue glaze, and were greatly admired.

They were talking of pottery in literature, and one of them mentioned an allusion made by Omar Khayyam, an ancient Persian poet, in which it was imagined that the dust of some one long dead might be mingled with the clay, "for," said the poet,

> "I remember stopping by the way
> To watch a potter thumping his wet clay;
> And with its all-obliterated tongue
> It murmured, 'Gently, brother; gently, pray.'"

This started Caro on a new train of thought. Perhaps her jar had been a living human being. Perhaps it was still conscious, in some dumb way, of what was passing. She thought so earnestly that she went to bed with a headache, and dreamed a wild dream, in which the jar assumed human features, and seating itself on the foot of the bed, related its experiences. These were very fantastic and improbable, but ended with the announcement that the jar was a good-natured sort of genius, having the power to bring good fortune to its possessor. It was very improbable, but, for all that, Caro awoke with a decided respect for the potter's gift, and her resolution strengthened that it should never be put to mean uses. After the flowers faded it was filled with cakes of maple sugar, and stored away in her mother's preserve closet.

That very afternoon something extraordinary happened at the pottery. Larry received a letter, postmarked "London." This was so unusual an occurrence that Mr. Thurston could not help noticing the fact, and also that Larry turned pale when he recognized the handwriting, and that he trembled so that he could scarcely open the envelope. Mr. Thurston handed him the office shears, but after cutting the end, Larry did not read his letter, but hid it away in his pocket for some future time. All his companions noticed that Larry seemed under the influence of strong excitement that afternoon; his work went wrong, and he was nervous and preoccupied.

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CARO AND LARRY.

As soon as working hours were over he appeared again in his employer's office, and asked for a month's leave of absence. Mr. Thurston was much surprised. "You know, Larry," said he, "that this is the busiest season. If you leave now, I shall have to engage another workman to take your place, and a skilled man can not be picked up for so short a time."

"Very well, sir," Larry replied, decidedly; "then I shall have to give up for good and all."

"Think twice," Mr. Thurston urged. "This is a good position, and you ought not to give it up except for a matter of life and death."

"That's just what it is, sir," Larry replied; "and it's sorry I am to leave, for it's a good master you've been to me." With that he bowed respectfully, and taking off his apron, hung it on the nail above the potter's wheel. Mr. Thurston called him back to hand him the wages due him, and asked if he might know the business which called him away so suddenly.

"Not yet, sir," Larry answered, uneasily; "but it will be in the papers, please the saints, in a fortnight."

Caro was much grieved to hear of the departure of her friend. She was at the garden gate as he went down the road on his way to the evening train. He paused and talked with her, and the secret which he would not tell his employer he confided to her keeping. He read her the mysterious letter, and Caro was deeply interested. "Wait a moment," she exclaimed; "I want to send Kathie a present." And scampering into the house, she brought out the jar of maple sugar. "You don't know it," she explained, "but this jar was made from the dust of an Indian sorceress, and it will bring you good luck as long as you keep it."

Larry laughed. "I'll hould on to it as my life," he said; and removing some of the cakes, he buried the letter in the sugar. Then he tied the jar in his pocket-handkerchief, and continued his walk to the station.

Before two weeks had passed, Mr. Thurston heartily wished Larry back again.

He spoke of him one morning at the breakfast table. "I'll never find his equal," he said. "If he were here now, I'd make him overseer of the works." Then he opened the morning paper.

At that instant Mr. Thurston's eye fell on the announcement of the destruction of a part of the Tower of London and of portions of the Houses of Parliament. "What a dastardly act!" he exclaimed. "What will the dynamiters do next? and who can have been the miscreant?"

He read the description aloud; then suddenly paused and whistled.

"What now?" asked Mrs. Thurston.

"Listen, all of you;" and Mr. Thurston read on: "'The authorities have arrested a dynamiter at his lodgings in Westminster district, and found concealed in his room a small infernal machine, consisting of a blue glazed jar marked "T. & Co."' That is our trade-mark," Mr. Thurston explained. "'This jar was filled with small cakes somewhat resembling soap, and said by experts to be dynamite. The man had been an inmate of the lodging-house for but two days, but had been watched from the first by the police. A chest found in his room bore labels indicating that it had come on the steamer *Alaska* from New York to Liverpool. The prisoner protests his innocence, and refers to employers in America, undoubtedly to occasion delay in his trial. It is believed that his arrest will lead to important developments. He appears to be an Irish American, was nervous and uneasy in demeanor, displaying anxiety to change his lodgings when he found that detectives were on his track. He awaits in prison the result of further investigations. The dynamite found in his possession has been sent to the chemical laboratory of Messrs. Bloughpipe & Testube, analytical chemists, for examination.'"

A dead silence, suddenly broken by a simultaneous clatter of tongues, followed the reading of this item.

"It is undoubtedly Larry."

"Who would have thought that he was a dynamiter?"

"What a mercy that he did not blow us all up!"

"I always suspected him from the first."

"What are you going to do if they send to you for testimony?"

"Poor fellow, he ought to have known that bad courses always lead to a bad end."

Only Caro sat silent, holding her knife and fork perpendicularly, with a scared look in her staring eyes. At length

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her mother noticed her. "What ails the child?" she exclaimed. "Is she going into a fit?"

"Oh, papa! papa!" she cried, sobbing hysterically. "Will they hang Larry right off? Is there time for me to go to England and save him?"

"Go to England! Child, have you lost your senses?"

"No; but Kathie will die if he does, and it was all my fault in giving him the maple sugar. Do you suppose the chemists will have sense enough to know that it *is* maple sugar, or will they drop it into the river without examining it? And the letter, Kathie's letter, that explained why he was in London, was in the bottom of the jar."

"Come," said her father, "we must not be quite so incoherent. Did Larry read you the letter that called him away?"

"Yes, sir; and it was from Kathie, who jilted him long ago in Ireland, and Larry thought it was because she liked some one else; but it was only because she couldn't leave her old mother and go with him to America. But her mother died a year ago, and Kathie went down to London as a house-maid, for she did not know where to write to Larry. But after a while she found his address, and sent for him to come for her, and Larry could not think of letting her cross the ocean alone, and so he went after her. And I thought my jar would bring him good luck, but instead of that it has got him into trouble."

Mr. Thurston thought for some time quite earnestly. "We can not well go to England, my dear," he said at length, "but we can send a cablegram to Messrs. Bloughpipe & Testube, and also to the authorities, to stay proceedings until they receive our certified statement, and I think we shall save Larry yet."

The cablegram arrived just in time. The chemists experimented very cautiously with a grain of the maple sugar, and the little jar was carried into court, where Larry ate several cakes of it, to the great alarm of the spectators, who were certain that he would explode before their eyes, bringing down the house with him. As nothing alarming followed Larry's luncheon, the Judge himself partook of the maple sugar, and finding it very nice, absent-mindedly made away with a number of cakes while Kathie's letter was read aloud, to Larry's intense indignation, by an individual in a big wig and black gown. The Judge was uncertain as to which was the sweeter, the letter or the sugar, but both together so improved his temper that he immediately discharged the prisoner, pronouncing him cleared of all the charges preferred against him. The announcement of Larry's wedding appeared in the papers, and he brought his bride back to America, accepting the position of overseer at Mr. Thurston's works. The blue jar stands on the mantel-piece, and it is a somewhat remarkable fact that it is the only family "jar" that has yet made its appearance beneath their roof.

## BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

### AT THE TABLE.

THERE is no place where good or bad manners are so quickly observed as at the table. The way people behave there shows plainly and at once whether or not they are used to the company of ladies and gentlemen.

Let me say here that our home manners are by far the most important for us to consider. Persons who are rude, selfish, or disagreeable at home will at some time betray these traits when elsewhere. Politeness springs from true kindness of heart, and may almost be defined as caring a great deal for the happiness of others. I would give very little for the politeness which is only on the surface, and kept, like a party dress, for great occasions.

Clean faces and hands, clean finger-nails, well-brushed



BLACKBERRY PATCHES.

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hair and clothing, and a tasteful appearance generally, should at the table distinguish young people who are well brought up. Never, let the weather be what it may, should Jack come to dinner in his shirt sleeves. A coat of some kind every gentleman must wear at that meal. Jack, who is a boy growing up to be a gentleman, ought to be as particular about this as papa or brother Hal.

Girls should be as careful as their brothers about the matter of toilet for their meals. Pretty white dresses, gay ribbons, and a general daintiness should make a girl resemble her favorite flower, and delight the eyes of all who look at her. An untidy girl is like a false note in music, or a mistake in syntax—she jars upon our nerves.

Do not be in a hurry to be helped. Wait patiently until your turn comes, and then eat slowly. Do you remember in one of Dickens's stories he describes a very droll character, one Mr. Pancks, who always ate his dinner as if he were shovelling in coals?

Never eat with your knife. A knife's proper use is to cut up food; it should not be put in the mouth at all. The fork is the proper thing to eat with. Eat soup with the side of your spoon; it is not nice to thrust the bowl of the spoon into your mouth, as if you intended to swallow it whole.

Should you desire to leave the table before a meal is concluded, look at your mother or your hostess, and having secured her attention, say, pleasantly, "Excuse me, please," and having her permission, you may withdraw.

When asked what special part of meat, fish, or fowl you prefer, remember that politeness requires you to make a choice. Even if you do not care very much about it, it is better for you to say whether you like your beefsteak well or under done, and whether the wing of the chicken or some of the white meat will be the more agreeable.

Take part in whatever conversation is going on, modestly, because young people should not put themselves forward, but not with blushes or confusion, as though you were tongue-tied. If you happen to have heard a very good anecdote, or to know of some funny occurrence, it is well to save the telling of it until you are at the table, for a good laugh and a happy heart are real aids to digestion.

## ANNELY, THE LOST ROSE OF THE TYROL.

### A Fairy Tale.

BY VILLAMARIA.

II.

TONY hurried into the house, his eyes shining and a look of determination in his face. He told his parents of his new resolution. They thought he had lost his mind, and tried to dissuade him, but entreaties were of no avail, and armed with his father's blessing, he hurried away.

He almost flew along the steep path which led to the alp, for he must be there before those whom he was expecting could reach the place, since the old man had told him that they only left their under-ground dwelling by the light of the stars.

At length, weary and breathless, he reached the goal. It was bright moonlight, and a solemn silence rested over the ravines around him and the glaciers which glistened like silver in the white light.

Tony hurried across the meadow and past the door and the closed shutters, for he must not betray his presence in the house. So he crept round to the back of the little building, the roof of which on this side sloped down to the ground. Opening the door into the hay-loft, he was just going to swing himself inside, when a strange sound coming from the direction of the lonely rock met his ear.

Faint sweet strains of music came toward him, softly at first, then growing louder and louder, until, as he looked in the direction whence the sound came, he saw, on the exact spot where he had left Annely on that unhappy day, little glancing lights coming out of the rock. They increased in numbers, and swept toward the hut as if borne on the waves of sound.

Tony had been gazing breathlessly at the mysterious vision, and his heart beat loudly between hope and fear. He swung himself lightly through the opening, drew the shutter to behind him, and felt about in the dark for the place in the floor where he knew there was a knot-hole directly over the sitting-room below. He had often called out to his sister in fun through this hole, and now perhaps it might enable him to rescue her.

The opening was very small, but the guests whom he was expecting were very sharp-sighted, so he laid some wisps of hay over the hole, and then he bent down his head and looked through it. He had not long to wait. They seemed to have reached the hut, and presently he heard the outer door open, and then the door of the sitting-room flew open.

The room was instantly illuminated by the lights of the torches, and the little under-ground race of dwarfs moved to and fro in their rays.

They were hardly two feet high, but their eyes shone like stars, and their hair and beards fell over their little green coats in long gray locks. They glided noiselessly in, and placed themselves against the walls. All eyes were turned toward the door, but most eager of all was the anxious Tony.

Now approached, in a purple mantle embroidered with golden stars, the King of these powerful little people, the celebrated Dwarf-king Laurin, of whose heroic actions all the chronicles have something to tell, and who is now resting, after a long and eventful life, in his crystal castle inside the mountains.

The wisdom of more than a thousand years was stamped on his high brow, and beneath his diamond crown the hair fell to his waist in locks of shining silver.

He led by the hand—at the sight the watching Tony gave a cry of delight—Annely, the lost Rose of Tyrol.

And oh, how wonderfully lovely she was! A dress of silvery lace fell over her skirt of sky-blue satin, a string of pearls was round her waist, and on her beautiful fair hair, which waved about her sweet face and white shoulders, rested a wreath of roses from King Laurin's celebrated rose garden in the mountains.

Tony clasped his hands in his delight. Could that really be his lost Annely, or was it only a bright vision? But presently the sweet tones of that voice he could never forget came up to him like a silver bell, and then he could see her smiling at the King. Yes, it was Annely.

Absorbed in looking at her, Tony had not perceived how the room had changed under the skillful hands of the dwarfs. Lights were flashing from the walls in crystal vessels of ruby red, and a table elegantly spread with gold and silver dishes had appeared as if by magic. The King sat with Annely at the upper end of it.

Tony knew that now was his chance, and with a silent prayer in his heart, he swung himself down to the ground and crept softly round to the front of the house, where he hid himself behind the open door.

Presently some of the dwarf serving-men approached, bringing on dishes of gold the costliest viands for the feast. The dwarfs came up quickly and passed in at the door, thinking only of their rich burdens, and not perceiving Tony. Soon the last one drew near. This one carried under his arm his mist-cap—that wonderful little head-covering that makes its wearer invisible to the eyes of men, and Tony, carefully grasping the tip of it when the dwarf was on the threshold, drew it away so gently that its owner did not perceive his loss.

As soon as Tony had put it on he became invisible, and he boldly followed the little man into the room.

The dwarfs were sitting round the table in a merry circle, laughing and chattering, without the slightest suspicion

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that an intruder was among them. But the King's sharp eyes detected him in spite of the mist-cap, and with a sudden start of terror he grasped Annely's little white hand. This, and the loud outcry of the dwarf who had missed his cap, terrified Annely, who started up to flee. Then Tony took off the cap and showed himself to the dwarfs.

The dwarf who had lost his cap came up to Tony and tried to get it back by prayers and tears, but Tony sternly thrust him aside, and went up to the King.

"What do you wish?" asked the King, with dignity.

"You know," answered Tony, boldly, "that through the possession of this cap I have power over you. I can follow you into your under-ground kingdom and torment you, and you are bound to serve me forever."

"We know that," replied the King, gravely.

"Very well. I know how disagreeable such a servitude would be to you," continued Tony, "and I am ready to give you back your property if you'll fulfill my demand."

"What is it?" asked King Laurin.

"Give me back the young girl by your side," said Tony, firmly. "She is my sister, the only daughter of my parents, who have mourned for her with countless tears."

"She came to us of her own free-will," replied King Laurin. "We can not keep her. Ask her if she will go with you or stay with us."

As he spoke, his eyes rested with a sorrowful expression on the lovely face beside him.

"I will stay with you," decided Annely, quickly. "What should I do with that strange youth?"

"Annely," cried Tony, sadly, "do you call your brother a stranger? Have you forgotten that summer day here on the alp, and the little marmot I tried to catch for you?"

Annely listened to him kindly as he described the past, but her memory was gone, through the magic of the enchanted world she lived in.

When she had stood by the rock that day, she had perceived a small opening close beside her, and in it the same little marmot that had lured her brother away. She thought she would catch it and surprise him with it. Forgetting her promise, she had followed it, and the marmot had led her to the dwarfs in King Laurin's crystal castle.

The dwarfs, who had planned the whole thing, treated her very kindly and gave her something to eat. As soon as she had eaten of this magic food all memory of the past had faded away. Tony's glowing words now sounded in her ears, but did not touch her heart, and so they were of no avail.

"Answer me—oh, answer me, my Annely!" pleaded Tony, "and remember that our happiness or misery depends upon your words."

"You speak so kindly," replied the girl, with a gentle smile, "and you may mean well, but I don't in the least know what you are saying. I have been with the good dwarfs as long as I can remember. As long as I can remember anything, they have loaded me with kindnesses, and shall I forsake them now? King Laurin is old and lonely; his wife and children are dead. He has no one but me, whom he has brought up, and I have promised to stay with him lest he should be lonely in his old age and death. Shall I be ungrateful and break my word? No; that I will never do."

At Annely's words the dwarfs broke into a cry of joy, and Tony alone sat there sorrowful; but hope yet remained.

The good King, re-assured once more, kindly spoke words of comfort to the lad, and invited him to remain as his guest until dawn. Tony gladly accepted the invitation, and Annely tried hard by her kindness to make amends for the grief her decision had caused him.

Tony was on his guard. He would not touch anything on the table, but took a piece of bread out of his pocket and slowly ate it. When the stars began to fade out of the sky the King arose.

In a moment the table was cleared, the walls were stripped of their decorations, the music began again, and they all set out toward the rock in the early dawn.

At the entrance they halted, and formed a circle about the King and Annely and her brother.

"Will you go with us," asked the King, "as you may do, since you have the mist-cap, or will you give back the property that can do you no good, and so win for yourself the gratitude of us all?"

"Why should I intrude upon your quiet realm?" replied Tony. "I could not get back my sister by it. No; I will give you back your property, and will take leave of you. I ask only one favor. Let me say good-by to Annely alone."

"That is a reasonable request," replied the King, giving Annely's hand into that of her brother. "We will not disturb you."

Tony then walked with Annely across the meadow till they came to the narrow path which led down to their home in the valley. Then he said, earnestly, "Annely, will you grant me one favor at parting?"

"With all my heart," replied the girl.

"Then put your left arm to your side, and look through it."

Annely did so, and through this magic circle she could see, far away over mountain and forest, into a comfortable little house at the end of a well-known village.

In a room in this house she could see a woman kneeling with her hands crossed upon her breast in silent but earnest prayer. Presently the woman arose and went to the window to look out, and Annely, looking through the magic circle, recognized the dear old features she had so often kissed in childhood. It was as if a veil had suddenly fallen from her memory.

"Mother!" she cried, hesitatingly at first. "Mother—my dear, dear mother!" she repeated, more confidently.

Then the sound of the bell on the little village church came floating up through the clear morning air, and at this sound the last of the dwarfs' enchantments was swept away, and an eager longing came over her for the dear ones in her happy childhood's home. She fell on her knees and burst into tears.

"Will you go with me now, Annely?" asked faithful Tony's voice in her ear.

Annely looked up. "Oh, Tony, my brother!" she cried, now recognizing him. "Oh, take me with you!"

Suddenly a hand was laid on Annely's shoulder. She looked up. Before her stood King Laurin. He too had heard the sound of the bell, and knowing the effect it had on the hearts of men, he had hurried up to see if Annely would remain true to her decision.

"Then you will leave the poor lonely old man?" asked the King, in a slightly reproachful tone.

"Oh, I must! I must!" said Annely, while a merry smile broke through her tears. "You have power and wealth, you have a people who love and honor you—you are not alone. But my parents have only their one daughter, and they have mourned for me so long! Farewell, and take my thanks for all your love."

With these words she pressed her rosy lips to the hand of the gray old King, bent her head in greeting to the dwarfs, then took Tony's hand and hastened with him down the rocky path.

Before the sun was very high in the heavens the brother and sister had reached their father's house.

Their parents were sitting at breakfast, thinking with sad hearts of their son who had gone out into the world, when at that very moment the door was flung open, and Tony came in, leading his lovely sister by the hand.

Annely threw herself down before her old father and mother, and putting an arm round each one in turn, she cried, half laughing, half crying, "It is Annely, your child, whom you believed to be dead."

The mother found it hard to believe that this radiant

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"'ANNELY, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT SUMMER DAY, HERE ON THE ALP?'"

vision could indeed be her own lost Annely, but one glance at her lovely eyes removed the last lingering doubt. No one but Annely ever had eyes like those, and with tears of joy she pressed her new-found daughter to her heart.

All the friends and neighbors came from far and near to rejoice with them, and to listen to Annely's wonderful stories of the under-ground kingdom of the dwarfs, and of King Laurin's crystal castle.

But in the mean time the poor old King sat alone with his sorrow in his splendid palace, and whenever his eyes fell on his wonderful rose garden he thought sadly of his lost Annely, the Rose of the Tyrol.

THE END.

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A PARTING.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MARIANNE STOKES.

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## BLUE EYES.

DAINTY Baby Blue Eyes, fair from head to feet,
Like a little flower, very, very sweet.
Down the river sailing all the summer's day,
Blue Eyes kept us happy with her merry play.

Naughty grown-up ladies, frowning at the heat,
Stopped to smile at Blue Eyes, singing soft and sweet;
Gentlemen quite weary of the tedious way
Waved a kiss to Blue Eyes, who was good all day.

Dainty Baby Blue Eyes, little blossom sweet,
With the lisping prattle, with the tripping feet,
Did you dream you taught us, all the summer's day,
That a happy temper cheers the longest way?

## THE COUNT'S STRANGE GUEST.

BY DAVID KER.

THE sky was as black as night, the rain fell in torrents, the wind howled through the swaying pines, while clap after clap of thunder awoke all the echoes of the rocky hills, which started to view ever and anon in a blinding glare of lightning, only to vanish again in deeper darkness. It was a night when no one who could help it would have cared to be out upon the wild Hungarian mountains between Nagy-Varad and Koloszvar; and so, evidently, thought the tattered, half-starved man who was struggling up the drenched and slippery hill-side.

"If I had with me half a dozen of the brave lads who lie dead yonder," he growled, "I shouldn't need to slink into the forests like a hunted wolf. Where on earth have I got to, I wonder? I must keep clear of the villages, for every one knows me here."

Just then a brighter flash than usual showed him the towers of a castle a little way above him, and his sudden start showed that he recognized them.

"Karolyi Castle! This is running into the lion's mouth indeed. Were the Count to guess that *I* was within his reach, my head would be on the highest of those turrets in a trice, I'll warrant."

He turned as if to take flight, but in another moment faced round again, and setting his teeth doggedly, went straight up toward the castle gate.

"Let him kill me if he likes," muttered he. "A little more of this would soon make an end of me, and I'd rather die by a brave man's hand than be starved by inches like a homeless dog."

Supper was over in Karolyi Castle, and the guests had retired, but the Count himself and one of his friends stood watching the storm from the shelter of a turret.

"Well, the Gorni [mountaineers] won't trouble us much after this last beating we've given them," said Karolyi, laughing grimly, "especially if Mor [Maurice] Racz himself was killed, as our men say."

"I wish we could have actually *seen* him dead, though. That fellow has more lives than a cat, or he couldn't have so often escaped the hands of your Excellency, the best swordsman in Hungary."

"Some said Mor Racz was better," growled the Count; "but although I've often crossed blades with him, one can't judge of a man's swordsmanship in the thick of a battle. If he were alive now, and we could have a quiet half-hour together, with no one to disturb us, we'd soon settle which was the better man."

"Done!" said a deep voice out of the darkness below.

"Who's there?" cried Karolyi, peering over the battlements into the gloom.

"Come down and you'll see," answered the unknown.

Down went the Count without hesitation, although, for all he knew, he might find there a band of armed men ready to cut his throat. But all that he found was the ragged stranger already mentioned.

"Come in, man, whoever you are," exclaimed the Count, heartily. "I wouldn't shut out a dog on a night like this."

"Before you admit me, hear who I am," answered the stranger, proudly. "My name is Mor Racz."

"What! not dead after all?" cried Karolyi, in a tone of satisfaction which might well have surprised any one who knew that this man was his deadliest enemy. "Come in! come in! We'll have a chance at last of trying which of us is the better swordsman; but I suppose," he added, with a keen glance at his enemy's haggard face and wasted figure, "that you're hardly in fighting trim just now."

"I have not tasted food," answered the mountain chief, "since my comrades fell."

"Two whole days, eh? Well, we'll soon put that to rights. Just wait for me here one moment."

He ran upstairs, apologized for bidding his friend good-night, by saying that a man had come to him upon urgent business, and then returned to Racz, whom he led into a small room on the ground-floor, and set such a meal before him as the hunted man had not seen for many a day.

Mor ate like a starved wolf; and when he was at length satisfied (or rather when he could hold no more), the Count, who had watched his performance with considerable amusement, led him up to one of the turret chambers, and taking the key out of the door, placed it in his hand.

A momentary gleam of pleasure lighted up Racz's worn face. He understood that his enemy was too proud to secure him by locking him in, and he felt grateful for the courtesy.

"Sleep well," said the Count, as he closed the door; "and to-morrow at daybreak we'll try which of us can kill the other."

When the Count came to the turret next morning he found his strange guest already astir, and fairly started at the latter's altered appearance. After all his sufferings, one good meal and one night's rest had sufficed to recruit the mountaineer's iron frame; and as he stood there, with the light of battle in his great black eyes, and an elastic quiver of repressed strength in his long, sinewy limbs, he looked a match for any man upon earth.

The Count locked the door inside, and offered the two swords that he had brought with him to Racz, who took one without a word. The next moment the blades met and the combat began.

Karolyi was a splendid swordsman, but this time he had met his match. In vain he tried countless feints and passes which had never failed him before; Mor's blade seemed to play around him like a flash of lightning, meeting and baffling him at every turn. The swords shot forth showers of sparks as they rasped together, and the vaulted room echoed with the clash of steel, the stamping of feet, and the hard breathing of the combatants.

Suddenly Mor attacked in his turn, and for a few moments the quickest eye could not have followed the blades as they darted to and fro, rising, quivering, falling, and rising again. All at once a sharp crash was heard, and the Count's sword blade, broken off within an inch of the hilt, fell ringing upon the stone floor.

Any other man would have given himself up for lost; but not so Count Karolyi. Quick as lightning he snatched up his cloak, twisted it round his left arm, and was about to rush upon his adversary with no weapon save the broken sword. But Mor drew back and flung down his weapon.

"We have been enemies," said he, proudly, "but Mor Racz can not strike an unarmed man. Get yourself another sword, and we will begin again."

"Not I, my brave fellow," cried Karolyi, grasping the mountain chief's strong brown hand warmly in his own. "We have been enemies, as you say; but when a man can spare his enemy's life in the heat of battle, as you have just spared mine, any warrior in Hungary may be proud to call him friend; and friends we will be henceforth."

And they were so.

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# TWO ARROWS:*

## A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

### A VERY OLD TRAIL.

DURING all that was left of that happy day in the Nez Percé camp there was an immense amount of broiling and boiling done. Whoever left the great business of eating enough and went and sat down got up again after a while and did some more remarkable eating. All the life of an Indian trains him for that kind of thing, for he goes on in a sort of continual vibration from feast to famine.

All the other boys in camp were as hungry as Two Arrows, and as their hunger went down, their envy of him went up; he had suddenly stepped ahead of them, and had become an older boy in a moment. It was very much as if a boy of his age in the "settlements" had waked up some fine morning with a pair of mustaches and a military title, uniform and all.

Two Arrows was entitled to strut a little, and so was One-eye, but for some reason neither of them was inclined to anything but eating and lying down. One-eye may have felt lonely, for he found himself the only dog in all that camp, and he knew very well what had become of the dogs he used to know; they had gone to the famine, and there had been no sort of funeral ceremonies, and now there could be no kind of a neighborly quarrel over bones any more. There was a reason, therefore, why One-eye should attach himself more closely than ever to his master and follow his every movement. They had killed two buffaloes in company, and there was no telling what they might or might not yet do if they kept together.

Two Arrows found the effects of his long fasting rapidly passing away, but he was like everybody else, and needed a big sleep. One-eye had the only eye that did any watching all that night, and nobody but the fat squaw was up very early next morning. Her next company was the Big Tongue, and he at once began to talk about the game he intended to kill, now he had had something to eat. Two Arrows might not have been the next riser if it had not been for a friendly tug from One-eye, but the moment he was awake he knew that he was hungry again. He was hungry, but he was silent, and it was plain that he was thinking about something uncommonly interesting. He stood in front of his father's lodge, waiting for the breakfast that was now sure to come, when a light hand was laid upon his arm and a soft musical voice exclaimed, triumphantly,

"Two Arrows! Name!"

"Ugh," said he. "Na-tee-kah."

He hardly looked around, but the pleasantest face in all that band was smiling upon him. It bore a strong resemblance to his own, and belonged to an Indian girl a year or so younger than himself. She was well grown, slender, and graceful, and had a pair of eyes as brilliant as his, but a great deal more gentle and kindly in their expression. They lacked the restless, searching, eager look, and indeed his were quieter than they had been the day before.

"Got plenty to eat, now," she said. "Not starve to death any more."

"Eat all up," replied he. "Fool! Starve again pretty soon."

"No; Long Bear and old men say keep all there is left. Work to-day. Dry meat. Go hunting somewhere else. Not stay here."

There was a little more talk that indicated a very fair degree of affection between the brother and sister, and then Two Arrows said to her,

"Keep tongue very still. Come."

She followed him to the lower edge of the camp, and he silently pointed her to the place where the old buffalo trail came in.

"Great many make that. Long time. All know why."

"The cow came in there."

"Ugh! now come."

She followed him now to the upper end of the camp, and he pointed again to the trail, deeply and plainly made, going on into the gorges of the mountains.

"Buffalo go that way; Two Arrows follow. Say no word. Not find him pretty soon."

That was the meaning of all his thoughtfulness. He meant to set off on a hunt of his own planning, without asking permission of anybody. Two days earlier he would not have dreamed of such a piece of insubordination. Now he had won his right to do that very thing, and he meant to take advantage of it instantly. All the young ambition in him had been stirred to the boiling-point, and his only remaining anxiety was to get a good supply of provisions and get out of the camp without being seen by anybody. He could look out for his weapons, including several of his father's best arrows, and Na-tee-kah at once promised to steal for him all the meat he wanted. She went right into his grand plan with the most sisterly devotion, and her eyes looked more and more like his when she next joined her mother and the other squaws at their camp fire. There was no doubt but that her brother would have his marching rations supplied well, and of the best that was to be had.

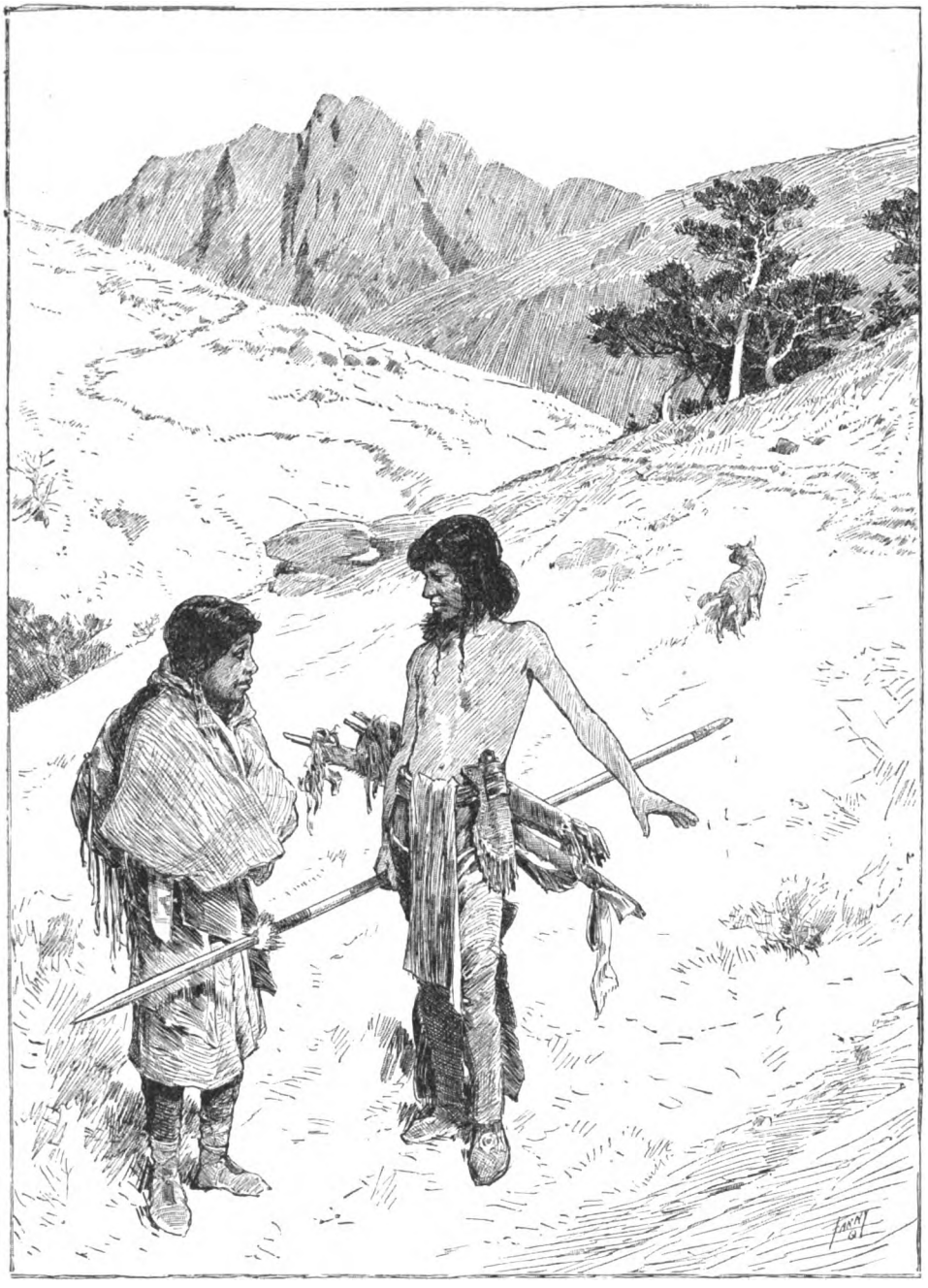
There was no need for Two Arrows to steal from Long Bear. What between pride and buffalo meat the old chief was ready to give or rather lend him anything, and he deemed it his heroic son's day to parade and show off. The youth was entitled to do so with the best weapons in his father's collection. The day would surely come when he would be allowed to paint himself and do a great many other things belonging to full-grown braves and warriors. It was even lawful for him to wear a patch or two of paint now, and Na-tee-kah helped him to put it on. If he had been a white boy with his first standing collar, he could not have been more particular, and every other boy in camp had something to say to the others about the fit of that vermilion.

It was a day of drying and smoking meat, and of eating as much as the older men permitted, and everybody wore an aspect of extreme good-humor except One-eye and his master. The dog and the boy alike kept away from the camp fires and from all grown-up Indians. Toward the middle of the afternoon Na-tee-kah slipped quietly out at the upper end of the camp, carrying her own buckskin sack nearly full of something, and nobody thought of asking her what there might be in it.

She had not been gone many minutes before anybody loafing at that end of the camp might have seen that her brother was following her. He had been standing near the spring for some time, in full rig, for the other boys to admire him, and now he walked dignifiedly away as if he were weary of being looked at. Half a mile farther up the rugged valley he caught up with Na-tee-kah, and she returned to camp without her bead-worked sack. There was nothing at all noticeable in the whole affair, unless some suspicious person had been closely watching them. It was after sunset before there was any especial inquiry for Two Arrows, and it was very dark before Na-tee-kah expressed her belief that he had "gone hunt." She replied freely to every question asked her, well knowing

* Begun in No. 303, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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NA-TEE-KAH AND TWO ARROWS.

that there would be no pursuit, but she was more than a little relieved when the old chief, instead of getting angry about it, swelled up proudly and remarked,

"Two Arrows! young brave. All like father, some day. Kill more buffalo."

Then Na-tee-kah felt courage to speak about the trail and her brother's reasoning as to where it might lead to. She had her ears boxed for that, as it had a sound of giving advice to her elders, but it was not long before her father gravely informed a circle of the warriors and braves that the path pointed out by the buffalo cow was the one by which they must seek for more like her. It was very easy to convince them that they could do nothing upon the dry, sunburned plains, or by staying to starve again in that camp. The objection made by Big Tongue that nobody knew where that old trail might carry them was met by Long Bear conclusively. He picked up a dry pony bone that lay on the ground and held it out to Big Tongue.

"All other trail go this way. Know all about it. Been there."

It was enough. It was better to follow an unknown trail than to starve, and it was not long before it leaked out that Two Arrows was believed to have gone ahead of them on that very road.

Precisely how far he had gone nobody had any idea. They would hardly have believed if he had sent back word, for he had travelled most diligently. There were no longer any traces of starvation about him, except that he carried no superfluous weight of flesh. He had load enough, what with his provisions and his weapons, but he did not seem to mind it. He tramped right along, with a steady, springy step, which told a good deal of his desire to get as far away from camp as he could before his absence should be discovered.

For a little distance he had found the trail rising gently with the land. Then it turned to the left and went up and over a rocky hill, and then it turned to the right again, and just about sunset it looked for all the world as if it were running right into the side of a great precipice of the mountain range. The light of the sinking sun fell clearly and brightly upon the grand masses of quartz and granite rocks, and showed him the very point where the pathway seemed to end.

It looked so, but Two Arrows knew that you can not cut off the end of a buffalo path in that way, and he pushed on, every moment finding the way steeper and more winding. He could not make any "short-cuts" over such ground as that, and every Indian boy knows a fact which the white engineers of the Pacific Railway found out for themselves, that is, that a herd of buffaloes will always find the best passes through mountain ranges, and then they will go over them by the best and easiest grades. Only by bridging a chasm, or blasting rocks, or by much digging did the railway men ever improve upon the paths pointed out by the bisons.

Two Arrows had carefully marked this point, and just as the last rays of daylight were leaving him he sat down to rest in the mouth of what was little better than a wide "notch" in the side of the vast barrier.

"Ugh! pass," he said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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SCHOOL "KEEPS" AGAIN.

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A BABY SHOW.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

NOTHING is more gratifying than to receive, as we do frequently, proofs of the interest our older readers take in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, in such letters as the following, from a friend in the mother-land. Our grown-up readers, both at home and abroad, pay us a very high compliment when they watch for our paper every week, follow the course of its charming serials, look at its beautiful pictures, and peep into its Post-office BOX.

HADLEY GREEN, BARNET, HERTS, ENGLAND, *July* 29, 1885.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—You will no doubt be surprised, when opening this, to find that a "grown-up" has taken the liberty of offering a contribution to the Post-office BOX on his own behalf. Although he has left his own childhood far behind him, he yet takes a great interest in YOUNG PEOPLE. Every week the arrival of a fresh number is looked forward to, and the first thing inspected are those inimitable drawings on the last page; then the serials, to satisfy the longing for the adventures of Nan and her tribe. Taken altogether, it would be difficult to find a better investment for one's pennies and one's sympathies than in the shape of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Long may it flourish to delight and interest, not only the young people themselves, but the old people, or those who are gradually becoming so, also.

I have seen a letter from one of your contributors detailing the by-gone glories of the "Healtheries" last year. Well did it deserve the praise, yet your little correspondent failed to remark the great attraction of the show in the shape of "Old London," a most graphic and picturesque realization of the London of "ancient times." I wish you had seen it; I think, madam, you would have been delighted. This year the "Inventions" has usurped its place. I went there last Fourth of July, and it may interest you and those who celebrate that day to hear that the combined bands of the Grenadier Guards and Blücher Hussars (from Germany) played, amid vociferous applause, "The Star-spangled Banner." Really the scenes there are truly splendid; what with the crowds, the bands, and the illuminations, it's a perfect paradise. M. A. E.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

I began taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE this year. I tell you the same that has been told to you by many, many others, that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a splendid paper. I belong to a cooking club, and it is very pleasant and instructive. We have about fifteen members. I am Vice-President. I would like to tell you all about it, so that other girls might organize one, but I fear it would make my letter too long, and I wish very much to see this in print. I tried to write plainly, so that you could read it; I hope I succeeded in doing so. I am fourteen years old. Lovingly your friend, ANNIE B. S.

It would please me very much to have you write again, and give your rules and some account of the usual proceedings of your club.

HAMILTON, OHIO.

I am a little girl of twelve years of age. I am five feet and two inches tall, and weigh 109 pounds. I had a nice time the Fourth of July. A number of us girls went to a picnic; we had a great deal of fun. Hamilton has about 16,000 people in it. We are getting a new court-house here. I have no pets except a pretty little baby friend of mine, who was three years old yesterday, and a little canary, which we call Paul. He is very cute. Whenever he wants fresh water he sings. BIRDIE S.

TANNERSVILLE, NEW YORK.

We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for over three years, and enjoy reading it very much. Clarence is fourteen, Lucy thirteen, and Josie twelve. We have an elder sister named Mamie, who will soon be sixteen. On her birthday mamma has promised to give her a party. This morning we went to "Rocky Bower," and had a great deal of fun. This afternoon we were up in the orchard, and were swinging in the hammock, when it began to rain, and we scampered home like a flock of frightened sheep. Our home is in New York, but we come here to spend our summer vacation. Now we will close, remaining your constant readers,

CLARENCE, LUCY, and JOSIE.

MELROSE, MASSACHUSETTS.

When I wrote to you last I said I had a little bird and a bantam rooster and some hens for pets. Since then the bird has died, and I have only the rooster, the hens, and ten dear little bantam chickens. The latter are very cunning, but if you attempt to pick them up, the hen will fly at you. I like "Nan" and "Rolf House" very much. May I join the Little Housekeepers? Grandma will not let me cook very much yet, but I can dust and make beds. EMMA B.

Certainly you may. Here is a rhyme about

DUSTING.

Take an old silk handkerchief
(Though muslin's very good),
A whisk brush for the furniture,
A feather brush for wood.
Remove first all the little things
From mantel, shelf, or rack;
Be sure and get the place real clean,
Then dust and put them back.
CLOVER.

BELLPORT, LONG ISLAND.

I am spending the summer at the sea-shore, and am enjoying myself very much. Bellport is situated on the part of Great South Bay called Bellport Bay. It is a delightful sail across the bay over to the ocean. Such a grand sight as you have then! The waves dash and roar, and when looking to the right or left miles of beautiful white sand may be seen. Oh, dear Postmistress, if you have never seen such a sight, I sincerely hope you may some time. I go in bathing very often, and like it better than any other seaside amusement. I have three sisters younger than myself, Mabel, Grace, and Marion. Marion, the baby, is three months old; she is so sweet I know you would love her if you could see her. Before I came away my aunt and I went one Saturday afternoon to Harper's Building, expecting to see the Postmistress, but the building was closed, so we turned our steps homeward very much disappointed; but next fall we intend to try again, and hope to have better success.
Lovingly your friend, FLORENCE H. R.

You will return, I think, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, after so many dips into the surf, and I shall be very glad to see you when you call upon me.

BATH, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—This is my first letter, but I hope not the last, and I should like to see it in print. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. There is an old Roman bath here that has been dug up; would you like to hear about it? The baths have a very interesting history, and the water in them is quite hot. The Archæological Society came down here to see them. I am eleven, and go to school. This is a very ancient city, with mineral springs. The population is about 70,000. A. B. C.

Yes, you may write again, and describe the bath.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

We three girls thought we would write to you. We like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE better than any other paper published for children. This is the first time we have written to the Post-office Box. The stories we prefer are Jimmy Brown's stories, "Nan," "The Lost City," "Rolf House," and "Left Behind, or Ten Days a Newsboy." Will you please tell us if pansies will grow in the house? A. H. B., M. C. H., and M. A. B.

Pansies will grow in-doors.

LITTLETON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl nine years old. My mamma is dead. I live in the country with my grandpa and grandma. My papa lives in Boston, and is very kind; he comes to see me quite often. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, geography, arithmetic, writing, and drawing. I have two pets, a little dog named Daisy and a kitty named Midget. I had a birthday party last May, and invited thirty-five little boys and girls. We all had a nice time. My papa was here too, and brought me a nice present, a picture of himself painted in oil.
LUCINDA E. J.

FREEBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a boy twelve years of age. My father is a Lutheran minister, and I have one brother and two sisters. I have three cats, all named Daisy, and a pet dog, Prince, which I can hitch up in a little wagon and haul wood for mamma. We have a pet horse; he is a full-blooded Canadian pony. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years. The name of the school that I attend is the Freeburg Academy, and I like to go very much. GEORGE H. W.

### A TRUE HEROINE.

"Why may not I do something great and good?" Thus thought sweet little Maud Thurston, with her naturally pale and fair young face flushed with unwonted excitement, as she threw down a book containing a history of *The Lives of Illustrious Women*. She leaned out of the window, drinking in the sweet summer air, and looking far out upon the wide meadows where her father, brother, and several men were cutting the fresh green grass, which was then to be made into sweet-smelling hay for the cattle during the long, cold winter.

The soft summer stillness was at length broken by a shrill and piercing shriek. Maud sprang from her chair, and running out into the yard, she jumped lightly over the low fence into the field, and ran along until she reached the scene of disaster. There, stretched upon the grass, was Tom, one of the hired men, with the blood actually streaming from a wound in his leg.

"I am going for the doctor, Maud," cried Mr. Thurston, as his daughter approached, "but I am afraid it will be too late," he continued, as he looked upon the white face of the poor man

"Go quickly, father, I will do what I can," cried Maud, as she began tearing her white skirt into long strips.

"Rob, how did this happen?" she asked her

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brother, who was standing near, with a frightened face.

"Tom cut himself with the scythe," answered Rob.

"An artery has been wounded, I know, because the blood flows in jets, and a bandage must be tied very tightly above the wound. Help me, Rob, and, John, run to the house and ask my mother for some pounded ice. Go quickly," commanded Maud, in a firm voice.

While John ran to do her bidding, Rob grasped the bandage, and obeying Maud's orders, he tied it tightly above the gaping wound. Before John returned, the flow of blood was in a measure stopped. When the ice was brought, Maud put some upon the poor man's forehead and wrists, and when at last the doctor came, Tom had opened his eyes and tried to rise.

"Who did this?" asked the doctor, with a look of wonder on his face.

"Maud did it," cried Rob, pointing toward his sister, who, now that the danger was over, looked pale and weak.

"A young heroine, to be sure! so cool and self-possessed!" cried the doctor, as he skillfully bound up the wounded leg.

"Did he call me a heroine?" asked Maud, as her father led her toward the house.

"Yes, darling, and so you are," cried the fond father, as he kissed the lovely face.

"Why, that wasn't anything; anybody might have done the same thing," cried Maud, raising her eyes.

"But few would have been self-possessed enough to have done it, Maud," answered her father, as he placed her in a chair upon the piazza, there to be cried over and kissed by her mother, who had heard the story from Rob.

And here we will leave her, with this remark: she who is cool, calm, and collected at the required time, is a true heroine. MAY.

## FLOWERS.

The lily, as pure as the summer sky;
Then come the bluebells, with a little sigh.
Roses come next, so rosy and red;
Then comes the buttercup, with his yellow head;
Then the violet, with her honey cup
All ready for the bees to sup;
Then comes the last, the sweetest of all,
A kiss from me and love to all.

ADDIE DE CASTRO (age 10 years).
New York City.

## A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

"Come, children! seven o'clock is bed-time tonight, so as to be up early to start, you know." And giving each a kiss, mamma sent them off, with nurse in charge.

These children's names were Maud, Willie, and Mamie. They lived with their father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Earle, in a large city, and it was one of their greatest treats to go out to visit grandpa and grandma in the country. There was a large wood on grandpa's farm, and the children had a swing put up for their special use, because at grandpa's there were no children.

In the morning Pompey and Jack, their horses, were hitched up to the phaeton and driven to the door to receive papa, mamma, and the children. Then the long drive out to grandpa's was almost enough fun in itself.

"Papa, let me drive; I'm a man, you know," said Willie.

"You're not a man either; you are only a little boy with knee pants," said Maud, who was two years his senior.

"Why, Willie, I's pitty near as bid as 'ou," piped in little Mamie, just four years old this summer. They all laughed at this.

Suddenly Maud and Willie gave a little shout of joy. They had just made a turning in the road, and there before them was grandpa's house.

"Oh! I see grandpa and grandma and auntie," said Maud, and it was not very long before they were being kissed and petted by these persons.

After looking at all the pigs, ducks, chickens, etc., they decided to go to the wood.

"Take good care of Mamie," called mamma from the veranda; and Maud and Willie shouted back, "All right."

After they got tired swinging they wandered off in the wood until they came to an opening, and a beautiful brook running with a pebbly bottom. They took off their shoes and stockings and waded in the brook. They found some berries to eat, and so they staid on and on.

"Why, Willie, it is getting dark; we ought to go," said Maud.

So they started, but, alas! they couldn't find the path. They wandered around for a long time, and at last it began to rain. They went under a large beech-tree. The rain was very heavy, but it did not last long.

Mamie was tired, and began to cry.

"Oh, Mamie, don't cry; we will soon be home," said Maud, struggling to keep back her own tears. "What is that?" asked Maud, in a scared whisper.

Willie looked in the direction she said, and saw two very large bright eyes looking at them through the shrubbery. "I believe it is a bear," said Willie. "Uncle said there used to be bears here once."

They ran away frightened, and kept on going, until Willie stopped suddenly and said, "I heard some one calling; let's listen."

And sure enough, it was papa and uncle coming for them.

They were soon at home, telling their adventures, and when they told about the bear, their uncle laughed, and said it was the old mulley cow that frightened them.

"I would have known it was a cow," said Willie, "but I thought all cows had horns."

The children staid a month at the farm, and had plenty of fun, and once a picnic in the wood, but they never got lost or saw a bear again.

AGGIE E. W.

Now having read these compositions of our little writers, we will return to our letters:

ANNAPEE, WISCONSIN.

I am going to tell you a little about the place that I live in. It is a small city with about 1500 inhabitants, and borders on Lake Michigan. It is very pleasant here in the summer-time, and quite a number of people from cities come here to spend the summer. We have a lovely rink here, but I am not allowed to skate, for the people at home think it very dangerous, and so I have to amuse myself in some other way. I am learning telegraphy now, and like it ever so much, and am going to have charge of the telegraph and telephone offices while my sister has her vacation this summer. Besides taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I take *Golden Days*, *Golden Argosy*, and *Youth's Companion*, and so I have enough reading matter, but not too much to suit me, for I am very fond of reading. I would be so pleased if some of the girls about my age (which is fifteen) would correspond with me, and I would try to make my letters interesting if they would do so. LYDIA O.

Shall you have time for much correspondence, Lydia, with all the business of the telegraph and telephone offices on your capable little hands?

Sister Catherine, who so kindly cares for the poor little children in St. Mary's Free Hospital, Nos. 407 and 409 West Thirty-fourth Street, sends an acknowledgment of contributions received from our readers. You know, of course, that all the children who are able to bear the journey are taken in summer from the hospital in New York to the hospital by the sea, and these sums have been sent to swell the fresh-air fund of the good Sisters We publish little Marget's letter to Sister Catherine. It is a touching and a brave little letter, is it not, children?

For the Summer Hospital, from readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE: Lily Barret, Newport, Rhode Island, $10; Mr. C. Nice, $10; Little Marget, New Antioch, $5; Mrs. H. A. Burnham and children, $1. Total, $26.

NEW ANTIOCH.

DEAR SISTER CATHERINE,—I send you some money for the Fresh-air Fund, and hope the purse will not be empty *this* year, at least. I am an invalid, and have been all my life. I can't walk, and therefore can't have many ways of earning money. I like to draw and paint very much indeed, and made this $5 in selling a picture of my handsome cousin Ralph leaning over the gate whittling, with grandma's house in the background, and a willow-tree on each side of the gate I can paint in oils, but this was in water-colors. Please excuse my writing, for I am in bed. From your loving friend

MARGET (10 years old).

MONTREAL, CANADA.

I am fourteen, and have a little sister eight years old whose name is Mamie. Papa and mamma think she can draw very well for a little girl who has never taken lessons. Do you? I send you a picture which she copied from one in a picture book. I have no pets, except a dear little tame bird which I call Dicky. Next winter, dear Postmistress, if I should ask you to visit me during the Carnival, do you think you would accept my invitation?

Your fond admirer, JESSIE C. S.

Your little sister draws very well indeed, I think, if I may judge from the specimen you send me.

I would think you very kind to send me the invitation you speak of, dear Jessie; but if I should accept it, what would become of the Post-office Box while I was away enjoying the Carnival?

ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.

I enjoy your nice paper very much. My mother is taking it for me this year, as a birthday present. My birthday will not come until October, when I will be twelve. When the year is ended, mamma is going to have my books bound for me. I am one of a family of eleven. I have six brothers and four sisters. A brother and sister of mine took a trip in a private car down to Albuquerque, New Mexico, and they saw some beautiful scenery, mountains, etc. One of my sisters is married and lives down there, and they went to see her. Last year we had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in our book club. My sister Ena, Josie C., and I have a club. We call it the "Little Housekeepers' Club." We have a weekly newspaper, and each one has to write stories, recipes, etc. We meet every Friday afternoon. ETHEL M. B.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have just come home from the country. I had a very nice time. We fed the little baby turkeys and chickens, we got the eggs from the hens, we milked the cows, and through the day we had a nice time. Before we went to the country we went down to Atlantic City; there we had a good time. I have no brothers nor sisters. I have one pet cat.

BESSIE K. W.

Tell me where you live when you write again, Bessie.

MANCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

My friend Edward F. wrote a letter to the Post-office Box a little while ago, and it was published. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the best paper I know of. The stories I like the best are "Into Unknown Seas" and "Wakulla." We had a splendid time here on the Fourth of July. We had races in the morning and afternoon, and fire-works in the evening. I raced in the bicycle race, and beat. I believe I told you in my last letter that I had a pony named Rex that is so tame that I ride him without a saddle, and the other day some of us boys had a bareback race. Last week I was climbing a tree after cherries, when the branch broke, and down I came, twisting my ankle very badly, so I am laid up for a little while, but I hope to be up again soon. Please print this; I do so want to surprise Edward, as he feels so grand to have had his letter printed. LOUIS L.

**Harry L. C.:** I would have enjoyed a trip with you over the prairie, even if the tall grass were sometimes higher than my head as I sat in the buggy. I am glad the new home in Nebraska is so pleasant.—**Guy F. B.:** Are you willing to try once more before your letter shall be published? You have pets enough for one boy to care for, with three cats, four kittens, a dog, and a canary.—**Josie W. C.:** A little brother and sister are the best pets a girl can have.—**Willie B., Horace A., Clara B.,** and **Pennington B.:** All these B.'s are strangers to each other, or were so till they met in the Post-office Box.—**Annie M. J.,** of Brooklyn, New York, who has a pretty garden and a hen with her second brood of chicks this summer, **Mary B. H., Bessie M. J.,** of Ridgeville, Illinois, **Sallie L. K., Floyd R. C.,** of Homeworth, Ohio, **A. E. G., Ralph B. S., Sadie V.,** and **Nannie W. D.,** will please accept thanks. So also will **J. L.** and **Christina M. B.**

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A WORD SQUARE.

1. A fright. 2. A large African deer. 3. Opposite the zenith. 4. An unfortunate class. 5. Wagons.

CHARLIE DAVIS.

No. 2.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. A female deer. 3. A great poet. 4. Every mouth. 5. A girl's name. 6. A measure. 7. A letter. EUREKA.

2.—1. A letter. 2. The cry of an animal. 3. To carry. 4. Found in a vessel. 5. An article and a verb. 6. A word familiar to cattle. 7. A letter.

CHARLIE DAVIS.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 302.

No. 1.—

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    G          O
  A L E      I R E
G L O V E  O R D E R
  E V E      E E L
    E          R
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No. 2.—1. Wind-mill. 2. Paper-weight.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Dimple Dodd, Henry L. King, Madeleine Fisher, Mamie Klotz, Walter G. Muirhead, Zalda E. Heany, Nellie K. Robbins, Harry Howard Hemstreet, Carrie Brennan, Thomas Deming, Marian Smith, Anna Voorhees, Louise Fermer, James W. W. Lauber, George D. Bogert, Cockade City, Eureka, A. L. Munder, Francis Knauff, Susie B. Morrell, Alice W. S., Robert E. Hall, Charlie Davis, Maggie Dougall, F. C. Sawyer, Emma L. Sharmier, F. Corlies Morgan, and J. L. McAlister.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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## THE WOLF AND THE BEAR.

BY PALMER COX.

THE Bear was feeling ill one fall;
So neighbor Wolf made haste to call,
To tell what best would suit his case,
And bring the color to his face.
Now Doctor Wolf was shrewd of mind—
A sharper of the sharpest kind.
And when his eyes had travelled o'er
Old Bruin's tempting winter store,
Said he: "Your pulse is low indeed;
A change of life you sorely need.
A trip across the ocean blue
Might brace your failing strength anew,
Or Greenland's climate might impart
A smoother action to your heart.
But living high, I plainly see,
Is what will dig the pit for thee.
Unless you change your present style,
You'll hardly see the summer smile.
Take good advice, and fling aside
Your salted pork and mutton dried;
The pickled feet and sausage give
To those who'd rather die than live.
Of roots and herbs your meals prepare,
For health is found in simple fare."

It seemed to give the Bear delight
To learn the way to live aright.

So off the crafty Doctor ran
To tell his friends about the plan—
How Bruin now would feast no more
On stews and roasts as heretofore,
But freely scatter to the wind
Provisions of the choicest kind.

No sooner had the bats of night
Commenced their wild, uncertain flight,
Than from the mountain and the glen,
From rocky lair and earthy den,
The beasts came trooping, great and small,
To give the ailing Bear a call.
With bags and baskets well supplied,
And apron strings securely tied,
They gathered round to get their share
Of food that might be scattered there.

Now Bruin had a humorous vein,
As well as even-balanced brain;
And when he heard the rack and rout,
He raised the sash, and, peeping out,
A sober face he tried to show
While thus he hailed the crowd below.
Said he, "With pain occurs the thought,
You've lost your evening's rest for naught;
For, truth to tell, depart you will
With bag and basket empty still,
As I've decided to pursue
My former course the season through,
And change my diet by-and-by—
When gone my present large supply."

A moral here uncovered shines
For those who read between the lines;
The brightest hopes will often fade,
However well the plans are laid.




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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 306. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.





BESSIE'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.—DRAWN BY CULMER BARNES.


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## OTHER PEOPLE'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

WHEN I was very small I used to delight in hearing accounts of other people's school-days, and, as is apt to be the case, this fancy has grown up with me, and whenever an opportunity occurs I like to chat with old people who can tell me how our grandmammas and great-grandmammas went to school.

Quite recently an old friend, whose house is full of treasures of the past, showed me the primer used in his early school-days, seventy-five years ago. I am sure any little boy beginning to learn his alphabet at this day would think such a book as this only offered for his amusement; certainly not for study. As it lies before me it makes me think of some very small, quaint little child, with frills in his neck and sleeves, and hair falling about his neck, and I am sure he would sit very soberly and primly learning his funny little lessons out of this book. It was the original New England Primer—a little thin thing, with blue paper covers and a rim of leather binding—and, as was customary in those days among the Puritans, it is full of religious suggestions. Its title-page is as follows: "*The New England Primer*, Improved, for the more easy attaining the true reading of English"; and then follows a jerky little page of alphabet, after that a few pages of spelling, and next a series of verses, with the most remarkable illustrations. Little Samuel is pictured in an attitude of prayer, with the lines,

"Young Sam'l dear
The Lord did fear";

and there is one little square representing

"Young Timo*thy*
[Who] Learnt sin to fly,"

which shows Timo*thy* turning very grandly from a most remarkable demon with a tail curled in a very terrifying way. Then we have three royal-looking people—

"Young Obadias,
David, Josias,
All were pious."

Next follows the famous illustration of John Rogers at the stake, with his wife and five children; and finally a quaint catechism and a most curious dialogue between a youth and the Evil One.

The little boys of those by-gone days were also taught to knit, and sometimes to make samplers. Among the treasures my friend has now are a goodly collection of these bits of needle-work done by hands that rested from all labor before this century began.

Sometimes girls went from home to school with a great deal of preparation and ceremony, and frequent vacations were not to be thought of. These sedate and stately young people of seventy years ago were taught very useful things, and then "a little" of various elegant accomplishments. They nearly always preserved their school-books. In the house of a very dignified and fine old lady in England I remember seeing a shelf of these volumes of her school-days. They were all long, thin books, I think, or small fat ones, and had very long titles explaining the purpose of the study. There was a very faded little book on botany, entitled "*The Study of the Floral Science.* Being designed for the further advancement of youthful interest in this beautiful branch of learning." The title straggled all the way down the page, and gave a very ornamental effect.

In a few old letters shown me were some interesting suggestions of what the school-girls of those times did to amuse themselves, or what they liked to have from home. One says, "May I have some new cords for our game of romps? Matilda broke up mine."

I wonder what the game of "romps" was, and why it needed cords, and how Matilda broke them. And again: "The damsons came safely, and we are very *greatful* for them, and for the fresh butter, for which we had been longing. It is cold here, and we do not get about very much, but have a large fire in the school-room" (from which we may conclude they had none in some other rooms). "I have need of some yellow silk for my work for Joseph's head" (evidently she was embroidering some Biblical design), "and black for the birds." One can readily fancy the excitement created by any arrival from home in those days of very slow travel, even if it were only a box with silk for Joseph's head in it, or a pound or two of fresh butter. Letters went so rarely and so slowly that every opportunity for sending them by private hand was taken advantage of, and in this little faded packet I find frequent allusions to some one who "would carry a letter the next time he journeyed as far as Salisbury."

Manners were greatly considered, and instruction in walking and courtesying, carriage of the head and shoulders, and some dancing, was given freely. My own great-grandmother, a most erect old lady, told me that she never lost the power of holding her shoulders straight which had been given her at school by the constant use of a backboard—something, I fear, our young people of to-day would look upon as an instrument of torture, but seventy-five or eighty years ago it was considered a necessity in all schools.

Contrast the coming and going of school-girls of to-day—the rush and bustle of trains hither and thither, and omnibus-loads of young people who have travelled a hundred miles in a few hours, with the rattle of an old coach up a village street containing our great-grandmammas and their chaperons or escorts, when this century was beginning. I remember, as a child, seeing an old, long-disused yellow chariot, in which two generations of young people of its day had made such journeys. It had steps that let down with a little worn-out crank, and there was a rumble at the back in which servants rode. When I saw it it seemed only a nice thing for us to play in, but I am sure it would be easy to make a picture of it driving along the Bloomingdale Road to a school of the last century, which perhaps your grandmammas can tell you they remember.

Instead of the hundreds of books now written for young people—the papers and magazines all prepared solely for their amusement and instruction—the school-children of whom I am writing had only a few books and absolutely no periodicals. Perhaps that is why they did a great deal of religious and "solid" reading, although I am sure the varied literature of to-day is more encouraging. They read poetry—Dryden and Milton and Pope, and a little of the then young Wordsworth; and there were memoirs of eminent people to read, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*—very often and carefully—and some of Miss Hannah More's instructive and moral tales. I have now a little worn book which belonged to a lady of the last century, and looks as if it might have been given as a school prize or (as they generally said) "a reward of merit." It contains some sketches of interesting and pious women, and is very quaint and earnest in style.

Another book of the period was entitled *Death-Beds of Pious Children*, and was, I must say, rather a melancholy affair in every way, and not just what might inspire a small person, in a darkly wainscoted room, perhaps, with no chance of a game of "romps," to imitate the example of those early-departed companions.

Commonplace-books, or blank-books in which quotations from favorite works were made, were very commonly kept; and I think paper books must have been scarce, since you generally find these old ones are made by hand—pieces of writing-paper neatly sewed together. One such lies before me, and the owner of it was a school-

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boy in 1748. He has filled the book chiefly with religious or moral reflections, prompted, he says, by the death of one of his schoolmates, who was seized with a fever, which produced a delirium, and during which "his conversation was such as to make us think he had lost all spirit of grace," so that his comrade desired to keep himself "from such an end," and so daily gave himself the habit of putting down some religious words in his little book. Many have come after him, honoring and doing credit to his name, and the little book has been always cherished, and fulfills the desire he expresses in it that it may help his posterity.

I think we are always inclined to say that the old times *must* have been the best. We imagine, when we look at old pictures, old dresses, and the beautiful old furniture and china kept so sacredly, that our times can't be half so interesting or amusing, and perhaps some little girl or boy going to school grumbles because letters don't come from home fast enough, good things are not sent in plenty, and school-rooms are not comfortable enough, nor the library well enough stocked with light reading. But just think over the few suggestions offered by this little primer, the letters I have quoted, and the carefully made up blank-book, where every scrap of paper was carefully used. Even these will show us that *all* the good times were not one hundred years ago, and that the present generation gives a great deal of thought to making its young people cheerful and happy.

## HIDE-AND-SEEK WITH A MOOSE.

BY MEL EDWARDS.

YEARS ago, when the lumber business on the Aroostook River was in the height of its prosperity, there flourished a class of men who followed that calling the year round, working in the woods in winter, "on the drive" in the spring, and after a few weeks' stay in the towns near the mouth of the river, starting back into the wilderness to cruise out a site for the next season's operation, and to prepare the camps in readiness for the crew.

The majority of them were single men, and a generous, whole-hearted set they were, though rough and reckless. These weeks of idleness were too often spent in dissipation, and they squandered their year's wages with careless haste, making them glad to go back to their wild life in the forest again. But there were exceptions to the rule, and many a steady, temperate man was to be found among them, who carried the fruits of his labor to his family, and spent his leisure time at his home.

A man of this latter class was old Dan Beckwith, who, on the decline of the lumber trade, made a little home in the woods far up on the river, gaining a livelihood by hunting and by raising a few vegetables, which he disposed of in the towns lower down the river. It was my fortune to make his acquaintance during a recent sojourn in that part of the country, and I spent several days at his home in the wilderness, during which time he related, among numerous others, the following incident, which impressed me vividly, told as it was in his peculiar dialect, and accompanied by singularly expressive gestures. The language of the real old-fashioned woodsman is a quaint mixture of the English, French, and Indian idioms, and must be heard to be appreciated, so I will not attempt to follow it.

"It was nigh on to thirty years ago that it happened," he began, as we sat under the spreading maple which shaded his doorway that pleasant summer evening, "when moose was as thick all through these woods as cattle are in a farm-yard, and a more laughable and at the same time a more dangerous position I never heard of; for while I was roosting up in the birch out of harm's way, poor Jim was having it hot and heavy on the ground below, and it come nigh to be no laughing matter with him. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

"Ye see, we—that is, my chum Jim Larkins and I—were cruising out a 'chance' that summer for old Ben Lovely, one of the biggest operators on the river. We had hired by the year that spring, and it was our first summer's cruise, for we were young fellows then, and not much used to the business.

"Well, we got along pretty well, considering, and about the first of August we had the chance pretty well cruised up, and the place for the camp located. We had one more day's cruising to do, and then we intended to go down river after the crew, who were to build the camps and 'swamp out' the main roads.

"We went light, taking only food enough for a lunch, and leaving our old rifle in camp, for we had needed it only two or three times all summer; only once had we been bothered with wild animals—although we saw lots of them—and that was when a catamount tackled us. But I'll tell you that some other time.

"Well, as I said, we left the rifle, and so had no weapons except the axe and a little old pistol which Jim always carried. We cruised about nearly all day, spotting a good pile of timber, and as the sun began to sink toward the west we started for camp. We had travelled some distance, when we suddenly came upon a herd of seven caribou, which were so tame that they would hardly move out of their tracks to get away from us. We never made a practice of scaring or hunting anything that came in our way, unless necessary; but Jim said he would teach them not to stand in our way, and drawing his pistol, he thoughtlessly pointed it at the nearest caribou, which stood but a few yards away, and fired.

"The bullet would hardly have killed a mosquito, but it wounded the caribou slightly, and he began to bleat piteously, making a sound a good deal like a sheep's cry. Immediately we heard a bellow and a crash in the woods behind us, and turning, we saw a gigantic moose angrily approaching us, looking brimful of fight.

"I was standing some three or four yards from Jim, under a big birch, whose branches almost touched my head, and I swung myself up pretty lively, I tell you, while Jim had just time to dodge behind a tree before the moose was upon him; and an ugly-looking old fellow he was, too. Why, it seemed almost as if you could light a match by the wicked fire in his eye as it flashed viciously out from under his big branching horns!

"One thing, perhaps, you don't know, but it is as true as it is strange. and every old hunter who knows will tell you so. It sometimes happens that a moose—whether from his own choice or because he is driven from among his usual companions I can not say—will leave his fellows and seek companionship in a herd of caribou, making himself their special guardian, and defending his self-appointed trust with his life if need be; and such was the case with the one that had now attacked us.

"It so happened that Jim had sprung between two trees which grew about three feet apart, thus forming a passageway through which the moose could not make his way because of his huge antlers. After vainly attempting to do so, he reared up and began striking viciously with his fore-feet at Jim, who stood as near the trees as possible without coming within the fatal sweep of the sharp hoofs.

"The moose continued thus for some minutes, when, finding his victim out of reach, he unexpectedly changed his tactics, springing around the trees on one side with an agility and suddenness scarcely to be looked for in his clumsy and ill-shapen form, and almost striking Jim—who was taken entirely by surprise, and who had barely time to spring between the trees.

"And so they continued to dodge, the moose around

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HIS MAJESTY RIDES OUT A-HORSEBACK.

and Jim between the trees, a veritable game of hide-and-go-seek, with the hiding part left out, although Jim was more on his guard after the first, and fully realized that it was life or death with him.

"Thus the game went on until the sun sank from right behind the western hills. Darkness began to gather under the heavy canopy of foliage over us, and the moose still kept up the attack with unflagging energy. At last it became so dark that the two combatants could hardly perceive each other. Then, and not till then, did he give up the 'tussle,' and move slowly away in search of his companions, which had wandered off through the woods at the commencement of the affray, though he seemed loath to leave, for he paused several times and glanced back with a wrathful snort before he passed out of hearing.

"We waited a 'spell' after he had done so; then, satisfied that he was gone for good, I descended to the ground, where I found Jim in a very exhausted state. I partly led and partly carried him to camp, and the next morning he was so weak that he was unable to walk. So I took him to the 'pirogue' in my arms, and brought him down river.

"He went back to the woods as soon as he was able, but he can never think of that eventful evening without a shudder."

## BETWEEN TWO MOVING MOUNTAINS.

### A STORY OF THE POLAR OCEAN.

BY DAVID KER.

WHAT a fine place the polar seas are for a summer holiday! You have "the whole day before you," indeed—a day eight weeks long, without a single hour of darkness; and there is always plenty for you to look at up there. Sometimes you will see ships and mountains high in the air, all upside down. Sometimes the sun, as if not content with shining day and night, will turn itself into four or five suns at once, and make a blaze all across the sky, or else the "Northern Lights" will shoot up suddenly over the silent sea.

But there was little thought of holidays or pleasure of any kind among the crew of the little steam-yacht that came gliding southward across the arctic circle one morning in the end of July on her way home to Europe from a cruise in the polar seas. Every man on board looked grave enough, and well he might. They were now in the very worst place of all, between Iceland and the terrible east coast of Greenland, which is blocked with great masses of floating ice all the year round. Worse still, a furious gale from the northeast had driven them far out of their course, so that instead of keeping close to the coast of Iceland till they reached the port of Reykjavik (where they meant to touch on their way home), they were now pretty close to the dangerous Greenland shore. And as if all this were not enough, just when it might be a matter of life and death to keep a sharp lookout all around, on came a fog so thick that they could hardly see to the end of the bowsprit.

But if they could not see, they could hear, and from the heart of the fog came to their ears a strange and terrible sound, a dull, harsh noise that grew louder every moment, and seemed like the growling of wild beasts mingled with the grating of rusty iron.

"Bad job for us this, my lord," said Captain Derrick to the owner of the yacht, the young Earl of Lakehurst, who was standing beside him, looking keenly into the fog. "If that's not 'pack ice,' and enough of it to smash our timbers like a biscuit, my name ain't Tom Derrick; and it sounds as if it were coming up on all sides at once."

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"Too bad to be caught like this just at the last, after having such fine weather all through," answered Lord Lakehurst. "I should say, Captain, that nobody's had such a cruise in these seas as we've been having since Lord Dufferin was up here in 1856."

"Ah, that's just the way with these blessed Northern seas," growled the old sailor; "they look very nice just at first, but they're bound to play you some ugly trick before they've done. If this fog would only lift a bit!"

The Captain soon had his wish, for a few minutes later the fog rose like a great curtain, revealing a sight that made the boldest man on board look grave.

All around the doomed vessel great hills of broken ice were plunging, leaping, and piling themselves one over another, mass upon mass, with a crackling, grinding, and roaring louder than the din of a battle. Some of these terrible mounds were already higher than the mast-heads of the yacht, and as the sea jammed and sawed them against each other, even the stout seamen held their breath as they heard the horrid grinding crash with which great blocks of ice were crushed to powder by that deadly pressure which could have cracked like a nut the oaken timbers of a hundred-gun ship.

In the fatal circle that was closing round them so fast *one* gap could still be seen away to the southwest, and thither the yacht's head was instantly turned. But what were those two vast, dim, pale blue shadows which were gliding swiftly forward from opposite sides in that very direction? They were *icebergs*, drifting up to block the only avenue of escape that was left.

The Captain bit his lips till they bled, and stood for a moment silent and motionless. Then he turned and shouted, "Put a full head of steam on her, and run through between 'em; it's our only chance."

On came the great cathedrals of ice, huge, silent, merciless. The yacht tore through the water like a mad creature in her race with death; but every moment the space on which the lives of her crew depended grew narrower and narrower. Lord Lakehurst, turning to look at the Captain, saw the old seaman's face *harden* suddenly like frozen clay. The crashing mountains of pack ice had closed behind them, and even the chance of retreat was now cut off.

"Do you think we'll get through?" asked the Earl.

"We'll *try*," said the Captain, grimly. "But if we don't, I'm glad we sha'n't live to see the bonnie little barkie smashed. Starboard half a point!"

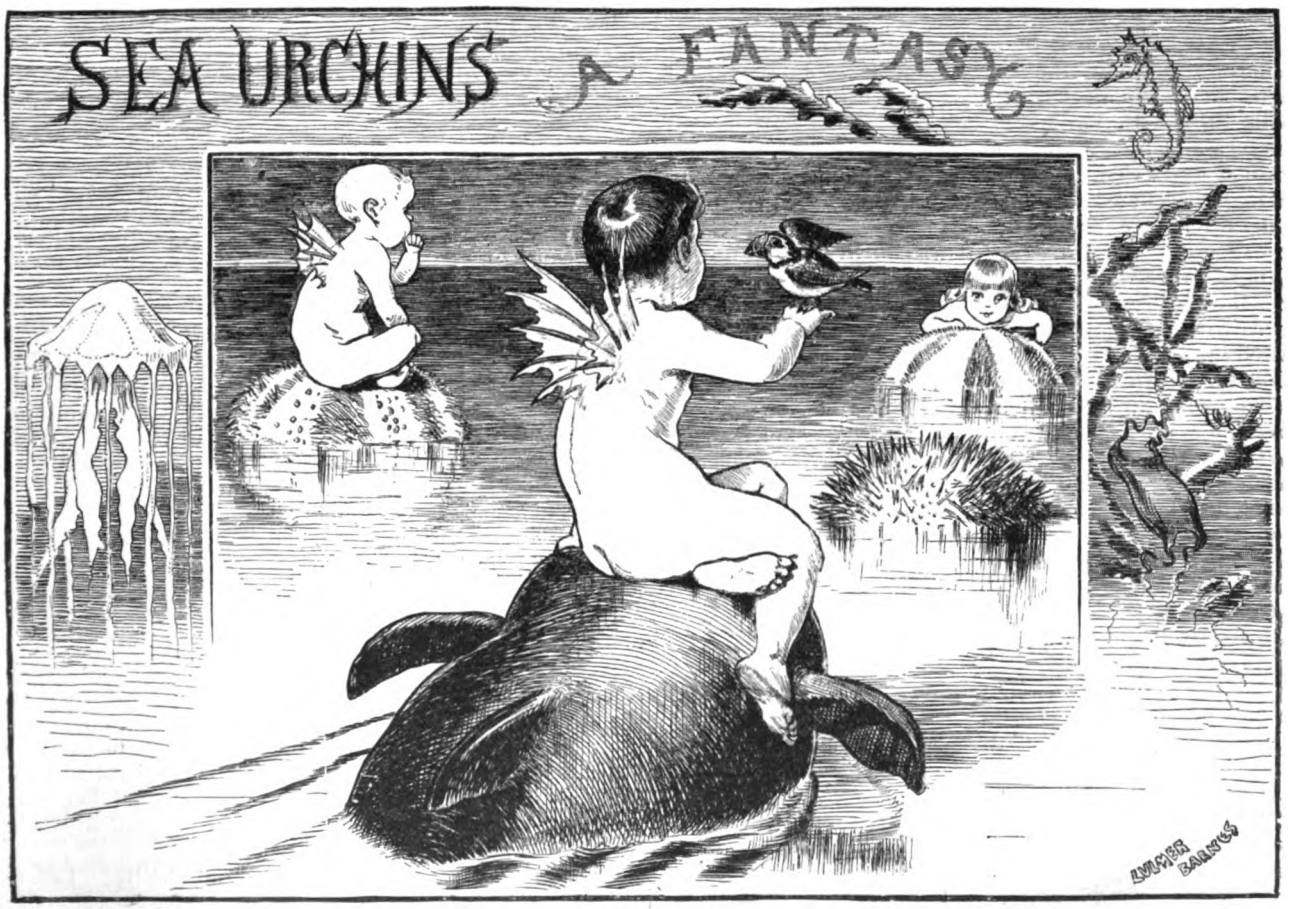
"Starboard it is," answered the man at the wheel.

And now the flying yacht darted right into the ever-narrowing passage between the two great ice islands that were rushing to destroy her, and the last stage of the terrible race began. How long it lasted none of the crew could ever have told. Dimly as in a dream they saw the mighty towers of ice closing in from either side, high overhead, with the water dripping from their glittering ledges, and the sea foaming around the cold green caverns that yawned in their sides every here and there. And still they came nearer and nearer and nearer, while their mighty shadows seemed to close around the doomed vessel like the deepening darkness of the grave.

"Port your helm!" roared Captain Derrick to the man at the wheel.

"Port it is."

Crash! The pursuing ice mountains dashed against each other with a noise to which the loudest thunder-clap would have been as nothing. But the stroke came just too late, although the huge waves stirred up by that terrible shock flung the yacht to and fro like a toy, and knocked every man on board off his feet. The peril was past, and the Captain's deep "Thank God!" was echoed by many a rough voice as the brave little craft glided safely away into the open sea.




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## A QUARREL.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

THERE'S a knowing little proverb,
From the sunny land of Spain;
But in Northland, as in Southland,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart;
Neither lose nor lend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,
Still you'll find it true.
In a fight without a foe,
Pray what could you do?
If the wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will expend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,
And the strife begun.
If one voice shall cry for "Peace,"
Soon it will be done;
If but one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

## HOW SHE WON THE MEDAL.

BY MARIA LOUISE POOL.

IT was on the east coast of the island, where the sandy beach stretched along at the foot of bluffs so steep that it seemed at first glance as if it were impossible that man or beast could descend them.

Two girls walked down to the verge and peeped over. One gave a little shriek and pulled back upon the hand of the other.

"Oh, don't! It makes me dizzy. Did your father *really* ride down there?"

"Yes, really. I know mother was so frightened I thought she would die. I was only seven years old then, but I remember it all so well! Mother stood perfectly still, with her hands pressed tight together, and her face and lips as white as my handkerchief. I hung on her, and cried, and cried, but she did not seem to know I was there. Then suddenly she fell on her knees, and said in a choked voice, 'Thank God! thank God!' and then she began to cry. It was all over in a minute. I knew father was safe, and I saw him helping the poor wretches on the beach. Now mother appeared to know I was with her. She pulled me closer as she knelt, and kissed me over and over. I shall never forget it if I live a hundred years."

The girls now stood silent for a long time looking out over the water. They were not far from sixteen years old; they were cousins, and bore a certain resemblance to each other. They turned and walked arm in arm away from the water, back through a wide field that sloped up toward a white house on an eminence. This house, behind a thick apple orchard, was where Captain Wetherly had made his home.

Captain Wetherly had jocosely put his wife and baby into Gertrude's care until his return.

"You're the only boy I have, and the head of the family while I'm away. Your mother's such an invalid she doesn't count," he had said, as he kissed her good-by. "Now don't let either of them get into mischief. You know how likely mother is to go wrong"—with a laugh that had a tremor in it in spite of his gayety.

"Neither of them shall take a step without my permission," Gertrude had answered, laughing also, though the tears were undisguisedly running down her cheeks as she stood with her hands clasped over her father's arm, while her mother was on the other side of him, her grave, sweet face looking graver and sweeter than ever.

So Captain Wetherly had started on his voyage, and it was now almost half a year since then, and Gertrude was in high spirits about his return.

"What if he should come to-night, and your mother and the baby away?" said Carrie Somers, as they climbed the hill toward the house.

"But he won't, and mother's sure to be home by nine o'clock."

"Of course she'll come by the tri-weekly," remarked Carrie, referring to the steamer which came from New Morris, and stopped three times a week at the wharf down below there on the beach.

"She didn't say, but I'm sure she will."

"We'll have plenty of time for a canter before we shall expect her."

Do you know what it is to go cantering about on a horse when you are a girl of sixteen? If you do, you have felt a glory, a wild exultation, which can not be put into words.

The household on the hill at this time consisted of Gertrude and her cousin, the housekeeper, and a half-grown boy who did the chores, which included the care of the horses and a Jersey cow.

Mrs. Wetherly and the baby had been away on a visit for two weeks. This was the night when they were expected to return. The boat was not due until half past eight.

The cousins were soon mounted and away. Gertrude rode the carriage-horse, and gave up her own mare to her friend.

The sun had been shining brilliantly all day. It was late in September, and the wind was blowing steadily from the east, rippling up the water and making the old savins and cedars crouch over more than ever toward the west.

It was the night of the full moon, and it rose in a faint film, which caught Gertrude's eye as she galloped over the quiet old road.

"That's a mean kind of a sky," she said. "Somehow it frightens me. It has such a deceitful look."

The two horses swept on side by side, the eyes of their riders bright as fire, their cheeks red, stray locks of hair flying back from their close caps. Something had come over their spirits.

Behind them, in the west, was a ridge of thick cloud which spread but slowly, for it was kept down by the pressure of the east wind. This cloud was greenish-black.

"What a queer time!" cried Carrie, speaking after a long silence.

Gertrude flung up her hand with an involuntary motion, and her voice was sharp, as she exclaimed, "Oh, I hope the steamer 'll be all right. Mercy! what does this mean?" They reined in their horses. The wind had suddenly stopped blowing, and there was so strange and startling a stillness that the two girls held their breath and listened as if expecting to hear some terrible sound.

The long-drawn whistle of a steamboat sounded shrill and clear in the strange silence.

"That's the *Indian Queen* coming round Lantern Point," said Gertrude. "She won't get up to the wharf for half an hour. Let's go on slowly. Jake will be there with the carriage and the farm-horse, and we shall have plenty of time."

In the few moments since the wind had died that green cloud in the west had risen rapidly, and as it rose its shape changed. The thick mass sent out a giant arm, grotesque and terrifying, ending in a huge hand with black fingers outspread, ready to clutch. At least so Gertrude thought. She glanced back and up, and her face grew pale as she looked. She was thinking of the boat which was rounding Lantern Point.

Carrie looked back also, and cried out shrilly, "Let us dismount;" and before Gertrude could stop her, she had

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slipped off the saddle, and was standing with the bridle in her hand, trembling and staring up at the sky.

"Why did you do that?" demanded Gertrude, impatiently. "Now you can't come with me. It may not be anything, after all," she said, trying to speak cheerfully.

Although there was no wind, there gradually arose a sound, growing louder and louder—a dull, deep sound as of waters far away rushing with fury. And now they heard the steamboat whistle again.

"Let us go home quick!" pleaded Carrie, and turned her horse, walking with her arm on his neck. "Aren't you coming?" looking back.

"Not I; I'm going to the wharf."

Carrie's mare at this moment threw up her head and jumped away, running toward home. Gertrude's horse tried to follow, rearing and pawing. But his rider had her way, thanks to the heavy curb and her own firmness.

"Now what will you do?" she asked her cousin. "How silly of you not to stick to the saddle!"

"I'll stick to you, if I couldn't to my saddle," said the girl, "though what on earth you're going to do I don't know, and I don't know whether there's going to be an earthquake, or a deluge, or what."

Gertrude was looking hesitatingly at her companion.

"You needn't think of me," said Carrie. "Go on; I can run after. If I can't, it's good enough for me."

Gertrude rode on. She was mounted on a large, spirited horse whose great stride devoured the road. But she had ridden since she was ten years old, and had no fear for her seat. Carrie ran behind, bewailing to herself her foolishness. She soon knew that her cousin was making for the head of the highest cliff overlooking the sea, below which the wharf lay.

Suddenly, with no more warning than a flash of lightning gives, that cloud hand, which had been widening every moment, flung itself over the world. A wind that was not like air, but like blows from a heavy object, beat and raved over the island.

Involuntarily Carrie fell to the ground, and flattened herself out on the grass, tearing her fingers into the sod, with no thought in her mind but the instinct to struggle for her own safety.

And Gertrude? She had reached a part of the bluff where she could look off and down. She had seen the little steamer sliding across the water, not more than half a mile from the wharf, with Redman's Ledge behind it to the left. The moon was at the moment cloudless; the twilight had entirely gone.

A lady on the deck, where half a dozen passengers for this landing were waiting, had seen that figure of a horse with its slender girlish rider suddenly appear in the moonlight on the height, and she had waved a handkerchief, a dimness of pride and love coming to her eyes as she looked at her daughter. Gertrude saw the handkerchief, and felt sure the salute was for her.

It was at that very instant that the cloud burst.

Gertrude's horse crouched down, and then lay flat on its side, fortunately leaving the girl free. She bent over and clasped her horse's neck, holding on with all her might, and feeling even then as if she would be caught up like a dry leaf and whirled in the air. Where had the moon gone? How could it be so black with that moon somewhere in the sky?

Gertrude, as she clung there in the gale, felt her brain reel and burn with intensity of dread. The steamboat?—her mother and the baby?

In a few days her father would come home. She would have to tell him that they were drowned before her eyes. She would have to live without them. She *could* not live without them. Her mind traversed all the years to come as a lightning flash glares in a dark night.

She had all the time clasped her horse's neck. Now she wondered if she could make him rise with her on his back. She would cling like a monkey if he would only get up. Without knowing why, she shrank from leaving him.

The horse began to move, and then lay still, apparently feeling that he must not rise with the girl in the saddle. She urged him, but he would not obey. Desperately Gertrude drew her foot from the stirrup, and crept to her horse's head. Directly he gathered his legs under him, and stood on his feet.

"Now I am helpless," she cried out, the tall horse standing close to her, and trembling violently from fright.

Oh, when would the moon shine again! Holding on fast to the stirrup, the girl swung herself forward, trying to peer out over the cliff. But she could not see; only a dark maze, with vague white foam tossing where she knew the edge must be.

A high, quivering voice sounded close to her.

"Where are you?"

"Here!" she shouted in answer.

She knew the voice, and directly she was aware that her cousin was creeping toward her on her hands and knees.

"This gale can't last," she cried out. "I must get on my horse again."

The two stood in the shelter that the horse gave, holding hands, and trying to see each other.

"Let me try to put you up," said Carrie. "Get a good grip of the horn."

The clouds above began to part and float away, leaving large spaces of star-lighted blue, and the moon shone, full and yellow, up in the east. The wind no longer struck hard blows as with a furious hand, but it blew so that the girls could hardly stand. The landscape and the sea came out vividly like a new scene. Gertrude shook the rein on her horse's neck, and he started forward toward the cliff. Carrie ran after them, staggering and plunging, thinking of that boat which had rounded Lantern Point.

What had really happened she did not know until later.

The small steamboat had been lifted almost bodily out of the water, as though it were a toy, and turned over, splashing down on its decks, all the human beings on board who were not shut in the cabins being turned into the sea, as one might turn a bowl of helpless insects into a pond.

The girls' eyes went swiftly to and fro. Soon they saw the steamboat's bottom glistening in the moonlight, tossing, sometimes almost righting itself. A moment before, her mother and sister had been gayly coming toward her. In what horrible foam of water were they now?

"Gertrude!" whispered Carrie, who had crept up to her.

It was near the full of the tide. The beach was very wide and very shallow along this part of the coast.

As they looked, a small boat went out from the shore toward the steamer, and now the girls could see heads in the water, floating garments, clutching hands.

The boat bounded from wave to wave. In a moment the man in it had picked up some one. He was reaching out for another hand stretched toward him, when the boat flew round like a live thing, threw its occupants out, and then went dancing off in the moonlight with a kind of gay motion that was dreadful to see.

Two objects on a plank came drifting by. Gertrude gazed steadily at these last; then she turned to her cousin and said, resolutely,

"Do you see them? I am going."

She gathered the reins in both hands and braced herself firmly back. The horse started at touch of the spur.

Down they went, scrambling, sliding, leaping; the girl sitting as if nothing could unseat her, her eyes of fire fixed on that plank that tossed in the glitter of water.

She was down the bank; she did not pause. Her horse—noble fellow!—galloped into the breakers which rolled up the shallow beach, the water growing deeper and deeper until it swashed across his heaving chest.

Close by, but just out of reach, floated the plank. Gertrude leaned forward.

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THE RESCUE.

"Mother!" she shouted, her voice ringing out sweet and clear amid the whistling of wind and the dashing of water.

Mrs. Wetherly, with one hand grasping the rope which was twisted about the plank, held with her other arm more firmly yet the baby of a year old.

"Take the baby," she said, mechanically, and tried to hold out the child to its sister.

"Both of you! both of you!" returned Gertrude, almost with command. "Here, let me have her." The girl caught the baby by its skirts and pulled her up, then wound her right arm firmly about her. "Mother, you must climb up behind me. Catch hold of the saddle—any way; only do it. There."

Mrs. Wetherly, without trying to think for herself, did as she was bidden. She was a lithe and slender woman, or even the love of life might not have enabled her to scramble up as she did.

As Gertrude felt her mother's clasp about her waist she turned her horse back. By the time the shore was reached many people had gathered. Helping hands were held out.

When she saw her mother and sister safely taken from her she went back. The big strong horse was far more useful on such a beach than the boats. The girl worked with a sort of glorious fury. Besides her mother and sister, she saved that night five people, of whom three were children. The last time she came up from the water, bearing a little boy and girl with her, just as they gained high-tide mark, the horse staggered and fell, utterly worn out for the time. He lay as if dead. The people took Gertrude from the saddle, exclaiming and questioning.

Then she saw her mother come trembling toward her, and she put out her arms, and began to sob convulsively. She swayed over, and fell in a dead faint upon her mother's breast.

The next day her father returned. He came into the parlor where she lay on the lounge, still so exhausted that she did not wish to move. His face was white like ashes. She held out her hands to him, and whispered, "You know you put mother and the baby in my care."

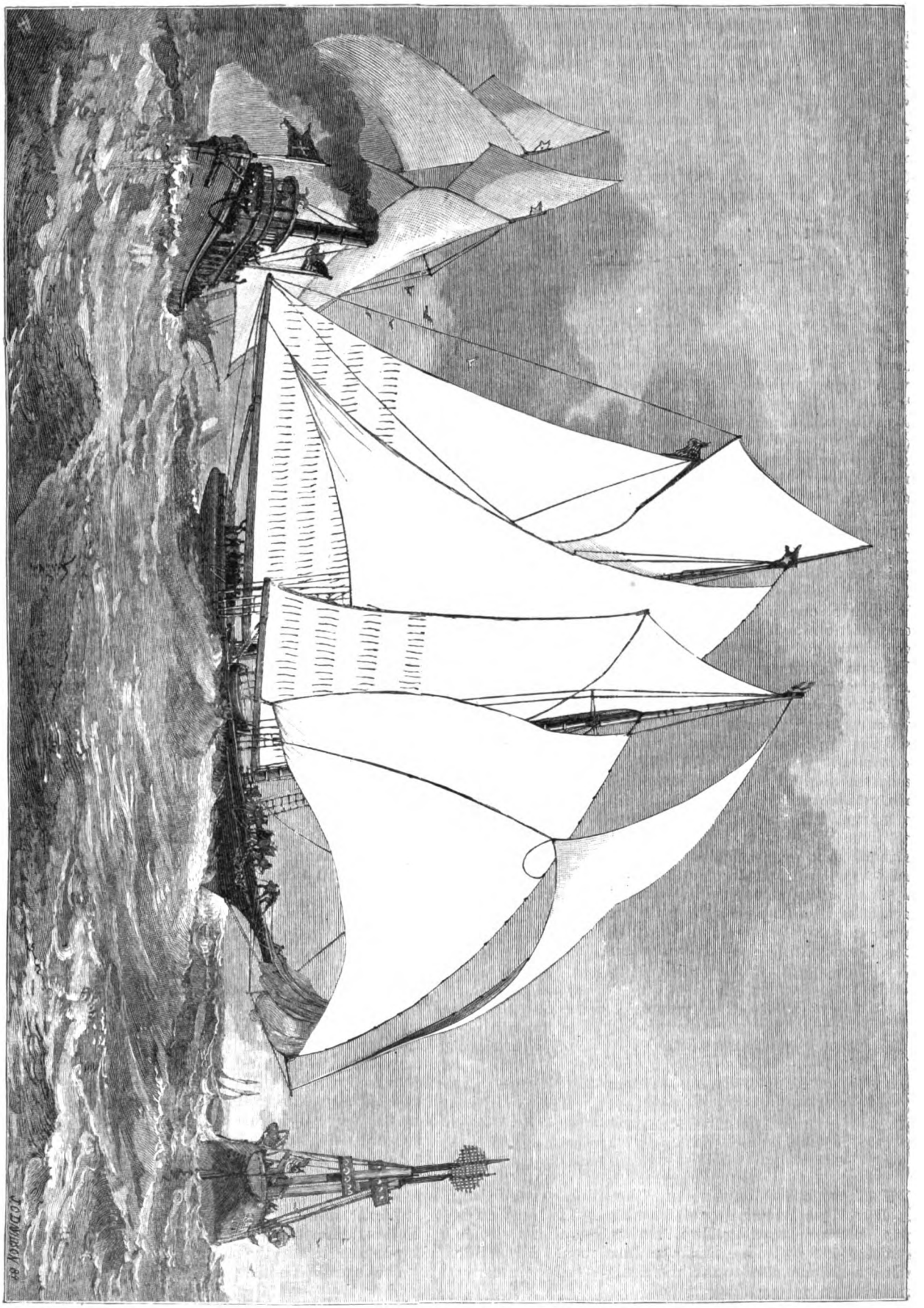
He began crying like a woman, saying, amid his tears, "Oh, my child! oh, my child!" holding her in his arms, and repeating those words again and again.

Of course the story got into the papers, and they called her "the bravest girl in the United States." She blushed painfully when she first heard those words, but at last, as she said, she "became hardened to them."

When the medal came from the Humane Society her impulse was to push it from her, as she exclaimed, "This belongs to the Colonel more than to me."

The Colonel was the name of the horse she had ridden that evening, and on all holidays thereafter he wore on his broad chest, suspended by a scarlet ribbon, the medal given for the saving of life.

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A YACHT RACE IN NEW YORK BAY—ROUNDING THE LIGHT-SHIP.

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## THE "AMERICA" CUP RACES.

OF course all wide-awake boys and girls who read the papers and keep themselves informed as to what is going on are interested in the yacht races for the *America* cup which are to be sailed in New York Bay on the 7th, 9th, and 11th of this month. They know that the famous English cutter yacht *Genesta* has crossed the Atlantic on purpose to try and win back the great silver cup that the American schooner yacht *America* won by beating a whole fleet of English yachts off Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, more than twenty years ago. Since then the Englishmen have made three plucky but unsuccessful attempts to recover the cup, sending the yachts *Cambria*, *Atalanta*, and *Countess of Dufferin* to New York to race for it. Now the *Genesta* has come, and the beautiful sloop yacht *Puritan*, built in Boston on purpose to race with her, will try to win two out of the three proposed contests, and so keep the cup on this side of the ocean.

The first of these races will be over the New York Yacht Club course, which begins in the Narrows and extends down through the Lower Bay to Sandy Hook, out on the ocean to Sandy Hook Light-ship, and back again to the place of starting—a distance of forty miles. The Sandy Hook Light-ship, which marks the beginning of the channel that leads into New York Bay, is easily distinguished, because it is painted red; and when in a race the yachts round it, they seem to know that their task is half done, and to spring away faster than ever for the race home.

The second of these races will begin at the light-ship, and will be sailed twenty miles to windward, or directly against the wind, whichever way it is blowing, and back again. If either the *Genesta* or the *Puritan* wins both of these races, there will, of course, be no third race; but if each wins one of them, then they must sail another to decide which shall have the cup. This third race will be over a triangular course outside of Sandy Hook, beginning and ending at the light-ship. Therefore in all the races the light-ship plays a most important part.

To the crew of the light-ship, who stay out there for weeks and months without visiting the land, and who lead very monotonous lives, these yacht races are occasions of the greatest interest. When the leading yacht passes them they ring the great fog-bell on board their ship, and cheer her heartily. After all the yachts have gone by, and they are again left alone, they wonder which will win; but they never can find out until some good-natured pilot or tug-boat captain, who is passing, stops and tosses them a package of papers. Sometimes this happens on the next day and sometimes not for many days after that on which the race is sailed; but they always remember the winning yacht, and give her an extra cheer the next time she sails past them.

# TWO ARROWS:

## A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

### CHAPTER VI.

### A THIRSTY MARCH.

THAT was a hard day's toil for the mining expedition. It was the second day of feasting by the Nez Percés upon the game won by Two Arrows, but there was no feasting done by Judge Parks and his men. Even Sile had no more questions to ask, and at night-fall their scanty supply of water was nearly gone.

Just before sunset, as they were plodding wearily along, Yellow Pine drew his rein, turned in his saddle, and pointed away across the plain in advance and to the right of them, exclaiming, "Red-skins!"

There was no mistake about it. In a few minutes more a pretty long line of pony-riders could be seen travelling steadily southward.

"Will they attack us, father?"

"I think not. We are too strong, even if they were hostile."

"They won't make any muss," said Pine, confidently, as he again rode forward. "There's only some two dozen on 'em, and it isn't a good time for a fight."

It was evident that the two lines of travel, crossing each other at right angles, would bring the white and red men pretty near each other, and the latter even went out of their way to have it so. Sile all but forgot how thirsty he was when the train approached the straggling array of lances, and a bare-headed warrior rode out to meet Yellow Pine. The Roman-nosed sorrel mare sniffed at the pony as if she would have preferred a bucket of water, and the two riders held out their hands.

"How?" said Pine.

"Ugh! bad. No water. How?"

A significant motion of his hand toward his mouth accompanied the response, and Pine made one like it. Then he pointed at the wagons, and again toward the west, and made motions as if he were digging. The Indian understood, and nodded, and pointed at himself.

"Ugh! Kiowa."

He made a motion as if pulling a bow, pointed southward, and pretended to drink something, but when he turned his finger toward the west he shook his head.

"How?" said Pine again, and the two shook hands, and all the Kiowas rode on as if they were in a hurry.

"That's a pretty bad report," said Pine to Judge Parks. And Sile muttered to himself:

"Why, he hardly uttered a word."

"What does he say?" asked his father.

"Worst kind," said Pine. "He says they have been hunting northerly for several weeks. Little game, and the drought driving it all away. He doubts if we find any water between here and the mountains. Hopes to reach it by to-morrow night in the direction he's taking. The rest of his band are down there now."

"Did he say all that?" exclaimed Sile, in amazement.

"You wasn't a-watchin' of him. I told him what I thought about it, and what we meant to do. Tell you what, my boy, if you're to meet many red-skins you've got to learn sign language. It beats words all holler."

"Well, I did see his hands and yours a-going."

"Yes, and his face and mine too, and elbows and legs. It's as easy as fallin' off a log when you once get the hang of it."

"What do you think we had better do after that?" asked Judge Parks.

"Read our own signs. Push on for water till we get some. It can't be more'n one day now. I know just about where I am. Risk my life on it."

So they went forward, but that night had to be taken for rest, and the morning found men and horses in a terrible plight. Not one drop of water had they left, and all they had been able to do for the horses and mules had been to sponge their parched mouths. They had camped near some trees and bushes as usual, and it was just about daylight that Yellow Pine came to wake up his employer.

"Look a-here, Jedge. I was too much played out to find it last night, but here it is. Come."

"Well, what is it?" asked the Judge, a moment later.

Yellow Pine was pointing at a broad, deeply trodden flinty-looking rut in the surface of the prairie.

"That's the old buffler path I follered last year, when I went into the mountains, or I'm the worst sold man you ever saw. It led me jest to where we all want to go, 'zackly as I told you."

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"We'd better hitch up and follow it now, then."

"We had. It 'll take us west on a bee-line, and it 'll go to all the chances for water there are."

The buffaloes could safely be trusted for that, and before the sun was up the mining party was following the very path which had led the big game within reach of Two Arrows and One-eye. It was less than two hours afterward, without anybody to carry a report of it to anybody else, that the whole Nez Percé camp disappeared, and all its human occupants also took the advice of the buffaloes. It was necessary to carry all the meat they had, and all the pappooses, and a number of other things, and so it had not been possible to take all the lodges with their lodge-poles. Two of the smaller and lighter found bearers, but there were not squaws enough for the rest, and a sort of hiding-place was made for them among the rocks until they could be sent for. Indians on a journey load their ponies first, then their squaws, then the boys, but never a "brave" unless it is a matter of life and death. A warrior would as soon work for a living as carry a burden.

Judge Parks and his men and all his outfit would have travelled better and more cheerfully if they could have set out from beside a good spring of water. As it was, the best they could do was to dream of finding one before they should try to sleep again.

"Father," said Sile, at about twelve o'clock, "are we to stop anywhere for dinner? I'm getting husky."

"So is everybody. Imitate old Pine; he's chewing something."

"All the men have stopped chewing tobacco; they say it makes them thirstier."

"Of course it does. Try a chip, or a piece of leather, or a bit of meat—not salt meat."

"There isn't anything else."

"The less we eat the better, till we get something to drink."

"We shall all die, at this rate."

"Stand it through, my boy. I hope Pine is right about the trail and where it leads to."

He seemed confident enough about it, at any rate, and he and his Roman-nosed mare kept their place steadily at the head of the little column. Away in the western horizon, at last, some dim and cloud-like irregularities began to show themselves, and Sile urged his weary horse to the side of his father, pointing at them.

"Will there be rain?" he asked, in a husky whisper.

"My poor boy, are you so thirsty as that? Those are the mountains."

Sile's mind distinctly connected the idea of mountains with that of water, and he took off his hat and swung it, vainly trying to hurrah.

"They're a long way off yet, but we can get there. Old Pine is right."

It was wonderfully good news, but every man had been allowed to gather it for himself. It was impossible to tell the horses, and the poor brutes were suffering painfully.

"I reckon they'll hold out," said Pine; "but they'll only jest do it. We're making the tightest kind of a squeeze."

So they were, and it grew tighter and tighter as they went on. Sile managed finally to get up to Yellow Pine in the advance, and whisper, "Were you ever any thirstier than this in all your life?"

"Yes, sir! This isn't much. Wait till you know yer tongue's a-turnin' to a dry sponge and there's coals of fire on the back of yer neck. Keep yer courage up, my boy."

Sile had done so. His father had said a good deal to him about the pluck with which young Indians endured that sort of thing, and he had determined to show "Indian blood," as if he had some in him. It was the hardest kind of hard work, and it kept him all the while thinking of rivers and lakes and ice and even lemonade.

## Chapter VII.

### THE GREAT CAÑON.

It was not yet dark when Two Arrows and One-eye halted at the mouth of the pass. One-eye looked forward and whined, but his master looked back and thought the matter over. He had travelled well and over some pretty rough ground, but the trail had been wide and well marked. It was almost like a road, so far as room went, but Two Arrows knew nothing of wheels, neither did that trail. He was considering the curious fact that not a man of his band knew that such a path existed or where it led to.

"Dark soon. Maybe can't walk then. Do some more before that," said Two Arrows.

He was in a spot worth looking at. Some old-time convulsion of nature had cleft the mountain barrier at that place so that giant walls of rock arose on either side of him for hundreds of feet almost perpendicularly. For some distance ahead the cleft was nearly straight, and its gravelly bottom was from ten to thirty yards wide. There were not many rocky fragments or bowlders, but it was evident that at some seasons of the year torrents of water came pouring through that gorge to keep it clean.

It was sure to become dark early in such a chasm as that, and there was no telling how much need there might be for seeing the way. On went the young explorer until he came to a point where the chasm suddenly widened. It was a gloomy sort of hollow, and littered with fragments of trees, drift-wood of old torrents.

"Camp," said Two Arrows to One-eye. "Make fire."

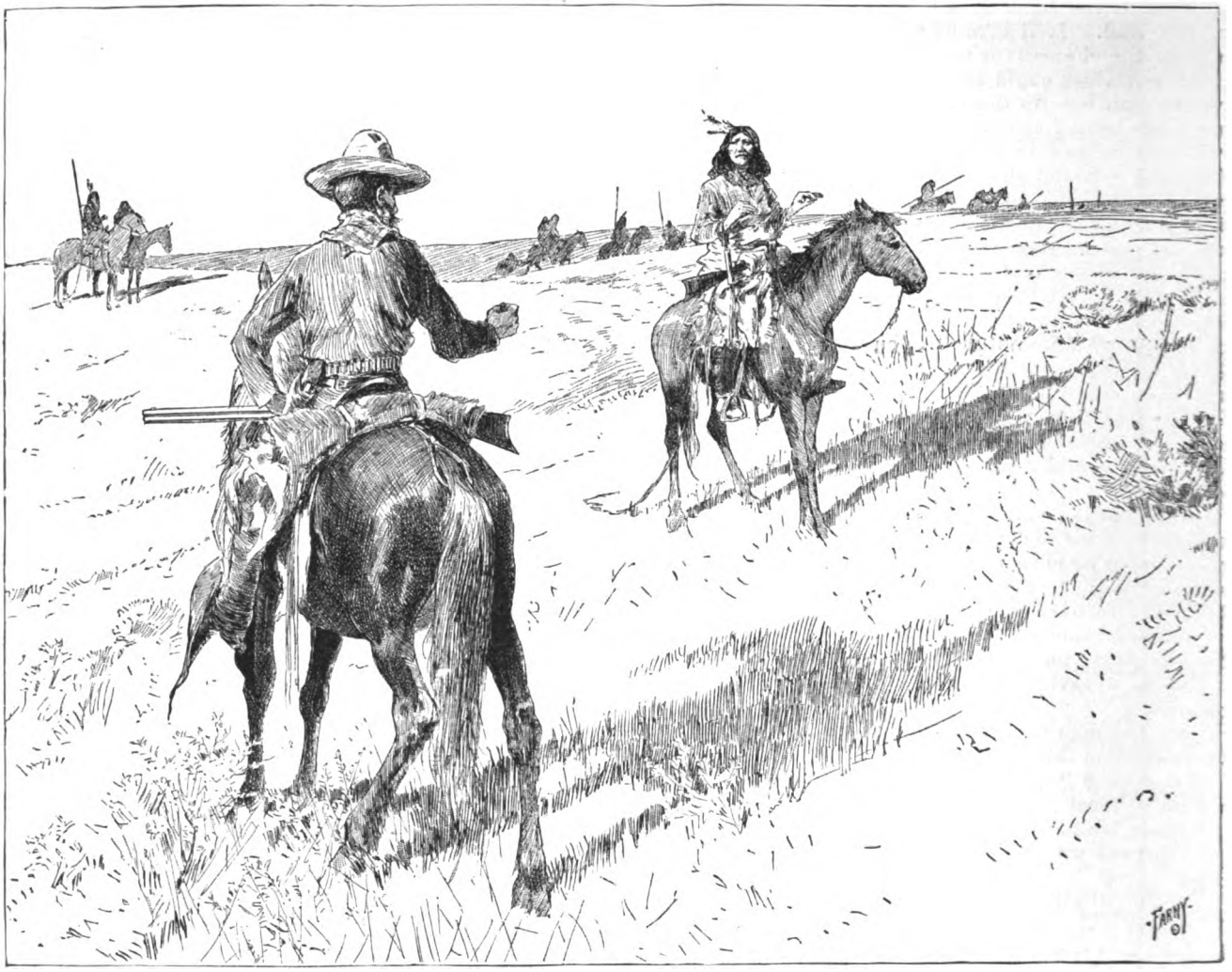
If a dog could use flint and steel, no doubt One-eye would have obeyed; as it was, Two Arrows had to attend to that business for himself, and it was not long before a great blazing fire of mountain pine was throwing flashes of magnificent light upon the mighty precipices in all directions. The gray granite stood out like shadows, and the white quartz glittered marvellously, but the Nez Percé boy had no time to admire them. He had his supper to cook and eat, and he had found some water in a hollow of the rocks; no sunshine hot enough to dry it up had ever found its way down there. Then drift-wood was gathered to keep some sort of a blaze burning all night.

Two Arrows was well entitled to a sound sleep, and he had one. When he awoke, in the earliest gray of the next morning, the world was in fair daylight everywhere outside of that deep crack in the mountains. He ate heartily, and at once pushed on, determined to have some fresh game before night if possible.

He was in no danger of losing the way, for his path was walled in for him. Toward mid-day it ceased to go up, up, up, and the chasm widened into a great rocky cañon of wonderful ruggedness and beauty. Now the trail turned to the right, and picked its way along the steep side of the varying slopes. Here it was wider, and there it was narrower, until it came to a reach of natural roadway that even a bison must have hunted for before he found it. Away up it went in zigzags, seeming to take skillful advantage of every natural help it came to, and then it shot along the mountain-side for a thousand feet, traversing a mere ledge, where one formation of rock projected out below another, and made a shelf for it to go upon.

Two Arrows wasted no time in useless observations or admiration. Where herd after herd of wild cattle had tramped before him, he could surely follow, and at the end of that ledge the road began to descend. The descent was gradual, and uncommonly free from breakages. It led, before a great while, once more to the bottom of the gorge. Several times Two Arrows saw "big-horn" or Rocky Mountain sheep among the rocks above him, far out of the reach of his arrows. He felt a longing for antelope venison, but there was no use in trying to catch one of those fellows.

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"'UGH! BAD. NO WATER. HOW?'"

Two Arrows stood still for a moment, watching him, and then he started as if something had pricked him. The dog was crouching and creeping as if he had his remaining eye upon game of some sort, or on danger. His master also crouched and crept, slipping forward rapidly from rock to rock. In three minutes more he lay beside One-eye, and both had something worth while to look at.

Not more than three hundred yards beyond them, on the crest of a rocky ledge that came out from the mountain-side like an abutment, stood a big-horn antelope. He had seen One-eye, and was looking at him. He may have been studying whether or not it could be needful for an antelope away up where he was to spring away any farther from a dog and an Indian boy. He had better have been looking behind him and above him, for his real danger was not in the quiver of Two Arrows; it was crouching upon a higher fragment of the very ledge which held him, and it was preparing for immediate action. It was a cougar, or American panther, of full size, on the watch for antelopes, and it now had crept almost within springing distance.

Nearer and nearer crept the cougar, and still the big-horn was absorbed in his study of matters down below. He stepped forward to the very edge, and below him the rock came down with a perpendicular face of a hundred feet. There was no danger that he would grow dizzy, but even the cougar would have done wisely to have ascertained beforehand the precise nature of the trap set for him. As it was, he gathered his lithe and graceful form for his leap, every muscle quivering with eagerness, and he put all his strength into one great, splendid bound. It was as sure as a rifle-shot, and it landed him upon the shoulders of the big-horn. He had seized his prize, but he had done too much: he had fallen with a weight and force which sent him and his antelope irresistibly over the rocky edge, and down, down, down they came together with a great thud upon the granite below.

"Whoop!" The voice of Two Arrows ringing through the gorge was joined by the fierce bark of One-eye as they sprang forward. An older warrior might have waited to know the effect of that fall before he interfered between a cougar and his game, but Two Arrows did not think of hesitation. It was just as well. What between the blow of the cougar and the force of the fall, the big-horn was dead. He had somewhat broken the effect of the terrible shock upon his enemy by falling under him, but even the tough body of the great "cat o' mountain" had not been made for such plunges, and he lay on the rock stunned and temporarily disabled. Whether it would, after all, have killed him, he was never to know, for, just as he was staggering to his feet, a Nez Percé Indian boy charged upon him with a long lance, while a large and ambitious dog rushed in and seized him by the throat.

It was tremendous hunting for a boy of fifteen. A cougar to bring down his antelope for him, and a precipice to help him kill his cougar, and only just enough work for his lance and dog to entitle him to the honor of closing, single-handed, with a dangerous wild animal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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OUR MUD-TURTLE ARTIST AND SOME OF HIS ASSISTANTS.—Drawn by F. S. Church, N.A.

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A CAT-BOAT IN A SQUALL.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

SOME of the children were very much pleased when, a few weeks ago, a little friend of mine named Arthur was so kind as to let them peep into a letter which he had received from a very kind and clever uncle, and in which there was a funny account of a poor goat who made his supper of his master's overshoes. Arthur has heard again from his uncle; in fact, he has heard twice. He has lent both the letters to the Post-mistress, to be put in the Post-office Box. In one of them, which will be published after a while, there is another story about Master Johnny's goat, and in the one which you may now read there is a thrilling description of a frog, and a very interesting rooster steps in and makes a bow.

If some of Uncle Will's words are rather long for the little ones who read only in two syllables, will they not ask mamma or sister Bessie to explain them, or get brother Fred to look them out in the dictionary? Though some of the words may be a trifle longer than we are used to seeing in the Post-office Box, I think you will all quite easily find out what they mean. Little Arthur, who is only six, never has a bit of difficulty in understanding his Uncle Will's letters.

SOUTH NORWALK, CONNECTICUT.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—You may be able to steal time enough from your summer occupation of tinting your complexion the color of a roasted berry of Mocha coffee to read something about your grandparents, whom, for the sake of economizing space, I will hereafter allude to as your G. P.'s. Your G. P.'s, as well as myself, were very sorry that your other engagements were such as to prevent your accompanying your mother to South Norwalk. They are counting upon seeing you here in the fall, and will have your room all ready. Drop them a postal card saying in what train you will arrive.

There is a bull-frog who lives in the swamp across the road whom I would like to have you meet. He is shy with strangers. This, however, is partly due, I think, to the fact that some strangely wicked and naughty boys in the neighborhood have been in the habit of throwing stones at froggy, whose name is Mortimer Vere de Vere. This name is, of course, too long to be used except on Sundays and holidays, and so we call him Morty "for short." Morty is very fat; some of his acquaintances, indeed, say that he is so corpulent that he must have the dropsy. But Morty himself says that he isn't near as fat as he looks, and that his skin is very loose, and can be gathered up in folds like that of the English pug-dog. He has a beautiful and glittering green eye, though that is about the only greenness that there is about him, as you would readily believe if you could see, or rather hear, him flop into the water when a strange footstep comes near his villa. A sly rascal is Morty! When he's hungry, and he can't find anything to eat in his mother's pantry, he will squat on a log near his father's front yard and lie there with nothing but his head and mouth and eyes out of the water, apparently fast asleep. Then all the gnats and flies and mosquitoes that live in the swamp will say to each other, "Hello! Morty is asleep; let's tickle his nose, and see how mad it will make him." But as soon as any fly, gnat, or mosquito gets on the end of his nose, Morty opens his mouth and gobbles him, just as Kent will gobble a piece of biscuit. Yesterday Morty made a most delicious lunch of flies, with gnats for *sauce piquant*, and then washed them down with a delightful draught of swamp water, made very rich with mud. Morty has a very peculiar voice. Some people say that it sounds as if he had the chronic asthma together with a cold in the head. Morty himself calls his voice a deep barytone. You can imitate Morty's voice exactly by shutting your teeth together very tight, and then, after rolling the tip of your tongue down your throat as far as you can get it, say, without opening your mouth, "Kl-kl-mmmp." Every evening at sunset Morty establishes himself in a retired and romantic mud-hole near his mother's house, and serenades a young lady frogess who lives on the other side of the swamp (their parents are cruel, and won't let them come any nearer than this). Her name is Ophelia, and she can tell Morty's voice every time, and when he says "Kl-kl-mmmp" in his deep barytone, Ophelia answers "Kl-kl-mmmp" in a fine soprano. All the frogs who live in the swamp are hoping that Mortimer and Ophelia will very soon become engaged, so that it won't be necessary for Mortimer to keep them awake nights by his wooing of Ophelia. A young bull-frog, who is a tremendous swell, and sets up for a wit, came across Mortimer the other evening quite late, as he was serenading the object of his hopeless passion. You would have laughed if you could have seen how mad Mortimer was when the young swell appeared on the scene and patted him on the back.

I have simply time now to tell you about Macbeth; that is the name of your grandpapa's rooster, and he is so named because he murders your grandpapa's sleep. Macbeth is a proud and haughty high-blooded Brahma, with a pedigree that runs back to the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Some of his ancestors were supposed to have come over in the *Mayflower*, and others with C. Columbus when he discovered Hoboken Flats and Gowanus. His original progenitors, however, are, of course, the Brahmins—the Mugwumps, as it were, of the Hindoos. Macbeth stands very tall in and out of his stocking feet, and his crest and gills are as red as is the sky when the sun gets out of bed in the morning and paints it crimson all over. His body is white, with a few black feathers put in for effect. His tail is just like that of a peacock, except that it isn't so long, and has not so many feathers, and is not as handsome. Macbeth has, in a word, a commanding presence, and walks with a Beadle Bumble-like strut that makes all the hens and little chickens look up at him in awe and admiration. You will not be surprised, therefore, to learn that Macbeth is very fond of crowing long, loud, and deep. He is (or rather was) an early riser, and greets each newly risen day with a great crow, as if he himself had been appointed its herald. Your grandpapa, however, says that he's perfectly well capable of judging for himself when a new day takes the bat, as it were, and that he doesn't desire any upstart rooster to set up as an alarm clock for him. Every night, therefore, the rooster is now sequestered in a box in a remote corner of the barn, from whence his crows come dimly, like a ferry whistle through a fog.

Kindly distribute my greeting of love, devotion, affection, esteem, and admiration, as your own native tact and delicacy of judgment, aided by the mental discipline of the Kindergarten, direct, and believe me your most affectionate

UNCLE WILL.

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ARDENIA, NEW YORK.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little boy nine years old. I live in the country all of the time, and enjoy it very much. In winter the river is sometimes closed a long time, and we skate over it very often. I have been amusing myself making this enigma, which is the first one I ever made. If you think it good enough, please publish it in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I will write again some time.

JOHN L. A.

The enigma and letter have each waited a long time, but here they are at last.

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Here is a very lovely letter:

MOUNT HOLLY, VERMONT.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have been wanting to write you a letter for a long time, but mamma has kept telling me you had so many each week you hardly knew what to do with them, so I have waited until now. I wish you could see my papers. I have all the numbers, and now I am going to give part of them to my little friends, and I expect, when they find out what a very nice paper it is, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will have ever so many new subscribers. Perhaps you think I have been very selfish to keep them so long, but if you knew how my dear sister Nenna loved them, and how very happy she used to be when Tuesday came and she got a new one, you would not blame me for keeping every one. I shall not give away any of the numbers she used to read, but I have taken it since she went to heaven, and mine are the ones I am dividing among my school-mates. I live among the hills in Vermont, and it is just lovely here in summer. How I wish some of the little readers of *our paper* could be here now and have a romp with me over the newly mown meadows. I am all alone, and have only my good dog Prinny to go with me. Papa has given me one of his horses for my very own, and I can ride on horseback quite well. We have a large farm, and I have had jolly times riding on the big loads of hay. I am going to school now, and have music lessons besides, and am very busy all the time. I have never been at school much, but study at home. I have ever so many things I want to write you about, but mamma says my letter is long enough. May I write again? MABEL M. A. (9 years old).

Certainly you may.

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GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

I am a little girl eleven years old, but will very soon be twelve. My brother has the bronchitis, so we had to come here and stay, and at present we can't go up the mountains as we intended to. I don't like leaving America at all, but I think this place a very nice one. The hotel is on the lake, and we can see Mont Blanc from our windows. We have been through Germany, Holland, and a little bit of Belgium. I think I like the former the best. In Holland none of our family could speak a word of Dutch, and when we went out driving there we could never tell the man who drove us when to go home, so he would keep us out as long as he liked. We have been to Chillon, at Montreux, and we have seen the place where the prisoner was kept for six years tied by a chain. He walked so much in one place that his footprints are left in the stone. Here is a little poem I wrote about it; will you please print it if you think it good enough? We get this charming paper from England, and I don't think I could do without it. I have two brothers, both older than myself, but no sisters. Will you please tell me where the little English children send their letters? Your loving friend, L. S. B.

They usually send them to Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., 188 Fleet Street, London, the English publishers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, who forward them to Messrs. Harper & Brothers in New York.

I am sorry there is not room for your verses, which I have read with pleasure.

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I wish the dear girl who writes the next letter had not omitted to tell me where she is spending the summer. Postmarks are often indistinct. Please, children, always give your full address in your letters:

I have just been reading in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a little sketch about Saint Claire Pollock. Well, when I am at home I live quite near the place where the little monument stands, and I have been over to see it several times. It is a beautiful resting-place for our hero, General Grant. I am in the country now, and have very nice times. Last Friday afternoon I was in my room lying down, when somebody knocked at the door, and there was Ida C., one of the children who are stopping here for the summer. She told me that my cousin Mamie wanted me in the parlor. I hurried down-stairs, and found Mamie and Edith C. seated at a table writing. I asked them what they wanted, and they said that they wanted me to be in some tableaux they were going to have that evening. We arranged a programme, and asked all the grown folks to please go out of the parlor; then Ida wrote "Private" on a piece of paper and tacked it on the door. First we had *Cinderella* in three acts. The first showed Cinderella sitting by the fire in an old water-proof. The second was the fairy godmother, all dressed in white lace, with a pearl crown,

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and a pink bow on her wand; she touched Cinderella, and behold! the water-proof turned to a lace dress like her own. The third scene was the Prince kneeling at Cinderella's feet and trying on the slipper. Cinderella was my sister Rita, the godmother myself, and Dan P. was the Prince. The next was a recitation by Rita, and then a piano solo by Mamie. Then came more tableaux, recitations, and songs, and we closed by giving the statue of Liberty. Emma F. stood on a chair, draped in American flags, and holding a lighted candle in her hand, while all the rest of the children were grouped about her, some kneeling, some standing, and all singing "Columbia the gem of the ocean," etc. Our audience was composed of sixty people, and we charged five cents each. We received $5 40, and we intend to send it to the Grant Monument Fund.

RUTH DE F. (12 years old).

DERBYSHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—In looking through the Post-office Box of the last monthly part of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I saw a letter from one of our readers asking if the boys could not get up some sort of a club as well as the girls. I think the proposal is a very good one, and I shall be very glad (and I dare say our readers will) if you would choose some sort of a club for us; that is, if the other boys like the idea of getting up a club, or would they rather choose themselves? Please print this as soon as possible, for I want the boy who first made the proposal to see this letter. I remain, dear Postmistress,

TOM C. P.

The Postmistress has a pleasant proposal to make to you all, both boys and girls, and she will soon tell you all about it. It is to be an improvement on the Little Housekeeper's Club, and will take everybody in.

RHINEBECK, NEW YORK.

Rhinebeck is a lovely village, about two miles and a half from the Hudson River, and the scenery is beautiful. I have taken quite a good many drives with my father this summer; he is a physician, and I go with him on his calls. I took a lovely ride with him this morning; it was to a small mountain not far away. The breeze was so cool and fresh, and you could see about five miles up and down the river and the dark blue Catskill Mountains. I found some yellow harvest apples under a tree, and I sat down and ate them and enjoyed the view. I have been on three picnics this year. I am like a little girl whose letter I read in the Post-office Box: I am always writing romances and never finishing them. I am very fond of reading. The "Gypsy" books, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, are my favorite books. Have you read them? I like novels too, but mamma don't like me to read them. I am a very great admirer of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE: I have taken it ever since it was published. This is the first letter I have ever written to it, though I have often begun one. I am afraid this is too long. When I go to New York this winter, I shall come and see the Postmistress if she wants me to. I am afraid the Postmistress will have hard work reading this; I am considered a very poor writer for a girl of fourteen years. I wish I might always stay a little girl. KATIE R.

The Postmistress will be pleased to see Miss Katie. Mamma is very wise, dear. Girls of your age should not so much as open a novel; that is, if by a novel we mean a love story. There are many interesting stories for young girls, which they may read with profit. Miss Phelps, Miss Alcott, Mrs. Lillie, and others have written beautiful books for girls.

ALAKALE LAKE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I stay with my uncle and cousins, and papa stays here also. I have a little brother eight years old. He has not been to school yet. Papa will send him to school when my cousin Emma and I go back. I have not any pets, but my cousins have pet calves, and my brother and I play with them. My uncle has a very gentle cow, and I milk her. My brother milks one too; it is my cousin Lottie's cow. My eldest cousin is raising a little lamb for her aunt; it is very gentle. ANNIE K.

BLOOMINGTON, NEBRASKA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have both HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and *The Youth's Companion;* besides having these to read, I attend school and take music lessons. We have a large brick school-house, and the classes all are graded. Don't think, because it is out West, we have all sod houses. We have a piano, organ, guitar, and violin, but I do not play them all; one is enough for me, and I have to practice more than I want to then. For pets I have only one that is tame, a little collie called Ponto, but there are rabbits that will come right up to the corn cribs sometimes and look at you a minute or two, and then are off, and ever so many pigeons, ground-squirrels, prairie-chickens, quails, and prairie-dogs can be seen in a short drive behind two little Texas ponies. For all the strange sights that the city children see every day—strange to me, at least—I see all these, and many more things I can not tell you about. In place of their crowded streets and large houses built one against the other, we have great fields of grain, and prairies covered with flowers so close you can not put your foot down without crushing some, and some almost as dainty as their hot-house flowers. Instead of long drives and parks, we have a romp in the buffalo-grass or a race on a little pony. I have not learned to ride yet, but I will some day. But the strangest sight of all would be the sod houses and dug-outs that the people live in. They use a sod plough, and, after making the furrows, cut the sod turned over into blocks a foot or eighteen inches long, and then they are laid on each other, just as a brick wall is made, and then they put on brush for the roof. The better ones have a floor and plastered walls, with the plaster put right on the dirt walls. We lived in one for about six months, and were as happy as now. I have lived here seven years, and have seen a great many changes, and all for the better. The older settlers are still called pioneers, and can tell you of herds of buffaloes which have been right over the places where our little towns are built. Even now Texas ponies in herds can be seen going east.

ALTA K. (age 10).

BAR HARBOR, MAINE.

I am a girl ten years old. I live in Maine. We have a farm. I milk the cows every evening, and like to do it very much. We have a great number of chickens. We have a little dog named Jack. The water is too cold to bathe here just now. ANNIE B.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

I thought perhaps some of the readers might like to hear about St. Augustine, as it is the oldest town in the United States, and there are a great many interesting things to be seen here. It was founded in 1565 by the Spaniards. There is a fort here built by them of coquina, which they got on the coast. Coquina is formed of shells, and is found only on this coast. Fort Marion faces St. Augustine Bay, and from the ramparts you can see the Atlantic Ocean. You can see the dungeon where the prisoners were formerly confined. It is under-ground, and is dark, cold, and damp. You have to take torches to get to it, for the passages are so dark. St. Augustine is almost surrounded by water. There is a sea-wall made of coquina. It was built by the Spaniards to keep the water from coming into the city. It is about two feet and a half wide. In the winter it is crowded with visitors going to the barracks to see the dress parade, which is held every afternoon, when the band plays, and the soldiers do their best. St. Augustine is quite a resort for Northerners in the winter, and for Southerners in the summer on account of the delightful sea-breezes. Last winter there were ten thousand strangers here. There are a great many fine hotels here.

JULIET A. C.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

My pets are two dolls and two cats, but I like my books better than anything else. I have a little brother four years old and a sister eight; my brother is very cunning. If I ever go to New York, I will try to go and see you. I am eleven years old. FLOSSIE E. J.

I shall be glad to see you, Flossie.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

I live in New York, but I am visiting my cousins in Hartford. My cousin Flossie is writing this for me, as I am ill and in bed. For my pets I have two dolls, Daisy and Alice, and a very large cat, Jumbo. I have not any sister or brother. I am eight years old. MADELINE A. W.

I hope you are well by this time.

RED BANK, NEW JERSEY.

My sister and I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time, and we think it is a very nice book. We are in the country now, spending the summer. The farm-house is built right on the bank of the Delaware River. We go down to the beach every morning. I feed the chickens almost every morning. The people who have the place have lots of chickens. There is one little hen that had a whole brood of little chickens, but three or four of them died, and we buried them. There are pigs here too. We go to see the cows milked almost every night. I live in Germantown, up in Philadelphia. I always read every letter in the Post-office Box. I think "Rolf House" is a very nice story, and I was sorry when it ended. I like "Into Unknown Seas" very much so far. I think the girls and boys write very nice letters. There is a little boy who lives next door to us and he takes *St. Nicholas*, and we lend each other our books when we are through reading them. I like *St. Nicholas* very much, but I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE still better. This is the first letter I have written to the Postmistress. SALLIE L. (11 years old).

FAIRMOUNT, TENNESSEE.

I am staying here for two weeks, with a friend of mine. She takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it ever so much. My friend has for pets four cats—two Maltese, one black one, and one tiger cat. One Maltese cat is named Nettie Gray, and the other is named Malty Gray. The black one is named Nicodemus, but they sometimes call him Demon. The tiger cat's name is Felix, and he is very odd, and we think that he is the prettiest of them all. When the hammock is down low he will jump in and swing by himself. Malty and Felix are very affectionate. There are also several other pets, including two black ponies named Dot and Dandy. We have lots of fun riding them. They are very spirited, and we almost live in the saddle. Both of us are making crazy quilts. My friend's summer home is about ten miles from the city of Chattanooga. It has about 26,000 inhabitants. Lookout Mountain is south of Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge on the east, and Walden's Ridge on the north and west. Our school will begin about the last of September. MAUD L. (aged 13).

WASHINGTON, D. C.

This is my first letter to you. I have taken the paper since October last. Mamma reads it to me. I like Jimmy Brown's stories and "Into Unknown Seas" very much. I have had two pet kittens and a little dog. One little kitty was caught in a closing door and killed. Another disappeared; I never knew what became of her. Then papa gave my dog away, for fear it would bite me, so now I have no pets. I have a great many toys and books. I like books better than toys. Isn't it nice to have stories read to one? I go to Sunday-school. I have a very dear teacher, who teaches us in an interesting manner. I am six years old. Mamma wrote this for me.

Your little friend, WILLIE C. A.

I think it is charming to have a kind mamma read stories to a little boy, who will by-and-by pay her back by reading to her when she is tired.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

TWO CHARADES.

1.—My first is a vowel; my second is useful to housekeepers. My whole is a tropical fruit.

2.—My first is a kind of ladder; my second is an apartment; my third is dearly loved. My whole is seen every day. O. J. G.

### No. 2.

DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. A fragment. 3. A kind of boat. 4. Obtained. 5. A letter. GWENDOLINE.

2.—1. A letter. 2. Part of the body. 3. A great poet. 4. An age. 5. A letter. EUREKA.

### No. 3.

A WORD SQUARE—(To S. T. Erling).

1. A bird of prey. 2. A foreigner. 3. A man of great size. 4. A musical direction. 5. To come in. EUREKA.

### No. 4.

ENIGMA.

My first is in you, but not in me.
My second in grass, but not in tree.
My third is in new, but not in old.
My fourth in courage, but not in bold.
My fifth is in till, but not in plough.
My sixth is in bush, but not in bough.
My seventh in lead, but not in follow.
My eighth in take, but not in borrow.
My ninth is in tin, but not in lead.
My tenth in mattress, but not in bed.
My eleventh in chain, but not in rope.
My twelfth in brig, but not in boat.
And my whole is a river in Asia.

JOHN L. ARDEN.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 303.

No. 1.—

C a P
R. A.
Y aw L
S enn A
T acti C
A rachn E
L(ell).

No. 2.—Sunday.

No. 3.—1. Breakfast. 2. Demonstration.

No. 4.—Task. Tart.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Sunflower, Emma St. C. Whitney, Margaret Dougall, U. P. B., F. J., Willie Pell, A. Cecil Perry, Jun., Elizabeth Farrington Cockade City, Eureka, Belle Fordham, Imogene Wells, Lydia Jenkins, Streeter Winthrop, Earle Sanford, Gene Hosmer, T. C. L., Louis Radfno, Emilie Brandt, and Minnie D. McFarren.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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MARGERY (*to her Nurse, who had previously told her the name of the "great water"*). "Please, Nurse, det me some Atlantit Ocean to wash my Dollie in."

## WRENS NESTING.

A PAIR of house wrens selected the oddest place imaginable for the site of their mansion. It was on the top of a barn-swallow's nest.

For a day or two something had prevented my usual visits to the swallows, when my brother, with mock gravity, informed me that a great calamity had befallen my favorites—that a pair of tiny wrens had made war upon them, and the swallows (a dozen or more), with everything at stake, had made an inglorious retreat, and had taken up their quarters in a grain barn near at hand. I at once repaired to the scene of disaster, and found the tiny victors the undisputed possessors of the premises. They had already commenced to rear their mansion, having taken a swallow's nest, eggs and all, for the foundation of their own structure.

The sprightly little housewife darted an angry look out of her bright eyes at me, and no doubt contemplated driving me as she had the swallows. But I was not to be intimidated: she should either go on with her work, with myself as witness, or give up the site she had taken. The male, less suspicious than the female, continued his work. They came through a knot-hole in the side of the stable with all their building material, and then, empty-mouthed, flew out of the open window. They had, no doubt, in the first place, come in at this hole and chased the swallows out of the window, and so they continued to the end as they had commenced.

The female at first refused to place the sticks she brought, but dropping them on the hay, would fly close to me in a spiteful way, and then pass out of the window. At last she concluded to go on with the work, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the nest completed. It was built close up to the roof, only space enough left for them to enter.*

* From *Home Studies in Nature*. By MARY TREAT. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



MERMAIDS AT TENNIS—"PLAY!"

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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 307. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1885.
Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



# "BAA! BAA!"

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

## BAA THE FIRST.

THEY didn't look at all like heroines, those two shabby little girls, as they trotted down the hill, leaving a cloud of dust behind them. Their bare feet were scratched and brown, their hands were red with

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berry stains, and their freckled faces shone with heat under the flapping sun-bonnets. But Patty and Tilda were going to do a fine piece of work, although they did not know it then, and were very full of their own small affairs as they went briskly toward the station to sell berries.

The tongues went as fast as the feet, for this was a great expedition, and both were much excited about it.

"Don't they look lovely?" said Tilda, proudly surveying her sister's load as she paused to change a heavy pail from one arm to the other.

"Perfectly de—licious! I know folks will buy 'em, if we ain't too scared to offer 'em," answered Patty, stopping also to settle the two dozen little birch baskets full of red raspberries which she carried, prettily set forth on an old waiter, trimmed with scarlet bunch-berries, white everlasting, and green leaves.

"I sha'n't be. I'll go right along and holler real loud—see if I don't. I'm bound to have our books and boots for next winter, so just keep thinking how nice they'll be, and push ahead," said stout-hearted Tilda, the leader of the expedition.

"Hurry up. I want to have time to sprinkle the posies, so they'll look fresh when the train comes. I hope there'll be lots of children in it; they always want to eat, ma says."

"It was real meen of Elviry Morris to go and offer to sell cheaper up to the hotel than we did, and spoil our market. Guess she'll wish she'd thought of this when we tell what we've done down here;" and both children laughed with satisfaction as they trudged along, never minding the two hot, dusty miles they had to go.

The station was out of the village, and the long trains carrying summer travellers to the mountains stopped there once a day to meet the stages for different places. It was a pleasant spot, with a great pond on one side, deep forests on the other, and in the distance glimpses of gray peaks or green slopes inviting the weary city people to come and rest.

Every one seemed glad to get out during the ten minutes' pause, even if their journey was not yet ended, and while they stood about enjoying the fresh air from the pond, or watching the stages load up, Tilda and Patty planned to offer their tempting little baskets of fresh fruit and flowers. It was a great effort, and their hearts beat high with childish hope and fear as they came in sight of the station, with no one about but the jolly stage-drivers lounging in the shade.

"Plenty of time. Let's go to the pond and wash off the dust and get a drink. Folks won't see us behind those cars," said Tilda, glad to slip out of sight till the train arrived, for even her courage seemed to ooze away as the important moment approached.

A long cattle train stood on a side track waiting for the other one to pass, and while the little girls splashed their feet in the cool water, or drank from their hands, a pitiful sound filled the air. Hundreds of sheep, closely packed in the cars and suffering agonies from dust and heat and thirst, thrust their poor noses through the bars, bleating frantically, for the sight of all that water, so near yet so impossible to reach, drove them wild. Those further down the track, who could not see the blue lake, could smell it, and took up the cry till the woods echoed with it, and even the careless drivers said, with a glance of pity, "Hard on the poor critters this hot day, ain't it?"

"Oh, Tilda, hear 'em baa, and see 'em crowd this side to get at the water! Let's take 'em some in our pickin' dishes. It's so dreadful to be dry," said tender-hearted Patty, filling her pint cup, and running to offer it to the nearest pathetic nose outstretched to meet it. A dozen thirsty tongues tried to lap it, and in the struggle the little cup was soon emptied; but Patty ran for more, and Tilda did the same, both getting so excited over the distress of the poor creatures that they never heard the far-off whistle of their train, and continued running to and fro on their errand of mercy, careless of their own weary feet, hot faces, and the precious flowers withering in the sun.

They did not see a party of people sitting near by under the trees, who watched them and listened to their eager talk with smiling interest.

"Run, Patty; this poor little one is half dead. Throw some water in his face while I make this big one stop walking on him. Oh dear! there are so many! We can't help half, and our mugs are so small!"

"I know what I'll do, Tilda—tip out the berries into my apron, and bring up a nice lot at once," cried Patty, half beside herself with pity.

"It will spoil your apron and mash the berries, but never mind. I don't care if we don't sell one if we can help these poor dear lammies," answered energetic Tilda, dashing into the pond up to her ankles to fill the pail, while Patty piled up the fruit in her plaid apron.

"Oh, my patience me! the train is coming!" cried Patty, as a shrill shriek woke the echoes, and an approaching rumble was heard.

"Let it come. I won't leave this sheep till it's better. You go and sell the first lot; I'll come as quick as I can," commanded Tilda, so busy reviving the animal that she could not stop even to begin the cherished new plan.

"I don't dare go alone; you come and call out, and I'll hold the waiter," quavered poor Patty, looking sadly scared as the long train rolled by with a head at every window.

"Don't be a goose. Stay here and work, then; I'll go and sell every basket. I'm so mad about these poor things, I ain't afraid of anybody," cried Tilda, with a last refreshing splash among the few favored sheep, as she caught up the tray and marched off to the platform, a very hot, wet, shabby little girl, but with a breast full of the just indignation and tender pity that go to redress half the wrongs of this great world.

"Oh, mamma, see the pretty baskets! do buy some. I'm so thirsty and tired," exclaimed more than one eager little traveller, as Tilda held up her tray, crying, bravely, "Fresh berries! fresh berries! ten cents! only ten cents!"

They were all gone in ten minutes, and if Patty had been with her, the pail might have been half emptied before the train left. But the other little Samaritan was hard at work, and when her sister joined her, proudly displaying a handful of silver, she was prouder still to show her woolly invalid feebly nibbling grass from her hand.

"We might have sold every one; folks liked 'em ever so much, and next time we'll have two dozen baskets apiece. But we'll have to be spry, for some of the children fuss about picking out the one they like. It's real fun, Patty," said Tilda, tying up the precious dimes in a corner of her dingy little handkerchief.

"So's this," answered the other, with a last loving pat of her patient's nose, as the train began to move, and car after car of suffering sheep passed them with plaintive cries and vain efforts to reach the blessed water of which they were in such dreadful need.

Poor Patty couldn't bear it; she was hot, tired, and unhappy because she could do so little, and when her pitying eyes lost sight of that load of misery, she sat down and cried.

But Tilda scolded as she carefully put the unsold berries back into the pail, still unconscious of the people behind the elder bushes by the pond.

"That's the wickedest thing that ever was, and I just wish I was a man, so I could see about it. I'd put all the railroad folks in those cars, and keep 'em there hours and hours and hours, going by ponds all the time, and I'd have ice cream, too, where they couldn't get a bit, and lots of fans, and other folks all cool and comfortable, never caring how hot and tired and thirsty they were. Yes, I would! and then we'd see how *they* liked it."

Here indignant Tilda had to stop for breath, and refreshed herself by sucking berry juice off her fingers.

"We *must* do something about it. I can't be happy

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to think of those poor lammies going so far without any water. It's awful to be dry," sobbed Patty, drinking her own tears as they fell.

"If I had a hose I'd come every day and hose all over the cars; that would do some good. Anyway, we'll bring the other big pail, and water all we can," said Tilda, whose active brain was always ready with a plan.

"Then we sha'n't sell our berries," began Patty, despondently, for all the world was saddened to her just then by the sight she had seen.

"We'll come earlier, and both work real hard till our train is in. Then I'll sell, and you go on watering with both pails. It's hard work, but we can take turns. What ever shall we do with all these berries? The under ones are smashed, so we'll eat 'em; but these are nice, only who will buy 'em?" And Tilda looked soberly at the spoiled apron and the four quarts of raspberries picked with so much care in the hot sun.

"I will," said a pleasant voice, and a young lady came out from the bushes, just as the good fairy appears to the maidens in old tales.

Both little girls started and stared, and were covered with confusion when other heads popped up, and a stout gentleman came toward them, smiling so good-naturedly that they were not afraid.

"We are having a picnic in the woods, and would like these nice berries for our supper, if you want to sell them," said the lady, holding out a pretty basket.

"Yes, ma'am, we do. You can have 'em all. They're a little mashed, so we won't ask but ten cents a quart, though we expected to get twelve," said Tilda, who was a real Yankee, and had an eye to business.

"What do you charge for watering the sheep?" asked the stout gentleman, looking kindly at Patty, who at once retired into the depths of her sun-bonnet, like a snail into its shell.

"Nothing, sir. Wasn't it horrid to see those poor things? That's what made her cry. She's real tender-hearted, and she couldn't bear it, so we let the berries go, and did what we could," answered Tilda, with such an earnest little face that it looked pretty in spite of tan and freckles and dust.

"Yes, it was very sad, and we must see about it. Here's something to pay for the berries, also for the water," and the gentleman threw a bright half-dollar into Tilda's lap and another into Patty's, just as if he was used to tossing money about in that delightful manner.

The little girls didn't know what to say to him, but they beamed at every one, and surveyed the pretty silver pieces as if they were very precious in their sight.

"What will you do with them?" asked the lady, in the friendly sort of voice that always gets a ready answer.

"Oh, we are saving up to buy books and rubber boots, so we can go to school next winter. We live two miles from school, and wear out lots of boots, and get colds when it's wet. We had *pewmonia* last spring, and ma said we *must* have rubber boots, and we might earn 'em in berry time," said Tilda, eagerly.

"Yes, and *she's* real smart, and *she's* going to be promoted, and *must* have new books, and they cost so much, and ma ain't rich, so we get 'em ourselves," added sister Patty, forgetting bashfulness in sisterly pride.

"That's brave. How much will it take for the boots and the books?" asked the lady, with a glance at the old gentleman, who was eating berries out of her basket.

"As much as five dollars, I guess. We want to get a shawl for ma, so she can go to meetin'. It's a secret, and we pick every day real hard, 'cause berries don't last long," said Tilda, wisely.

"*She* thought of coming down here. We felt so bad about losing our place at the hotel, and didn't know what to do, till Tilda made this plan. I think it's a splendid one;" and Patty eyed her half-dollar with immense satisfaction.

"Don't spoil the plan, Alice. I'm passing every week while you are up here, and I'll see to the success of the affair," said the old gentleman, with a nod, adding, in a louder tone,

"These are very fine berries, and I want you to take four quarts every other day to Miller's farm over there. You know the place?"

"Yes, sir! yes, sir!" cried two eager voices, for the children felt as if a rain of half-dollars was about to set in.

"I come up every Saturday and go down Monday, and I shall look out for you here, and you can water the sheep as much as you like. They need it, poor beasts," added the old gentleman.

"We will, sir! we will!" cried the children, with faces so full of innocent gratitude and good-will that the young lady stooped and kissed them both.

"Now, my dear, we must be off, and not keep our friends waiting any longer," said the old gentleman, turning toward the heads still bobbing about behind the bushes.

"Good-by, good-by. We won't forget the berries and the sheep," called the children, waving the stained apron like a banner, and showing every white tooth in the beaming smiles they sent after these new friends.

"Nor I my lambs," said Alice to herself, as she followed her father to the boat.

"What will ma say when we tell her and show her this heap of money?" exclaimed Tilda, pouring the dimes into her lap, and rapturously chinking the big half-dollars before she tied them all up again.

"I hope we sha'n't be robbed going home. You'd better hide it in your breast, else some one might see it," said Patty, oppressed by the responsibility of so much wealth.

"There goes the boat!" cried Tilda. "Don't it look lovely? Those are the nicest folks I ever saw."

"She's perfectly elegant. I'd like a white dress and a hat just like that. When she kissed me, the long feather was as soft as a bird's wing on my cheeks, and her hair was all curling round like the picture we cut out of the paper;" and Patty gazed after the boat as if this little touch of romance in her hard-working life was delightful to her.

"They must be awful rich, to want so many berries. We shall have to fly round to get enough for them and the car folks too. Let's go right off now to that thick place we left this morning, else Elviry may get ahead of us," said practical Tilda, jumping up, ready to make hay while the sun shone. But neither of them dreamed what a fine crop they were to get in that summer, all owing to their readiness in answering that pitiful Baa! baa!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# TWO ARROWS:*

## A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

### CHAPTER VIII.

### WATER! WATER!

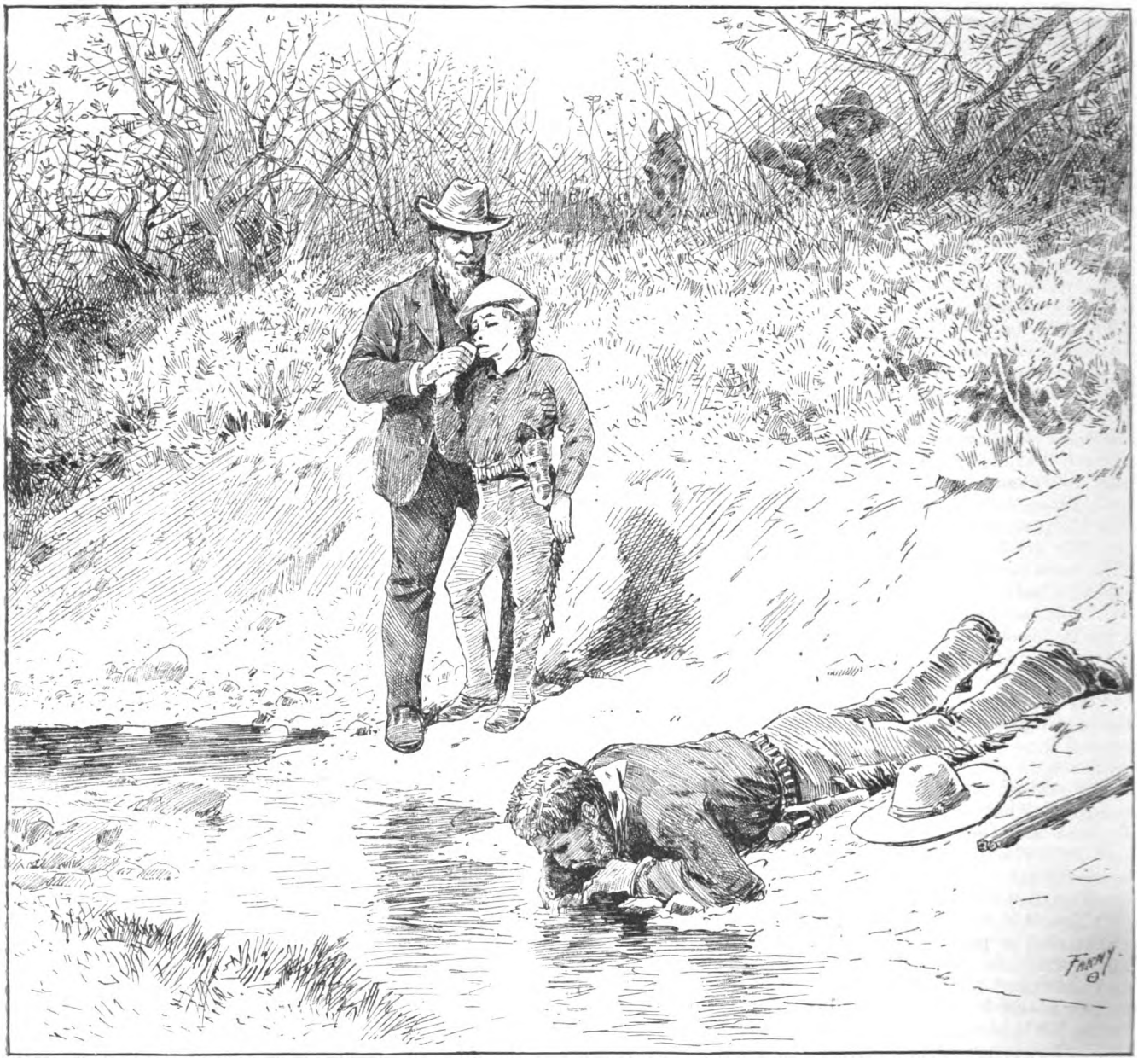
BY the time the band of Nez Percés was well on its way, the Big Tongue had persuaded himself that the movement was in large part a following of his own advice. He felt very free to say as much in the presence of several squaws. He even ruffled up and looked large when Na-tee-kah laughed and turned away her head.

"Kill cow same way," said she; "Two Arrows kill him first, then Big Tongue. Great brave!"

Big Tongue turned upon her almost fiercely, exclaiming, "Squaw no talk!"

* Begun in No. 368, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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"'THERE ISN'T ANYTHING ELSE QUITE SO GOOD AS WATER.'"

"Big Tongue keep still. Squaw-boy beat him. Big Tongue shoot arrows into dead cow. Ha-ha-pah-no not afraid of squaw-brave."

Ha-ha-pah-no had a tongue and a reputation for it, and the Big Tongue did not threaten her any more. Too many squaws and girls joined in the laugh against him. Perhaps the fact that Ha-ha-pah-no had a husband over six feet high had something to do with it, and that Na-tee-kah was the only daughter of Long Bear. It was not safe to quarrel overmuch with either of them. They were almost as safe as a large dog is if he is known to be quick-tempered. Nobody kicks him.

There was an attempt made at pretty fast travelling, for all the wise warriors knew that the tramp across the mountains must be a hard one, however good the trail might be, and there were a good many very sober faces among them. They had lost their horses and their dogs, and now they were leaving behind them a great many other things, and they felt as if hard times had come. Starvation is a very severe school-master.

So, for that matter, is thirst, even if provisions are plentiful, and Sile Parks learned a great lesson of endurance that day. His father had not uttered a word of complaint. Yellow Pine had not murmured, and when Sile said to him,

"All the men seem to stand it the very best kind," he had all but contemptuously replied:

"Them? Why, every soul on 'em's an old mountain man. Not a greenhorn or a tenderfoot among 'em. You won't catch one on 'em a-whimperin', not if they die for it."

So there were other men besides red Indians who were able to suffer and be silent, and Sile tried hard to be that kind of man, but long before sunset he felt as if he were choking.

The mountains to the westward loomed up larger and less cloudily as the worn-out teams were urged forward. The trail pointed steadily toward them, and Yellow Pine unhesitatingly asserted that they were on the right track.

"No mistake about it, Jedge. It ain't no common cross-prairie trail. It's one of their old migration tracks. They've been a-treadin' of it sence the year one."

The "year one" was a good while ago, but a good deal of hard tramping by many bisons year after year had been

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required to make that ancient cattle path. No grass had grown upon it for nobody could guess how many generations, and it was likely to be in the way of ploughing whenever that plain should be turned into farming land.

The greatest care was taken of the animals, those in the traces being taken out and changed frequently, and at last all the riders dismounted and led their horses. Yellow Pine every now and then went around to see how things were looking, and Sile went with him.

"They'll stan' it, every critter of 'em," he said, repeatedly. "They're all good stock—good condition. I picked 'em out."

"Your mare is the ugliest in the lot," said Sile.

"Best, though. Outwalk, outrun, and outstarve any critter in the outfit, 'cepting me."

"Can you outtravel a horse?"

"Course I can—most horses. I don't know 'bout the old mare. She can outtravel anything. She's good-tempered, too; knows just when it's the right time to kick and break things. Oh, but can't she tear, though!"

He looked at her affectionately, as if her very temper were one of her virtues, and she glanced back at him, showing the whites of her eyes in a way that indicated anything but a placid mind.

"She's always riley when she doesn't get plenty to drink," said Pine, "but she hasn't kicked once in all this. Knows it isn't any fault of mine. We'll git there, old lady. Don't you go off the handle."

Another hour and the mountains were very tall, and looked cool, and seemed to promise all sorts of things.

"The mines we are after are in among 'em," said Judge Parks to his son. "Our trip across the plains has been a quick one; all the quicker for this push."

"Hope there'll be a good spring of water right in the edge of them," said Sile, but his voice was huskier than ever, and he was struggling against a feeling of faintness.

"Poor fellow!" said the Judge to himself. "I mustn't say too much to him. It's an awful time for me."

So it was, for every now and then the thought would come to him, "What if, after all, we should not find water when we get there?"

The sun sank lower and lower, and at last Yellow Pine stood still and leaned against his mare, pointing forward.

"Jedge! Jedge!—there they are!"

"What is it, Pine?"

"Them there mesquite scrubs. I was just a-beginning to say to myself, what if I'd mistook the lay of the land, and there they are. I went through 'em last spring was a year ago. It's all right!"

The men tried hard to cheer, but it was of no manner of use. All they could do was to plod on and drag their horses after them. The teams in the wagons halted again and again, panting and laboring, and every slight roll of the plain was a tremendous obstacle, but all was overcome, inch by inch.

Yellow Pine had evidently felt his responsibility as guide more deeply than he had been willing to confess. He led on now with his mouth open and panting, for he had given his own last ration of water to Sile Parks, and was thirstier than the rest of them. So, for that matter, had Sile's father, but some men suffer more from thirst than others, and the Judge had held out remarkably. Just inside the range of mesquites Yellow Pine stopped short.

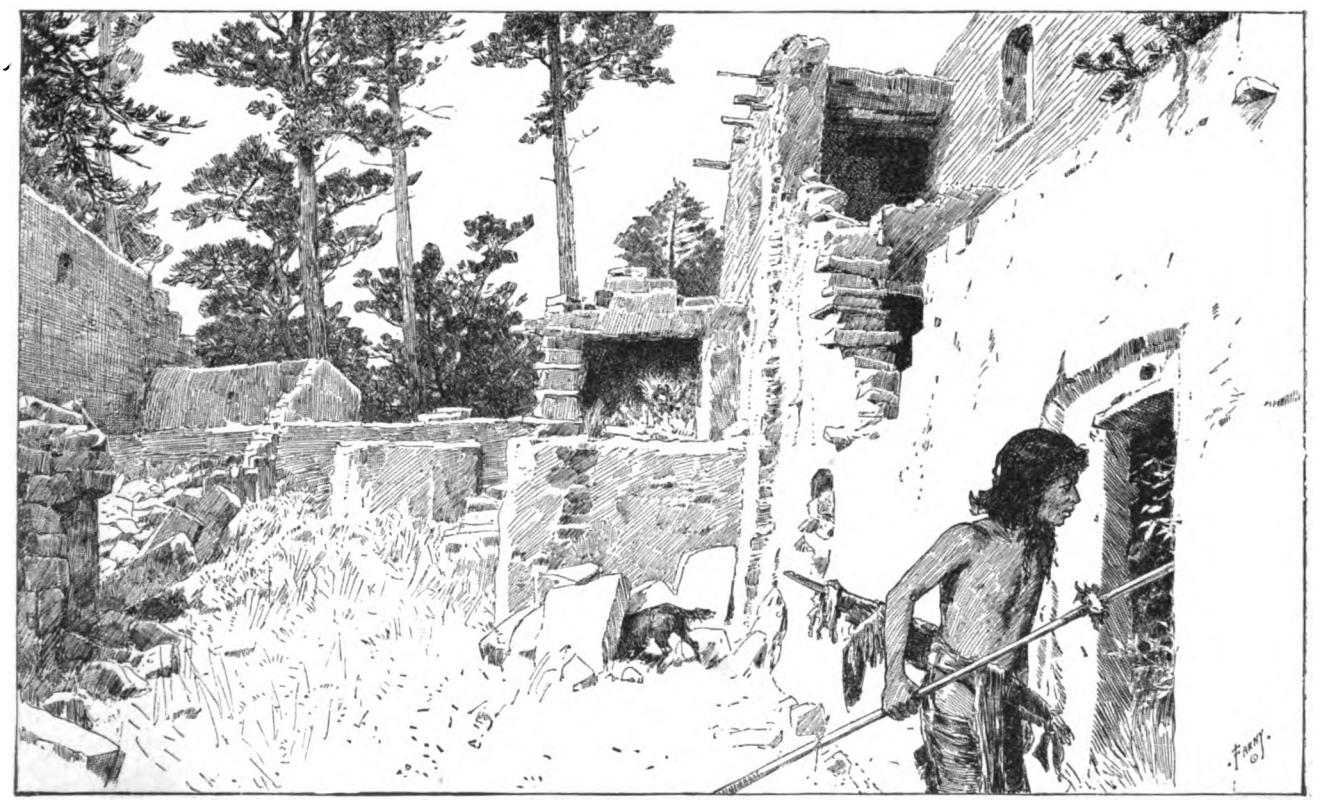
"Buffler been killed here inside of two days," he exclaimed. "Must be Indians nigh, somewhere. Keep an eye out, boys."

It was no time for any caution that included delay, and he walked on like a man who knew exactly where he was, and all followed him, the men cutting away the bushes here and there to let the wagons pass more easily. On, on, until at last Yellow Pine reached the spring.

"Here it is," he said, faintly, and then he lay down by it and began to drink slowly, using his hand for a cup.

"Boys," said Judge Parks, "be careful how you drink too much at first. Take it easy. Sponge the mouths of the horses, and then let them have a little at a time. Sile, my poor boy, come with me."

Sile was making a tremendous effort. He had been



TWO ARROWS EXPLORES THE RUINS.

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doing it all day. He almost wanted to cry when he saw that spring of water. Then he wanted to laugh, but his mouth was too dry for that. All he could do was to smile in a sickly sort of way and take the cup his father held out to him. There was only a little water in the bottom of it.

"Oh, father, give me some more."

"Not yet, Sile. Sit right down and wait till you get the effect of that. Hold it in your mouth before you swallow it. I don't mean to let you kill yourself."

"Aha! But isn't it good? There isn't anything else quite so good as water."

"That's a fact, Sile, but it's like a great many other good things—you don't know the value of it until you've had to go without it."

A full hour was spent in getting men and animals ready to drink without injury, and Yellow Pine at last declared, triumphantly,

"Jedge, we've won the riffle; we won't lose a hoof. All the men are doing first-rate too. This 'ere's my old campin' ground, but there's been an Indian camp here since sun-up."

"How do you know that, Pine?"

"Found live fire. There hasn't been any dew on it to put it out. What's more, they've gone on into the mountains. Hunting party. We're all right, Jedge."

Sile drank well at last, under his father's direction, and then he felt like eating something. After that it seemed to him as if the whole world had only been made as a good place to sleep in. He did not care whether the tents were pitched or not. All he wanted was a piece of ground large enough to lie on and a blanket, and he was ready to sleep as soundly and silently as if he had been one of the mountains which raised their shadowy heads into the light of the rising moon.

## Chapter IX.

### INTO A NEW WORLD.

Two Arrows wiped the blood of the cougar from the blade of his lance. He was glad it was a good lance. His father had traded a pony for it, as he well knew, with a Mexican, years before that, and it was no ordinary weapon. He had chosen it from among half a dozen as the very thing with which to do something uncommon, and now it had proved its value.

One-eye had lain down close to the dead body of the cougar, as if watching him for any returning signs of life. If that great cat had quivered, there was a dog ready to shake the quiver out of him.

"It's all good meat," said Two Arrows, "but what shall I do with it?"

There was but one answer to that question. He took off the skins of both animals, cut them up as well as he could, carried all the meat he did not need at once to a cool place among the rocks, piled stones over it, and left it. He had no ice-house, and that was the best he could do; but he made a fire, and ate plentifully of antelope venison, and of what the Western men call "painter meat." It was hard for him to say which he liked the best. Then he took a bit of charcoal and made his mark upon the rocks where he buried his game. He was immensely proud of his right to do that. He scored two very large and distinct arrows, heaped on some more heavy stones, shouted to One-eye, and again pushed forward. His exploring trip was already brimming full of glory and adventure, and he was ready to fight all the cougars in the mountains.

Hunting was over for that day, and so much time had been consumed that Two Arrows felt like running to make it up. The great gorge widened until its broken walls stretched away to the right and left, and the eager-hearted explorer came out from among the scattered rocks at a point from which he could suddenly see a great deal. Away beyond and below him spread such a scene as he could hardly have hoped for, and yet which can be found in hundreds of places all over the mountain country of the American continent.

It was a great, deep, grassy, well-wooded, well-watered valley, the very home of game and a sure promise of all comfort to a hunter. How far it might reach to the westward no eye could tell, for the prospect was bounded by other mountains, and there were plain tokens that a considerable stream ran through the middle of it.

"Much water, perhaps," said Two Arrows. "Must go somewhere. Find out some day."

The idea of a river suggested the other idea that it could be followed until an ambitious boy could ascertain where it went to. All that was swallowed up at once by the immediate desire to get down upon that green grass and among those trees. One-eye had seen the valley, but was inclined to stick closely at the side of his master.

The road tramped by the bison herds did not wind much as it went on down toward the level ground, but it lazily picked out the easiest slopes and turned the corners of the great rocks on good curves. As Two Arrows and his faithful companion wound around one of these curves, almost at the bottom of the long descent, they suddenly came upon a discovery that startled them. Even the dog pricked up his ears and began to growl, and Two Arrows stepped quickly back behind the rock. He had never been in a white man's village, but he had seen a fort and a few houses around it, and he had seen the houses of Mexican Indians and some others, built of "adobe," or sun-burned brick. He was not, therefore, a judge of such matters, and what he saw filled him with astonishment.

"Pale-face lodge. Good many. Very bad. What can he do now?"

He peered silently forth for several minutes, but not a human being was in sight. There were no other signs of life, no curling smoke, no barking dogs, no cattle, nothing but scattered structures of stone. These must have been put there by somebody, but it began to look as if whoever had built them had gone to some other hunting ground.

Two Arrows noted everything with eyes that grew more brilliant in their swift and searching glances. There could hardly be any danger in such a solitude as that, but the occasion required caution, and the young "brave" made his advances from cover to cover as if there were eyes in every stone of those houses. One-eye crept at his side with his head and tail up, very much as if there had been game ahead. It was a curious piece of business. The nearer they drew to the objects of their curiosity, the safer and lonelier became the appearance of all things. Some of the stone walls had tumbled down, and not one of them had a roof over it of any sort. That was nothing to Two Arrows. For all he knew, there were tribes of cunning and wicked pale-faces who built their lodges without roofs. If the world contained anything cunning and wicked and dangerous, in the mind of Two Arrows it was a pale-face.

He now at last felt confidence and courage to actually crawl through an opening of one of those walls, and look around him. It was one great empty room, strewn with bits of stone, and growing thickly here and there were grass and tall weeds.

"Nobody here for ever so long," had already been his conclusion, and he was thoroughly satisfied of it now. He arose and walked around and looked at things in that and in every other house. Some of them had windows so high up as to prove that they must have had two or even three stories in some old time when people used them, but those were "signs" that Two Arrows could not read. The main thing to him was that he was still all alone and in perfect safety. If the wisest white man in the world had been there with him, he could not have formed an idea by whom those houses were constructed. Just such ruins have been found in many places among

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the valleys of the Western mountains, and all that learned people can yet do is to guess how they came to be there. The houses did not come up like so many mushrooms, and beyond that they have almost nothing to say for themselves. Two Arrows had no further questions to ask, and One-eye had searched nooks and corners with a care that had been duly rewarded: he had captured a fine fat rabbit, and he brought it to his master as a sort of token.

Two Arrows picked up the rabbit and walked out to what had been the door of that house. He looked away off into the valley, and saw another token that he was alone in that part of it: no less than three gangs of deer were feeding quietly not more than half a mile away.

Right past the group of old ruins ran a dancing brook of cool, pure water from the mountains, and a better place to camp in could not have been imagined. It was evidently safe to build a fire and to cook the rabbit, but for more perfect safety Two Arrows made his blaze on a spot where some old walls prevented the light of it from being seen at too great a distance. After his supper was eaten there came over him a feeling that he had seen and done altogether too much for one boy in one day. He had come out into a sort of new world through a cleft in the mountains, and he did not know that precisely the same thing happens to every boy in the world who makes up his mind to be something. The boys who are contented not to be anything do not have much of a world to live in, anyhow, poor fellows; they only hang around and eat and wear clothes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BASE-BALL AND ITS PLAYERS.

BY N. P. BABCOCK.

I HEARD a boy say the other day that he knew why the professionals played base-ball so much better than other people. "It's because," said he, "they soak their hands in alum-water, and make 'em so hard the ball don't hurt." He said he had tried it, and knew it was a good thing.

Now, however that may be, I think most sensible boys will agree with me that the true reason for the excellence of these paid players is found in the fact that base-ball playing is their business. Just as a clown can make funnier faces than anybody else, or as a politician can make longer and more curious speeches than any other man, distortion of features and language being their respective trades, so can the professional ball-player play the game better than anybody else. He has been educated and trained for the business.

The scientific education and training of base-ball players began, if I remember rightly, about fifteen or sixteen years ago, but at no time has the standard for excellence been so high as it is to-day. A base-ball player of a dozen years back would stand about the same chance of passing a successful examination for admission into one of the League nines to-day as a bright member of the Primary Department would stand of getting into Harvard or Yale College. Of course, as most boys know, the greatest revolution that has been made in the art of base-ball playing consists in the change that has been made in the delivery of the ball by the pitcher. Indeed, the pitcher of to-day is not a pitcher at all; it seems to me he ought to be called the "hurler" or the "catapult." Formerly the ball was delivered with an underhand toss or pitch, but now it is thrown, and the swifter the better. This change has brought to the front some very remarkable ball-players, whose deeds must excite the envy and admiration of the best players of the old days.

William Ewing is the catcher of the New York League Nine. Doubtless many of my young readers saw a picture of him in the act of sliding in at the home plate which was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY on August 22. It represented him extended at full length upon his stomach, with the tips of his fingers just touching the home plate. He had made what is known as a "dive," sliding face downward for a distance of ten feet, and had succeeded in scoring the only run that was made in that game. He is a pleasant-featured young athlete, and talks most intelligently about the game which is his trade in life. I told him that the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE were anxious to learn something about base-ball from the lips of a genuine professional player, and he said he would be only too glad to tell them all that they wanted to know.

"No," said he, in answer to my question; "a man can not learn to play ball in a week or a month. It takes a man from two to five years at professional ball-playing, that is, making a business of it, before he can get into a League club, and some men can never get in. I think I can truly say that the League members are the pick and flower of the ball-players of this country. There are between three hundred and four hundred professional base-ball men in the United States, but only about one hundred are in the League nines. The catchers and pitchers generally receive the largest pay, as indeed they should, their positions being much the hardest in the field. A good catcher and a good pitcher are invaluable to a club.

"There are eight clubs in the National League, namely, New York, Chicago, Providence, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, and St. Louis, and as each club is obliged to play sixteen games with each one of the other clubs, it makes the total of games played by every club in the League during the season one hundred and twelve.

"The season begins on May 1, but we are obliged to spend the month of April in playing practice games, so that we are continually employed from the 1st of April until the end of October.

"Each club has a manager, board of directors, and other officers to attend to all outside business details, and a captain, picked from the nine players, who is in absolute control on the ball field. In addition to the salary which we receive, all our travelling and hotel expenses are paid by the business manager. As a rule, League players find it better to rest in the winter, giving their arms a good long quiet spell, than to attempt to keep in active practice. Some players, to be sure, go South and play with winter clubs; but I find—and many of my companions tell me the same thing—that a complete rest from the 1st of November until the 1st of April enables me to begin the season in better condition than if I had been at work during that time.

"These men find it a good plan to work in the gymnasium during the winter months in order to keep their muscles hard, but any man who has played in a League nine for two or three seasons has no need for this exercise. The interval between the last game of one year and the first practice game of the next year is not long enough to throw him out of condition, unless he abuses himself during that period, and whatever the temptation, few really good professional ball-players dissipate in any way. Perfect health is necessary in their business, and they can not afford to take risks of breaking themselves down. Of course we gain a little in flesh during the winter, but that is all worn off and our hands freshly toughened by the practice games in April."

I asked Mr. Ewing how most of the players occupied themselves during their long vacation, and was surprised to learn that so many of the professional ball-players are married men with families, and very willing to lead quiet domestic lives during five months in the year.

"A few of the most expert pitchers and catchers," continued the famous ball-player, "occupy themselves in winter by instructing college boys in the science of the game, and a few others are engaged in studying some profession, law or medicine, or something of that sort, which they can fall back upon when their base-ball-playing days are over."

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Just think of this, boys! How an ex-pitcher—Welch, of the New York Nine, for instance—*would* throw the pills at a patient should he in future years become a doctor!

I asked Captain Ward, of the New York Club, to tell me something about the rules that governed players, and I think you will all be surprised to learn how strict and severe they are. Every player before joining a club is obliged to sign a written contract, which reads like a lawyer's brief, so full is it of "saids" and "aforesaids."

In the first place, the player is made to promise in writing that he will "yield a cheerful obedience to all directions that may be given him by any officer, manager, or field captain of the club." Then he is compelled to declare that he will "play base-ball at home and elsewhere at all times with the utmost of his skill and ability." He is next made to agree that if he is found "guilty of drunkenness, gambling in any form, insubordination, or any dishonorable or disreputable conduct," he shall be discharged without further notice. He must also promise to submit himself to medical examination as often as his superior officers desire, to keep himself thoroughly posted concerning all the rules of base-ball now in force or which may be adopted, and shall be ready to play on all week-days from the 1st of April until the 1st of November.

In addition to all this, he must agree that if he is taken sick, or is by any reason prevented from playing ball, he shall forfeit a certain percentage of his salary. He is required at the beginning of the season to provide himself at his own expense with a uniform such as the managers may select, and which must consist of two flannel shirts, two pairs of flannel breeches, two pairs of stockings, one pair of leather shoes with spikes, one cap, one belt, and one neck-tie, all of which during the whole term of his employment he must keep in thorough repair, and he must promise to appear on the field at the beginning of each game in which he is to play in an entirely clean uniform.

Captain Ward told me that while these rules are, of course, enforced, a great deal is left to the player's good judgment. In the matter of drinking, for example, it is seldom necessary to enforce any rule, as the individual player quickly finds out that a single glass before a game hurts his playing, and all players are anxious to do the best they can.

Of course some captains are much more severe than others in maintaining discipline. I am told that Robert Ferguson, who is now one of the umpires for the League, while captain of the Troy Nine, would never allow his players to smoke before a game, and a member of the Cleveland Club, several years ago, was fined $100 for eating too much dinner.

And so it will be seen that the life of a professional base-ball player is not altogether an easy one, and when the danger of accidents is taken into consideration, the men engaged in the trade do not appear to be overpaid.

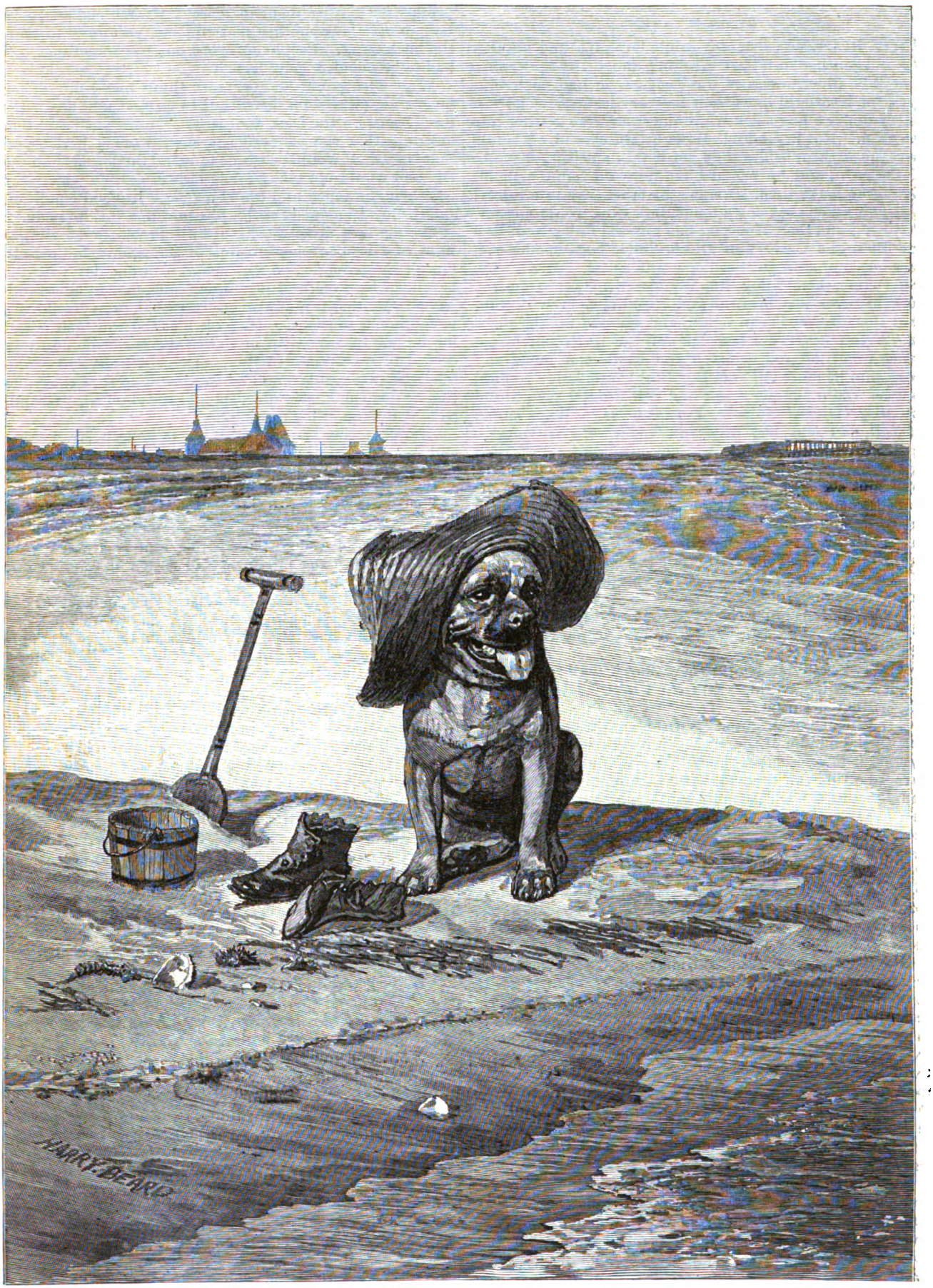
In another article I hope to give some interesting particulars concerning the individual players and their methods.



TELLING HER FORTUNE.

"Honey, yo' is goin' to hab a lubly husban', wid long auburnish hair, and I specs he am goin' ter be mighty rich, too."

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AN OLD SEA DOG.—Drawn by Harry Beard.

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## HOW BOY BLUE MENDED THE WORLD.

BY IDA M. LANE.

BOY BLUE was listening while Grandpa and another old gentleman talked. I don't know why they called him Boy Blue, unless it was because he had such blue eyes, for he would have been the very last boy to go fast asleep under a hay-stack while the cows were getting into the corn. Not he, indeed; those bright eyes of his would have spied them before they got within smelling distance of the corn, and he would have been on hand with his big dog to make them scamper the other way in a hurry.

If you asked that dog's name, Boy Blue would answer, "Guess"; and then after you had guessed Rover and Dash and Fido and Carlo, and all the other dogs' names you ever heard of, and got tired of it and asked, "Well, what *is* his name, then?" Boy Blue would still answer, "Guess," with his eyes just brimful and running over with fun. And then if you began again, and guessed all the dogs' names you never did hear of, and got *quite* out of patience this time, and declared you would not guess any more, and he must tell you, Boy Blue would laugh so hard that he would tumble down and roll around the ground shouting "Guess! Guess!" For *that* was the dog's name.

Well, as I said, Boy Blue and Guess were listening to Grandpa and another old gentleman talking. Boy Blue was very much interested in listening, for they were telling about something which he thought needed to be attended to right away. They were saying that the world needed mending, that it was in a very bad way, and getting worse all the time; that things were not at all as they used to be, and nobody could tell where it would all end.

"Grandpa," said Boy Blue, "is it really true that the world needs mending?"

"Yes, indeed, child, badly enough," sighed the old man, shaking his head, but never looking down at Boy Blue's earnest face.

"But where, Grandpa?—where does it need mending?"

"Everywhere, child. You can't take a step, right or left, without seeing it."

Boy Blue looked around. Sure enough, there was a big hole in the middle of the road. It had been there ever so long, and horses had stumbled into it, and wagons had jounced off part of their loads by running a wheel into it, and the drivers had scolded and grumbled, but nobody had ever tried to mend it. Boy Blue stood still and thought about it. The world was getting worn out, it was plain.

"It 'll have to be mended, that's all about it," said he to himself. "I should think Grandpa and Mr. Peters would go right to work at it now. I know I can mend that hole in the road, anyhow, and that 'll be so much done. Come along, Guess."

Guess came along, and did not hang back even when he saw the little cart pulled out, which he was not at all fond of drawing. He had learned by melancholy experience that if Boy Blue made up his mind to have a thing done, it had to be done sooner or later, and he might as well be good-natured about it. So back and forth he trotted, dogfully doing his part to mend the world. It took a good deal of hard work to get big stones and little stones and gravel enough to fill that hole, but Boy Blue and Guess kept at it, and when the last cartful of gravel was finally stamped down hard, you would hardly have known there had ever been a hole there.

All that time Grandpa and Mr. Peters stood and talked and shook their heads; but Boy Blue did not mind *them* any more. He had found out what needed to be done, and he meant to do his part of it anyway. When the hole was filled up he looked around for something else to mend, and saw a hen hopping through a gap in the fence, where two pickets were off. Up jumped Boy Blue, as eager as ever, and trudged off for hammer and nails, and was soon pounding away at the pickets as if his life depended on getting them in place. He remembered now how many times mother had run out yesterday to scare the hens away. People got worn out, too, sometimes, and had to be mended, he reflected.

Well, this would be one more thing mended. When he got the pickets on, he meant to go and nail down the loose board on the back door-steps. Mother had said that morning that she believed she should break her leg on that board. It would be easier to mend the board than the leg, and would not take so long either.

When the fence and the steps were in good condition again, Boy Blue stood still a few minutes, not immediately seeing any more work to do. Presently he caught sight of a broken place in one of the square, hollow pillars of the porch. Joe had staved it in one day with the handle of his rake, and Boy Blue remembered that Grandpa had said that it must be pretty rotten, or it would not have broken so easily. He looked at the hole, and poked his fingers into it; then he pulled out his knife and proceeded to investigate further. Then he went and examined the other pillar, and as the result of that examination he dodged outside of the porch, and shouted, "Grandpa!" at the top of his lungs.

Grandpa, who had finished his talk with Mr. Peters, and was taking a quiet doze on the sitting-room lounge, sprang up and rushed out on the porch, expecting at least to see Boy Blue lying on the ground under the big apple-tree with his leg broken. But Boy Blue's legs appeared to be perfectly sound, and he remarked, calmly, "I wouldn't stand under that porch roof if I were you, Grandpa, 'cause the pillars are so rotten it might come down almost any time."

"Pillars rotten!" said Grandpa. "Oh, nonsense! Is that all you're screaming about?"

"Come out here and give me leave to give 'em one good hit?" asked Boy Blue, eagerly, longing for a bit of fun after all his hard work. But Grandpa thought it prudent to examine before giving his permission, and the result of his examination was that he immediately went to work to prop up the porch roof with stout poles.

"May I now?" asked Boy Blue.

"Well, yes," responded Grandpa; "if they'll come down with one hit, they can't be of much use."

Boy Blue rushed off for a club, and aimed a valiant blow at one of the pillars. Cr—rack! and with a splintering and crumbling noise the decayed wood fell into so many pieces that there was hardly one large enough to pick up. The other pillar met with a like fate.

"My patience!" exclaimed Grandpa, surveying the ruins, "that thing might have come down on our heads any evening when we're sitting out here, and broke all our skulls for us. How did you come to find out 'twas so rotten, sonny?"

"Why, I was looking for something to mend, and I thought I'd mend that hole Joe punched in the pillar, and then I found it was so rotten I was afraid it would come down on my head; so I hollered at you."

"What did you want something to mend for?" asked the old man, in surprise.

"Because I heard you and Mr. Peters saying the world needed mending, and I thought I'd do my share; and I mended the hole in the road while you stood there talking, and then I fixed the fence and the door-step—"

"Mended the hole in the road!" interrupted Grandpa, greatly astonished; and down he went to the gate to see for himself that the dreaded hole was actually filled up and smoothed over as if it had never been.

"And he did it while we stood groaning over the world needing mending," muttered Grandpa, under his breath; "and it's been there for months, and neither of us ever thought of touching it. Such little hands, too! I hope the next generation will be like Boy Blue."

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# The Bird in the Linden Tree

BY HOWARD PYLE.

ONCE there was a Prince, and his name was John. One day his father said to him, "See, John, I am growing old, and after a while the time will come when I must go the way of everybody else. Now I would like to see you married before I leave you."

"Very well," said the Prince—for he always answered the King in seemly fashion—"and who shall it be?"

"Why not the Princess of the White Mountain?" said the old King.

"Why not, indeed?" said the young Prince—"only she is too short."

"Why not the Princess of the Blue Mountain?" said the old King.

"Why not, indeed?" said the young Prince—"only she is too tall."

"Why not the Princess of the Red Mountain?" said the old King.

"Why not, indeed?" said the young Prince—"only she is too dark."

"Then whom will you have?" said the old King, impatiently.

"That I do not know," said the young Prince, "only this; that her brow shall be as white as milk, and her cheeks shall be as red as blood, and her eyes shall be as blue as the skies, and her hair shall be like spun gold."




"Then go and find her!" said the old King, in a huff, for his temper was as short as chopped flax. "And don't come back again till you've found her!" he bawled after the Prince as he went out of the door.

So the Prince went out into the wide world to find such a maiden as he spoke of. Tramp! tramp! tramp! till his shoes were dusty and his clothes were gray. Nothing was in his wallet but a lump of brown bread and a cold sausage, for he had gone out into the world in haste, as many a one has done before and since his day.

So he went along, tramp! tramp! tramp! and by-and-by he came to a place where three roads met, and there sat an old woman.

"Hu! hu! but I am hungry!" said the old woman.

Now the Prince was a good-hearted fellow, so he said to the old woman, "It is little I have, but such as it is, you are welcome to it." Thereupon he gave the old woman the lump of brown bread and the cold sausage that was in his wallet, and the old woman ate it up at a bite.

"Hu! hu! but I am cold!" said she.

"It is little that I have, but such as it is, you are welcome to it," said the Prince, and he gave the old woman the dusty coat off his back. After that he had nothing more to give her.

"One does not give something for nothing," said the old woman, so she began fumbling about in her pocket until she found an old rusty key. And the best part of the key was that whenever one looked through the ring of it one saw everything just as it really was and not as it seemed to be.

After that the Prince stepped out again, right foot foremost. At last he came to a dark forest and to a gray castle that stood just in the middle of it. This castle belonged to a great ugly troll, though the Prince knew nothing of that.

Only one person was within, and that was a maiden, but she was as black from head to foot as Fritz, the charcoal burner. The Prince had never seen the like of her in all his life before, so he drew the rusty key out of his pocket and took a peep at her through the ring of it, to see what manner of body she really was.

Then he saw that she was no longer black and ugly, but as beautiful as a ripe apple, for her forehead was as white as milk, her cheeks were as red as blood, her eyes were as blue as the skies, and her hair was like spun gold. Moreover, any one could see with half an eye that she was a real princess, for she wore a gold crown on her head, such as real princesses are never without.



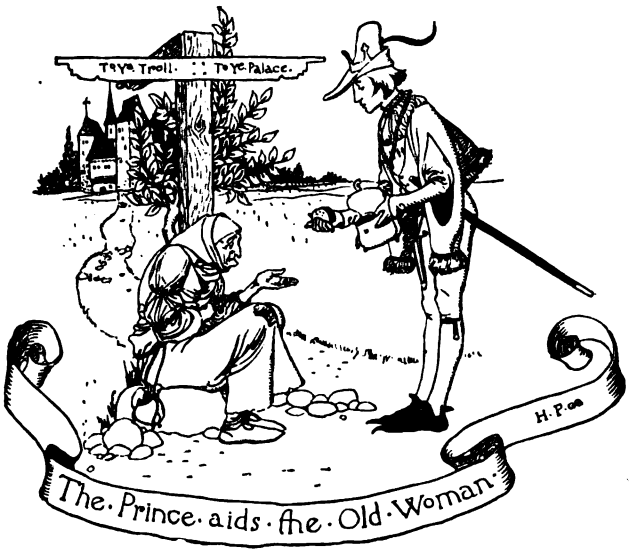

"You are the one whom I seek," said the Prince.

"Yes, I am the one you seek," said she.

"And how can I free you from your enchantment?" said he.

"If you will abide here three nights and will bear all that shall

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ever. When he looked he saw that the Black Princess's feet were as white as silver.

The next night the troll and two others came, and all three fell upon the Prince and beat him; but the Prince bore this too without a word.

At last the morning came, and they had to give over beating him. "We shall see if you will come again," said the troll of the house.

After the trolls had gone the Black Princess came and wept over the Prince as she had done before, and when her tears fell on him he was made whole again. And now the hands of the Black Princess were as white as silver.

The third night the troll of the house came and brought with him six others. Then the same thing happened as before, and they beat the Prince with great cudgels as thick as my thumb. At last the morning came, and they went away bellowing and howling, for their enchantment had gone. As for the Prince, he lay upon the floor more dead than alive.

Then the Princess came for the third time and wept over him, and he was whole and sound again. As for the Princess, she stood before him, and now her brow was as white as milk, and her cheeks were as red as blood, and her eyes were as blue as the skies, and her hair was like spun gold. So the Prince wrapped the beautiful Princess in a ram's skin, and they started away for his home.

Along and along they went until they had come so near to the King's house that they could see the high roofs and the weather-cocks over the crest of the next hill.

happen to you without a word, then I shall be free," said she.

"Oh yes, I will do that," said the Prince.

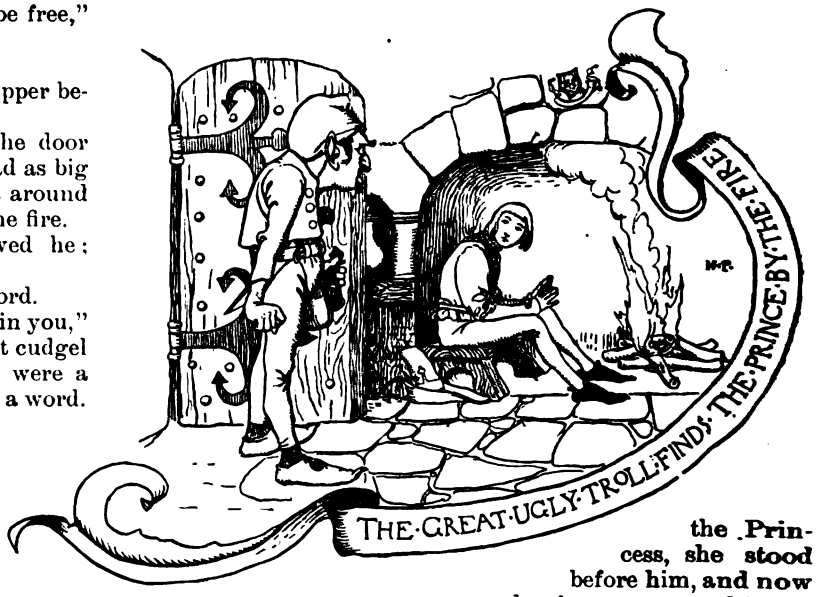
After that the Black Princess set a good supper before him, and the Prince ate like three men.

By-and-by there was a huge noise, and the door opened, and in came an ugly troll with a head as big as a bucket. He rolled his great saucer eyes around until he saw the Prince where he sat beside the fire.

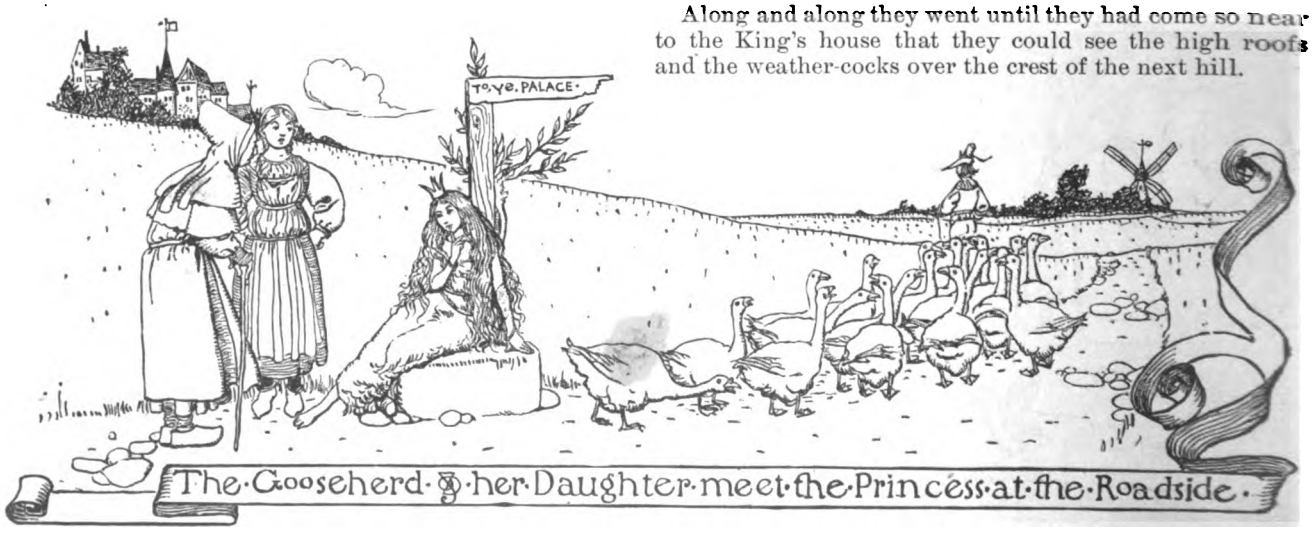
"Black cats and spotted toads!" bellowed he; "what are you doing here?"

But to this the Prince answered never a word.

"We shall see whether or no there is sound in you," roared the troll. Then he snatched up a great cudgel and began beating the Prince as though he were a sack of barley flour, but the Prince said never a word. At last the troll had to give over beating him, for the morning had come and the troll was afraid the sun would catch him, and if that were to happen, he would swell up and burst with a great noise. "We shall see whether you will come again," said he; and then he left the Prince lying on the floor more dead than alive.




After the troll had left the house the Black Princess came and wept over the Prince; and when her tears fell on him, pain and bruise left him, and he was as whole as




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There the Prince bade the Princess to wait for him until he went home and brought her a dress of real silver and gold, such as was fitting for her to wear. Then he left her, and the Princess sat down beside the road-side to wait until he should come again.

Now, as the Princess sat there, there came along the old goose-herd of the palace, and with her came her daughter, for they were driving the royal geese home again from where they had been eating grass. Then they wanted to know all about her, who she was, and where she came from, and what she sat there for. So the Princess told them all they wanted to know.

Then the old goose-woman thought that it would be a fine thing to have her daughter in the Princess's place. So the goose-herd's daughter held the Princess, and the old goose-herd stripped the ram's hide off from her.

No sooner had they done this than the Princess was changed into a beautiful golden bird, and flew away over hill and valley. Then the goose-herd's daughter clad herself in the ram's hide, and sat down in the Princess's place.

After a while the Prince came with a fine dress, all of real silver and gold, but when he saw the goose-girl he beat his head with his knuckles, for he thought that it was the Princess, and that she was enchanted again.

Why did he not look through the ring of his magic key? Perhaps for this, perhaps for that; one can not be always wise.

Then the Prince dressed the goose-girl in the fine dress of gold and silver, and took her home with him. Hu! how everybody stared and laughed when they saw what kind of a Princess it was that the Prince brought home with him. As for the poor old King, he rubbed his spectacles, and looked and looked, for he thought that this was a strange sort of a wife for the Prince to make such a buzz about.

So orders were given for a grand wedding on Thursday, and the old King asked all the neighbors to come.

But the old goose-herd told her daughter to mix a sleeping powder with the Prince's wine at supper, for if the real Princess were to come at all, she would come that night.

The goose-girl did as she was told, and the Prince drank the sleeping powder with his wine, and knew nothing of it.

That night the golden bird came flying, and sat in the linden-tree just outside the Prince's chamber window, and she clapped her wings and sang:

"I wept over you once,
I wept over you twice,
I wept over you three times.
In the ram's skin I waited,
And out of the ram's skin I flew.
Why are you sleeping?
Life of my life."

But the Prince slept as sound as a dormouse, and when the dawn came and the cocks crew, the golden bird was forced to fly away.

The next night the false Princess did as she had done before, and mixed a sleeping powder with the Prince's cup of wine, and the golden bird came again and perched in the linden-tree outside of the Prince's window and sang.

But once more the Prince slept through it all, and when morning had come the golden bird was forced to fly away.

Now it chanced that that night some of the folk of the King's household heard the bird singing, and they told the Prince all about it. So when the third night came, and the false Princess gave the Prince the cup of wine with the sleeping powder in it, he threw the wine over his shoulder, and never touched so much as a drop of it.

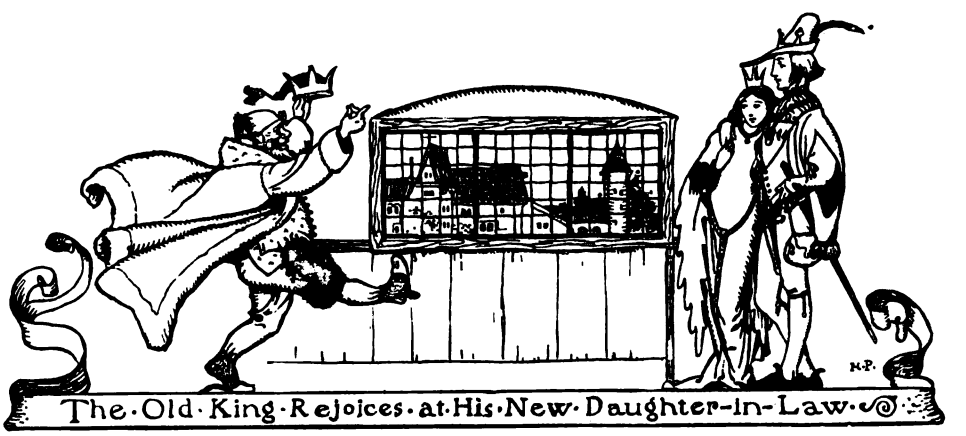
That night the bird came for the third time, and sang as it had done before. But this time the Prince was not sleeping. He jumped out of his bed and ran to the window, and there he saw the bird, and its feathers shone like fire because they were of pure gold. Then he got his magic key, and looked through the ring of it, and whom should he see but his own Princess sitting in the linden-tree?

Then the Prince called to her, "What shall I do to set you free from this enchantment?"

"Throw your knife over me!" said the Princess.

The Prince threw his knife over her, and there she stood in her own true shape. Then the Prince took her to the King, and when the King saw how pretty she was he skipped and danced till his slippers flew about his ears.

Then they had the grandest wedding that ever was seen in all the world. Everybody was asked, and there was enough for all to eat as much as they chose, and to take a little something home to the children besides.




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"HERE COMES THE CIRCUS!"

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

JAMESTOWN, NORTH CAROLINA.

I am spending the summer on a farm with my mother and three sisters. We have a good time riding the horses to water and staying out-doors nearly all day. I sew a good deal and read while my eldest sister sketches. My youngest sister is very fond of flying-squirrels, as she had a beautiful one once. She has been trying for a long time to get another. The other day the farmer brought her one, and soon after he found the nest with two little ones in it. They are very ugly just now — little pink creatures entirely without hair, and with such funny little hands. Although they are as tiny as new-born mice, they roll over each other and bite and play. They will soon be lovely, with soft brown fur and large bright eyes. The mother, of course, is very wild, but we hope that with kind treatment and proper food she will grow as tame as the other did. There are a great many of these little animals in this neighborhood, but they are very difficult to catch, as they live in the tops of hollow trees. They fly by means of the membrane which connects the fore and hind legs. Their tails are like a long feather, and they are not as large as an ordinary house-rat. They will eat a great many varieties of vegetables, with corn and nuts. We all enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. As I have a pet dog, I enjoy reading all articles upon his treatment. My dog's name is Prince; he is a poodle, and is very intelligent.

ALICE M. H.

Alice is invited to write by-and-by, and tell of her success in taming the pretty flying-squirrel.

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WEST CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have been watching a summer yellow-bird for some time. I saw one with its head downward, hanging to a clothes-line, pulling out fibres of cord. When it had a bilful it flew away to a large Norway maple. I did not watch it any more then. On July 22d, I found the nest not quite built; the first egg was two or three days later. I took three eggs, they laid four more, making seven. This is remarkable, as they usually lay only six. In the nest the eggs looked a light, watery blue; when blown, light greenish-blue. They fly in undulations, and between the undulations they go "Chip-a-chip, chip-a-chip." The female sometimes twitters on the nest. When they have young, they go "Bpe-bpe, bpe-bpee-bpee," which sounds a good deal like ba-by. They have several names, such as wild-canary, thistle-bird, salad-bird, yellow-warbler, etc.; their scientific name is *Dendræca æstiva*. The eggs hatched August 19. I hope this is not too long. T. H. M., JUN.

I like to receive letters from young people who use their eyes as you do. I think, however, that I would never take more than one egg from any nest if I were you.

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ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.

I am a little girl nearly thirteen years old. I think that it might interest your little readers to hear about my three homes. My first home was in Ohio, where I lived till about two years ago. It was an old-fashioned brick farm-house, surrounded by orchards, green fields, and pleasant woods.

We live in the old town of Albuquerque. Our house, like those of all our neighbors, is built of adobe, or unbaked brick, one story, with the walls from two to three feet in thickness, with fruit trees and garden, all raised by irrigation, as little rain falls here. On the plaza in front of the house there are beautiful cottonwood-trees, that shade it, where all the children in the neighborhood meet in the evening to play. The people who live around us are Mexicans, and are very kind and polite, and we are learning to speak their language. The Pueblo Indians, with their moccasins, leggings, and blankets, come to sell fruit and earthenware, and are very nice. Our house is within three minutes' walk of the street car which takes us into the New Town, which has electric lights, telephones, schools, and churches, and all other modern improvements.

My other home is at Needles, California. It is warm enough all winter to sit out-of-doors, and in the summer a friend of my papa's says that if you drop a piece of ice in the sun, it will turn red-hot before it melts. I don't say that is quite true, but it is far too warm to be comfortable. The mercury often rises above 120 degrees in the shade. The Indians there are called Mohaves; they wear very little clothing, and very many beads, and very much paint. Most of them have their chins tattooed. They are very friendly, but not very honest. I will tell you how they count five: cienta, aveek, amoke, mitchumpop, arap. They count by multiples of five instead of ten, so arap-aveek means ten, and arap-arap means twenty-five. Our house is half-way between the station and the Colorado River, up and down which a steamboat passes every ten days. From our house we can see the mountains in California, Nevada, and Arizona. MAYBETH P.

I hope you will write again, and tell us more about your home.

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BELLEVUE TERRACE, COLERAINE, IRELAND.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and as I have never seen a letter from Coleraine before, I thought I would write you one. I was born in America, and came over to Ireland two years ago. We took HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE when in America, and have two volumes bound, and my aunt has sent it to us since we came here. I go to school, and learn music and drawing besides my English lessons. We have a canary called Dick, and it sings constantly. We also have a dog named Gip, and my brother has a goat which he calls Nellie Gladstone. I have a sister Martie, and three brothers, Robbie, Willie, and Wylie.

NELLIE E. B.

---

NILES, MICHIGAN.

I am a little girl eight years old, and have taken this paper about six months, and like to read it very much. I live in the country. Last week the hired man brought me a branch of a pear-tree. I asked him what he had, and he told me it was a bouquet, and when I ran to get it, there he had an oriole's nest with three young ones in it. I kept them all night, and the next day mamma helped me to feed them; they would eat angle-worms, and I had to feed them every hour. The next day the man took them back, and put the nest in the tree. To-night, when the man came home, he told me the old mother bird had found them, and was on the nest. I was so glad! I was afraid they would starve. I hope you will print this letter, as it is the first I have written.

OLIVE L. G.

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TEMPLE, MAINE.

I do not think I could get along without HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE now, and my sister and I have taken it only a little over a year. For pets my sister and I have two colts, two bossies, two cats, four squirrels, and ten sheep. I have six dolls; my sister, aged thirteen, has one. How do you think I write for a girl of ten? Dear Postmistress, please, I would like to join the Little Housekeepers. I like all of the continued stories very much. I live in the country, where there are lots of beautiful flowers, and I will send you a little piece of golden-rod which I gathered this morning. I would send you other flowers if I was sure they would be pretty when you received them. I do not know as this will, but I will try it. I do not like my name. Do you?

EVA GRACE C.

You write very well for a girl of ten, and Eva Grace is a lovely name, I think. Golden-rod presses beautifully. Thank you.

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## HOW TO GET UP A SOAP-BUBBLE PARTY.

Now that soap-bubble parties are in fashion, perhaps some of the young people would like to know how one may be arranged with a little trouble but very little expense.

The first thing necessary is a room without a carpet, or else a carpet that a little soap and water will not hurt. Then you don't want to invite too many people, for if you do it becomes tedious waiting for a turn to blow; thirty young people, boys and girls equally divided, is a good number.

Now for the pipes. In most cities pipes of fire-clay with long handles can be obtained at a few cents each, but where these can not be found, common clay pipes do very nicely, and may be made very pretty by painting stripes on them with oil-paints; but if this is done, the tips of the handles must not be painted, as the paint is apt to come off on the lips.

In mixing the soap and water, if a little glycerine be added, the bubble will last longer, and can be blown larger, and a dish-pan or large wash-basin is the best thing for the water.

A few inexpensive prizes add greatly to the excitement: one, perhaps, for the largest bubble, one for the greatest number of bubbles of any size blown in thirty seconds, and one for the highest bubble. If prizes are given, it is best to have two small tables, one at each end of the room, each having a dish of water on it, and at each an umpire, who shall decide about the size, number, and height of the bubbles, and who shall award the prizes. Let four persons blow at a time at each table, and the two who blow the largest, or highest, or greatest number, whichever it may happen to be, shall pass to one side of the room, and after each person has had a turn, the victors shall try again, and so on, until one person shall conquer.

If there is an even number of gentlemen and ladies, this plan might be used in arranging partners: Cut as many slips of paper, about the size of a visiting-card, as there are guests, and of these make two piles, one to be devoted to the gentlemen and the other to the ladies. Take some familiar proverb or quotation. On one of the cards of the gentlemen's pile write the first half of the quotation, and on one of the ladies' cards write the other half, and continue this until all the cards are written. When the party begins, each person draws a card, and then finds his partner.

This is, of course, a very simple arrangement, and may easily be enlarged upon, in proportion to the amount that you wish to expend; but a great deal of pleasure may be obtained from just this.

CLOVER.

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## AN AFTERNOON'S EXCURSION.

On the top of one of the Berkshire hills stands an old deserted house, once the home of President Garfield's uncle. To this house a party of summer boarders went on an exploring expedition. It was a bright day, and the walk was most delightful. Arrived at the old house, they entered the rickety door. The floors were of strong oak boards, and the walls were panelled. The party ascended the stairs, and all wrote their names on the wall. They then went out to survey the premises. They found a brook behind the house bordered by large willow-trees, and they stopped to admire its beauty. They then went to the barn, the floors of which had seen their best days long before. They seated themselves on what had once been the stone fence of a barn-yard. At last they decided that it was time to leave the charming spot. They were about to cross the last field, when one of the party, a little boy, exclaimed, "There's Mr. Brown's big bull! I'm going to wait for papa." When the father arrived, he said he did not think it would attack them, so they entered the field. But some of the party were made nervous by seeing the gentleman pick up some stones. When they reached the bull, the gentleman hit him with a large stick. The bull ran up into the bushes, but a moment after he gave a great roar and rushed at them. They hastened over the nearest fence, and ran through a field, but the gentleman, seeing a hole in the fence, remained in the lot to keep the bull from chasing the ladies and children. It was a wild race, through brooks and over fences, with the horrible bellowing of the bull ringing in their ears; but it was over at last, a house was reached, and the tired party refreshed themselves with cold water. When they were rested, they returned to their home full of the adventure, which was listened to with interest.

S. W.

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ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from a news-dealer in this place. I was at my papa's summer residence ever since vacation, and came home yesterday morning. I like the story of "Two Arrows," and hope it will be in a long time. I have one pet, and it is a dear little Maltese kitten. I go to school here. The one I went to this winter was Professor S.'s Academy. Every Friday we had essays, compositions, debates, and declamations.

JACOB E. B.

---

TOLEDO, OHIO

We are four very dear friends; we all live on the same block, and all take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. We all wanted to write a letter to you, but our papas said you would be more likely to print it if we all wrote in one letter. Lucie is going to write it, because she is the best writer, and we are going to tell her what we want to say.

I am Myrtle. I think you are splendid. I like the letters best of all. I have one pet; it is a black kitten. His name is George Washington Thomas Jefferson. I call him Jeff for short. To-morrow is my birthday. I will write you a letter myself some time, and tell you what I get.

I am Mina. I hope you will print this. I went away for a week this summer. None of the other girls went anywhere, so I feel sorry for them; don't you? I went to Maumee; my aunt Mina

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lives there. I fed the chickens, and auntie gave me a little canary to bring home; I have named it Harper, after you. He sings sweetly.

I am Pauline. I have a lovely flower bed; it contains pansies, daisies, geraniums, and I will soon have some tube-roses. I love flowers, and think it is great fun to take care of them. I have no pets.

I am Lucie. We enjoyed the story of "Rolf House" more than any story we ever read. We all get our papers Thursdays, and the next Saturday we read them together. Don't you think that is a nice way to do? I have a dear black-and-tan dog; his name is Pomp. He will pretend he is dead, and do lots of tricks.

Dear Postmistress, we know this letter is long, but please remember it is from four little girls instead of one. With a kiss from

MYRTLE, MINA, PAULINE, and LUCIE.

---

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

I am a girl eleven years old, and have not written to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE before. I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box very much. I go to school, and study reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, spelling, and geography. I have a brother thirteen years old, and his name is Louis. I like "Rolf House" very much. Louis takes the *Youth's Companion*, but he likes to read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE too. GENIE A. R.

---

RIDGEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—As I have never written to this dear paper before, I thought I would write and ask if I might join the Housekeeping Club. When I go to New York, I should very much like to go and see you. I am twelve years of age, and live in the city in winter, and in the summer with my grandma in the country. My city home is in Albany. Papa and mamma are in the city now.

JOSIE R.

You may join the Little Housekeepers, Josie dear, and I will be glad some day to see you.

---

LEVIS.

"Rolf House" is a delightful story, and I am so sorry it is ended, for I would like to see how they get on. I cross the river to go to school, and in the winter there is an ice bridge. We have a very large garden, both flower and vegetable. My little sister Willie and I work in the garden, but it seems to me that the weeds grow far quicker than we can pull them out. I hope you will think this little note worthy of a place in the Post-office Box; I should be so proud to see it there. I must close now, with love and best wishes. CARRIE N. P.

---

ROSSVILLE, INDIANA.

I am ten years old. I have attended school one term, can read and write, and am studying arithmetic. I have a pair of twin calves that look exactly alike; I have them trained to lead and drive. I have a dog; I call him Sport. I like the stories "Rolf House" and "Into Unknown Seas" very much, and am always anxious for the arrival of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. My papa has a store, and I often go down and help him when he is very busy. I don't intend to be a merchant, though; I will be a farmer, and raise calves, pigs, etc., and enjoy the fresh air.

O. M. W.

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GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA.

I wrote a letter to you several months ago, and as I did not see it in print, I thought I would try again. I hope this one will be printed, as I would like to surprise mamma and papa. I had a little kitten given to me last Tuesday about six weeks old. It was a dear little thing, and I was very fond of it. A few days after it was given to me it had a fit; it ran around and around the room, until at last it was so weak it had to lie down, and in about half an hour it died. Mamma buried it in the yard. We all miss it very much. I hope we can have another to take its place. My school vacation is nearly over, and I will be glad to go back again. GERTRUDE A.

---

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have a canary-bird; he has only one trick, and that is to fly and pick at my finger when I put anything in the cage. I have three large dolls and two small ones. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years and eight months, and like it very much. Next door to us is a little boy; his name is Thomas B., and he is a very nice little boy.

OLLIE A. L.

---

GLOVERSVILLE, NEW YORK.

We have taken this paper for two years, and like it very much indeed. As I am at home alone to-day, I have to be my own housekeeper, which I enjoy very much. We are having vacation now, but school will again begin in about three weeks. I do not see, dear Postmistress, when you have any time to take a vacation, with so many letters to attend to, but I hope you take it some time. I shall not tell my age, but please try and see if you can guess it. I hope I may see this letter in print soon, for it would make one heart happy. ADDIE M. G.

Thanks for the pretty pictures which dropped from your letter when I opened it. I would rather have you tell me your age, dear.

---

MORRIS PLAINS, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR MR. HARPER,—Yesterday was my birthday, and I received, among other presents, a subscription to your paper. This I liked best of all. As soon as I received your paper I began to read it, and tried to guess the riddles. I succeeded in guessing one of them; it is "Sunlight." I hope the next time I may be able to guess all the answers. ELSA N.

Elsa must try to make a puzzle of her own as well as to solve others.

---

LYME, CONNECTICUT.

I enjoy reading everything in the paper, and watch for each number; it always comes on Tuesday. I am eight years old. I have a pleasant home and lots of pets. We live only a short distance from the Connecticut River, and about three miles from Long Island Sound. We have lovely drives and fine bathing and fishing. A great many people come here from New York in the summer; I wish you could come also. I have a little sister three and a half years old. We each have a canary, a cat, and a large flock of chickens. Mabel had a black kitten named Cuffee, but he died suddenly. My kitty is pure white; his name is Muffee; he has one gray eye and one blue. We have another cat, named Daisy. I enjoy reading the little letters, and hope mine will be printed. MILDRED B. H.

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HILL'S FERRY, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have never written to you before. My brother takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we both like it very much. I like the story of "Violet" very much, and am anxious to get the next part. I want to tell you about my little brother, he is so sweet and cunning. He is a little over a year old; he has large brown eyes. I wish you could see him. We have a parrot and two canaries; one is yellow all over and the other one is yellow with black spots on it. Well, dear Postmistress, I must stop. LOIS W.

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HOPE CENTRE, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I think that I ought to write and tell you at what a lovely place I am staying this summer. It is in Hamilton County, in the Adirondack Mountains. We stay in a country hotel on the side of a mountain, without a neighbor in sight, though occasionally a wagon goes by. Right in front of the house is a large field of oats, beyond which extends a mountain, which is capped by thick woods. A little to the right is a mountain, very stony, and covered with pine-trees; it is very difficult to climb it. Behind the house there is a steep bank, beyond which extend great meadows or flats, where there are many frog-ponds. At the end of the flats is the Sacandaga River, and then there are still other ranges of mountains. We spend the time climbing, walking, and fishing. I live in Albany when at home, and like the city very much. But I must now close, so I bid you good-by. WILLIE L. W.

I can not imagine a more healthful way of spending the summer than this which you describe.

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We want to know if any one can tell us some new way to celebrate our birthday, which comes the last of December. We have had a soap-bubble and a fancy-dress party, so we do not care for those again. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for ever so long, and think it exceedingly good; there has not been a single story in it that has not been good. We wish you would print this, for other girls would see it, and perhaps send some suggestions, as our birthday is double, and therefore quite a fine affair.

Your devoted readers, EFFIE and ETHEL.

I hope that a number of answers may be sent to these little girls—helpful answers suggesting delightful ideas for the birthday celebration.

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We cheerfully make a place for this touching letter. Our sympathies are given to the writer:

HAMILTON, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I want to write you a letter, and will endeavor to express my feeling in as few words as possible. In April we lost our dear and only son Willie H. Lane, who had been afflicted for about seven years by a disease which has long been considered incurable. On the first appearance of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE he expressed a desire to subscribe for it, and his papa consented to his doing so for a year, at the end of which time it became so endeared to him that he prized it very highly, and continued to take it up to and including the present year. He had the five volumes bound, and they seemed to be the chief comfort of his life; he was always interested in their pages, and would content himself for whole days reading the continued stories. We shall have the present year bound, and will always cherish them for the comfort they gave him.

HIS MOTHER.

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NORTH HARPERSFIELD, NEW YORK.

My father kept a bakery until last February, when we moved into the country, about ten miles from Worcester, New York. This is our first summer in the country, and I think it is lovely. I like to take long rides in the evening. I can drive, and sometimes I help to unhitch the horses. At school I study reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, history, and spelling. School opens at 9 o'clock A.M., and closes at 4 o'clock P.M. We have in the morning a recess of fifteen minutes, one at noon of one hour, and another in the afternoon of fifteen minutes. I have taken music lessons over a year, and can play three pieces. I was eleven years old last January. I have no sisters or brothers, but a little girl stays with us. She is going home soon, I think, and then I shall be very lonesome. For pets we have a redbird, Sam, a dog, Jack, a kitten, Snow, and a cow, Bessie. We have two more cows and a heifer: their names are Toatie, Pinkie, and Whiteface. We have twenty-five hens, two roosters, and twenty-five chickens.

FRANCIE R.

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I am a little girl nine years old, and have never written to you before. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. We have a pet dog named Gyp; he is very wise. Our school begins next month. I like to go to school very much. I am in the Fourth Grade. Good-by.

Your little friend, MADGE C. S.

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—In gentian, not in rose.
In orris, not in mace.
In listen, not in peer.
In Daphne, not in bloom.
In Easter, not in fast.
In novel, not in old.
In rosy, not in pale.
In onyx, not in pearl.
In dipper, not in cup.
Whole two pretty autumn flowers
Never far apart. EMMA LANE.

2.—In pay, not in owe.
In reap, not in sow.
In new, not in old.
In crease, not in fold.
In youth and in boy.
The whole is my favorite flower.

PAULINE.

### No. 2.

CHARADE.

My second is what my first does,
And my whole is a useful herb. LUCIE.

### No. 3.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A structure. 2. A part. 3. A guide. 4. Cut.

EUREKA.

### No. 4.

BEHEADINGS.

1. I am to strut—behead me, and I converse. 2. I am a stream—behead me, and I am a bird. 3. I am shining—behead me, and I am what you should be sure to be. 4. I am a girl's name—behead me, and I am again a girl's name. 5. I am a board—behead me, and I am thin. 6. I am a hoarse cry—behead me, and I am a beam of light. 7. I am in the back of the army—behead me, and I am an organ. 8. I am a portion—behead me, and I am an animal; again, and I am a verb. 9. I am a defense—behead me, and I am a liquid. 10. I am performed in honor of the dead—behead me, and I am a fragment. 11. I am gloomy—behead me, and I am a refuge. 12. I am a heavy mass—behead me, and I open doors. 13. I am to scrape—behead me, and I am a tax.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 304.

No. 1.—Birmingham.

No. 2.—

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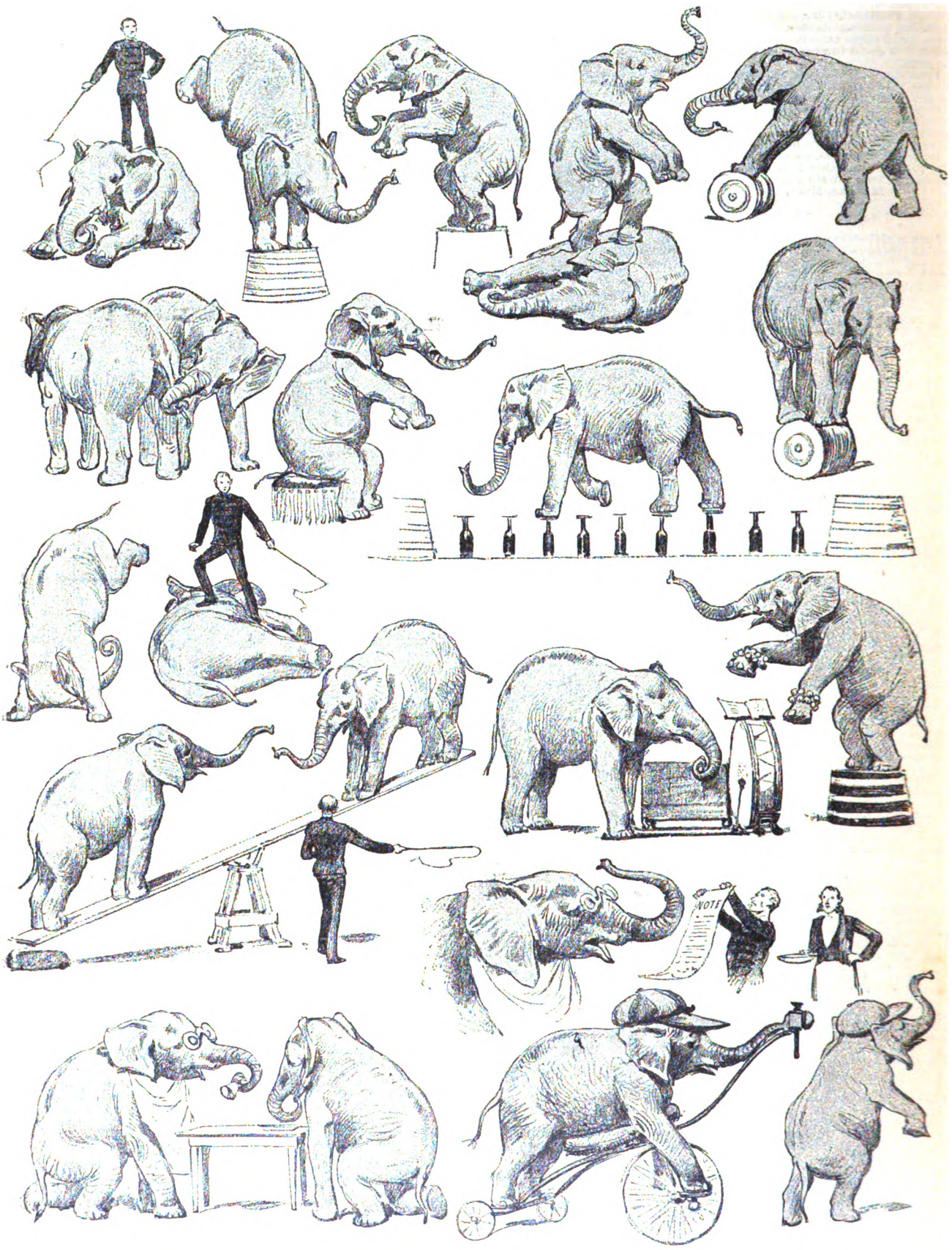
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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from H. Findley Cunningham, Dimple Dodd, J. T. McAlister, Van M. Burt, Cockade City, May Fisher, R. H. Coburn, Dinwiddie C. Lamont, W. T. Marvin, Jun., Helen Montgomery, Josie Smith, Emma L. Kennedy, Leander James, Elsa Neumregan, Marie Blanche, and Emma L. Shannon.

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[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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EDUCATED ELEPHANTS AT THE HIPPODROME, PARIS.

WHAT THEY CAN NOT DO IS HARDLY WORTH DOING.

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

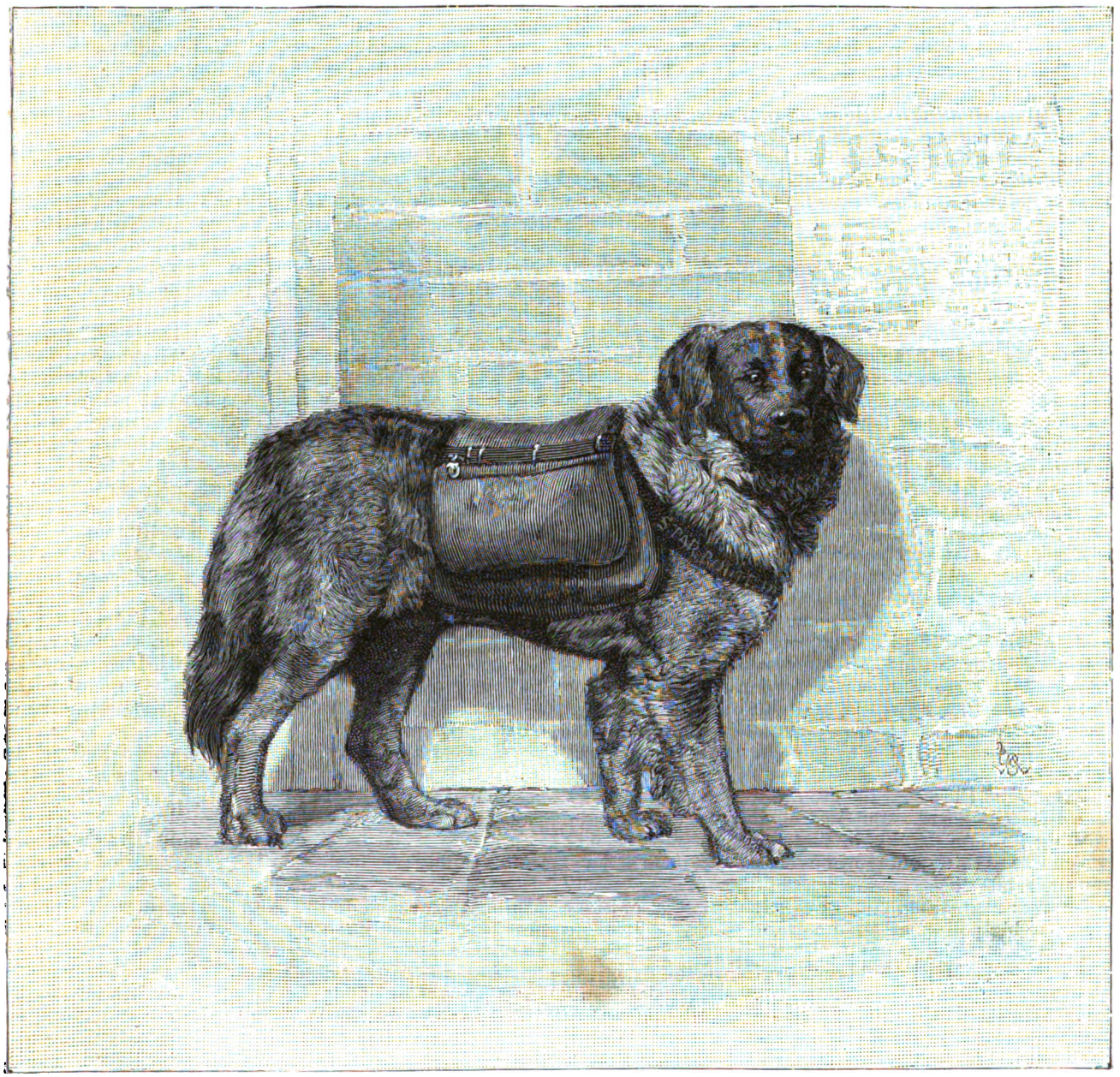
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 308. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

"DORSEY," THE MAIL-CARRIER.—SEE PAGE 738.


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## A FOUR-FOOTED MAIL-CARRIER.

DOGS have been put to all sorts of uses by man. Not only do they guard our houses and keep away thieves, but they hunt game for people to shoot, and go after it when it falls; they churn the butter, and lead the blind; they take care of the babies, and drag us out of the water when we are so careless as to fall in. In more ways than I can tell they work for us, and delight to do it. That's the pleasant thing about their service—they do not work for pay. Not all the gold in California would have a feather's weight with one of them; but kind words, gentle treatment, and now and then a bone, bind a dog to his master for life and in death.

We are not slow to avail ourselves of this most willing servant, and one would think we had found out all the uses to which a dog can be put, but a little mining camp in California has discovered a new thing for him to do—to carry letters.

The place is hardly big enough to have a name, and of course can not think of having a post-office; but the few miners there want their letters just as badly as though they lived in New York city itself. They could not find a man to bring them three miles from the nearest post-office, for every man in a camp wants to dig for gold, so they have taught a dog to do it. Dorsey is the name of the faithful fellow, and he runs his three miles every day, from Calico, where the stage stops, to Bismarck, the camp, in twenty minutes, with the letter-bag strapped to his back.

You can see his portrait on the front page, the portrait of one of the most faithful, the most untiring, the most honest servants man ever had.

## BESIEGED IN AN ELEPHANT CORRAL.

### AN ADVENTURE IN SIAM.

BY DAVID KER.

"SO this is the King's elephant corral? Well, it's a queer place, and no mistake."

It *was* a queer place indeed. In the middle of a wide green meadow, so low that the river (already swollen by the first floods of autumn) had begun to overflow into it and make it swampy, stood a vast square inclosure made of huge logs set upright in the ground. These strange palisades were at least twelve feet high, and as thick as the trunk of a good-sized tree.

Except that it had no cross-pieces, the whole thing would have looked just like a monster rail-fence built by the hands of giants. And their feet seemed to have been busy as well as their hands, for a path, so deep and muddy that it might almost have been called a ditch, led through the meadow up to the one narrow entrance of the corral. Every blade of grass had long since been trodden away from it, and one could see, stamped deep into the clay, every here and there, huge round footprints, very nearly as big as the tops of the posts themselves.

All around the corral the ground was as flat and green as a bagatelle board. But just on the other side of the rushing Me-Nam (Mother of Waters), the broad stream of which was as thick and brown as soup, lay a mass of dark, impenetrable thicket, above which three or four stately palm-trees rose straight up to a height of fifty or sixty feet, like big policemen amid a crowd of boys. It was a regular Siamese landscape.

"In this country, you know," explained the American Consul to his English companion, "all elephants are supposed to be the King's private property, and therefore they take special care of them. Every year, at a certain time, a lot of the best hunters are sent out to get the elephants together, and when they've got a pretty good crowd they bring them all down here and drive them into this corral, where they are inspected by some knowing fellow like our friend here."

"Our friend here" was a tall, wiry Siamese hunter, whose sinewy frame, free of all clothing but a white cotton waist-cloth, was so lean and lathy that (as the American had just whispered with a grin) "he looked like somebody else's shadow going about by itself." The old man was as motionless and silent as the post against which he leaned, but the watchful gleam of his small black eyes under their bushy gray brows showed that he was keeping a sharp lookout nevertheless.

"Then," continued the American, "all that are not worth keeping are let go again, and the picked ones are shut up in that stable yonder" (pointing to a long shed behind the corral). "It's quite a show to see them driven in, but if they don't come to-day, I'm afraid we sha'n't see them at all."

"How's that?"

"Because the floods are beginning already, and in flood-time neither man nor elephant can get about at all. Shall we go inside?"

They did so, but soon wished themselves out again. The muddiest cattle-yard would have seemed as clean as a Dutch parlor beside this corral, which, soaked and trampled into a perfect broth of black slush and puddle water, made them both envy the bare brown limbs of their Siamese guide, who went plashing right through the thickest of the mess without the least hesitation. At last they were glad to take refuge upon a fallen log.

"What on earth's that place in the middle, T—— ?" asked the Englishman.

In the middle of the lake of mud rose something like a rude light-house, or a Siamese attempt at a Noah's ark. It was a small log cabin, with a window in each of its four sides, hoisted up into the air upon such enormously long piles that it looked just like a house upon stilts, or a monstrous daddy-longlegs.

"That's the Inspector's house, K——, my boy," answered Mr. T——, laughing; "and that worthy gentleman with the ginger-snap complexion, who is taking a foot-bath of mud over yonder, is the Inspector himself. Some of the newly caught elephants are apt to be rather savage at first, so he gets up into this pulpit to be out of harm's way."

"Let's go in and look at it," suggested Mr. K——.

This was easily done, for although the piles supporting the hut were close enough together to keep out an elephant, a man could pass between them easily enough. Inside this new kind of cage they found a step-ladder (the ordinary way of approach to a Malay or Siamese house) leading right up into the hut itself.

They were still examining this queer building—the inside of which, however, was little more than a roofed platform—when they were both startled by a distant noise of grunting, snorting, and screaming, mixed with a hoarse, harsh sound, as if fifty cracked trumpets were all blowing at once.

"The elephants!" cried Mr. T——, with a look of dismay. "What fools we've been to stay so long! If they get into the corral before we can get out, we'll be in a pretty fix. Let's get back to the boat at once."

But it was too late. The boat could be seen moored snugly under the bushes on the other side of the river, with the Siamese boatmen fast asleep in the shade of her awning. To stand on the bank and shout, with a herd of enraged elephants charging right down upon them, would be certain death, for the great mass of waving trunks and flapping ears could already be seen in the distance, coming nearer every moment. To run away was impossible, for in front lay the river, on one side the elephants, and on the other an impassable swamp. The only thing to be done was just to stay where they were, and take their chance.

In another minute the monstrous beasts were crushing

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and jostling around the entrance of the inclosure, but there they halted for a moment, as if suspecting mischief. Suddenly one of the largest elephants darted forward, snorting loudly, and plunged through the narrow gap into the corral, instantly followed by all the rest.

"That's one of the decoys," said Mr. T——, laughing in spite of his dangerous position. "It's wonderful how these brutes, when once they're caught and tamed, seem to enjoy getting their comrades into the same scrape. Hello! here comes Wongsi."

As he spoke, the Siamese hunter's bony figure came flying up the ladder like a wild-cat, while at the same moment an uproar arose without, to which all the former din was nothing.

"Aha!" cried Mr. T——, "the entrance to the corral has been closed, and our friends with the long trunks are beginning to find out that they're in a fix. Keep down, man, keep down."

And springing forward, he dragged the Englishman away by main force from the opening at which he had rashly shown himself.

But the mischief was already done. The moment the elephants saw that there were men in the hut they came rushing around it with lifted trunks, uttering cries of fury that were terrible to hear. The opposition offered by the supporting piles seemed only to increase their rage, and they dashed against them with a force that made every timber crack.

"Hum!" muttered Mr. K——, shaking his head meaningly; "this is rather more than I bargained for."

And now the siege began in deadly earnest. At every shock of those living battering-rams the whole hut trembled like a leaf, and had not the slanting outward of the posts saved them from the full force of the attack, all would soon have been over with the three unarmed men above. Night had come on (as in all tropical countries) the moment the sun sank, and in the darkness the ceaseless thud-thud of those tremendous strokes sounded like Death knocking for entrance.

Suddenly a fearful crash was heard below, followed by a cracking and splintering of wood under their very feet.

"They've knocked down one of the posts," growled Mr. T——, "and now they'll get in and smash all the rest. We're done for."

But Wongsi, springing to his feet, tore three large splinters from the mouldering rafters overhead, saying, hastily: "Have you a match?"

The American, guessing his plan, handed him one in silence. In a moment the three torches were lighted, and Wongsi steadily descended the ladder, the two white men following with clinched teeth and throbbing hearts.

A fearful thing it seemed to venture among those maddened monsters, but the mighty creatures that would have faced a loaded cannon unflinchingly, recoiled from the dreaded fire, and the three men went steadily forward. The scene at that moment was wild beyond description. The grim figure of the Siamese hunter, with its gaunt limbs and grinning teeth thrown out by the red glare of the firebrands, looked quite unearthly, while the huge white tusks, and writhing trunks, and glaring eyes, and vast black bodies starting out of the surrounding darkness seemed like the phantoms of a troubled dream.

Foot by foot they fought their way to the palisade, where Wongsi pointed out a gap between two of the posts barely wide enough for a man's body. But narrow though it was, they went through it as nimbly as a circus-rider through a hoop. A few minutes more brought them to the boat, which her crew (active enough when it was too late, in true Siamese fashion) had by this time laid alongside the bank. But not until they were fairly aboard, and flying down the stream toward Ayuthia, could the heroes of this hair-breadth escape really believe themselves safe at last.

## "BAA! BAA!"

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

### BAA THE SECOND.

A VERY warm and a very busy week followed, for the berries were punctually delivered at the farm and successfully sold at the station; and, best of all, the sheep were as faithfully watered as well as two little pails and two little girls could do it. Every one else forgot them. Mr. Benson was a busy old gentleman far away in the city; Miss Alice was driving, boating, and picnicking all day long; and the men at the depot had no orders to care for the poor beasts. But Tilda and Patty never forgot, and rain or shine they were there when the long train came in, waiting to do what they could, with dripping pails, handfuls of grass, or green branches, to refresh these suffering travellers for whom no thought was taken.

The rough stage-drivers laughed at them, the brakemen ordered them away, and the station-master said they were "little fools"; but nothing daunted the small sisters of charity, and in a few days they were let alone. Their arms were very tired lifting the pails, their backs ached with lugging so much water, and ma would not let them wear any but their oldest clothes for such wet work; so they had their trials, but bore them bravely, and never expected to be thanked.

When Saturday came round, and Miss Alice drove to meet her father, she remembered the little girls, and looked for them. Up at the farm she enjoyed her berries, and ordered them to be promptly paid for, but was either asleep or away when they arrived, and so had not seen the children. The sight of Patty, hastily scrambling a clean apron over her old frock, as she waited for the train with her tray of fruit, made the young lady leave the phaeton and go to meet the child, asking, with a smile,

"Where is the black-eyed sister?—not ill, I hope?"

"No, ma'am; she's watering the sheep. She's so strong she does it better'n I do, and I sell the baskets," answered Patty, rejoicing secretly in the clean, faded apron that hid her shabbiness.

"Ah, I forgot *my* lambs, but you were faithful to yours, you good little things! Have you done it every day?"

"Yes'm. Ma said if we promised, we *must* do it, and we like it; only there's such a lot of 'em, and we get pretty tired;" and Patty rubbed her arms as if they ached.

"I'll speak to papa about it this very day. It will be a good time, for Mr. Jacobs, the President of the road, is coming up to spend Sunday, and they must do something for the poor beasts," said Miss Alice, ashamed to be outdone by two little girls.

"That will be so nice! We read a piece in a paper our teacher lends us, and I brought it down to show Mr. Weed, the depot man. He said it was a shame, but nobody could help it, so we thought we'd tell him about the law we found;" and Patty eagerly drew a worn copy of *Our Dumb Animals* from her pocket to show the little paragraph to this all-powerful friend who knew the Railroad King.

Miss Alice read:

"An act of Congress provides that at the end of every twenty-eight hours' journey animals shall be given five hours' rest, and duly fed and watered, unless shipped in cars having accommodations for the care of live stock on board."

"There!" cried Patty, "that's the law, and ma says these sheep come ever so far, and ought to be watered. Do tell the President, and ask him to see to it. There was another piece about some poor pigs and cows being ninety-two hours without water and food. It was awful."

"I *will* tell him. Here's our train. Run to your berries. I'll find papa, and show him this."

As Miss Alice spoke, the cars thundered into the little

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"WITH A LONG-HANDLED DIPPER SHE SERVED ALL SHE COULD REACH."

station, and a brief bustle ensued, during which Patty was too busy to see what happened.

Mr. Benson and another stout old gentleman got out, and the minute Miss Alice had been kissed, she said, very earnestly,

"Wait a little, please; I want to settle a very important piece of business before we go home."

Then, while the gentlemen listened indulgently, she told the story, showed the bit in the paper, and pointing out Patty, added, warmly:

"That's one good child. Come and see the other, and you will agree with me that something ought to be done to relieve their kind little hearts and arms, if not out of mercy to the animals, who can't be called dumb in this case, though *we* have been deaf too long."

"My willful girl must have her way. Come and get a whiff of fresh air, Jacobs." And Mr. Benson followed his daughter across the track, glad to get out of the bustle.

Yes, Tilda was there, and at work so energetically that they dared not approach, but stood looking and laughing for a moment. Two pails of water stood near her, and with a long-handled dipper she was serving all she could reach; those which were packed on the upper tier she could only refresh by a well-aimed splash, which was eagerly welcomed, and much enjoyed by all parties, for Tilda got well showered herself, but did not care a bit, for it was a melting July day.

"That is a very little thing to do, but it is the drop of cold water which *we* have forgotten," said Miss Alice, softly, while the air was full of cries of longing as the blue lake shone before the thirsty beasts.

"Jacobs, we must attend to this."

"Benson, we will. I'll look into the matter, and report at the next meeting."

That was all they said; but Alice clapped her hands, for she knew the thing would be done, and smiled like sunshine on the two old gentlemen, who presently watched the long train rumble away, with shakes and nods of the gray heads, which expressed both pity and determination.

The other train soon followed, and Patty came running over with her empty tray and a handful of silver to join Tilda, who sat down upon her upturned pail, tired out.

"Papa will see to it, children, and, thanks to you, the sheep will soon be more comfortable," said Miss Alice, joining them.

"Oh, goody! I hope they'll be quick; it's so hot, there's ever so many dead ones to-day, and I can't help 'em," answered Tilda, fanning herself with her bonnet, and wiping the drops off her red face.

Miss Alice took a pretty straw fan out of her pocket and handed it to her, with a look of respect for the faithful little soul who did her duty so well.

"Ask for me when you come to the farm to-night. I shall have some hats and aprons for you, and I want to know you better," she said, remembering the broad-brimmed hats and ready-made aprons in the village store.

"Thank you, ma'am. We'll come. Now we won't have to do this wet work we'd like to be neat and nice," said Patty, gratefully.

"Do you always sell all your berries down here?" asked Miss Alice, watching Tilda tie up the dimes.

"Yes, indeed; and we could sell more if both of us went. But ma said we were making lots of money, and it wasn't best to get rich too fast," answered Tilda wisely.

"That's a good thing for us to remember, Benson, especially just now, and not count the cost of this little improvement in our cattle cars too closely," said Mr. Jacobs, as the old gentlemen came up in time to hear Tilda's speech.

"Your mother is a remarkable woman; I must come and see her," added Mr. Benson.

"Yes, sir; she is. She'd be pleased to see you any day;" and Tilda stood up respectfully as her elders addressed her.

"Getting too rich, are you? Then I suppose it wouldn't do to ask you to invest this in your business for me," asked Mr. Jacobs, holding up two silver dollars, as if he felt bashful about offering them.

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Two pairs of eyes sparkled, and Patty's hand went out involuntarily, as she thought how many things she could get with all that money.

"Would they buy a lamb? and would you like to use it that way?" asked Tilda, in a business-like tone.

"I guess Miller would let you have one for that sum if Miss Alice makes the bargain, and I *should* very much like to start a flock if you would attend to it for me," answered Mr. Jacobs, with a laughing nod at the young lady, who seemed to understand that way of making bargains.

"We'd like it ever so much! We've wanted a lamb all summer, and we've got a nice rocky pasture, with lots of pennyroyal and berry bushes and a brook, for it to live in. We could get one ourselves now we are so rich, but we'd rather buy more things for ma, and mend the roof 'fore the snow comes; it's so old, rain runs down on our bed sometimes."

"That's bad; but you seem fond of water, and look as if it agreed with you," said Mr. Jacobs, playfully poking Tilda's soaked apron with his cane.

They all laughed, and Mr. Benson said, looking at his watch:

"Come, Alice, we must go. I want my dinner, and so does Jacobs. Good-by, little water-witches. I'll see you again."

"Do you s'pose they'll remember the lambs, and hats, and all they promised?" asked Patty, as the others turned away.

"I don't believe they will. Rich folks are so busy having good times they are apt to forget poor folks, seems to me," answered Tilda, shaking her head like a little Solomon.

"Bless my heart, what a sharp child that is! We must not disappoint her; so remind me, Alice, to make a memorandum of all this business," whispered Mr. Benson, who heard every word.

"The President is a *very* nice man, and I know *he'll* keep his word. See! he dropped the money in my tray, and I never saw him do it," cried Patty, pouncing on the dollars like a robin on a worm.

"There's a compliment for you, and well worth the money. Such confidence is beautiful," said Mr. Jacobs, laughing.

"Well, I've learned a little lesson, and I'll lay it to heart so well I won't let either of you forget," added Alice, as they drove away, while Tilda and Patty trudged home, quite unconscious that they had set an example which their elders were not ashamed to follow.

So many delightful things happened after this that the children felt as if they had got into a fairy tale. First of all, two nice rough straw hats and four useful aprons were given them that very night. Next day Miss Alice went to see their mother, and found an excellent woman, trying to bring up her girls, with no one to help her.

Then somehow the roof got mended, and the fence, so that passing cattle could not devastate the little beds where the children carefully cultivated wild flowers from the woods and hills. There seemed to be a sudden call for berries in the neighborhood, for the story of the small Samaritans went about, and even while they laughed people felt an interest in the children, and were glad to help them; so the dimes in the spoutless tea-pot rose like a silver tide, and visions of new gowns, and maybe sleds, danced through the busy little brains.

But best and most wonderful of all, the old gentlemen did *not* forget the sheep. It was astonishing how quickly and easily it was all done when once those who had the power found both the will and the way. Every one was interested now; the stage-drivers joked no more, the brakemen lent a hand with the buckets while waiting for better means of relief, and cross Mr. Weed patted Tilda and Patty on the head, and pointed them out to strangers as the "nice little girls who stirred up the railroad folks." Children from the hotel came to look at them, and Elviry Morris was filled with regret that she had no share in this interesting affair.



"'HERE, LITTLE GIRLS, ARE TWO FRIENDS OF THOSE POOR FELLOWS YONDER.'"

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Thus the little pail of water they offered for pity's sake kept the memory of this much-needed mercy green, till the lake poured its full tide along the channel made for it, and there was no more suffering on that road.

The first day the new pumps were tried every one went to see them work, and earliest of all were Tilda and Patty, in pink aprons and wreaths of evergreens round their new hats in honor of the day. It was sweet to see their intense satisfaction as the water streamed into the troughs and the thirsty sheep drink so gratefully. The innocent little souls did not know how many approving glances were cast upon them as they sat on a log, with the tired arms folded, two trays of berries at their feet now, and two faces beaming with the joy of a great hope beautifully fulfilled.

Presently a party from the hotel appeared, and something was evidently going to happen, for the boys and girls kept dodging behind the cars to see if "they were coming." Tilda and Patty wondered who or what, but kept modestly apart upon their log, glad to see that the fine folks enjoyed the sight about as much as they did.

A rattle was heard along the road, a wagon stopped behind the station, and an excited boy came flying over the track to make the mysterious announcement to the other children, "They've got 'em, and they are regular beauties."

"More pumps or troughs, I guess. Well, we can't have too many," said Tilda, with an eye to the business underway.

"I wish those folks wouldn't stare so. I s'pose it's the new aprons with pockets," whispered bashful Patty, longing for the old cape bonnet to retire into.

But both forgot pumps and pockets in a moment, as a striking procession appeared round the corner. Mr. Benson, trying not to laugh, but shining with heat and fun, led a very white lamb with a red bow on its neck; and behind him came Miss Alice, leading another lamb with a blue bow. She looked very much in earnest, and more like a good fairy than ever, as she carried out her little surprise. People looked and laughed, but every one seemed to understand the joke at once, and were very quiet when Mr. Benson held up his hand, and said, in a voice which was earnest as well as merry: "Here, my little girls, are two friends of those poor fellows yonder come to thank you for your pity, and to prove, I hope, that rich people are not always too busy with their own good times to remember their poorer neighbors. Take them, my dears, and God bless you!"

"I didn't forget my lambs this time, but have been taming these for you, and Mr. Jacobs begs you will accept them, with his love," added Miss Alice, as the two pretty creatures were led up to their new owners, wagging their tails and working their noses in the most amiable manner, though evidently much amazed at the scene.

Tilda and Patty were so surprised that they were dumb with delight, and could only blush and pat the woolly heads, feeling more like story-book girls than ever. The other children, charmed with this pleasant ending to the pretty story, set up a cheer, the men joined in it with a will, while the ladies waved their parasols, and all the sheep seemed to add to the chorus their grateful Baa! baa!

## THE LITTLE BIRD-CATCHER.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A LONG, long time ago, a certain little boy became very much interested in the art of catching birds. The varieties that go south every year when the leaves take on a red and russet hue, and return with the violets, were what he seemed to delight in trapping most. The birds that remain with us in the northern latitudes through the winter he seldom caught, and when such fell into his hands he immediately set them free.

No one about the house could tell why the boy had so suddenly given up his usual games to catch birds, but supposed it would be abandoned as suddenly for something else. His traps and cages were everywhere about the house, and in every one's way. Occasionally the little bird-catcher's father would unconsciously put his hat on some bird-lime lying on the table, and almost lift the table off the floor, a little later, when putting his hat on.

This would cause the indignant father to wonder what on earth the boy had got into his head, and why he wanted to catch all the birds in creation, and if he intended to sell them, or give them away, or let them go.

But the little boy wouldn't tell. He said it was a secret, and went on catching birds and hanging them up in cages in the barn where the cat could not kill them.

As soon as the birds were attended to, the little captor would go down to the orchard where his traps were set to see what luck awaited him. One day, after he had placed the fourth bird in each cage, he met a little school-mate down in the orchard. The new-comer had heard about the young bird-catcher's great success, and came over to see him and find out how he operated.

"But what are you going to do with them?" he asked.

"Keep them," replied the bird-catcher.

"But what for?" inquired his companion.

"I will tell you. Not long ago my nurse read me a book about the Indians. She read me that the Indians say the birds bring us summer, and take it away again when they leave in the fall. If this is so, summer must be wherever the birds are. If the birds should all be killed here, they would have no summer, and we would have summer all the time."

"I thought you liked skating better than swimming?" observed the visitor.

"I do," replied the bird-catcher, sadly; "but you know my little sister is sickly and weak, and I heard the doctor say the other day that the summer helped her so much that she ought to be taken south in winter. But she won't have to go south if I can keep the summer here, and that is why I am trying to catch all the birds."

But shortly after this the summer fled, and the rustling of the dry grass and leaves proclaimed the advent of autumn. The little bird-catcher had not captured a sufficient number of songsters to keep the summer, but it was noticeable that there were many bright, balmy days that winter, when his little sister could walk out in the sun. These bright days were the portion of summer the captured birds retained; and when they died in their cages, they left us their share of summer, and perhaps that is why we frequently have days of sunny cheer in the very heart of a rigorous northern winter.

## GASTEROPODS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

LEAVING the bivalves, we will now turn our attention to the gasteropods—a large class, which contains three-fourths of all living mollusks. They are found in fresh water as well as in salt. Some also, as snails, live on the land.

Gasteropods are known as univalves, since they have but one shell, which is generally a tube twisted spirally from a point called the apex. The picture on page 744 gives a few of their beautiful forms. In almost any collection of shells you will find some of these gasteropods. By sawing one open the spiral tube may be seen winding round a central column, as shown in Fig. 1, and gradually growing larger toward the opening. You will be interested in tracing the coil on the outside of these shells, observing that as the occupant increased in size it made for itself more and more room in the shell.

We have before learned that all shells are secreted by the mantle. As the shell needs enlarging, the mantle is stretched over the edge of it, depositing a layer of shelly matter, and thus a new and larger rim is gained. The

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Fig. 1.
SECTION OF A SPIRAL UNIVALVE.

outer edge of the mantle often contains bright-colored spots, which impart their color to the rim of the shell, ornamenting it with bright streaks and lines.

The edges and notches of the old rim are often marked upon the outside of the shell, and there are sometimes long bristling spines sticking out from them. How do you think the spines could have been formed? Wherever there is a spine, there must have been at that point a fold of the mantle pushed out over the rim to form a tube for drawing water into the animal's mouth. This fold, like every other part of the mantle, deposited shelly matter, and finally there was formed the stiff spine. Of course it is of no further use after the rim has grown beyond it.

Most of those gasteropods that have the margin of the shell notched and lengthened into a canal are flesh-eaters, whereas those having an entire and even margin live on vegetable food.

Gasteropods as a general thing are quite highly organized. They have a distinct head, with two tentacles, and eyes that are sometimes stalked; they are believed to have the senses of hearing and of taste also, which shows a higher stage of development than in the oyster and clam.

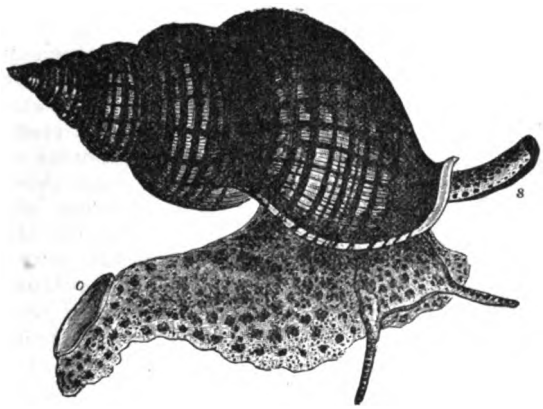


Fig. 2.—WHELK. *o*, Operculum; *s*, Siphon.

Water is admitted within the body by means of a siphon, and the shell is often lengthened at this point into a long canal. The thick, tough part of the body upon which the animal moves is called the foot. It may be extended entirely beyond the shell, but gasteropods are timid creatures, and when alarmed all parts of the body are instantly drawn in, and the entrance is closed with that horny plate, *o*, on the foot (Fig. 2), which fits snugly in the shell, and is called the operculum. The operculum of some gasteropods consists of limestone; small ones of this kind are known as "eye-stones," and were formerly used to remove irritating particles of dust from the eye.

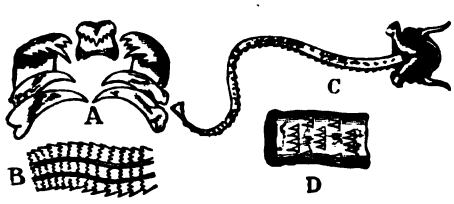



Fig. 3.—LINGUAL RIBBONS.
A, Portion of Tongue of *Velutina*, enlarged; B, Portion of Tongue of Whelk, magnified; C, Head and Tongue of Limpet; D, Portion of same, greatly magnified.

Gasteropods have a remarkable tongue, which contains many sharp-pointed teeth set in distinct rows (Fig. 3). The growth of the tongue continues during the life of the animal, and new teeth are formed at the base of the tongue and grow forward to take the place of those that are worn off at the tip. This tongue is spoken of as the "lingual ribbon," or as the "odontophore."



Fig. 4.
CLAM SHELL BORED BY LINGUAL RIBBON OF GASTEROPOD.

With the lingual ribbon gasteropods file holes in other shells, through which they suck out the soft body, and many strong shells that would apparently make an excellent defense are found to be pierced by a round hole, the edges of which are perfectly true and even, indicating not only good tools, but a skillful use of them (Fig. 4).

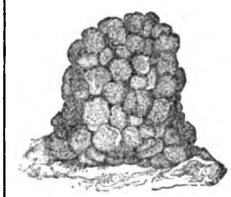


Fig. 5.
EGGS OF WHELK.

Shells that are washed ashore are mostly empty, and now that your attention has been called to the fact, you will be surprised to see so many bearing this round hole, and telling the sad fate of their former inmates. I think you will find that the hole is always made near the hinge, and directly over the softest part of the body.

In addition to the numerous teeth on the tongue of gasteropods there are hard plates in the stomach for crushing food. After being mixed with saliva, which is furnished by salivary glands, the food passes through a long œsophagus into the stomach. Here the food is acted upon by fluids secreted by the liver and other glands. It then passes into a long intestine, where the nourishing portions are absorbed into the blood, and sent with it to all parts of the body by the beating of the two-celled heart.

Gasteropods breathe either by lungs or by gills; some of them come frequently to the surface of the water for air. They push themselves along by the foot, and many of them swim freely through the water.



Fig. 6.
EGG CASE OF PERIWINKLE.

On the sea-shore we find many singular-looking objects, whose appearance alone would give us no idea of their true character. Among them are the odd-shaped eggs of many gasteropods. The eggs of the whelk are found in large masses; each egg is inclosed in a little sac, and a multitude of these sacs are united in a large cluster (Fig. 5).



Fig. 7.—NATICA.

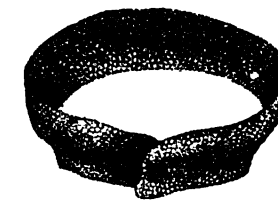
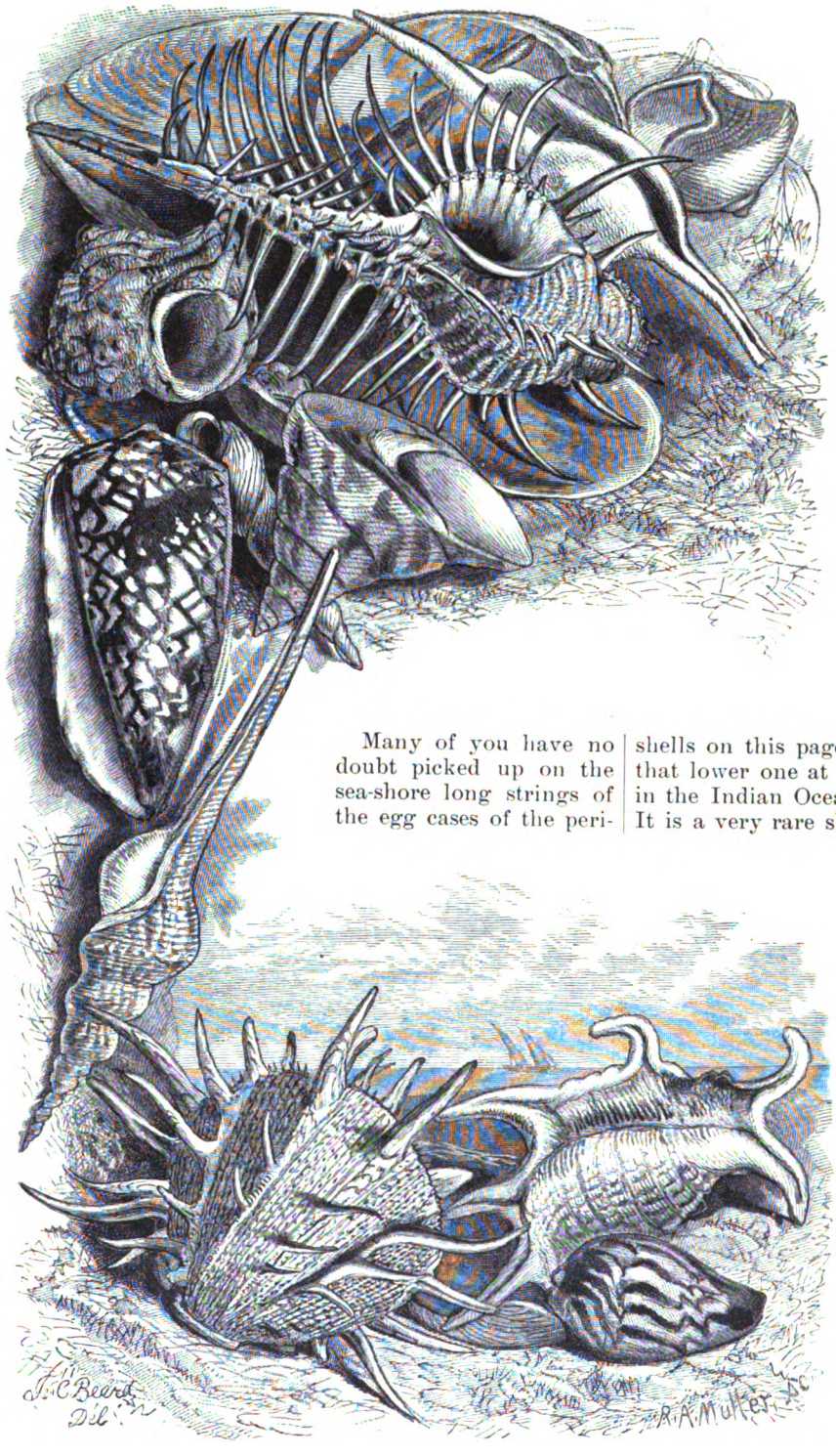


Fig. 8.—EGG CASE OF NATICA.

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SEA-SHELLS.

Many of you have no doubt picked up on the sea-shore long strings of the egg cases of the periwinkle (Fig. 6). These are very common on sandy beaches. They are sometimes twenty inches long, and contain a great many cream-colored cases, or capsules, of a tough leathery substance, and diminishing in size toward one end of the string.

They contain eggs which hatch within the capsule, each little periwinkle being provided with a tiny shell. After consuming the jelly-like fluid with which the capsule is filled, the animals work their way out of the leathery bag and bury themselves in the sand.

Examine the cases, and you will find a little round hole on the top of each one, which is closed by a gristly substance, and looks as if it were provided as an easy escape for the young periwinkles. Cut one open, and if the little occupants have not already escaped, you will find it filled with lovely shells.

One of the sea-snails (the natica, Fig. 7) makes a ring-shaped nest, or "nidus," of fine grains of black and white sand, glued together by a slimy substance which the snail secretes. On its surface are fastened the egg cases, each containing several eggs. When first taken from the water this nidus is soft and leathery, but it becomes exceedingly brittle when dry. It looks somewhat like the broad rim of an old felt hat (Fig. 8).

Shells are attractive objects to most of us, not only on account of their beauty and variety, but has not each one been the home of a living creature? They excite our curiosity, and we wish to know something of the life and habits of the former occupants.

I must call your attention again to the beautiful group of shells on this page, for I want to tell you a story about that lower one at the left with long spines. It is found in the Indian Ocean, and its name is *Spondylus regius*. It is a very rare shell, and we are told that a few years ago there were but three specimens in all the museums of Europe.

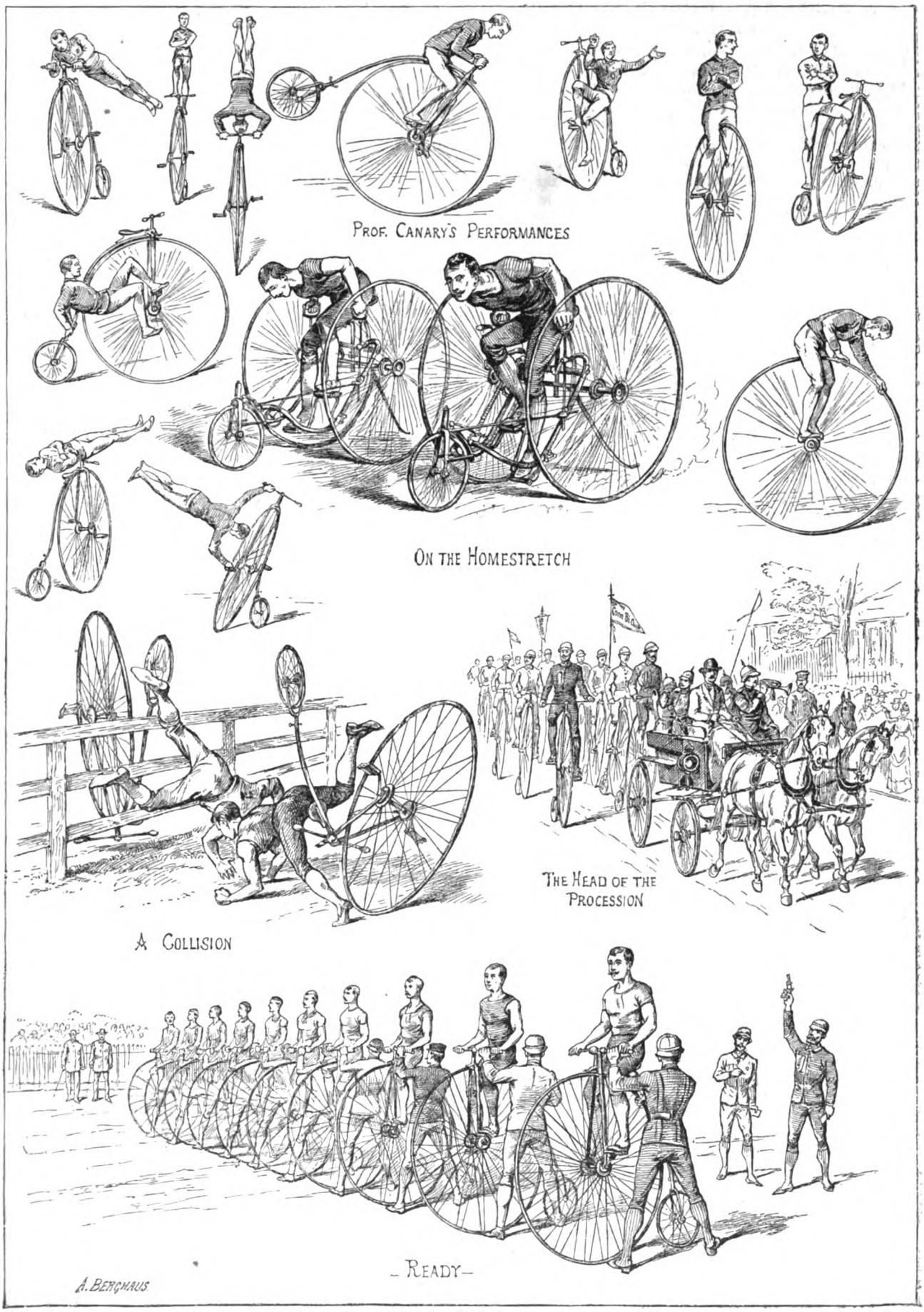
An enthusiastic French professor once had an opportunity of buying one of these rare shells, and not having money enough, he sold his wife's silver-ware without her knowledge, and thus became the happy possessor of the shell. His enjoyment of it, however, was clouded on returning home by the grief and indignation of his wife at the loss of her silver. Forgetting for the moment the treasure in his coat pocket, he sat down upon the shell and crushed it. I am sure you will be glad to hear that only a few of the spines were broken, and that the good wife was able to forget her own loss in trying to comfort her husband.

The small shell at the lower right-hand corner is a cowrie, a common shell, but one that is much admired for its varied tints and markings. In Asia, cowries are used for personal adornment, and are made into collars, bracelets, etc. There is a certain rare species of cowrie which is worn as a sign of rank by the chiefs of New Zealand.

A small flat cowrie from the Indian Ocean is used by the natives of India and Africa as money. These money cowries are gathered by women who are so superstitious as to think it important to collect them three days after full moon or immediately before new moon.

NOTE.—Figs. 1, 2, and 3 are taken from *Comparative Zoology*. By the late Professor JAMES ORTON, A.M., Ph.D.

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THE WHEELMEN'S TOURNAMENT AT HARTFORD.—SEE PAGE 746.

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## ONE WHEEL, TWO WHEELS, AND THREE.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

ON the 2d of September probably the two most excited boys in Hartford, Connecticut, were Cola Sanders and Chickering Brooks, who, on account of his name and his small size, was always called "Chick."

It was the first day of the great bicycle tournament, to which the boys had been looking forward, and for which they had been preparing all summer. Both of them had been presented with bicycles at the beginning of vacation, Cola with a 48-inch and Chick with a 40-inch machine, as suited their respective lengths of leg. Although they did not yet belong to any club, they had learned to ride so well that they had been asked to take part in the grand street parade that was to precede the races. In this they were to ride in the unattached division, which was to be commanded by Ed Harrington.

Proud boys were they to form a part of the long procession of three hundred uniformed riders and glistening wheels that, headed by a brass band in a jaunting-car, wound through the principal streets of the city, amid the applause of many thousands of spectators.

But pride is very apt to come before a fall, and so it was in this case. As the procession was passing through Florence Street a small and highly excited Skye terrier, that a pretty girl on the sidewalk held by a string, broke away, and, barking furiously, dashed into the middle of the roadway. He sprang directly in front of Cola's bicycle, and in trying to avoid running over him the boy turned so sharply to one side that he came to the ground with a crash. Chick was so close behind that he could not stop, but kept right on, and took a tremendous "header" over Cola's machine; two or three other fellows did the same thing, and for a few minutes dire confusion reigned in that part of the procession.

When order was finally restored, Cola's bicycle was found to be so badly injured that for the present it was useless; so Chick kindly helped him to take it home, and then, in the goodness of his heart, put his own machine away, saying that he "would rather walk anyway"; and the boys walked out to Charter Oak Park, where by that time the tournament had begun.

What they saw there is so well described in a letter that Chickering Brooks wrote to a boy friend in New York, a few days afterward, that I am going to let it tell the story. After describing the glories of the street parade and its disastrous ending, so far as he and Cola were concerned, Chick writes:

"There were about a dozen English racers there, come over from England on purpose; and the way they broke the American records and took prizes was just awful. If it hadn't been for Burnham, of Newton, Massachusetts, we Americans would have had to go off somewhere and hide our heads.

"We all thought that George Hendee, of Springfield, couldn't be beaten; but in the very first race, for one-mile amateurs, he came in seventh, and it was won by Furnivall, an Englishman, with Burnham only six feet behind him.

"The one-mile tricycle race was perfectly immense, except that we Americans had no show in it at all. I had no idea tricycles could go so fast. There were three Englishmen in it, and one of them (Chambers, of Birmingham) won in 3m. 9s., beating the best American record by four seconds, but still being eleven seconds behind the best English record. Oh, I tell you, I'm away up on records! Another Englishman came in second. I'm going in for a 'trike' next year—see if I don't. I don't believe a good-for-nothing Skye terrier could upset one of *them*, and break up the most important part of a procession.

"You'd have laughed to see the novices' race, but *they* didn't. Two of them took awful headers. It was won by an American, Rowelston, of Worcester, because there wasn't any Englishmen in it. They keep their novices at home.

"The ten-mile amateur record race was mighty exciting, and for a long time we had great hopes that Weber, of New Jersey, would win it, but English (who of course is English) finally beat him, winning in 31m. 1⅖s., which beats the best American record by three seconds, but does not come up to the best English record, which is 29m. 19⅗s., and was made by this same man, English, at the Crystal Palace, London, last year.

"So you see we Americans didn't enjoy ourselves very much that day till Professor Canary came out, and he was better than a trick mule in a circus. Talk about your bare-back horseback riders! They aren't any more than so many sheep alongside of Professor Canary!

"He rode forward and backward with the small wheel of his bicycle lifted clear of the ground, and then he took the small wheel off altogether, and rode backward and forward and turned round and round on the big wheel alone. Facing backward on his machine, he rode forward, and standing the bicycle on its head, he mounted it, threw the little wheel down into place, and rode off.

"One of his best tricks was to take off the handle bar, lay it on the ground, mount his machine, reach down, and pick up the handle bar, put it in place, and ride away, all without falling over. He took off the little wheel and handle bar, and rode the big wheel without either of them, both sitting down and standing up; then he took off the treadles, and rode the big wheel, making it go with his hands.

"After all, he brought out a common wagon wheel, stood on the hub, and making it go with his hands, rode it all around as easy as anything. I believe that man could ride a rainbow, if he could find a round one. Wouldn't I like to do what he can, though? If I could, I wouldn't care to be President of the United States any more.

"They kept up the tournament another day, and Cola and I went out to see it; but it wasn't very much fun, because Mr. Canary didn't perform, and the Englishmen won five out of the six races that they were admitted into. The only one they didn't win was the five-mile open amateur race, which was won by E. P. Burnham, of Newton, Massachusetts, in 16m. 4s., with English second, Cripps, of Nottingham, England, third, and Weber, of New Jersey, fourth. This and Canary were the only things that saved our side from a smashing defeat by the Englishmen.

"Last Tuesday Uncle Bob took us—me and Cola: I mean Cola and me—to Springfield to see another bicycle tournament, and we had an immense time; but my hand's too cramped up now to tell you about it, and I must wait till another time.

"So good-by, from yours, CHICK'R'G BROOKS."

## TWO ARROWS:

### A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

### CHAPTER X.

### SILE'S POCKET.

NA-TEE-KAH had all the load a girl of her size could comfortably carry when she set out with her people. So had all the rest except the dignified warriors. For that reason all the urging in the world could not get out of that dispirited cavalcade one-half the speed attained by Two Arrows and One-eye the previous evening.

Na-tee-kah could not remember another time when she, daughter of a chief, had been compelled to carry so much, even for a short distance. She knew how to pack a pony capitally well, for that is one of the first arts of Nez Percé

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housekeeping. When and where should they ever get some more ponies? Her father was a renowned horse-thief, and so were several others of the best warriors in the band, and there was hope in that thought. Still there is a double difficulty before a man who sets out to steal horses without having one of his own to ride.

"Two Arrows will steal horses some day," she said to Ha-ha-pah-no, confidently.

"Big chief: steal a heap. No boy any more. Big Tongue find a horse; say he stole him. No brave. Pony come somehow."

Nobody else in that band could have guessed how the mind of Long Bear himself was busy with plans concerning that very matter. He thought of all the horses of all the tribes at any kind of difference with the Nez Percés, and he thought of the white traders and their rich droves of quadrupeds of all sorts. He had won his rank fairly, as his son was likely to do after him, and he had a great deal of courage and ambition; just at present, however, he was a dismounted horse-thief, and he felt the disgrace of it even more than the inconvenience. It was a sad thing to be afoot at his time of life, and he brooded over it like some great white merchant who has suddenly failed in business.

It was pleasant to find the trail so good, at all events, and before dark they made out to reach the very spot where Two Arrows had camped. They had been more than twice as long in getting there, but the first brave who pushed on into the open space found the dead embers of a fire and began to study them. Not far behind him were Na-tee-kah and Ha-ha-pah-no, and it was hard to say which of them was the first to point at the black coals and the ashes, and exclaim, "Two Arrows!"

The word was echoed from lip to lip until it came to Long Bear and his wife. For a wonder he was walking beside her, which was as near as he could come to carrying her load for her.

"Young brave," he said to her, with great calmness. "Great chief some day. All like father. Same. Go steal pony pretty soon."

The Big Tongue had become almost a silent Indian under the effects of hard walking, but he had been stung again by remarks from Ha-ha-pah-no, and he had gone ahead. He had not gone far enough to make him look enterprising, but all at once the cañon fairly rang with a whoop he sent back to let the rest know he had found something. At the same moment three great vultures, or buzzard-eagles, arose from a prize they had found, and soared away. They were wonderfully wide-winged birds, and each carried off a good dinner, for they had nearly finished the offal left upon the ground by the carcasses of the cougar and the big-horn.

The Big Tongue pointed proudly at the discovery he had made, and was about to say something, when he was once more overwhelmed. His whooping had brought a swarm of the braves around him, but of course no squaws had presumed to push in. It was for that very cause that the eyes of Na-tee-kah had been busy among the rocks, and that so she had discovered the charcoal "token" scored upon one of them.

"Two Arrows!" she screamed, and in a moment more there were warriors there taking away the stones which covered the meat and the skins.

It was time now for Long Bear to do all the whooping there was in him. His son had slain a cougar single-handed, and had killed a big-horn, and here were the proofs of it. The whole band could at once have another feast of fresh meat, provided by the young hero, for whom they were indebted to the great Long Bear.

It was decided that they had travelled far enough for one day, but that an early start should be made the next morning. That had also been an interesting day at the camp by the spring.

The overwearied pale-faces slept well, but Yellow Pine arose three times to go around among the animals and see how they were doing. He had them all fed and rubbed down most carefully in the morning. It was a good thing to do, and when Sile Parks awoke and stretched himself, he felt as if he also wanted to be fed and rubbed down. Almost everybody else was already astir, and breakfast was soon ready for him.

Yellow Pine did a deal of exploring, before and after he breakfasted, and Sile at once set out to imitate him. He asked some question or other of every one he saw, and believed that he had learned a great deal. At last he came to a heap of stones and bushes that seemed to him to have been piled up remarkably.

"How could they ever have got there?" he said, as he began to pull upon a bush with green leaves yet clinging to its twigs. In five minutes more he knew where the Nez Percés had made their hasty "cache" for their lodges and other treasures, and he went at once to report it to his father and to Yellow Pine. The latter looked at Sile with positive respect, and exclaimed:

"There, now, jedge; that settles it. I know I'm right; them Indians had lost their ponies. I couldn't find a hoof-mark on their trail this morning; they dragged some lodge-poles along, though. I say, we must leave their cache jest as we found it. We must foller right along, too, or we'll run short of fodder. They've taken my old road. We needn't be afraid of 'em, only we'd best keep a sharp lookout."

Sile Parks learned a great deal that day about the mysteries of road-making; he also learned how much a really well-built wagon will stand if it is not too heavily loaded.

"Father," said he at last, at a place where the wagons were "stuck" for a while, "I'm going ahead to see what 'll turn up."

"Don't go too far, that's all."

"Keep yer eye out for mines," shouted Yellow Pine, with a laugh, and Sile took it seriously.

"It's a gold country," he said to himself, "and I might stumble upon some of it."

That was precisely what he made out to do. He was marching along, with his eyes on all the rocky precipices, as if the mouth of a gold mine might open to him at any moment, and he was not so careful of his feet as he should have been. A loose stone shot away from under him, and down he came upon a fairly level floor of sand and gravel.

"Halloo! what's that?" Something bright and yellow had caught his eye. "Gold! gold! A chunk of gold!"

Thousands upon thousands of "placer miners" have raised precisely such a shout in just such sandy gullies, but Sile felt as if he were the first being on earth to whom such an experience had ever happened. He at once began to dig and sift among the gravel fiercely. He took out his hunting knife and plied it as a trowel. Little bits of dull yellow metal rewarded him every now and then until he worked along to where a ledge (or the edge of one) of quartz came nearly to the surface. On the upper side of that, and lying closely against it, he pried out something that made him shout "Hurrah!" and that then gave him almost a sick feeling. It was a gathering of golden nuggets and particles which would nearly have filled his hat, and there were others like it, only smaller, all along the edge of that stone.

Sile thought of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp; then he thought of the California miners; then he shut his eyes for a moment. Then he went on digging, and he was hard at it when a tall form stooped over him and the voice of Yellow Pine exclaimed:

"I'd call it— If the youngster hasn't lighted onto a placer, and scooped the biggest kind of a pocket! Sile, you've done it. You can jest ax me all the fool questions you've a mind to after this. You was really learnin' by 'em."

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LONG BEAR.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A TRAPPED BOY.

WHEN the light awoke Two Arrows, he found One-eye standing guard as if he did not like the look of things, but no danger showed itself. It was a new country—too much so, perhaps—and a dog with a high sense of duty could not be too careful. Two Arrows also had duties, and he felt that one of them was to go back at once and tell his band what he had discovered. He had no idea that they were already on the march, or he might have been less troubled in mind about them. His other duty, not quite so plain, was to explore the valley a little, and see how many buffaloes and deer and all that sort of thing were in it. He cooked and ate his breakfast, providing liberally for One-eye, but could hardly make up his mind in which direction to go.

His feet took him along at last, and he wandered for nearly a mile before he came to any sort of adventure. Then he suddenly discovered why the deer were in motion, and why it was time for him and One-eye to wander back again. It was almost as bad as a war party of another tribe, or even a band of wicked pale-faces, for at the edge of a little grove of wild plum-trees One-eye broke out into something between a howl and a bark, and turned, running toward his master. Then Two Arrows himself turned and ran, for his quick eyes caught the meaning of it. The head of a grizzly bear came out between two bushes, and no idea of heroism called for any waiting. The cañon, or the ruins, or almost any other place would have been better at that moment than the spot where he was when Bruin saw him.

The grizzly may have had bad luck that morning. At all events, he was out after game, and was in a bad temper. He hated all dogs naturally, and he had seen One-eye. He hated men as well, but his first rush was after the scared quadruped. That was an excellent thing for Two Arrows. He was the best runner of his age in his band, and never before had he done quite so well, but he stuck to his weapons. Every jump counted, for One-eye was doing the right thing. He was not following his master too closely; he was only thinking of getting away from the bear. He, too, had been the best runner of his tribe, when there had been other dogs to run with him, and he certainly was now.

It was an exciting race, but Two Arrows knew it must have an end some time. He longed for a tree, and to be away up in the top of it, but there were none near enough to be of any use. He kept an eye on the other racers, and it was not many minutes before he saw that One-eye was doing almost too well. He was getting away so fast that the grizzly gave him up and turned to his other chance for a breakfast. It was as if he had said to himself:

"Dogs are no good; they run too well. A nice, tender, well-fed Indian boy now, and I'll get him in a moment."

Two Arrows had gained a pretty good start, and it led him toward the cañon.

"It 'll all be over with me," he thought. "I'd fight him, but he's too much for me. Got to die now."

It was an awful moment, and all the courage in him did not make it any less so. The claws and jaws and hug of a mountain grizzly are a terrible prospect to set before anybody's ambition.

Just then another prospect and a ray of hope dawned upon him. Away to the right he saw a solitary bowlder of gray granite, with a round top nearly thirty feet above the grass.

"If it isn't too smooth to climb," flashed through the mind of Two Arrows as he turned and ran for it.

He was running now for his life, and the bear was rapidly gaining on him, but it told well for his valor that he did not drop his lance or bow.

Nearer now, and he could see that the rock was one of those bald-headed, smooth-cheeked affairs that look as if they had been ground and polished in a mill.

"Ugh! Other side, maybe," groaned Two Arrows, as he dodged around the hopeless side he came to. Away around, and the same mocking smoothness made his heart sink, while the fierce growl of the huge wild beast behind him thrilled him through and through.

"Ugh! rough place. Climb."

It was a mere crack at the surface of the ground, but at a few feet above it the granite surface was somewhat broken. A good spring, aided by the tough shaft of his lance, and Two Arrows managed to brace himself upon a tolerable holding. If he should slip, there would be an end of it, for the grizzly was close up now. He clung like a fly, and found place after place for his hands and feet. In a moment more he was sitting upon the round top of the rock, safe, but a prisoner, with a guard set to keep him secure. He had come out after adventures, and he had found one of the very largest kind.

"He can't get up here," said Two Arrows; but he said it doubtfully, for the grizzly is a rock bear, and is made for climbing. He was now studying the face of that rock at the cleft, and it was not long before he made up his mind that he could do something.

"I won't waste any arrows on him," said the boy on the

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top of the bowlder. "Besides, if I don't get him too angry, he may go off."

Not without trying a climb for his human game; and it was wonderful with what care and consideration, as well as skill and strength, Bruin made his effort.

Two Arrows lay down, bow in hand, and watched him, as he raised his huge bulk against the side of the rock. The long, strong, cruel-looking claws took hold of crevices and roughnesses much more powerfully than a human hand or foot could have grasped them. A grunt, a growl, a great lift, and the grizzly was off the ground.

Two Arrows did not know that he was testing his quality as a warrior and chief to be. It was a marvellous trial of cool courage to lie there, with an arrow on the string, and bide his time."

"Now! Ugh!"

The arrow went truly to its mark, but the hide of a grizzly is a tough shield, and the shaft did not go as deeply as it might have gone into a deer or bison. Arrow after arrow sped in swift, unerring succession, and the bear received them with roars of fury, struggling upward as his wrath and pain aroused him to greater efforts.

"My last two arrows. One for that leg, just above the claw."

Cool and correct again, and the last brace of shafts did their work to admiration. They did not kill the grizzly nor even loosen the grip of that great forearm and claw upon the rock, but the next struggle of the bear brought him upon smooth stone, gently rounding. He reached out over it with his wounded limb, and the black hooks at the end of it did not work well. His game was within a length of him, but it was game that held a long Mexican lance in its ready hand. The lance went through his other forearm, and his grip with that relaxed for a second or so—only for an instant, but that was enough. Slip, slide, growl, tear, roar, and the immense monster rolled heavily to the ground below, full of rage and arrow-wounds, and altogether unfitted for another steep climb.

Two Arrows drew a great breath of relief, but he well knew that he had not yet escaped. There was no telling how long the siege would last, for even when the bear arose and limped all the way around the bowlder, his ferocious growls plainly declared his purpose. He had not the least idea of letting the matter stop there. He meant to stay and see it out.

And now the young explorer felt something like a sensation of mortification. One-eye had deserted him. The last dog of that band of Nez Percés had turned tail and left his master on the top of a bowlder to be starved out by a bear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



VERY PLEASANT FOR THE DOLL, BUT MORE THAN FLESH AND BLOOD CAN STAND.

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WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING.

Hurrah! there goes the last summer boarder. Our turn now!

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

### OUR BLUEBIRDS.

In an apple-tree directly in front of our sitting-room window, and about ten feet distant, hangs a little bird house of only one room. It is suspended from a limb by an iron rod about a foot long, and has a very steep tin roof, thus making it proof against cats. For six years the same bluebirds or their descendants have reared broods of young, sometimes one and sometimes two broods in a season. The mother bird does all the sitting, the father bird supplying her with food, of course bringing her the choicest insects he can find, and eating the less dainty ones himself. I have often seen her reject insects he brought her, and, looking very indignant, leave the nest and search for herself. The eggs hatch in fourteen days. The young fly when fourteen or sixteen days old. They have splendid appetites, and never find fault with their food. One season they raised a brood of four, and a few days before they flew my papa (who is an invalid, and for whose amusement the bird house was put up) counted the number of insects fed to the young in three hours, with the following results: From 4 to 5 A.M., seventy-two; from 12 to 1, thirty-two; from 6 to 7 P.M., forty-eight; an average of fifty insects an hour, or from seven to eight hundred a day, and every insect large enough to be distinctly seen, varying in size and nature from a worm an inch long to a grasshopper two inches long, the latter usually requiring a vigorous pounding on a limb of the tree before being passed, head first, down the capacious throats of the young birds. The number of insects captured in the early morning hour proved the old adage true that "'tis the early bird that catches the worm." It also seemed to prove that if the worms hadn't been up they would not have got caught.

At one time, after the birds had begun repairing their nest in the spring, the house was taken down and sent to a carpenter for repairs. All day long the birds sat on the limb, looking very sad, and at frequent intervals would flutter against the window, striking the glass with their beaks and wings, and then back to the tree again, saying, as plainly as words could, "Bring me back our home."

I have driven cats away from the tree so often that the birds look upon me as their protector. On one occasion I was in the flower garden, quite a distance from the tree, when the father bird swept by my head so near as to almost touch me, and back to the tree again, repeating this several times, all the while uttering a cry. I soon discovered a neighbor's kitten, too small to do any harm, in the top of the tree, far above the bird house. A fish-pole soon brought it down, and as I chased it off the lot and across the street, birdie fluttered along by my side the whole distance, often touching my dress.

Early one morning, shortly after this, there came through our open bedroom window, oh! such a shrill, heart-rending cry as to wake me out of a sound sleep and cause my mamma to spring out of bed and hasten to our canary, which she found hopping merrily about in his cage. A few bright blue feathers on the piazza told the sad tale. The pitiful cry we heard was poor birdie's last appeal for help to those to whom he had learned to look for protection, as he was borne past our window in the jaws of Bell, the cat, and Mrs. Bluebird was a widow, with three small children to support. She proved equal to the task. Alone and unaided she fed them for two weeks, and then they were able to fly. One morning about nine o'clock she stopped bringing food to the house, and alighting on the fence about a hundred feet away, gave a loud and peculiar call. Instantly one of the young was by her side, which showed that the call was clearly understood. She took it to a neighboring tree and gave it a few insects; then returned alone to the fence and gave the same call, and bird No. 2 came to the door of the house and looked anxiously over to where its mother sat on the fence calling, but not being so courageous as his brother, he kept his mother calling for a whole hour, she occasionally taking food to No. 1 in the apple-tree, but never going any nearer the bird house than the fence on which she sat. At last he flew to her side, and was taken to the tree with No. 1. It was quite noon when she called for No. 3, and he proved the coward of the family. Few mothers have had their patience tried as was Mrs. Bluebird's. Until four o'clock in the afternoon she coaxed and scolded, stopping occasionally to feed the two birds in the tree and to chase the coward round the house, which she would occasionally do, evidently with the intention of driving him out. Not a morsel of food did he taste from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M., when he mustered courage to fly and join the rest of the family.

The following year the mother bird was caught in a similar manner, leaving three young birds a few days old, and the father, after calling for the mother for two days, went diligently to work and raised them as successfully as the mother bird had done the year before.

The birds are usually gone South about five months, taking their departure in November with the first signs of winter, and returning in March. Their attachment to the young is quite lasting; they always remain with them until they go South in the fall, and often return together in the spring. Their attachment to their home is also very strong; although actually occupying it for only about six weeks to prepare the nest and raise a brood, they inspect the house as often as once a week from their return in the spring to their departure in the fall. At the approach of winter, when the air was filled with snow, I have often seen the father and mother bird and two broods of young, seven or eight in all, alight upon the tree and, one by one, inspect the bird house for the last time before their departure for the South.

EDITH M.

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

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ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

I am a boy fourteen years old. I live in Boston, but am now making a visit to my cousins in St. Louis. I am having a very nice time. I play base-ball, cricket, and croquet a great deal. The boys here are very nice, and do not quarrel when we play games. I have a pony named Ned, and a dog which knows several tricks and is very cunning. I like "Into Unknown Seas," and I think "Two Arrows" is going to be very nice too.

HARRY C. J.

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ELBA, VIRGINIA.

I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for some time. I like it very much. I am the only subscriber in this little village. I lend it to my little playmates, hoping that they may be induced to subscribe. I am five years old, and have no one to play with. I had a sweet little sister, but she went to live in heaven nearly two months ago. I have a yellow cat and a little yellow dog, which are all the pets I have. With many thanks for the nice stories which are published every week in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I am your little friend,

MAMIE B. W.

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BODHAM.

Perhaps some of the readers of the HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE may think of keeping mice, and do not know the way to feed them. Having lately examined several books where mice are referred to, I find that, without exception, they all advise that the food to be given be bread soaked in milk, and in one I even saw meat recommended. With regard to the former, I may say that I have tried it, but find that bread soaked in water is better, and if the latter be tried, the mice will get a taste for any sort of meat, so that if the young fancier opens the cage and touches them they will fly at his hand.

W. J.

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RAMSGATE, KENT, ENGLAND.

I have never seen a letter from Ramsgate in your pretty paper, so I thought I would write to you. Ramsgate is a splendid little sea-side watering-place on the southeast coast, and has lately been made a borough. It has one of the most splendid harbors along the coast, and a nice beach of fine sand, with "bathing-machines," boats, and everything for sea-side enjoyment. My father has a nice pleasure-boat, the *May Bell*, with sails and fishing-gear all ready for a day's cruise, so if you ever get an opportunity to come to Ramsgate, I am quite sure we should always welcome any little American friends who may come.

C. E. A. M.

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ST. PAUL'S ROAD, SHIPLEY, NEAR BRADFORD, ENGLAND.

DEAREST POSTMISTRESS,—We are so very fond of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE we thought we should like to write to you, and how proud we shall be if the letter is published! We had never heard of the book until last January, but we think it is the nicest one ever printed. We have not read Mrs. Lillie's story, "Nan," but we think "Rolf House" is simply splendid. We are sorry it is finished. But don't you think Bob a mean boy? We do. For pets we have a canary named Charlie. It does not sing much, but we are trying to teach it to sing tunes. We are afraid we shall not succeed. There are some fine buildings about Shipley, but this letter is too long, so we can not describe them now.

NELLIE J. and AGNES G.

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PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I write up to state that I. B. H. is wrong in saying that men are the only animals that have hands. Monkeys have hands. I remain your little fault-finder,

W. G. P. (eight years old).

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ALGONA, IOWA.

We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the first, and like it ever so much. My sister Lulu takes this paper, and I take the *Youth's Companion*, and between us we take *St. Nicholas*. I have three sisters; the oldest, Lulu, is ten, Willie is nearly three, and the baby, Lillian, is three weeks old. I am fourteen. We live in a very pretty town in the northern part of Iowa; it is in the bend of the Des Moines River, and Indians have prophesied that no wind-storm will

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ever harm us. None has come as yet, but they have them all around us. Our house faces the east, and there is a large lawn on the north side. Papa is building a barn, and we are intending to have a pony next summer. We have two cats and two dogs; their names are Tom and Beauty, and Nero and Fay. Fay is a bird dog and Nero a poodle. I liked "Rolf House" very much, but "Wakulla" was my favorite story.

GERTRUDE E. C.

NEWBURGH, NEW YORK.

Although we have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published, we have never written to you. When the sample copy was sent to us we read it until we knew it almost by heart. "We" are seven girls and two boys. Pussy, our baby, will be five years old Saturday. I am drawing the head of Agnes Wakefield, "The Little Dreamer," but the paper was lost at my teacher's. Can I get another copy of that number, and how much will it be? GERTRUDE K.

Send five cents, with your full post-office address, to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and ask them to mail you No. 116, in which the exquisite picture of "The Little Dreamer" appeared.

We are up in Maine, and I thought you might like to know about it here. We are at a new camp which papa has built. It is on an island, so that any one who can't row can not get over alone. We have been having a very cold spell of weather for ten days. I am eleven years old. We live in Philadelphia in the winter, and in the summer we stay at a country place near Germantown. My sister, a cousin, and myself cooked our own dinner to-day. PHEBE WARREN MCK.

I suppose the dinner tasted all the better for having been prepared by your own hands. I shall add you to the Little Housekeepers, Phebe.

MAGNOLIA, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl ten years old. I am having a lovely time this summer. Magnolia is on the end of Cape Ann, but four miles from Gloucester. We play lawn tennis and go in bathing every day. I have two brothers, the eldest of whom (fifteen years) is writing for me, as I have a headache. The youngest (thirteen years) is very much afraid of the water. I have one pet, a canary named Dicky. He is very tame. Hoping to see this in print, as it is my first attempt at correspondence with you, I remain one of your most ardent admirers,

MARGARET C. S.

BRONSON, FLORIDA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I like Howard Pyle's stories best. I think "Into Unknown Seas" splendid. As all the little writers tell about their pets, I will mention some of mine. I have a horse that I call Bismarck, two puppies, Pompey and Cæsar, two cats, Bessie and Allene—one of them is white nearly all over. I had a young alligator, but it died. I sent for Gibson's *Camp Life in the Woods*, and like it very much. I set a trap to-day for some quail. Game is very plentiful here. I am eleven years old, and Florida is my native State. Please publish this letter.

WILLIE R. C.

PRAIRIE CITY, ILLINOIS.

Mamma and I started from home March 4, and went to St. Louis. We went to Shaw's Garden. It is a place where a great many native and foreign plants are cultivated. We then went to Nashville the next day, and visited the Capitol building. It is a beautiful structure, and contains many interesting things, among which is a mummy thirty-three hundred years old, which was found in the catacombs of Egypt. We were also at Montgomery and at Mobile, and then at New Orleans. The Exposition was very interesting and attractive. I enjoyed hearing the Mexican band; it played some lovely music. Some time last spring in one of the numbers there was an article about a Spanish fort, and ever since I read it I have wanted to go there. So when we were at New Orleans we went, and I saw the big live alligators. ALLIE A. M.

ATTICA, KANSAS.

I live in the town of Attica. It was a year old last July. It has about fifteen hundred inhabitants. I am eleven years old. I wrote once before, but my letter was not printed. I thought I would write again, and hope to have better success this time. There will be school here next week. I like "Two Arrows" very much. I used to live in Michigan, on the lake shore, right across from Chicago. N. E. A.

Attica is a flourishing town, although only one year old, as it already has fifteen hundred inhabitants and a school for the children to attend.

SACHEM'S HEAD, CONNECTICUT.

We are now at our summer residence, Sachem's Head. It is a beautiful place, about nineteen miles from New Haven. It is said to have derived its queer name from the fact that two centuries ago the Indians who inhabited this place killed their sachem and hung his head on a pole. There is a pole here which some people believe is the original one, but the general belief is that the pole now in existence is one that was erected as a particular sign among sailors. There is an excellent bathing beach, called "Bloody Cove," because there was a battle fought there by the Indians, and it is said the water was crimson with the blood that was shed. The scenery here is beautiful, and on clear days we can see Long Island across the Sound. About four miles out from the coast is Faulkner's Island; on it are the light-house, fog-house, and the house the keeper lives in. One day a large party of us sailed over to the island in a yacht owned by Captain B. We went up in the light-house tower, and the keeper explained to us how the light was taken care of, and other things about it. He said that a certain number of towels were supplied by the government yearly for the purpose of cleaning the light. It was quite interesting to hear him tell about it.

A little more than twenty years ago there was a very large hotel here, but by some mysterious coincidence it was burned, and the only thing remaining to tell of its former existence is the bowling-alley, now occupied as a cottage by a Mr. G. For ten years the place was desolate, except for the few farm-houses here and there and one small boarding-house. Then, by some good chance, we heard of the place; so our family, with three others (mamma's sisters'), came here and built a cottage. We four families lived in one cottage for six years. At the end of that time the little children had grown so large that each family built a cottage for itself. Now, besides these four cottages, there are about twenty-five others, and we have delightful times.

I am afraid, dear Postmistress, I shall tire you with my long letter, so I will close, hoping all the correspondents may enjoy themselves as much as we do during the summer months. CLARA I. P.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I want to tell you about a little cousin of mine who had a little lamb given him, which he feeds from a bottle. He first gives the bottle to the lamb, and after it has had some milk he says, "Now it's my turn," and takes the bottle himself. And when the lamb calls its mother, Karlie thinks it is calling him, so he says, "Be still, lambie; I'll be there in a minute." We have a little dog which we call Muggins, and we think he is very cute. He will play hide-and-seek, and when he is looking for us he will go up on the piano and look up at the ceiling, as though he expected to find us there. My sister, myself, and some other girls have a cooking club.

FANNY A. W.

WEIMAR, TEXAS.

I thought I would write you a letter. I live in Weimar. It is a small town on the "Sunset" Railroad. It is on a high open prairie, and is a pleasant place, for even in warm weather there is a good breeze. We have a fine school here, which will begin again on the 1st of September; Professor R. P. D. is the principal. My brother takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like to read it very much; I like "Rolf House" and Jimmy Brown's stories the best. I am nine years old.

Your friend, WADE MCC.

I have just sent a letter off to a correspondent of this paper about an exchange. I am in the country now, as it is vacation. We have two months' vacation here, and it will be over next Monday. In two years I expect to be in the High School. Although I do not study botany at school, I like it very much, and am going to study it at home this year. I send you some leaves which grow here; they are pressed, of course, but half of them have lost their natural color. If any of the correspondents of the paper will send me some leaves that do not grow here, I will send them some in return.

CLARENCE G. BAUSMAN,
535 North Duke Street,
Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I live in Peoria, but am spending a few months in Chicago. I have a little Shetland-pony at home, which I miss very much. I sometimes take my little friends to ride in the cart, and sometimes I ride on my pony, and papa takes his horse and rides with me. My pony's name is Dotsy. When I ask him to give me his foot, he puts one into my hand, and then he expects me to give him something nice to eat. EDNA L. B.

RIDLEY PARK, PENNSYLVANIA.

Although we have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, none of us have ever written to you before. We live in Philadelphia, but are spending the summer in Ridley Park. It is a very pretty place, and has many fine residences in it. I have three sisters and one brother—Helen, May, Edith, and Homer. Some time ago my two older sisters and six other girls had a fair for missionary purposes. They made nearly all the articles themselves, and cleared forty dollars, each one receiving five dollars as the result of her labors. I liked "Rolf House" very much, and was sorry when it was finished.

BESSIE W. S. (12 years).

The busy fingers worked to good purpose, I think.

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since its first publication, and like it more and more every day. The exchange column I find very valuable, as I have answered several, and always found them trustworthy. Santa Cruz is just across the Monterey Bay from the famous Hotel del Monte and the Pacific Grove, and like them is a favorite summer resort, crowded every summer with visitors from many places. There will be a large encampment of State troops here in a few days. This season has been delightful: clear, sunshiny days, but never too warm for comfort, and immense crowds of people are bathing in the surf every day or making excursions to the hills and forests near by. Santa Cruz Mission was established many years ago by Catholic priests. CALIFORNIA BOY.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead land, and leave that which is curved. 2. Behead a small wood, and leave to wander. 3. Behead food, and leave to polish. 4. Behead rough, and leave an article for the neck. 5. Behead morose, and get a liquor. 6. Behead to degrade, and leave to be low. 7. Behead to make shorter, and get a part of the nose. 8. Behead a two-masted vessel, and leave to fit out. 9. Behead to walk tremblingly, and leave an animal. 10. Behead a tree, and get a structure. 11. Behead an animal, and leave an animal. 12. Behead a bird, and leave a line. 13. Behead an animal, and get a grain. 14. Behead lean, and leave a relation. 15. Behead a deep cut, and leave a tree. 16. Behead a color, and leave something bright.

NUNIE BASNEY.

### No. 2.

ENIGMA.

My first is in chair, but not in stool.
My second is in stream, but not in pool.
My third is in deer, but not in fawn.
My fourth is in grass, but not in lawn.
My fifth is in tie, but not in scarf.
My sixth is in smile, but not in laugh.
My seventh is in soul, but not in heart.
My eighth is in bun, but not in tart.
My ninth is in woman, but not in man.
My tenth is in bucket, but not in can.
My eleventh is in mist, but not in cold.
My twelfth is in silver, but not in gold.
My whole is the name of a celebrated artist.

EDITH HOBBS (eleven years old).

### No. 3.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 2, 3, 10, 5 is a small animal.
My 1, 2, 9, 10, 4 is a huge fish.
My 1, 7, 5, 9, 10 is a weapon.
My 7, 5, 9, 10 is a fruit.
My 1, 2, 8, 5, 7 is a useful animal.
My 6, 7, 3, 10, 4 is a small light.
My 10, 9, 4, 5 is a garden tool.
My 2, 9, 10, 4 is to listen.
My whole is the name of a great dramatist.

GEORGE ROYSTON.

### No. 4.

TWO SQUARES.

1.—1. To stop. 2. A surface. 3. To jump. 4. A narrow band.

2.—1. To walk lame. 2. A heathen god. 3. A method. 4. Something alleged in support of a cause. LILLIE VESARIA.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 305.

No. 1.—

P A N I C
A B A D A
N A D I R
I D I O T
C A R T S

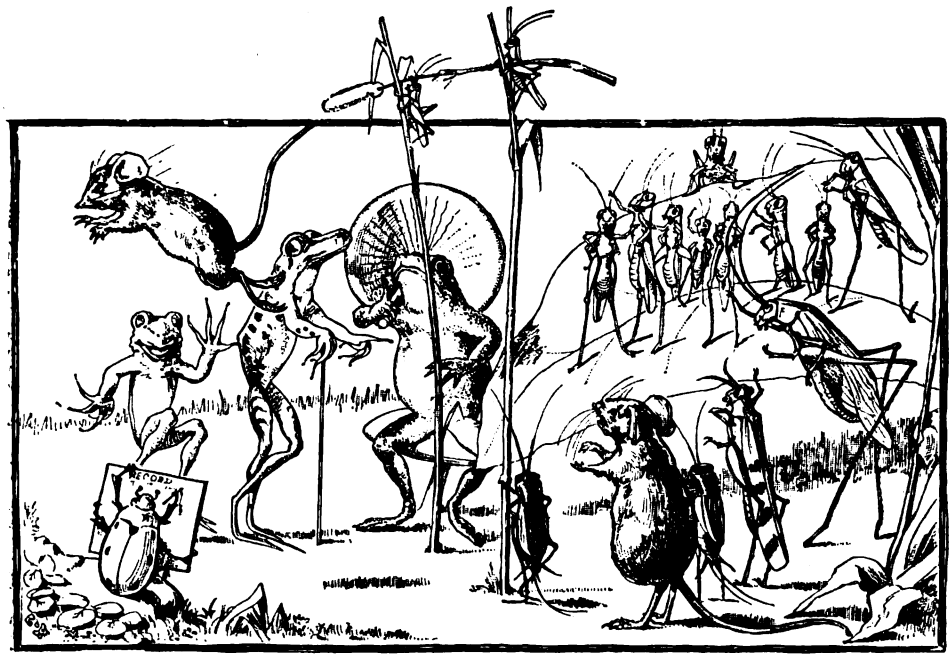
No. 2.—

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      M                   P
    D O E               B A A
  D A N T E           B R I N G
M O N T H L Y       P A I N T E R
  E T H E L           A N T I E
    E L L             G E E
      Y                 R
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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from George R., Mort Laurence, J. A. Welbourn, Helen W. Gardner, Henry L. King, Jennie Peace, Margaret Maynard, Lorimer Kent, J. C. D., Redmond A., Gus Craven, Fannie Rice, Rick Stanton, and John Cox.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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STANDING HIGH JUMP—BREAKING THE RECORD.

## A TALKING CAT.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

A FRIEND of mine has a large black cat that talks. I have never seen or heard of anything of the kind before, but this animal certainly expresses its wants and feelings by certain tones and inflections which sound marvellously like human words.

The way the creature came into the family, and its whole conduct and bearing at the time, showed an amount of discretion and tact which would have done credit to the wisest and best-bred mortal.

The family had a very handsome pet tabby cat. Tabby introduced into the house a friend in the shape of the black cat of which I speak. The stranger was allowed to remain in the house during the day, but was always turned out at night, not being recognized as one of the family. It was a wild, romping, rather vicious creature, with all the characteristics of the street Arab, and manners begotten of an early education in vacant lots.

One day a fatal accident befell the tabby—it was run over by a grocery wagon. The cook, whose special pet the tabby was, became inconsolable. She vowed she never could love a cat again; but as the black one had been a friend of her pet, she treated it with distant kindness and hospitality. Here it was that the black cat showed its wonderful tact and judgment. It seemed to reason with itself thus: "Now here is a fine opening for me. If I play my cards properly I may step into this luxurious position, be allowed to sleep in all the easy-chairs in the house, have milk three times a day, and fresh meat bought for me especially at the butcher's; but I must act with caution."

Its whole manner at once changed. It became quiet, orderly, and considerate, and was consequently soon settled in the position of its departed friend, and from that day to this has never turned aside from the line of action laid down for itself at the start by any unseemly conduct.

It was about the time of the funeral of the tabby that Nig (for so the cook christened it) first showed its wonderful gift of talking. If asked if it wanted something to eat, it would answer with a prolonged "Y-e-o-w"; but if questioned as to something that it did not want, it would reply with a short, almost snappish, "Wow!" Sometimes it would utter a sentence of two or three words with so much feeling and variety of inflection as to be absolutely startling. Of course it is impossible to spell these cat words, but perhaps "Y-e-o-w wow; ugh-r-r!" may give an idea of one of its sentences, which in English would mean, "Oh, leave me alone; I don't want to be bothered." We all know how expressive the different utterances of a dog are, which, aided by the language of the tail, give him quite a wide conversational range, so that he can say anything, from "How do you do, old boy?" or, "Excuse me, sir, but you have the advantage of me," to "Get out of this, you rascal; I know you're round here for no good." But for a cat to express its thoughts as this cat does is something altogether out of the common, and if its language is not ours, it answers the same purpose.



QUESTIONABLE PRECAUTIONS.

"Mamma wants a Pound of Figs, six Bananas, and some Potatoes. I'll take the Figs and Bananas with me, so they won't get lost."

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HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 309. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1885. Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS. $2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"AND AWAY FLEW MOTHER GROUSE."

## THE THREE MOTHERS.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

WITH the going down of the sun there comes a soft, cool gray light, before which all the day noises seem to fade away. The swallows wheel about in the air and twitter, the night-hawks scream, and the frogs croak; but in a short time even these stop, and the day-world goes to sleep. Then the night-world begins to rub its eyes and stretch its limbs. The owl peers silently out from its hole in the tree, the wild-cat steals softly up from its lair, and all through the forest dark forms come out from the denser blackness, and move stealthily about in search of the day animals which have gone to rest.

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So it came about that one evening, before the gray light was fairly gone, a large owl—a uhu, in fact—sat on a tree bough, glancing keenly around in every direction. It was early to be starting out, but she was the mother of several hungry babies which had been making a terrible outcry for something to eat, and there was nothing for it but to go hunting for them at once.

Almost at the same moment a wild-cat was creeping cautiously along the branches of a large dead tree. She too had babies, and they, like the owl babies, were hungry. They had waked early, and set up such a miouing that she had at last uttered a despairing yaw, given up all idea of any more sleep, and set forth.

Presently Mrs. Wildcat caught sight of Madame Uhu on the neighboring tree, and instantly flattened herself out on the branch she was hugging. Madame Uhu did not see Mrs. Wildcat, however, for her eyes were fixed on another object moving about on the ground.

This moving object was a third mother—a grouse which was trying to coax a brood of little ones together under her wings to sleep. Or, rather, she was trying to coax one unruly fellow to stop fretting and fussing for the best place. But he was one of the sort that always thought some other place was better than the one he had, and it usually took him a good half-hour to settle down.

It was very hard on Mother Grouse, for she knew there was danger in moving about so much, and she spoke sharply enough to young Master Fretful; but he never could see anything beyond the end of his bill, and so he kept on fidgeting and fidgeting until—phit, flutter, flutter, kwake—Mother Grouse was snatched in the cruel talons of Madame Uhu, and carried, screaming, off to the limb of a big dead tree, leaving Master Fretful to huddle up to his brothers and sisters, glad of any place he could find.

Now it so happened that the tree Madame Uhu carried Mother Grouse to was the very one from which Mrs. Wildcat had been watching her; and as Mrs. Wildcat was quite as fond of grouse as Madame Uhu, she made up her mind to have a surprise party all by herself.

Accordingly when Madame Uhu alighted and waited a moment to rest herself, Mrs. Wildcat crept along the branch until she was within good leaping distance, and then—pounce! she sat facing Madame Uhu. And a very startled owl she was, too, to suddenly see a snarling wild-cat spitting at her, and reaching out toward the grouse with four sharp claws.

But Madame Uhu was no coward, you may be sure. She just moved back a step to get a better hold, and away flew Mother Grouse.

A disgusted owl and a disappointed wild-cat made faces at each other for a moment; but what was the use? the breakfast was gone. Mrs. Wildcat slunk away, Madame Uhu sullenly flapped back to her nest, and Mother Grouse, with a beating heart, hunted up her babies, and hardly slept a wink that night.

## HOW THE HOUSE RAN AWAY WITH MIRANDA.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

ROSANNA felt in no wise disturbed or uneasy in her mind when, her grandmother being ill, her father and mother took her brother Oscar and went to visit the old lady at Patagumpus, twenty miles away, leaving her at home alone with Miranda Ellen, the baby. She was nearly sixteen years old, and Oscar, who was five years younger, and full of mischief, would only have been another one to take care of if he had been left with her. Besides, he had what his mother called the screeching whooping-cough, and was forever breaking the slumbers of Miranda Ellen, over whose bald pink head the lights and shadows of only ten short months had fallen.

The Pinkham homestead was situated in a very lonely spot. It was a little farm nestled against a great dark pine woods, eerie, solemn, full of murmuring voices. Pastures filled with silver birches, which looked like ghosts in the shades of the summer evening, stretched on either side, and in front of the house, not many yards away, rushed the river—at least when it was not so securely bound in ice fetters that it could neither sing nor run. It was thus fettered for many months during the year, and nothing more rejoiced Rosanna's heart than the day it found its freedom in the spring, and with its silver feet twinkling in the sunlight, went shouting and leaping toward the sea.

On the day after Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham set out for Patagumpus, what would be called by the weather prophets "a warm wave" crept over the country, and that night it began to rain; and oh, how it did pour! It splashed against the windows; it trickled off the eaves; it pattered on the roof. The landscape was all blurred and criss-crossed by it; and when Rosanna drew the curtains and lighted the lamp, she could not help feeling a great sense of loneliness, though Miranda Ellen was crowing after her gayest and best-natured fashion, and Poll, the parrot, which her sailor cousin had given her, was declaring that it was "bunkum," a slang expression which she had learned last year from the "river drivers," and always used to express her keenest satisfaction.

The nearest neighbor lived more than a mile away, and she was a lone widow who was timid, and kept a great steamboat bell over her door to ring up the village people, who were more than another half-mile beyond, in case anything should happen to her. But Rosanna did not fear that anything would happen to her unless Miranda Ellen should be suddenly seized with the croup in the night, which emergency her mother had feared somewhat, and bade her to be sure and have the onion syrup and the goose-grease where she could put her hand upon them in the twinkling of an eye, and the fire ready to kindle at any moment.

"Do take care of that child, whatever else you neglect," were the last words she said as she climbed into the wagon; and when Rosanna promised that she would do so, she felt a feeling of coming danger, and was oppressed with the sense that she was taking a great responsibility upon her shoulders.

But the night wore peacefully away. The baby fell asleep to the tune of "Hey diddle dumpling" at eight o'clock, and awoke only in time to answer the crow of the yellow rooster, which was a scandalously late sleeper, and did not bestir himself until every other rooster on the river had ceased to think it was morning at all. It had rained all night, and it was still raining when Rosanna got out of bed. It rained all that day—a steady, incessant patter. The air was almost oppressively warm, and a thick mist hung over the river.

"The river will certainly be clear soon," she remarked to Miranda Ellen and the parrot. And Miranda Ellen replied, "Goo!" with an air of deep conviction, and Poll, shifting from one foot to the other, declared that it was "awful wet." She often made this statement when it was not wet at all, but it seemed very much to the point now.

Early in the afternoon two of the "back-road" men, who lived about three-quarters of a mile away through the woods, called at the house.

"The river is rising fearfully," said they. "You see the jam down 't the bend ain't broke loose yet; but if it don't break soon, the old Harry 'll be to pay. You needn't be afraid, though; you're up too high here. But it's too bad you should be all alone in the time of a freshet. You might get scared or something."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said Rosanna, cheerfully. "There was a freshet four or five years ago. The water came clear up to that first row of birches, and carried off the old hen-coop; but that was all the harm it did."

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"It's 'most up to that mark now," said one of the men. "It's so foggy that ground and water look pretty much alike from here; but I have lived in this neighborhood for nigh forty years, and I have never known it to rise as high as the spot where this house stands, so you may as well rest easy where you are. I was going to ask you to take the baby and come over to my house and stop till your folks get home, but you'd find it a pretty wet walk, I reckon."

"Oh, thank you; but I couldn't do that anyway, for Miranda Ellen is inclined to be croupy, and it wouldn't do to take her out in this weather. I promised mother to take the best of care of her; and then there are the cows and hens to feed."

"Well, perhaps you're right. Anyway, we'll keep a good lookout for you. We calculate to come over to the river again to-night."

Poll seemed ill at ease that afternoon. She was continually bidding the hens, which were cackling merrily in the barn at the back of the house, to stop their noise, and croaked dismally that it was "awful wet," until Rosanna was fairly tired of the sound of her voice. But Miranda Ellen behaved like a little saint. She sat on the floor and patty-caked and crowed to herself for hours, while Rosanna, who was particularly anxious to finish a very gay hooked rug, which was intended for a birthday present for her mother, before her parents should get home, sat in the window and worked away, with scarcely a thought of the freshet, though the water was rushing and roaring furiously. It always roared and rushed in the spring of the year after heavy rains had fallen, for there were some steep falls a little way up the river which made the whole neighborhood echo with their noise.

The mist was becoming a little less dense at four o'clock, and going to the front door, she was startled to find that the river had risen far beyond the row of birch-trees, and was every moment creeping nearer and nearer to the house. Becoming alarmed, she hastily donned her shawl and hood, and tucking Miranda Ellen, who had just fallen asleep on the hearth-rug, into her cradle, set forth to make further investigations.

"It's awful wet," squeaked Poll—"awful wet."

She thought she heard voices along the shore in the direction of the village, and heedless of the pelting rain, ran with all her might toward the spot from whence the sounds came. Unfortunately she stepped upon a pebble, which rolled under her foot, and down she went, striking her head against a great bowlder by the side of the path, and she knew no more for some time. When she finally came to her senses, she was so dizzy and weak that she found it impossible to stand upon her feet. The air was full of shouting. There was a snapping and crashing of timbers, a rush and sweep and roar. Rosanna could not see the house from the point where she had fallen, but, oh! how the river was rushing up the banks, and how it swept everything away with its fierce, angry tide! The old shed where her father made shingles disappeared in a twinkling, and grandpa's old chaise sailed off like a boat.

"Oh, Miranda Ellen!" sobbed she; and then, finding voice, she shouted as loud as she could. But her voice was nothing more than a sparrow's chirp in all that tumult.

"Good land, sis, what has happened to ye? Why, your forehead's a-bleedin', and you're white as a ghost," exclaimed one of the "back-road" men, appearing upon the scene just at this period.

"Oh, never mind that; I fell. But Miranda Ellen, she is in the house. Run for her as quick as you can. Oh, I beg of you save Miranda Ellen!"

"Powers o' mercy! the water must ha' surrounded the house by this time. It rose awful sudden."

But he did run with all his might, and Rosanna, suddenly recovering a portion of her strength, ran also, though she was obliged to stop at intervals, and everything swam before her eyes.

"You see 'tain't any use," said the man, who had mounted the back fence, and was surveying the scene as she came breathlessly up to him.

Rosanna broke into a despairing cry. There was the house with the water surging and dashing around it as around a ship at sea. If there had been a boat at hand it would have been almost impossible to reach it, so strong and fierce was the tide. But there was no boat. Boats were by no means plenty in that region, for the river at some points was hardly navigable even for the lightest sort of craft, though the Indians were always shooting over the "rapids" in their birch-bark canoes, and the "river drivers," as the men who worked on the river were called, brought down great rafts of the lumber which had been cut in the woods during the winter. The water was filled with them from early spring until autumn.

"The Indians!" cried Rosanna. "I will get an Indian to come with his canoe. Oh, do help me to look for a boat!"

"But 'tain't any use," persisted the man. And just at that moment what did the house do but sail away down the stream as calmly as a vessel might do in a brisk wind. Not a timber in it shook or parted. Great branches of trees and other débris were pressed against it, and floated off with it. They saw Poll fluttering in her cage beside the open window. A curtain in one of the upper rooms blew out with a little flap.

"I declare, it's mighty lucky that that house was built with a kind o' basement underneath. No water 'll git into the main part. Don't you be scared, sis"—turning to Rosanna, who was leaning against the fence rail, speechless with terror. "Nothing 'll be likely to harm the baby. The house 'll bring up somewhere before long. I've seen 'em go off that way before. Why, my brother Lysander's store went down the river in the great freshet thirty years ago, an' the flour an' provisions in it warn't even moistened."

The house sailed out of sight in the thick mist. The rushing and roaring and crashing still continued.

A great number of people were collected on the spot, and the men took the cows out of the barn, which was still high and dry, and grabbing the hens, which had gone to roost, one by one off their perch, sent them flying into the woods with a great bustle and cackling.

The rain still continued to pour, and as dark and gloomy a night as ever fell closed around the anxious group. It was impossible to know anything of the fate of the Pinkham house until daylight should come and the heavy drift of fog should clear away.

"Oh, Miranda Ellen! Miranda Ellen!" groaned poor Rosanna. "And I promised mother I would take such good care of her!" And all night long she walked the floor of the widow Dobson's cottage, which was just on the brink of the swollen river.

With the first ray of dawn the wind changed, the clouds parted, and the fog gradually blew off like a great drift of smoke. Then a sight which caused her heart to leap for joy met the poor girl's watchful eyes, and a shout of relief went up from the men who were gathered outside. There in the middle of the stream, wedged in securely by pieces of timber, stood the house, still unharmed. Poll's cage still hung in the open window; the curtain was flapping in the chamber overhead.

"Oh, the dear, precious baby!" cried she. "I must get to her this moment—I *must!* Something may have happened to her. She will starve. I—"

"Good lands! how in the world are you going to get to her now?" said the widow, following her out-of-doors.

"But I must," said Rosanna. "What shall I say to my mother when she gets home if any harm has come to Miranda Ellen?" And taking the first leap, she found herself on a slippery but firm and unsinkable foundation.

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"'YOU SEE 'TAIN'T ANY USE,' SAID THE MAN."

"Are you crazy, girl?" shouted the men, trying to reach after and hold her back. "The river 'll be clear by afternoon, and if the house ain't left high and dry on the other side when the tide goes out, we can get to it in boats. It is madness to think of going over there in that way. You will surely be drowned."

But, never heeding, she sped on. Sometimes she became giddy, and very nearly lost her footing; sometimes she slipped, and was only saved by a hair's-breadth from a plunge into the cold waves. The people on shore held their breath, and not a word was spoken. Finally she reached the house in safety, and by means of the shutters on the basement windows succeeded in pulling herself up into the open window where Poll's cage was hanging. Then what a cheer went up from the men! How the women sobbed and laughed at the same time!

"It's awful wet," sang out Poll, and in another moment Rosanna had the baby, safe and sound, clasped tightly in her arms. She was asleep in the cradle just where Rosanna had left her, but there were tears standing on her little mottled cheeks, and a doleful pucker about her mouth.

"Is everything all right?" the people shouted.

And for reply Rosanna held the baby in the window, and waved her little hand to them. And then they cheered again until all the echoes answered from far and near.

When Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham returned from their visit, they found their cottage calmly reposing on the bank of the river, where the tide left it when it went out. But Miranda Ellen had not had the croup, and everything, even to the smallest chicken, had been saved.

## THE AUTHOR OF "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY is famous for just one thing: he wrote "The Star-spangled Banner," which has been sung for seventy years, and is still our noblest patriotic song.

Mr. Key was born in Frederick County, Maryland, on the 1st of August, 1779, and died in Baltimore on the 11th of January, 1843. He was a lawyer, and he wrote a good many poems, which were published in a book in 1857: but the only one of them good enough to be remembered or even read by people generally is "The Star-spangled Banner."

During the years from 1812 to 1815 this country was at war with Great Britain, and in 1814 a British fleet entered Chesapeake Bay. A force landed and marched to Washington City. The city fell into the hands of this force,

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and the public buildings were burned. It was a gloomy time for Americans, for when the capital of the country was taken it seemed likely that we were to be conquered, and lose the liberty that Washington had won for us in the Revolution.

After taking Washington City the British land force marched against Baltimore, and the war ships in the Chesapeake sailed up at the same time to bombard the town from the water. The town was held by a small body of American soldiers, and its principal defense on the water-side was Fort McHenry, which was held by Major Armistead, with about a thousand men, mostly volunteers. Its guns were small ones, which could not throw their shot very far; but the men in the fort were brave fellows, who meant to do their best to save the city with such cannon as they had.

A few days before the attack the British had captured a well-known citizen, Dr. Beanes, and carried him to their ships, where they held him prisoner. Mr. Key, who then lived in Georgetown, near Washington, was sent under a flag of truce to ask for Dr. Beanes's release, and he succeeded in persuading the British admiral, Cochrane, to set the good doctor free. But as the ships and land forces were about to attack Baltimore, it would not do, the admiral thought, to let the Americans go till the fight was over, lest they should carry information to their countrymen. So it came about that Mr. Key was on board one of the British ships while the battle was going on.

The fleet moved up on September 12, and at sunrise on the 13th the ships opened fire on the fort. The fight that followed was a fierce one, which lasted till midnight, and the Americans on board the British ships could not make out in the darkness which side had the best of it. Even after the firing ceased, Key paced the deck of the ship in an agony of fear for his native city. He knew that a British land force had made an attack on the other side of the town, but he could not learn what the result had been. He had seen the bombardment of the fort, but he could not see whether it had fallen under the fire of the ships or had beaten them off, as the vessel he was on was at some distance in the rear and the night was dark.

It is easy to imagine what his feelings were as he waited through the long hours from midnight till morning for the first light of the dawn to show him whether or not the Star-spangled Banner still floated over the fort. It was during that anxious time of waiting that he wrote, on the back of an old letter, the stanza:

"Oh say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the clouds of the fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bomb bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

When the long-looked-for morning came, the patriotic poet at last learned the joyous truth that "our flag was still there," that the British were beaten both by land and by sea, that the city of his birth was saved, and that he still had a country free, strong, and unconquered.

When he went ashore he wrote out the whole of his poem and read it to Judge Nicholson, one of the men who had fought to defend the fort. The Judge took it at once to a printer, and had it printed as a hand-bill and distributed among the glad citizens of Baltimore.

The song was set to music, and sung in the theatres, in private houses, and on the streets, and everywhere throughout the country men, women, and children joyfully took it up. From that day to this "The Star-spangled Banner" has been the song that can most quickly and deeply stir the hearts of Americans.

The man who wrote it has been famous for that one song now for seventy-one years, and away on the other side of the continent a Californian, James Lick, in the year 1874, gave $150,000 with which to build a monument to Francis Scott Key in the city of San Francisco, which was a sandy waste thousands of miles from the settled parts of our country when the noble song was written.



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

# TWO ARROWS:*

## A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XII.

### THE ERRAND OF ONE-EYE.

THE wagons came slowly on down the pass, but it was only a few moments before everybody but the two drivers had dismounted and stood gazing at Sile's remarkable "find." There were old "placer miners" among them, and they all declared that it was just the place in which they would have expected a "bonanza." Then they all added that without water to wash the sand and gravel with, there would be little use in doing anything more than to hunt for "pockets." There might be "pay dirt" in all directions, but a man might scratch and sift until he starved and not get more than enough to buy him a new hat. They had been through all that sort of experience, and their heads were not to be turned by it. Still, it was decided to try that level again some day, and the whole cañon, at a time of the year when water was to be had. All that could now be done was to carefully search for and gather up the odds and ends of Sile's "luck."

* Begun in No. 303, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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When they came to the rocky ledge, with the precipice on one side and the mountain wall on the other, Judge Parks turned to Yellow Pine with a face full of doubt.

"Don't you be skeered, Jedge. I took a measure of it at the narrowest p'int, and it'll let the wheels go by and two feet to spare."

That was close work, when they came to it, and Sile shuddered all over as he saw how near the wheels came to the edge of destruction. A restive mule, a scared horse, a little backing and plunging, and disaster was ready to come. Not an animal shied, however, though some of them trembled and sheered in toward the rock. It was hardest when they had to hold back going down and around some of the sharper curves. Sile had several tremendous shudders at such places, and drew long breaths of relief afterward as the wagons rolled on in safety. Then, on the next level below, there was more axe and crowbar work to be done, and it was late in the day when the train once more reached a deserted camping ground of the band of Indians they seemed to be pursuing.

"We'd better take a rest here, Jedge. It's been a hard day on the men and the hosses, and we've struck gold a'ready."

Sile had been strangely aware of that fact for some hours, and it had dazed him a little. He had walked on without asking a question of anybody. He had a dim idea that the metal he had found was worth a great deal of money, but he hardly cared to know how much. It was a new and wonderful sensation. His father told him there was enough of it to buy him a farm and stock it, and when Yellow Pine had finished his other duties, at going into camp he said to Sile:

"Now, my boy, gather up all the charcoal you can rake from those dead fires, and I'll show you something. Slugs are safer to carry than dust and nuggets. I allers used to slug my finds, first thing."

That was Greek to Sile, but Yellow Pine rummaged one of the wagons, and brought out a long-nosed bellows and a crucible and a sort of mould that opened with two handles. He put the crucible in among the coals, filled it from Sile's yellow heap, covered it, and began to work the bellows. Sile was astonished to find how speedily what Pine called "bullion" would melt, and how easy it was to run it into little bars.

"There, Sile. There's your farm, cows, hosses, hogs, and all, and it only cost you a gettin' thirsty."

"They're wonderful," was all Sile could say, and his father put them in a bag and locked them up in an iron-bound box in one of the wagons.

"You needn't scratch into all the sand you come to after this," said Yellow Pine. "That's what takes the tuck out of placer miners. One good pocket 'll most ginerally spile the eyes of a green hand."

He assured the Judge that one more push would bring them to good grass, and he added:

"What's more, we ain't in any hurry to ketch up with no redskins till we know what they are. It's peace with most on 'em, and this 'ere isn't a strong band, but I kinder want to feel my way."

The Indians had set out very early that morning, and were plodding on steadily down the winding slopes of the cañon, when there came to them an unexpected sensation. It was a dog.

Right up the trail trotted One-eye, all alone, and with an air of business anxiety. He neither paused nor turned until he came to Long Bear himself, and in front of the chief he sat down, and let out the most mournful howl he knew—and he knew a great many.

"Where Two Arrows?" asked the chief, as if the dog had been human, and he was answered first by another howl and then by an eager look and a tug at his deer-skin leggings. Then One-eye trotted off a little distance along the trail and looked back and barked, and the dullest man in the world could have understood him. It all plainly meant:

"Come on. There's a fellow down this way that's in need of help. Follow me and help him."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Long Bear. "Two Arrows send dog after warrior. Come."

In a minute or so the old chief was leading his men rapidly down the pass. One-eye kept well ahead of them, every now and then trying to express an idea he had that no time was to be wasted.

"Ugh!" was all the remark made by any brave when the valley came in sight, and hardly more was remarked upon the ruins of the ancient village, but every grunt meant a great deal.

"Not here. Dog go right on," said Long Bear. "Follow. Find Two Arrows somewhere."

They had not far to go now before they halted as if with one accord. From the summit of a granite bowlder a hundred yards in advance of them came a shrill whoop, and there stood the object of their search, firmly erect and seemingly unharmed.

"Boy all right," said Big Tongue. "Better come down."

"Two Arrows no fool," said Long Bear. "Go slow. Watch dog."

One-eye still trotted on, but more slowly, until he turned the corner of the rock. He re-appeared in a second, with a sharp, warning yelp, followed by the fierce growling charge of an uncommonly large grizzly bear.

"Ugh!" said Long Bear. "Stand still. Boy been treed."

He had not been "treed," he had been "bowldered," and the grizzly had been arrowed and lanced thoroughly. His angry charge had been made with his last energies, and before he had advanced half-way he reeled and fell.

There was no boy upon the rock now. Two Arrows darted down from his perch, slipping, sliding, the instant the bear followed One-eye. He had waited up there for hour after hour, looking down at his half-disabled enemy, and he was tired of it.

"Whoop! whoop! whoop! I have killed a grizzly. My bear!" he shouted, and it was all in vain that the Big Tongue ran faster than even the Long Bear himself, for Two Arrows had the advantage of them. His lance was the first to be plunged into the dying monster, and the great brute tore up the sod around him for only half a minute before he stretched himself out, and all was over. Two Arrows had fought and killed a grizzly single-handed, and again Long Bear was the proudest man in the Nez Percé nation.

It was a disgrace to the grizzly, but it was a great honor to the young hero, for by all Indian law he was thenceforth entitled to wear the claws of that bear on state occasions. Adding all things together, bisons and big-horn and cougar and grizzly, Two Arrows was rapidly getting to be a middle-aged warrior, and the other boys had no hope of catching up with him.

The remainder of the band came down the pass leisurely, with Na-tee-kah well in advance of everybody else.

"Could anything have happened to Two Arrows?"

Her heart beat hard with exertion and anxiety, and when she reached the level, she hurried right along upon the trail of the braves. It was not many minutes before she could see them, and a sort of mist came before her eyes. They were all sitting upon the grass around something, and she could hear her father's voice chanting. It was a curious kind of song of triumph, belonging especially to a case of large grizzly bear slaying, but Na-tee-kah could not hear it clearly at first, and it might have been a funeral song for all the music there was in it. All out of breath, she toiled on, as near as an Indian girl might come to a party of warriors, and then she under-

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stood it like a flash. Red or white, she was only a girl, and she sat down on the grass and began to cry. The Big Tongue had arisen as she came near, and he was polite enough to say to her: "Squaw not cry. Boy all right. We have killed a bear. Ugh!"

## CHAPTER XIII.

### GREAT SCOUTING.

THE quadrupeds of the mining expedition showed many signs of the hard time they had been having, and it was needful to get out from among the rocks quickly. Early in the day they came out upon the level, and before noon the horses and mules were picking the rich grass around the ancient ruins.

It was a grand time, and Sile had a dim idea that he only drew his breath now and then, the great long ones came so frequently. He had felt one kind of awe in the cañon and in looking at the mountain-peaks. Now he felt quite another kind of awe in looking at the rude mason-work of those houses.

"Father," he asked, "do you suppose they were people anything like us?"

"They built three-story houses. No Indians ever did that."

"Is there nothing at all about them in history?"

"Yes, here are the ruins. Here are little books like this."

He handed Sile what looked for all the world like a broken piece of an old pot, and Sile said so.

"That's it. If it is one, it shows that they understood making pottery. Nobody has ever found anything to prove that they were miners, and all the stones of these houses are only broken. None of them are cut or trimmed."

It was a wonder of wonders to stand there and talk about a lost and vanished people, but Yellow Pine was thinking of a people who had vanished without being lost. They were the Indians whose camp-grounds he had moved into and out of, and he had an idea that they might be found again at any hour. He advised the Judge not to move on again until some exploring and scouting should have been done.

"Sile," he said, "as soon as your horse has had a good feed, you and I will ride a circuit and see what we can find."

Sile's blood danced a little. Scouting after Indians was a thing he had read about, and he did not dwell too much upon the fact that he was chosen to go with Pine rather because his horse was a fast one, and had not pulled wagons, than for any other reason. Pine said to him:

"Your eyes are pretty good ones, too. Who knows but what you might see something. Jedge, I won't run him into any danger. Them Indians is all on foot."

Sile set to work at once upon his repeating rifle, his revolver, and the edge of his hunting knife, as if he had a battle with Pawnees on hand. He gave up studying the ruins at once, and even forgot how many slugs his gold had been run into.

"Sile," said his father, as they rode away, "bring me in some Indians; not a whole tribe; just a few."

"Come on, Sile," said Pine. "We'll bring all we find, I reckon."

He showed no disposition to ride fast, but cantered away to the right, skirting the edge of the mountain slope, and seeming to study every clump of trees and bushes they came to. It was mostly grassy "open" for quite a distance from the mouth of the cañon.

"No smoke anywhere," said Pine. "They're not camped hereaway."

"I walked out along their trail at the ruins," said Sile. "Why didn't you follow it?"

"That's a fair question, Sile. It looks as if I'd orter ha' done it, but, you see, I don't want to ketch up with 'em or let 'em know we're here. I want to find 'em without telling 'em what road I kem by."

When the entire band of Nez Percés had arrived, and every soul in it had taken a look at the dead grizzly, they had no notion of walking back for a single rod. The braves had noted the indications of running water in the distance, and they pushed on until they found a camp ground on the border of a swift, bright stream, almost alive with trout. It was bordered by a wide band of forest, and the trees were magnificent. Here at last they could all sit down in a kind of peace and plenty, and mourn for their dogs and ponies.

Two Arrows had no mourning to do. What he really needed was to be hooped, like a barrel, for fear his pride and ambition might burst him. He felt as if he were about ten feet high and weighed more than a horse. All the other Indians he had heard of were nothing at all to what he was, or was pretty soon going to be. He almost despised cougars, and even grizzlies, until he recalled how he had felt when the open jaws of the one which had hunted him came up over the curve of the bowlder.

The other Indian boys hardly felt like speaking to him, and Na-tee-kah called him to supper as respectfully as if he had been a full-grown warrior. He felt like one, and as if the camp were too small for him; so he walked out of it after supper, and his feet carried him farther. They seemed to have an idea of their own that it would be good for him to take another look at the bowlder where he had been watched for by the grizzly. He had his bow and arrows with him, but no lance, and it was getting too dusky for hunting. The ground he was walking over was pretty level, but it had its hollows, and as he came up out of one of these he suddenly dropped flat upon the grass. He had not been hurt, but he had seen something that in a manner knocked him down. It was the biggest surprise he had had since he came through the cañon, for two pale-faces on horseback were cantering along at no great distance. They had not seen him—he was sure of that, although they were evidently looking for something. Every nerve in his body tingled with fierce excitement.

"War-path!" he exclaimed. "Ugh! Two Arrows a brave now. Get horse. Big warrior. Grow a heap. Find pale-face camp."

Running, walking, creeping, as the mists of evening deepened, the young Nez Percé followed those two horsemen, cunningly avoiding detection. He followed them to the edge of the rocky ground at the foot of the mountain slope, and there he saw them turn to the left.

"Know now," he muttered. "Pale-face came through cañon. Follow Nez Percé. Got plenty horse. Two Arrows great brave. Ugh!"

He should have gone for help and have performed the rest of his task in older company, but he was full to overflowing with the vanity of winning another "heap" of glory. He felt entirely competent to deal with one band of white men, and to carry all their horses into his own camp.

He lost sight of his human game several times, and it was now pretty dark, but his keen eyes caught the glow of camp fires at last, and he knew what that meant. What he did not know was that Yellow Pine and Sile had ridden a wide circuit across that open and had discovered no sign of danger.

"Them Indians," said Pine, as they were riding in, "have gone on to the timber. They can't have the least idee that we're here, on the ground they passed over. To-morrer we must make another scout, though I sha'n't be easy till I know jest what kind of neighbors we're to have."

That was common-sense, and so was the extreme care with which the quadrupeds were gathered and hobbled and "corralled" between the protecting masses of the

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A CHANT OF TRIUMPH OVER THE BODY OF THE GRIZZLY.

ruins. The members of the mining party were already divided into "watches," taking regular turns, and Sile and a man named Jonas were in the first watch with Yellow Pine. That gave him a chance for an unbroken sleep when his work was done. What was also good, it gave him a rest to get sleepy in, and to let all the steam of his excitement get away from his head.

"Pine," said he, "if I see an Indian shall I kill him?"

"Yell first, and get out of his way, unless he holds out his hand and says 'How?' But you won't have any chance this night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TED ON THE "TITAN."

### HOW TWO BOYS WENT TO SEE THE YACHT RACE.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

IT was the happiest day in all the fourteen years of Ted Lansing's life when he received that invitation from his school chum, Bert Goldwin, to go on a short cruise in the *Titan*, Mr. Goldwin's new schooner-yacht, and see the first race for the *America's* cup.

The Goldwins' summer home was at Beach Crest, on Long Island Sound, where Ted was requested to join the cruising party before noon on the Saturday preceding the race. But when he stepped off the train at 10.40, Bert met him with his pony-cart, and the announcement that it would be impossible for his father to start that day, and consequently Ted and himself were to have the whole yacht to themselves.

"That is, I mean the whole cabin," Bert went on to explain. "Of course there'll be the captain and crew, and the cook and the steward, aboard—sixteen of us, counting you and me."

"Why, is the yacht big enough to hold that many—to sleep, and all that?" exclaimed Ted, in a tone of astonishment.

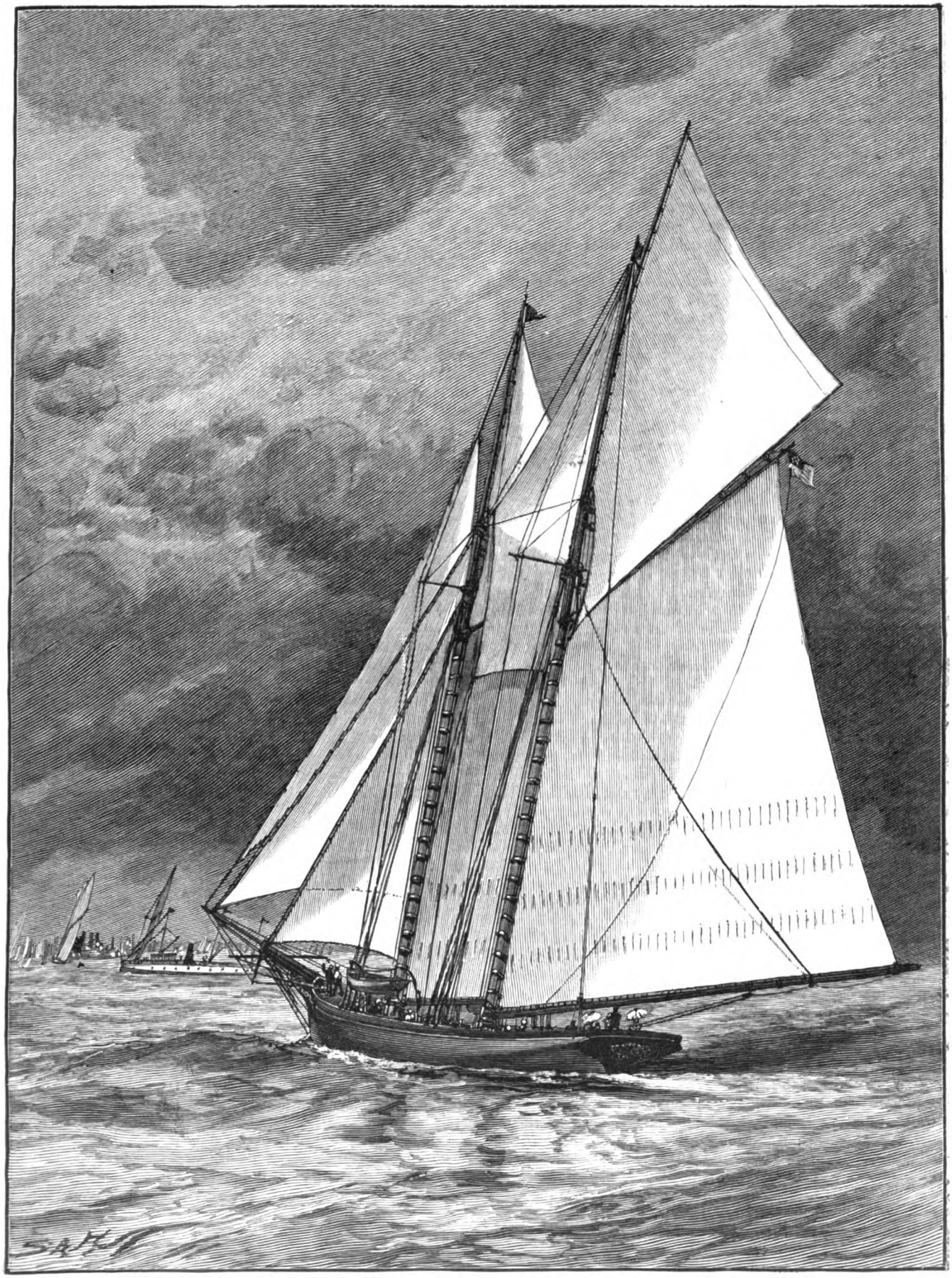
"Well, I should say so!" returned Bert, smilingly. "That's what we call a light load for a schooner nearly a hundred feet long and twenty-five broad. But there she is now, and we'll go right aboard."

The *Titan's* hull was painted black, relieved by a gold stripe, and with her graceful lines, tapering spars, and spotless canvas, she had the appearance of some beautiful water-bird all ready for flight.

While Ted stood gazing at the vessel in spell-bound admiration, Bert put both hands to his mouth, and in his deepest voice shouted through them,

"*Titan* ahoy!"

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HOW TWO BOYS WENT TO SEE THE YACHT RACE.

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There was no answer, but Ted saw a small white flag waved by some one on the yacht.

Forming a trumpet of his hands once more, Bert cried out again, "Send the gig ashore." Whereupon there was another waving of the white flag on the *Titan*.

While they were waiting for the boat, Bert, in reply to Ted's questions, explained that the pennant flying from the foremast was the club signal, and that from the mainmast the *Titan's* own private one.

"Then that little blue flag at the mainmast cross-tree on the starboard side," he continued, "means that the owner isn't aboard. But here's the gig now."

"She's a beauty too," said Ted.

After his friend was seated, Bert took his place in the stern between the tiller ropes, and gave the command,

"Up oars!"

Instantly the four sailors seized their sweeps and raised them to an upright position, blades in the air.

"Let fall," was Bert's next order.

Splash went the oars into the water.

"Give way," added the young yachtsman, and the gig shot off toward the *Titan*.

Ted looked on with lively interest as his chum guided the boat under the yacht's stern and up toward the gangway on the starboard side.

"Way enough," he cried the next minute, and as if by magic the rowing ceased, and the long oars were brought inboard and laid along the thwarts.

"Why, the deck's clean enough to eat your dinner off of," was Ted's first comment as he stepped aboard. "And I shouldn't think you'd need any looking-glasses aboard," he went on, stopping in front of the binnacle, "with all this polished brass around."

After telling the Captain that he could get under way at once, Bert called out to his friend, who was watching the sailors hoist the gig to the davits, to come below with him and see the cabin.

"Why, it's just like a parlor or dining-room on land!" exclaimed Ted, as his eye took in the plush-covered divans, the stand of flowers on the centre table, the handsome curtains, and the piano in the corner.

"Here's father's state-room," proceeded Bert, leading the way through a door at the right, where he displayed to the view of his astonished chum a pretty little room, with a skylight opening into it, and furnished with a double-bedstead, bureau, wardrobe, and writing-desk, all complete. "There are four more bunking-rooms," continued young Goldwin, when they had returned to the cabin—"two down that passage on the left, called the port-rooms, and two here, one either side the companion-way: these are the quarter-rooms. They're the coolest aboard; so I move we each bunk in one. There are two lockers behind the bed, and hooks along the wall where you can put your things. I'm going to get into my sea-togs now. Wait a second, and I'll have Andrew bring you your bag."

When the boys appeared on deck again some ten minutes later, they were both attired in flannel suits and blue yachting caps, all ready for cruising.

"Now, Bert," began Ted, when they were seated in camp chairs by the lee rail, with a rug under their feet, "please explain all about the crew. Which is the Captain? I see two men in uniform."

"The one with the anchor on the right sleeve of his coat is the Captain," was the answer. "The mate's anchor is on the left sleeve."

"And that sailor steering, with the pair of opera-glasses embroidered on his shirt sleeve, who is he?" went on Ted.

"That's one of the quartermasters. There are two of them. But see this tug racing after us. She wants to get the job of towing us through Hell Gate. You see, the channel is so narrow and the tide so strong that it's dangerous to sail through."

The light breeze was already dying out, and the puffing tug was soon alongside, which resulted in a bargain being struck between the two captains, by which the tug agreed to tow the *Titan* through the Gate and down to Bay Ridge, near the Narrows, for twenty-five dollars.

At lunch our friend Ted was as much absorbed in the signal flags on the china and silverware as he was in the dainty luncheon served by the *Titan's* excellent cook, and within a quarter of an hour the boys were again on deck.

They found the yacht just entering the famous Gate, and having established themselves in "front seats" on the forward grating, with their feet steadied on a stay from the bowsprit, and their backs braced against the jib halyards, they settled down for a grand view of all the sights.

Steadily onward the stanch little tug led the way through the narrow channel, where the water seethed and boiled as though treacherous rocks were hidden just beneath the surface, around Blackwell's Island with its grim prisons, down past the picturesque heights on the east side of the great city, and farther on still between the countless docks on either shore, and in among the busy ferry-boats.

"There's the big bridge!" cried out Bert, presently, and then proposed that they adjourn to the quarter-deck, in order that they might have a more extended view before they passed under the famous structure.

Two minutes later Ted grasped his chum by the arm with a shout of: "Oh, Bert, look! our masts are surely going to hit!"

The other glanced up quickly, and then turned an anxious face toward the Captain. But the latter only smiled, and after the *Titan* had passed safely under, remarked, quietly, "We had twenty feet to spare."

It had now come on to rain, and the boys went below, where Bert played on his banjo till dinner-time. When they appeared on deck again, about half past six, they found the yacht riding at anchor off Bay Ridge, in the midst of a fleet of its fellows.

"You mustn't mind being waked up about five in the morning by the holystoning of the deck," Bert warned his chum as he said good-night. "It makes a fearful racket, but it's one of the things you've got to get used to aboard a yacht."

Ted promised to be ready for it; but nevertheless, when his dream of winning the *America's* cup with a cat-boat was rudely broken in upon by a pounding right over his head, that sounded as if somebody was dropping a dozen or two of dumb-bells on the deck for the pure fun of seeing how much noise could be made with them, Ted felt like springing out of bed and "going for" that somebody.

Late in the afternoon of the next day (which was Sunday), as they reclined on rugs under the awning that had been stretched on the after-deck, a shout of "*Titan* ahoy!" started both boys to their feet. It came from a man in a row-boat, who was the bearer of a telegram for Bert.

"It's from father," the latter explained to Ted, when he had opened it. "He says he's coming down to join us in the morning on a tug; so now we can be sure of going out to sea with the *Puritan* and *Genesta*."

The boys were up at seven o'clock Monday morning to begin an eager watching for the expected tug. It arrived about half past ten, with flags flying from every available staff, and a merry company on board, including not only Mr. Goldwin, but his wife, daughter Florence, and a young lady friend of the latter's, Miss Oakes.

Bert went off in the gig to transfer these four to the *Titan*, and then, as there was scarcely a breath of wind, Mr. Goldwin made arrangements for the tug to give them a tow. So the anchor was hove, a hawser paid out, and once more, with the "puff, puff" of steam instead of the whistling of breezes as her motive power, the trim yacht cut the water with her delicate prow.

"And is this really the Atlantic Ocean?" inquired Miss Oakes, some three-quarters of an hour later.

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Well might this question be asked, for the water was as smooth as that of a river, while the hundreds of vessels huddled about the old red *Scotland* light-ship gave the locality more the appearance of a city's crowded harbor than of the open sea. There were big steamboats and little ones, yachts, tugs, and steamers, all striving to get as near as the law would permit to the central attractions of the day, the English cutter *Genesta* and the American sloop *Puritan*.

But the hours went by, and still there was not wind enough to start the race. The *Titan* meanwhile kept slowly forging her way over the "bright blue sea" in the direction of Europe.

"What does that mean?" Ted wanted to know at noon, pointing to a small red flag that was being hauled up to the port foremast cross-trees.

"That shows that the crew are at mess—eating their dinner, you know," replied Bert. "A white one is run up at the same place on the starboard side when we in the cabin are at meals. But, I say, here's the old *America* right off our port quarter. She's the very yacht that first won the cup the English cutter is trying to get back to-day. General Butler owns her now. See him standing there in the companion-way, in a blue suit with brass buttons?"

Lunch was announced at one, and while they were at table the booming of guns and shrieking of steam-whistles announced the fact that the great contest had begun at last. And when the company appeared on deck again an hour later, there was the *Puritan* gliding steadily ahead of her rival. They were both bearing down in the direction of the *Titan*, too, with the big fleet of steamboats, tugs, steam yachts, and small craft behind them.

"Oh, aren't they both beauties!" cried Bert, wildly racing up and down the deck in his excitement.

"And just see that *Puritan* go!" added Ted.

"But which *is* the *Puritan*?" asked Miss Oakes, wearily dropping the glass in her lap. "I'm always getting them mixed."

"And I never can manage to see them both at once," lamented Florence, in her turn.

"Of course you can't, my dear," laughed her father, "for the simple reason that they are too far apart to come within the range of one glass."

"Oh, I don't mean that way," was the young lady's quick response. "I don't expect to see them both at the same time, but as soon as I recognize one and then look for the other, I can't find it, and when I do I lose the first."

Bert, meanwhile, was trying to explain to Miss Oakes that the *Puritan* was dark along the water line, where she had been pot-leaded to make her slippery, while the *Genesta* carried a red flag at her mast-head.

"And besides," he added, "you can always be sure of which is which on this tack if you remember that the *Puritan* is to windward of the *Genesta*."

"Oh dear, that won't help me at all!" cried the young lady. "It's a great deal easier to remember about the red flag and the pot-lead, if I can only be certain of which belongs to which."

But now came a fresh diversion of glasses, induced by a shout from Ted of, "Oh, there's the *Stiletto*!—that low, white steam yacht off yonder, with the three masts, and her stern seeming to run down into the water. She beat the *Mary Powell* in June, you know, and is the fastest steam vessel afloat. Just see her shoot about; and to think that the man who invented her is blind!"

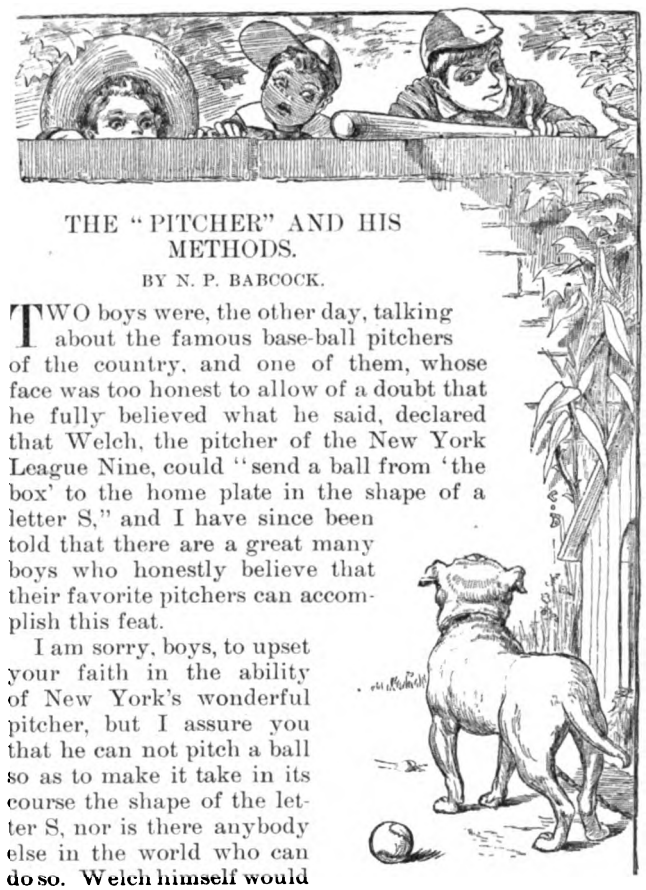
Shortly after this the racing yachts went about, after which it was not so convenient to keep watch of them from the *Titan*, and having ascertained that they were now twelve miles out at sea, Mr. Goldwin presently desired the Captain to put back.

In the run home, with the wind astern, the spinnaker sail was set—reaching from the foremast cross-trees to a boom rigged out over the water on the port side—and the yacht's passengers adjourned with their rugs and wraps to the forward grating. And here, with the *Titan* gently plunging over the low billows and stirring up the foam under her lee, Ted sat for two blissful hours, until the blinking eyes of the Highland Light-house proclaimed the fact that this day of days in his calendar was over.

It was nine o'clock when they reached the Narrows, where a passing tug gave out the information that the race was off because not finished within seven hours.

"But when time was called the Yankee sloop was over a mile and a half ahead," added the patriotic skipper.

Half an hour later the *Titan* came to anchor off Bay Ridge again. The whole company spent the night on board, and early the next morning the yacht was towed up through the Gate and back to Beach Crest, where Ted's first cruise ended at half past ten.



## THE "PITCHER" AND HIS METHODS.

BY N. P. BABCOCK.

TWO boys were, the other day, talking about the famous base-ball pitchers of the country, and one of them, whose face was too honest to allow of a doubt that he fully believed what he said, declared that Welch, the pitcher of the New York League Nine, could "send a ball from 'the box' to the home plate in the shape of a letter S," and I have since been told that there are a great many boys who honestly believe that their favorite pitchers can accomplish this feat.

I am sorry, boys, to upset your faith in the ability of New York's wonderful pitcher, but I assure you that he can not pitch a ball so as to make it take in its course the shape of the letter S, nor is there anybody else in the world who can do so. Welch himself would be the last person under the sun to claim such a thing, because Mr. Welch, as I am sure all the boys who admire his pitching will be glad to know, is a straightforward, honest, and truthful young man, and is thought a great deal of by the students at Amherst College, who last winter employed him to teach them something of his clever art. What Welch will tell you, as he told me the other day, is that a single curve (either out or in) of five feet in a distance of fifty feet is about the limit of any pitcher's ability. So when next you hear any boy talk about a ball's going out and in with a zigzag course from the pitcher's hand to the home plate, you can safely tell that boy that he is mistaken.

I told Mr. Welch that the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE would be glad if he would tell them how it is that he makes a ball take that curved course which so much bothers the batsmen who have to strike at it. He laughed good-humoredly, and said he would be glad to do so if he knew how, but that curving a ball, like tumbling downstairs, was something for which there is no written rule.

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"NOW BE VERY CAREFUL, MY DEAR."

The trick is only learned by long and continued practice. It is done by a twist of the wrist. He said that he could take any boy with natural aptitude for pitching and show him something about it, but that it could not be described on paper. There were, however, some hints generally about pitching which might be of advantage to the boys, and these he would gladly give.

One of the strongest points in pitching, he said, was to confuse the batsman as to the rate of speed at which the ball was travelling. In order to do this a pitcher must learn to go through all the motions of a swift delivery of the ball, and at the same time let the ball leave his fingers with a retarded motion. Of course what are known among young base-ball players as "slow twisters" are never seen in professional games; all balls are swift, but there is a relatively slow ball which, when delivered with exactly the same motion, apparently, as a very "hot shot," puzzles the batsman very much.

In the second place, a good pitcher is always on the look-out to "catch the batsman out of form"; that is, to serve him with a very swift ball when he is not in his best striking position. Of course this can only be done by a perfect understanding between the pitcher and the catcher. For example, you have a nervous batsman before you, who is in the habit of moving his bat about a good deal while waiting for a ball. The catcher, who has been in the habit of returning the ball to you slowly, suddenly sends it back to you very fast; you are waiting exactly in the right position to receive it. You instantly send it to the batsman. Nine times out of ten he will make a foul or miss the ball altogether.

There is a great deal of strategy connected with the pitcher's position. Of course the rules as to "balks" are very rigidly enforced, and a pitcher must be careful that he does nothing to enable one of the other side to take a base. Under the new rules of the National League, if a pitcher makes a single one of the several motions of the series he is accustomed to make in delivering the ball to the bat, and then does not deliver the ball, it is a "balk." For this and for other reasons the old-time habit of pitchers of throwing the ball to the bases to catch some base-runner napping has gone out of use to a considerable extent. Mr. Welch says that it is a very dangerous practice, the chances in favor of the base-runner being nearly five to one. Of course all pitchers are obliged to do it at times, otherwise the base-runners would have little difficulty in "stealing bases"; but boys should remember that it is dangerous, and every young pitcher should be very sure that he can throw straight before attempting it.

Many boys will no doubt be surprised to learn that the best pitchers frequently deliver balls with no intention of "striking out" the batsman, but solely to make him hit a long fly, depending upon their own fielders to put him out. This practice is usually resorted to in the case of batsmen who are known to be hard and reckless hitters. The pitcher knows, for example, that the batsman who is facing him has the reputation of being a very hard hitter. A signal is given to the fielders, who cautiously fall back, and the pitcher then delivers a tempting ball. The mighty striker hits it a powerful blow, and, amid the applause of the spectators, the ball rises bird-like in the air, while the proud striker starts at a tremendous rate of speed for the first base. All this would be very well were it not that the bird-like ball is obliged to come down to roost, and—alas for the mighty batsman!—its roosting-place is generally in the hands of one of the outlying and watchful fielders.

As in many other affairs of life, it is not always the longest or the highest hit that counts the most. The really good batsman is he who uses his willow stick with judgment and intelligence. It is much better to set your heart modestly upon first base, and "get there," than to covet the glory of a home run or a "three-bagger," and perish unhappily at the hands of a wary fielder. So well is this fact recognized among professional ball-players that clever one-base hits are generally regarded as deserving of more credit than lucky "flies" which are accidentally missed by the opposing fielders. Head-work is as much a part of the duties of a really good ball-player as mere physical dexterity, and the successful all-round player is he who brings intelligent thought to bear upon his several duties.

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This point is illustrated in the case of Captain John M. Ward, of the New York League Nine. He has the reputation of playing for his club; that is, he is believed to be willing at all times to sacrifice his own personal record in order to secure an advantage for the nine. He has studied law, and has been admitted to the bar, and I have no doubt that when he finally leaves the ball field for the court-room he will be successful, because he shows that he is logical and thoughtful. I recently noticed that he was batting left-handed, and knowing that there must be some good reason for it, I inquired into the matter. And what do you suppose I found out? I found that he has "figured it out" that a left-handed player, by the act of striking, swings round so that he faces the first base, and so is in a position to run for it upon hitting the ball, thus gaining an advantage of a second or more in time over the batsman who strikes right-handed, and who, in order to do so, must swing sideways toward the first base. Captain Ward has also discovered that by reversing his natural manner of striking he is less likely to hit the ball high into the air, and although he can not give as much force to his blow, he stands a better chance of hitting a slow and safe "grounder." That is what I call bringing intelligence to bear upon athletics.

To return to the duties and requirements of the pitcher. I desire to impress upon all boys who want to excel in that position the importance of keeping perfectly cool during a game. In no other position on the ball field are entire coolness and self-possession so necessary as in the "pitcher's box." It is true that the umpire is often very unfair, and his decisions in regard to strikes and called balls very trying to the temper of the pitcher, but "getting hot" will only make matters worse, for no pitcher lives who can direct a ball accurately over the home plate when he is "mad." He will be much more likely to hit the batsman or the umpire, or to throw over the head of the catcher, than to deliver good balls.

In organizing a base-ball club great care should be taken to select a well-mated pitcher and catcher (the "battery," as it is called in professional nines), and quick-tempered boys should never be placed in these positions. The pitcher and catcher should thoroughly understand each other's methods and dispositions. In all professional ball nines the regular pitcher and catcher have a well-understood code of signals, by means of which they are able to arrange and carry out various strategic plays; and when a pitcher undertakes to play independently of the catcher, as, for instance, in throwing to a base, except upon a signal from the catcher, disaster usually follows.

In talking with Captain Ward, the other day, he said to me, "To be a successful ball-player a man must be strong, active, and in the best of health; he must have a quick eye to measure the distance and speed of a ball, and he must be a hard thrower and a quick runner, with plenty of common-sense and a cool head." And I am quite sure these same requirements apply to boys as well as to men.



"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

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THE INVALID.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THE hum of happy voices comes from school-rooms all over the world. The holidays were full of pleasure, and now the girls and boys are diligently taking up their studies again. Let me urge you, dear children, to be faithful in your work. Never leave a difficulty until you have conquered it. The long lesson, the puzzling sum, the hard conjugation, may give you a little trouble when you first attempt them, but if you persevere, you shall find that every day the toil will grow lighter. Now for our letters:

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Having reached my fourteenth year, as my father was going to Europe for his annual vacation, he gave me the pleasure of going also. I have been a subscriber from the first number, and the many accounts of foreign lands that I have read in this charming paper lend all the more interest to my trip.

London pleases me more than any city I have yet visited, there are so many places of interest; indeed, every building seems to possess some historical association. After staying in London for a week or so, we started for a little trip to Scotland. We staid in Edinburgh for two or three days. While there I had the pleasure of visiting Sir Walter Scott's house at Abbotsford, and as I have read some of his works, you may be sure I was interested in my visit there. The library is now as he left it, and contains the chair in which he wrote those enchanting works so fascinating to all. His armory is a study in itself, so many different weapons from all nations are stored there. From Edinburgh we went through Scotland to Oban, a small watering-place on the northwestern coast of Scotland. One day of our stay there was devoted to a trip around the island of Mull, stopping at the island of Staffa to see the renowned Fingal's Cave. The whole island is formed of pillars of stone composed of five-sided blocks of basalt. There are many smaller islands around Staffa which closely resemble a large number of spiles clustered together. We also stopped at the island of Iona to visit the ruins of the old monastery where the Christian religion was first planted. Continuing our trip from Iona, we reached Oban in time for supper. From Oban we proceeded to Glasgow, which is only a manufacturing city, containing but little historical interest. In a day or two we left Glasgow for the well-known trip through the Trossachs, the region so familiar to those who have read Scott's beautiful poem of the "Lady of the Lake." Taking the cars at Callendar, we found ourselves in a few hours at Edinburgh, having made a complete circle. By taking the night train from Edinburgh, we arrived in London the next morning in time for breakfast.

After remaining in London for a week or so, we started for Paris, reaching that city, where everybody seems to have time for recreation and enjoyment, after an all-day's journey. Everybody there is having a pleasant time in the public gardens, or is taking refreshments in front of the cafés at little round tables. One tires soon of the life there, as the drives through the gardens and boulevards show the same throngs of pleasure-seekers daily. The most interesting place to me was the picture-gallery of the Louvre. The building also contains a suite of rooms devoted to ship models, where one may see the improvements from the square-sterned old hulks to the graceful ocean steamer of to-day. These rooms also contain a large representation of the adjoining country to the Suez Canal, and models of the machinery used in the construction of that great thoroughfare, as well as complete models of the machinery used in conveying the obelisk of Luxor from Egypt.

Ten days found us back in London, with few regrets for leaving Paris. The Tower pleased me more than anything else in London. You see the very block and axe by which so many people lost their heads. And also the Beauchamp Tower was of great interest, as you see the various carvings on the walls executed by the prisoners of state confined there. B. F. T., JUN.

This is a very pleasant letter.

SOLDIERS' HOME, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am going to tell you about my beautiful home, which is situated a mile or so from Fortress Monroe. It is one of the national Homes for the soldiers of the late war, and my father is the treasurer, secretary, and steward. There are 1620 men in the Home, and they are all well provided for. We have been in *this* Home about two years and a half; we came from the National Home at Dayton, Ohio. I should like this place ever so much better if I had some girl friends, but as I have none, I spend a great deal of my time in reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. We have a horse named Ready (he was a race-horse), a dog, Pompey, and a lovely little canary-bird named Dick. I take lessons on the violin and piano; I am very fond of the violin, though I have not taken lessons very long. Our school will begin the 1st of October; we have still another month of vacation. The main building of the Home was a young ladies' college before the war. The Normal Agricultural Institute is not very far from here. JESSIE T.

ABBEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I am thirteen years old, and am five feet five inches tall. When I was twelve years old I was five feet three inches tall—a little bit taller than Birdie S.—but I only weighed 100 pounds; I weigh 102 now. My father is an editor, and he gave Annie and myself a case to learn how to set type. I can set type real well now, and can "pi" it a great deal faster. I shall have to begin school on the 14th. Has the Postmistress ever seen any cotton? We have plenty of it here. My middle name is St. Clair. Don't you think that it is prettier than my other name? But I can't get any one to call me that. Please print this.

HANNAH ST. CLAIR H.

Yes, I have seen the cotton in bloom. I like your pretty name, Hannah.

ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have one brother and two sisters. We have no pets, except a little mule, whose tricks are very amusing; his name is Mose. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published, and like it very much, of course. I should like to join the Little Housekeepers; two of my little friends and I are learning to cook. I have never written to you before, and would like to see this in print, if you have room. On Saturday I made my first pumpkin pies, and they were very nice. Love to you and all the little ones—and the big ones too, if they want it. OLIE MCI.

DOWNER'S GROVE, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school, and like it very much. We have not many common chickens; nearly all of them are pure Plymouth Rocks. Day before yesterday mamma saw a very large hawk fly down in the yard; she clapped her hands as loud as she could, and screamed, and it flew away. The next day the same hawk came, and mamma frightened it away. To-day it came, and got a pure Plymouth Rock chicken of ours before mamma could get out-of-doors. I have not any sisters, but I have four brothers, whose names are Grenville (one year old on the 20th of August), Edwin (four years old), Maxwell (seven years old), and James Bertrand (eleven years old). I like to read the stories and the Post-office Box very much. We have two cats, one little and one big one; their names are Topsy and Lillian. We have a very old common hen; she is almost fifteen years old; we call her Peggy. JEANNETTE S. G. P.

LAKE GEORGE, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am spending the summer at Lake George, and like it very much. We are near the ruins of Fort William Henry and Fort George, and sometimes I go to look for relics, and I have found part of an old hinge, a brass button, arrow-heads, and a number of other things, but it would take too much space to tell of them all. I am very much interested in collecting Indian relics, and when I go home I intend to make a cabinet. This summer I caught two chipmunks, and one was very tame, and the other was not, but they have both escaped. A few days ago I hooked a large pickerel, and when I had him almost in the boat, he broke the line and got away. I could tell you a great deal more about my sports at this lovely lake, but it would make my letter too long. Among my many pleasures is the weekly visit of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. WILLIE C. A. H. (11 years).

BENMILLER, ONTARIO.

I am a little girl ten years old. My father takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we all like it very much. I like the Post-office Box best. This is the last day in August. I have two brothers and two sisters. For pets I have a little kitten. We have a little dog, and mamma says I ought to train him to do anything I please. Our farm is called Cherry Dale Farm; it is about one mile from the village of Benmiller. Our house is one of the oldest in the township in which we live; it was built about fifty years ago. MARY L. T.

TAHAWUS, NEW YORK.

I have been here every summer for six years, and I want to tell you what we do here, and some of the adventures we have had. The first summer we came we drove in part way one day, and the next day we started out again, and had got within five miles of our destination, when suddenly something brown appeared in the road ahead of us. We all supposed it was a woodchuck, but when we got close to it, it turned out to be a bear; but after looking at us a little while it went slowly into the woods, and left us not a little frightened. I have a 32-calibre rifle, and the other day I beat one of the guides shooting at a target. Papa, my brother, and I each have a camera, and we have lots of fun taking photographs; perhaps I will send some. We fish a great deal up here, and I have a very nice fly-rod. A gentleman at the Upper Works caught a speckled trout weighing four and a quarter pounds. When I say Upper Works, perhaps you don't know what I mean, so I will tell you: At this place there used to be an iron-foundry, and also at a place about ten miles from here, and so this place is called Lower Works, and the other house is called Upper Works, but the furnace where they melted the iron and all the other places that they used have all gone to ruin. I want to tell you how far we are from any places. In one direction the nearest house is ten miles, in another, nineteen; in another, twenty-six; in another, about fifty. Two years ago a bear ran in front of the house, and two deer were seen from the piazza. HILDA R.

ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly two years, and have enjoyed every number. I have just returned from my grandma's, where I spend each vacation. Narrowsburg, New York, where grandma and grandpa live, is so called because it is the narrowest place in the Delaware River, being separated from Pennsylvania by a short bridge. I had a very happy time there for two months this summer. School will begin next Monday, when I shall enter a new department. I am ten years old, and play most of the time out of school. I have not any brother, and only one little sister here, and two up in heaven. With best wishes,

Your friend, ROBERT E. G.

I hope Robert will kiss that little sister for me, and thank dear mamma for her pleasant little note.

### HISTORICAL INCIDENTS.

The third white settler of Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, Mr. Brown, a judge by appointment of the English king (for the incidents I am about to relate occurred before the Revolutionary War), one day, while out hunting, met one of the famous Indian chiefs of the time, Logan by name. Both red-man and pale-face raised their weapons. The white man quickly cocked his gun, and was about to fire, when the thought of the unprotected condition of his wife and children, if he were killed, flashed across his mind, and how unmercifully the whites would be slaughtered if he killed the Indian brave. With these thoughts in his mind, he dropped his gun. The Indian warrior, who had been standing in a position ready to shoot, seeing that here was a friendly white, relaxed his mighty bow, which was hereafter to kill so many whites by the beautiful streams of the far West, and the two shook hands. I said the Indian warrior dropped his bow, but it would have been more correct to have said the Indian peace-maker, because for so many years he prevented war between the whites and his own people.

Some weeks later, while visiting at the white man's house, he heard Mrs. Brown say she wished very much she had a pair of shoes for her two-year-old baby, who was just beginning to walk, and the nearest place to get them was Philadelphia, one hundred and fifty miles away. The chief did not seem to pay any attention to the remark, but next morning he came up to the door and asked if he could take the baby for the day to his wigwam. The mother, fearing if she refused she would incur the red-man's anger, allowed him to take her child. All day did the mother anxiously await the return of her babe. Toward night-fall her agony became so unbearable that she put on her bonnet and started to

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hunt for her child. She had not got further than the door when she saw the chief coming, and the baby in his arms was crowing with great glee. Her astonishment was complete when she saw a pair of pretty little moccasins on its feet.

Before closing, let me state a few facts concerning what I have told you. First, the place where the white man met Logan was at a spring, which ever since that time has been called Logan's Spring. The property now belongs to a gentleman, and the spring looks very pretty with a mossy bank on one side, trees on another, with mossy stones and trees mixed on the two other sides.

After the two had shaken hands they were always friends, and I must not forget to say that, although Logan was driven by the whites from one place to another, he remained their steadfast friend until, out in Ohio, when returning from hunting, he found his wigwam destroyed and his family killed. This was enough to enrage any man, and so enraged was Logan that he gathered together the members of his tribe, told them the story of the white man's cruelty, and incited them to take vengeance into their own hands—to slaughter the whites in all directions. This they did. They slaughtered to the north and to the east, to the south and to the west, and continued this warfare until Logan's death.

It may seem of little importance whether or not Logan killed a white man a hundred years ago, but to me it is of great importance, because that white man was my great-great-grandfather.

FRANKLIN BALLOU, JUN. (nine years old).
LEADVILLE, COLORADO.

## A FLORAL CLOCK.

Of all the pretty, fanciful uses to which flowers are ever put, the very prettiest is to be found in the Feejee Islands, where a flower tells the people when to go to church.

Imagine a fragrant blossom, called the bauhinia, which expands its petals in the early morning, while it is still cool and pleasant, and before the sun's rays become very powerful. The missionary watches this flower, and just as it opens, he does not ring a bell, but instead beats a wooden drum, and presently, by twos and threes and in quiet groups, the islanders are seen coming to church.

## THE REBELLION OF THE FLOWERS.

Many were the adventures that happened to Ethel when at her uncle Robert's farm this summer, but among them she probably considers this one the strangest of all.

It was a very sultry afternoon, and as Don, the great house-dog, who was lying on the front piazza snapping flies, could not be induced to play, and the cat and her kittens were asleep in the barn, Ethel was very lonely, for she had no brothers nor sisters to play with. So she took a book and went out in the flower garden back of the house, and finding a shady nook, she lay down on the grass and began to read. But she had scarcely read two minutes when her thoughts began to wander, and soon everything seemed to grow dim, and before she knew it she was fast asleep.

Presently a little voice awoke her—that is, she says it awoke her, though her mother, when Ethel related the story to her afterward, had her doubts about it. But be that as it may, she says she heard the voice say, "Let Morning-glory be our queen."

"Morning-glory, indeed!" said another voice, in derisive tones—"Morning-glory, who dies in a day! Let us have a long-lived queen, at all events. I propose a more fitting person in Geranium."

"No, no; let us have Petunia," cried a third voice.

By this time Ethel began to see a whole assemblage of flowers at a little distance from her, all talking together and contradicting each other, so that it was with difficulty that she could understand what they said.

"They are electing a new queen. They are tired of our gracious sovereign Rose," said a little voice at her elbow; and looking down, she beheld a small bachelor's-button looking up in her face.

"And why are they tired of Rose's reign?" asked Ethel.

"Oh, I don't know exactly," was the reply—"some quarrel with her subjects, I'm inclined to think."

By this time quite a number of the flowers had declared themselves in favor of Geranium, and the others were fast giving in, when a cry was raised, "Rose is coming!" "Queen Rose is coming!" And sure enough, preceded by a band of elves playing upon trumpet-flowers, came Queen Rose herself. She was surrounded by lilies, who were her attendants.

"What does this mean?" she said, blushing with anger to a deeper red than before. "Are my years of devotion to your welfare to be repaid in this manner?"

But the other flowers, overawed by the queenly presence, had all stolen away, and Ethel saw Rose and her attendants grow dim and disappear, and before she knew it she was wide awake, with the sun low in the west.

WILLIE L. WIDDEMER.

## BESSIE'S RAINY DAY.

One morning little Bessie Lewis awoke to the fact that it was raining.

"Oh dear! what shall I do? I can't go out today!" she cried, as she slowly got out of bed five minutes after the first bell had rung.

She drew on one stocking, with the tears falling fast, and had just begun on the other when mamma looked in.

"Why, Bessie darling, what is the matter?" she asked, in a cheery tone of voice.

"It's raining!" answered Bessie, with a fresh burst of tears.

"Oh, is that all?" asked mamma, greatly relieved to find the trouble no worse. "Dress yourself quickly, little daughter, and I will see what I can do to bring a smile to your cloudy little face," continued mamma, as she left the room.

Notwithstanding mamma's pleasant words, it took Bessie an unusually long time to dress, and when she went down-stairs papa and mamma were nearly through breakfast. They greeted her with a smile, and papa asked her if she were ill, for her naturally bright little face wore a sad and mournful expression, and he almost feared an attack of headache.

Bessie answered, "No, papa," and sat down to her bowl of bread and milk.

In a few minutes papa rose and prepared to go out.

"Now, Bessie, if there are no smiles out-of-doors, let mamma have them from her little girl," he said, as he closed the hall door.

When Bessie had finished her breakfast, mamma said, gayly, "Who wants to help me wash the china cups?"

"I do, mamma," answered Bessie, brightening a little, for this was a rare treat.

After this was done to mamma's satisfaction, Bessie wore a smile on her hitherto sober little face.

"What else can I do, mamma?" she questioned, eagerly.

"How would you like to look over my piece-box and arrange it nicely?" asked mamma.

At this, Bessie laughed—a clear, ringing laugh. "Goody! goody!" she cried, as the box was handed to her, full of treasures dear to a childish heart. This employed her for the rest of the morning, and long before dinner-time she was singing gayly.

When dinner was ready, another surprise awaited her, for there, close beside her plate, were two plum buns, made by mamma's own hands.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" cried the delighted child, as she kissed her kind mamma.

During the afternoon mamma showed her how to cut out a dress for her doll, and helped her to make it in a tasteful manner. Just as it was completed the clock struck six.

"Is it so late?" cried Bessie. "Why, I didn't think it was four."

"That is because you've been my own good little girl," said mamma, as she kissed the flushed and happy face.

Papa then entered, and they went down to supper.

In the evening mamma, papa, and Bessie sat in the twilight before the glowing wood fire, and papa told stories until Bessie's blue eyes grew large and bright with pleasure. As the clock struck eight—an hour past Bessie's bed-time—mamma bade her thank papa for the pleasant evening and say good-night, because it was very late for her "wee girlie" to sit up. Bessie sprang into her papa's arms and gave him three kisses. She then took mamma's hand, and allowed herself to be led upstairs, where, after having said, "Now I lay me," she sunk on her pillow, tired, but perfectly happy. And mamma hoped, as she gazed upon the sleeping child, that every disappointment might have as bright an ending as this one.

And thus ended Bessie's rainy day.

MARY OWEN FIELDER.

The three compositions which I have inserted this week are very well written indeed. I have heard, though perhaps it is all a mistake, that some children dislike composition-day, and dread its coming. They would not do so if they would simply write about a subject which they understood, and take pains to use only such words as they use when talking to each other and their friends. I am always very glad when I have bright little stories and sketches from the children themselves for Our Post-office Box.

FOND DU LAC, WISCONSIN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Seeing so many boys and girls write to you, I thought I would write. I am fourteen years old, and I have four pet rabbits. They will come and eat out of my hand whenever I whistle to them. Two are Maltese, and the others are white. I would like to correspond with some boy thirteen or fourteen years old. This is the first letter I have ever written to you, so I hope you will publish it. I read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE over at our Public Library, which is just across the street from where I live. I am going out to Green Lake, Wisconsin, and expect to have a good time. It is a beautiful place. The lake is fifteen miles long and from one to three miles wide, and affords splendid fishing. There are six hotels there, and they are all full. We have a cottage, and go out there every year.

Good-by. GEORGE BROWN, Palmer House.

**Lillie A.:** These little brothers do make us a wee bit nervous when they want to play with us while we write, but they are darlings, and we love them, do we not?—**L. C.** and **Bessie:** Thanks are due to each of you for your letters.—**Margaret E. W.:** I am glad you are so pleased with HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.—**J. M. L.:** I say the same to you.—**Lou. G.:** A terrific hail-storm is something you will not soon forget.—**F. J.:** I am sure you felt like dancing a jig when you found Willie safe and sound after your fright about the dear child.—**Alice S.:** I can not publish any more breakfast-table letters just now, but yours is a very good one, although it comes so late.—**Annie S.:** Give the pony a lump of sugar for me, please.—**Mabel H.:** Write again, dear, and please send answers to the puzzles as often as you can.—If **C. B. Pattison,** Cambridge, England, will correspond with Franklin Ballou, Jun., Leadville, Colorado, the latter will take pleasure in telling him all about the American game of base-ball.—**Ines P.:** Oh, what a busy little girl you are, with so many studies! Which do you like best?—**W. B.:** All the boys agree with you about "Two Arrows."—**Edith F.:** Be very good to the canary, and watch Mrs. Puss, for she may like birdie too well.—**H. M. D.** (Brooklyn): "Nautilus" does not know of any boat-builder who makes canvas canoes. Why not build one yourself after the plans given in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 288?

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

A MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A blacksmith had a stone weighing 40 pounds. A farmer came in, and, throwing it down, broke it in 4 pieces.

"There," said the blacksmith, "you have spoiled my weight."

"No," said the farmer; "before, you could weigh only 40 pounds; now you may weigh from 1 to 40."

What was the weight of each piece.

R. I. CHARD.

### No. 2.

PI.

Ruo ncoomm htomre ertss dan snisg
Ekli Thur gnmoa erh ragernde sevaehs
Erh alp si lufl fo gyldoo sngith
Hre worb si thigrb iwht tuaunm sevael.

O fsovar yreve raey edam enw
O stfgi hitw arni dna nushisnei nest
Eht ytnuob rrnusevo ruo ued
Het lfusensi semahs ruo sidnocentt.

### No. 3.

ENIGMA.

In stump, not in wood.
In moon, not in star.
In bad, not in good.
In bruise, not in scar.
In Ella, not in Sue.
In shovel, not in hoe.
In light, not in hue.
In rain, not in snow.

My whole is always useful and sometimes ornamental. H. J. WICKERSHAM.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 306.

No. 1.—Orange. Stair carpet.

No. 2.—
```
      C              B
    R A G          E Y E
  C A N O E      B Y R O N
    G O T          E O N
      E              N
```

No. 3.—
```
E A G L E
A L I E N
G I A N T
L E N T E
E N T E R
```

No. 4.—Yang-tse-Kiang.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Dimple Dodd, Lena Hepp, Cockade City, Pearl Chester, Margaret Price, Jack Chester, Theo. Livingston, G. C. D., Artie Mason, P. Cooke, Tommy Selleck, Lulu Joy, Mabel Hoopes, and A. L. Munder.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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NEWS.—*SEPTEMBER* 16, 1885.

**THE "PURITAN" BEATS THE "GENESTA."**

## JUMBO'S DEATH.

**THE BABY ELEPHANT ALSO HURT.**



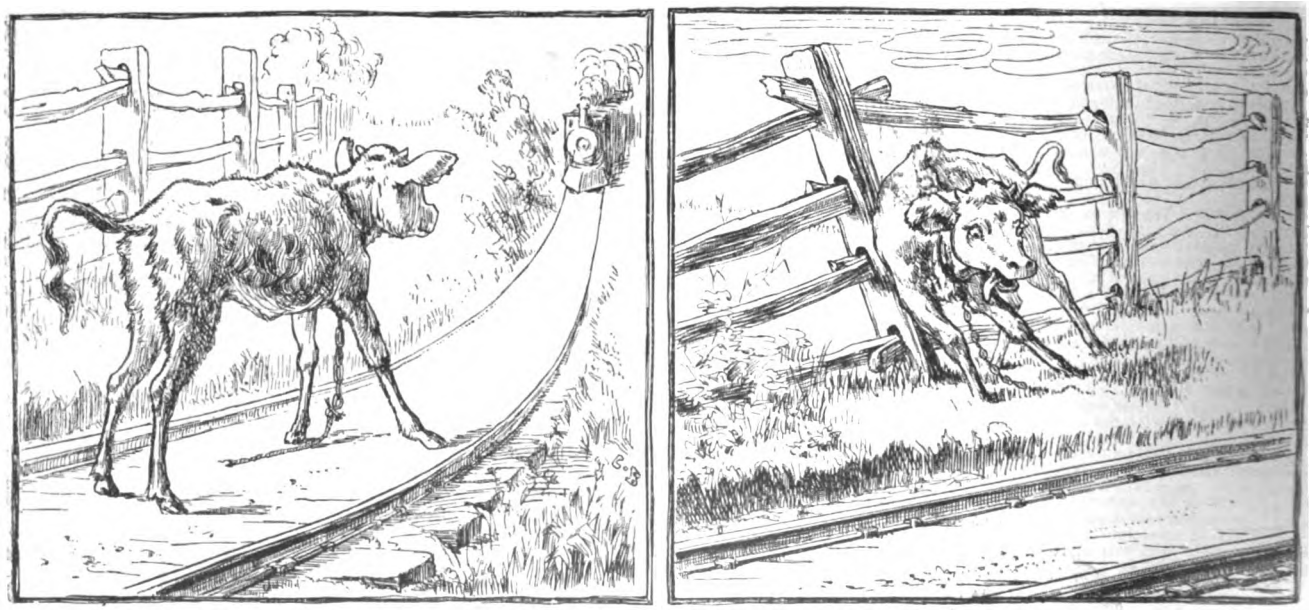
MASTER JOHN AND MISS COLUMBIA:
"JUM—JUM—BO—BO—IS—IS—**DEAD**—OH! OH!! OH!!!"

## CAT-BIRD AND ROBINS.

OF all the feathered choristers none were so charming, none so confiding and intelligent, as the cat-bird..... My favorite bird was monarch of the shrubbery, except when the robins came for a bath, when, with a very ill grace, he took the place of a subordinate. Upon one occasion I witnessed a very amusing scene. I had just supplied the fresh water, and the bird was enjoying it, when a robin came flitting in, followed by a young speckle-breast. The cat-bird, without a single protest, left the water. Of course he was afraid of the robin, or he would not have left so promptly; but after he had gone he manifested the greatest anger. He flew to a shrub just above them, and screamed with all his power, dropping his wings and looking very fierce and hostile—to all of which the robins paid no attention. Then he came toward me and back again, evidently asking me to drive them away; but I would not interfere. After the robins were satisfied, they left the water and flew into the sunshine, and coolly proceeded to arrange their feathers.

Upon another occasion an incident occurred showing the bird's intelligence. A side gate had been left open, and a neighbor's hen had wandered in. The bird's cries summoned me, when he pointed out the hen, which was scratching among the shrubbery. All summer the bird had been accustomed to seeing the fowls in the adjoining lot, and was not at all afraid of them; but he knew this hen had no business in his dominions, and he was not content until she was driven out, which he assisted in doing, following her up with his mewing cry until she passed through the gate, when he returned to his place.*

* From *Home Studies in Nature*. By MARY TREAT. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



AN ENCOUNTER ON THE RAIL.

"Hello! that fellow evidently don't know that I have horns. But most fools will learn only by experience."

(*After the encounter.*) "What! Not a sign of him! It can't be possible I've finished him completely at the first crack!"

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 310 PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1885.


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"'WELL, NOW, I DON'T WANT HIM FLOGGED.'"—SEE PAGE 770.


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# TWO ARROWS:*

## A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### A WRESTLING MATCH.

THE moon was to come up late that night, and all the first part of it would be lighted only by stars and camp fires. The mining party had but two of these latter burning low, and the Nez Percé band had not any, after they had done their cooking, but the stars sent down enough light to make things visible at short distances. The two camps were not over four miles apart.

The only really wide-awake watchman in one of them was One-eye, and he patrolled in all directions as if he had an idea that matters must be less secure in the absence of his wonderful young master. Only one dog to do the barking for a whole village was something very uncommon in Indian history, but it was well to have the great duty given to an entirely competent dog.

The boy whom One-eye considered the greatest personage in all that valley had now crept near enough to the mining camp to get a fair idea of what it contained. He saw a wealth of horseflesh and muleflesh, every quadruped of it worth half a dozen Indian ponies, and his ambition almost lifted him up from the grass. It stirred any amount of reckless daring, and it made him remember all the stories he had ever heard of famous chiefs who stole into camps and then stripped them clean of everything. He was already that kind of chief in his own estimation, and did not know that within a hundred yards of him there sat a white boy of about his own age, who was at that moment recalling a long list of just such stories.

Sile had fairly read up on Indian fiction before he left home, and his ideas of the way some things could be done were a little misty. He could hardly sit still for one moment, and preferred to stroll around among the horses, to make sure no red man's hand was reaching out for one of them. Old Pine smiled grimly now and then, for he felt perfectly safe on the Indian question, but at last he heard an unaccountable rustling at one end of the corral, and then a loud hurrah from Sile.

The idea had been in Sile's head that his proper course was to go about very much as if he were himself about to steal the horses, and his noiseless movements carried him to the outer edge of the corral at exactly the right moment. He was standing at the side of a tall mule, in the shadow of it and completely hidden, when he saw something darker than a shadow glide out from between two tall weeds and swiftly writhe its way forward. His heart beat like a trip-hammer. His first thought was to use his rifle, but it was a new and dreadful thing to take a human life, and he could not lift his weapon. His eyes said, "Not a large Indian," and his hands let go of the rifle. The next instant, and just as Two Arrows rose to his feet, Sile sprang forward and grappled with him.

It was a most perilous thing to do, considering that Two Arrows carried a knife; but the young Nez Percé had also been thinking, and had made up his mind that "war" was no part of his errand. His tribe was at peace with the pale-faces, except as to horseflesh, and that fact saved the white boy's life. Sile had been accounted the best wrestler in his set at home and at school, and his muscles were in capital order. It was not by any means an uneven match, therefore, and Two Arrows would have been glad enough to get away. He had no clothing for Sile to hold him by, and there was more and more danger of losing him every moment, when a pair of long, sinewy arms wound around poor Two Arrows from behind.

"I've got him," said Yellow Pine. "Run for a rope. You're jest the luckiest youngster I ever knowed."

By the time the rope was there, every man in camp was up and out, rifle in hand.

"No whoopin' sounded," said Yellow Pine. "This cub was alone. I say, you young coyote, you jest answer my questions now, or I'll tan the hide clean off ye."

Two Arrows drew himself up proudly, and looked at him in silence, but Pine led his captive on into the fire light, and picked up a heavy "black-snake" whip, for he was justly angry.

It was a terrible come-down for the ambition of a young chief—captured on his first raid, and threatened with a horsewhipping.

"Where's yer band? Where's their camp?" asked Pine, with a significant flourish of the black-snake, but the Indian boy looked him unflinchingly in the face without a sound or a motion.

"Speak, now!" began Pine; but Sile had finished answering some hurried questions from his father, and he now asked one for himself.

"I say, Yellow Pine, didn't I grab him first? Isn't he my prisoner as much as he is yours?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, now, I don't want him flogged. He didn't use his knife. You always said it was best to be friends with 'em."

"I'd call it— Jedge, it's jest so. Sile's right. I kinder lost my head. Look a-here, redskin, next time you come for hosses you won't get off so easy. I'll unhitch ye now, and let ye up. There, now, Sile, shake hands with him."

"How?" said Sile, as he held out his hand to the loosened captive.

"How?" said Two Arrows, and he said it a little sullenly, but he had been glancing from Pine's face to Sile's, and understood pretty well that the latter had stopped the proposed work of the black-snake.

"Make him a present of something, Sile," said his father. "Here, give him this."

It was a small round pocket mirror, worth twenty-five cents, but there was no telling what it was worth in the estimation of such a boy as Two Arrows; perhaps a pound or so of gold nuggets, if he had them, or the skin of his grizzly bear, after the glory of killing it had worn a little thin. At all events, he was a most astonished Indian. Evidently these monsters in human form were disposed to be friends with him, particularly this red-headed young chief who had proved himself so good a wrestler. All he had ever heard of pale-faces was against believing it, but there was no chance of escaping from the ring of riflemen now gathered around him, and he gave it up. He answered Yellow Pine's questions by signs only, until something he said brought an exclamation from the old miner Jonas.

"Nez Percé! He's a Nez Percé, Pine. I know their lingo. He can talk some English, too. He needn't play 'possum any longer."

Two Arrows felt that he was completely beaten, and even pride failed to carry him any further. It came to his mind, also, with a peculiar force, that he was by no means sure of the approval of Long Bear and his warriors. They had not sent him out to kill pale-faces, and bring upon them the vengeance of the terrible "brass-button men" he had heard of. He had seen a few of them, and had wondered at their great knives, twice as long as his arm. He decided to speak out now, and in a few moments Jonas had him pumped thoroughly.

"He isn't on any war-path," said Yellow Pine to Judge Parks; "he's jest a fool of a boy. We'll keep him till mornin' and carry him over to his own camp. It's the best way in the world to make friends with 'em."

* Begun in No. 303, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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"All right," replied the Judge; "we must get out some presents. See that he doesn't get away."

"I'll look out for that; you bet I will."

So he did, and Two Arrows had now no knife with which to cut the rope whereby he was tied to Yellow Pine's elbow when that "big brave" lay down again. Sile rolled himself up in a blanket, only a few feet from them, and hardly slept a wink. He had captured a wild red Indian, and it beat all the novels he had ever seen. He did not hear his father chuckle to himself, nor could he read the thoughts of the old Judge. Long Bear himself was not prouder of Two Arrows and his grizzly than was Sile's father of the manner in which his own boy had met and grappled with a sudden peril.

"He'll be at the head of something or other some day," he muttered, as he was dropping asleep.

Not even Na-tee-kah knew anything of the movements or whereabouts of Two Arrows this time, and her father questioned her in vain.

"Boy too big," he said; "grow too fast. Brave too soon. Young chief, though. Great warrior by-and-by, like father. Come back. Talk hard to him."

Na-tee-kah's thoughts followed her hero brother so long as her eyes were open. She had no doubt whatever that he would quickly turn up again with a great heap of new glory. She dreamed of his performing all sorts of marvellous things. All the other boys in camp were planning to catch up and get ahead of him, she knew, for she had heard some of them say so. The Big Tongue had told her of a large number of bears belonging to his record, and he was going on to tell of more when Ha-ha-pah-no overheard and asked him,

"Kill bear all with tongue? Shoot big lie right through? Catch old bear and talk to him; bear die!"

## CHAPTER XV.

### A GREAT CAPTAIN.

THE band of Nez Percés had done very well thus far, and so had the band of white miners, but there had been one other band of travellers which had accomplished a good deal by reason of having an uncommonly good commander.

The wicked old mule that had engineered the stampede of the Nez Percé ponies had continued to hold his position as captain. He could out-kick and out-bray any other mule there, and no mere pony would have dreamed of disputing him. There was some grass to be had, next day after the escape, and there was yet a little water in the pools rapidly drying away, but there was nothing anywhere to tempt to a stoppage. On he went, and on went the rest after him, and the reason why the warriors could not find his trail was because he did not leave any. He obeyed the strong instinct of all large animals, and some smaller ones, to "follow a beaten path and keep in a travelled road." He struck the well-made buffalo trail and did not find any reason for wandering from it. Multitudes of men have a precisely similar instinct, and keep in any particular path in life mainly because they are in it; they stick all the closer if they can see anybody else doing the same thing. That was what the wicked old mule saw, and he may have imagined that the squad or rather string of bisons ahead of him knew where they were going and what for. At all events, he led his band closely behind them, and they plodded on in a way that carried them ahead quite rapidly. It carried them into the pass and through it, mule, ponies and all, and there was no one to tell them of what had happened there before or what was about to occur.

Something had happened—something that is pretty sure to come to all bisons, sooner or later. In due season their great bodies reel and fall, and the wolves and buzzards are fed. But for such things the wolves would all die, and they have an unerring judgment as to the condition of an ailing bison.

Herd after herd of bisons had gone along that ledge-road in clumsy safety, but right there now, at the curve of the projecting rock, stood one who could go no farther. A fragment of an arrow still sticking through one of his hind-legs told what had made him lame in the first place, and the marks of wolf-teeth explained why he had grown lamer and lamer until all he could do was to turn his back to the rock and stand at bay.

Mile after mile of weary walking and painful struggling the poor old beast had contended with the enemies now swarming around him; they had assailed him always from behind, and they had altogether crippled him. His great, terrible head was lowered threateningly, and his deep, sonorous bellow was thick with pain and fury. The watching coyotes sat down or walked around, barking, yelping, howling, snapping their teeth like castanets, sure of a feast to come, and hungrily impatient for its beginning. One, hungrier or bolder than the rest, made a rush too soon, and the quick horn of the old bison caught him. Up, up he went, whirling over and over, and his last yelp went down with him into the deep cañon.

The head of the bison sank again, and his blood-shot eyes grew filmy; he was faint and sinking, and he swayed staggeringly to and fro. He gave a great lurch forward as his faintness grew upon him, and in an instant he seemed to be all but covered with wolves. They attacked every square foot of him at the same moment, climbing over each other, yelling, tearing, and the bison's time had come. The terror and agony stirred all his remaining life for one last, blinded rush. His instinct was to "charge," and he made one lumbering plunge. The trail at that point afterward but barely passed the wagon-wheels, and there was no room to spare for the bison's last effort. It bore him heavily, helplessly over the sickening edge, and half a dozen of clinging coyotes went down with him. Hundreds of whirling feet the hunters and the hunted-down bison fell together, to be dashed to pieces upon the rocks at the bottom.

A chorus of howls arose from the remaining wolves, but it did not express pity or horror. Only for a moment did they seem to be in doubt as to what was best to be done. After that it was a wolf-race as to which should first get back to the point at which they could safely clamber and tumble to the bottom of the pass. Their feast had been provided for them, and they ate every part of it, buffalo meat and wolf meat alike, with the help of some buzzards, before Two Arrows or any other human being entered the cañon to disturb them.

The wicked old mule knew nothing of all this. No coyotes annoyed him or his command, but not a mouthful to eat did they find until they came out to where they could see the ancient ruins. At sight of these, hinting of human presence, they halted briefly, and then sheered away so as not to approach too nearly so very unpleasant a suggestion. The bisons had led them well, whether or not the mule got the credit of it. Also, there was a fair degree of justification of the instinct concerning beaten paths. New ones may be better, and somebody must hunt them up all the while, but the old roads will do very well for most people until the new ones are fairly mapped out.

The wicked old mule had done his work, but he had gained neither name nor fame by it. He looked sidewise more slyly, whisked his ropy tail more demurely, and kicked his nearest neighbors more viciously than ever. Still, all he or they had gained was a vacation; no work to do for anybody but themselves, but with winter only a few months ahead, and with a certainty that wolves, buzzards, coyotes, cougars, grizzlies, frost, snow-storms, and all the other unknown possibilities of the mountain country were only holding off for a season.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## ROMAN CHILD MODELS.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

THE visitor to Rome in wandering through her historic streets must often have been struck by a number of odd, picturesque figures who seem, and yet do not seem, to belong to the daily life of the place. They are men, women, and children of all ages, from the hoary old man with his long white beard to the little rosy-faced, curly-haired cherub of five or six. In their singularly becoming peasant's dress they are to be seen, in groups or alone,



"È DOLCE FAR NIENTE."

sitting on door-steps, lounging at street corners, or sauntering up and down, as if in lazy expectation of some bit of good fortune. They are not work-people, although the female portion has often a little knitting or crochet in the hand. Neither are they professional beggars, although the women and children do a little in that way too occasionally. On asking who these seemingly idle loungers are, you will be told that they are artists' models waiting to be engaged.

You will be told, besides, that this is by no means so easy a life as it might seem. When in full employment they are well paid, earning from four to five francs (eighty cents to a dollar) a day. But this employment is of the most uncertain kind. That handsome, stalwart man with the gleaming black eyes and fierce mustache, for example, earned quite a fortune one year by standing, now as a brigand, now as a soldier of fortune, to the artists, of whom Rome is always full in winter. Another year pictures of saints and martyrs will be all the rage, and then that pale-faced young woman with the large, soft eyes will be the most sought after.

Strange as it may sound, their profession is almost a hereditary one. Fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters are artists' models. Their grandfathers and great-grandfathers were so before them, and their grandchildren and great-grandchildren will be the same after they are dead. They form quite a race apart. Their cares are few, ambition does not exist for them, and their pleasures are of the very simplest kind.

The children, of course, earn a good deal less than their parents, but, on the other hand, are more constantly employed. They are often singularly beautiful. Young foreign artists, especially ladies, seldom leave Rome without transferring some of these lovely cherub heads to their canvas. One young rogue I remember well. He was a beautiful child of some five or six years old. His plump little figure looked charming in his peasant's costume, which consisted of a loose jacket of sheepskin with the woolly part outside, crimson or blue vest, short breeches and long stockings, and sandals fastened to the feet by straps crossing and recrossing till more than half-way up the legs. His round face, set in its frame-work of thick glossy black curls, was brown and rosy as a ripe russet apple. His brown eyes were like those of a bird, and had a merry laugh in them which was quite irresistible. Beppino was the rage that year. In every artist's studio, in every picture-dealer's window, turn where you would, there was Beppino's face smiling at you, now as a brigand's little son, now as a shepherd boy playing on Pan's-pipes, here as a little prince, there as a beggar. He, or rather his parents for him, must have earned a deal of money that winter. Still that did not keep him from begging. Passing the Spanish steps one sunny morning, I heard a sweet, piping voice at my side, in what were meant to be accents of deepest woe, whine out: "Lady, dear lady, give me a copper; I am starving!"

Looking down, I saw Beppino, his plump face suggestive of anything rather than of starvation.

"Why do you talk such nonsense?" said I. "You know very well that you are only pretending. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for begging."

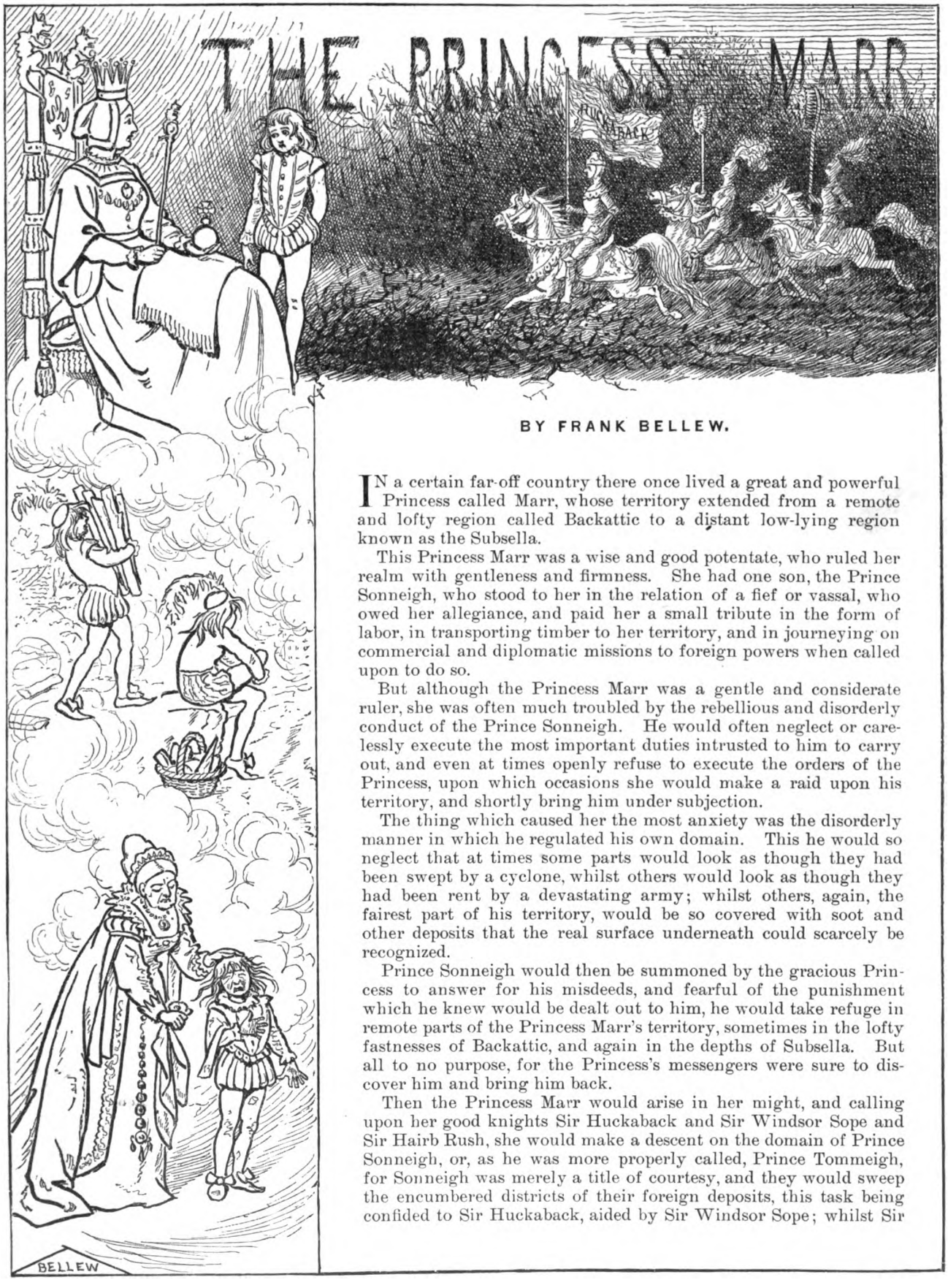
"Oh no, dear lady, it is true; indeed, it is. I am very hungry; I am dying of hunger, really."

"Indeed! When had you your breakfast, you little rogue?" said I, pinching his round cheek.

Poor little things, they never go to school, and very few of them know how to write their own names. It must be a dreary sort of life for them at best, having to sit or stand for hours together, motionless as a block of marble, in a cold, comfortless studio, not understanding even a word of what is being spoken round them. Although they are often full of bright, natural intelligence, their employers seldom look on them as anything else than convenient lay figures, sent into the world for no other purpose than to be painted or modelled from. They may be employed for months in a studio, and the artist know nothing of them beyond their names.

One reason for this is that most of the young artists are foreigners, and do not understand the language of the people. It is a pity that this should be so. What opportunities for exercising a wholesome influence on these young minds are lost thereby! What results might not the active, energetic Anglo-Saxon temperament produce when brought to bear on the sweet, languid Italian one! May all young people who think of becoming artists and going to Rome to study give a thought to the child model, and try to infuse a little of their own energy into a race that for long has adopted the motto, "*È dolce far niente*," "Sweet it is to do nothing."

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BY FRANK BELLEW.

IN a certain far-off country there once lived a great and powerful Princess called Marr, whose territory extended from a remote and lofty region called Backattic to a distant low-lying region known as the Subsella.

This Princess Marr was a wise and good potentate, who ruled her realm with gentleness and firmness. She had one son, the Prince Sonneigh, who stood to her in the relation of a fief or vassal, who owed her allegiance, and paid her a small tribute in the form of labor, in transporting timber to her territory, and in journeying on commercial and diplomatic missions to foreign powers when called upon to do so.

But although the Princess Marr was a gentle and considerate ruler, she was often much troubled by the rebellious and disorderly conduct of the Prince Sonneigh. He would often neglect or carelessly execute the most important duties intrusted to him to carry out, and even at times openly refuse to execute the orders of the Princess, upon which occasions she would make a raid upon his territory, and shortly bring him under subjection.

The thing which caused her the most anxiety was the disorderly manner in which he regulated his own domain. This he would so neglect that at times some parts would look as though they had been swept by a cyclone, whilst others would look as though they had been rent by a devastating army; whilst others, again, the fairest part of his territory, would be so covered with soot and other deposits that the real surface underneath could scarcely be recognized.

Prince Sonneigh would then be summoned by the gracious Princess to answer for his misdeeds, and fearful of the punishment which he knew would be dealt out to him, he would take refuge in remote parts of the Princess Marr's territory, sometimes in the lofty fastnesses of Backattic, and again in the depths of Subsella. But all to no purpose, for the Princess's messengers were sure to discover him and bring him back.

Then the Princess Marr would arise in her might, and calling upon her good knights Sir Huckaback and Sir Windsor Sope and Sir Hairb Rush, she would make a descent on the domain of Prince Sonneigh, or, as he was more properly called, Prince Tommeigh, for Sonneigh was merely a title of courtesy, and they would sweep the encumbered districts of their foreign deposits, this task being confided to Sir Huckaback, aided by Sir Windsor Sope; whilst Sir

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Hairb Rush went through the tangled brakes and shrubbery, which had been allowed to grow into wild disorder, and put them into orderly shape.

There was always great wailing and outcry and sore distress in the land of Prince Tommeigh when these reforms were being carried into execution, but it was of no avail, for the good Princess Marr would never yield, and when it was all over peace reigned over the face of Prince Tommeigh's territory, and—



TOMMY CAME DOWN TO DINNER WITH CLEAN FACE AND HANDS.

## A NIGHT IN THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

### A TRUE STORY.

BY MARGARET EMMA DITTO.

"I TELL you, sonny," said Tom Rutherford, "every little boy ought to try running away from home if his father and mother get obstinate, or when they are a little slack about minding him promptly."

As he said this, Tom tilted his soft hat back from his handsome face, and with a loose-jointed grace of his own leaned up against the piazza post. He was sixteen, taller than the average man, with the free stride and large attitude of a frontiersman, for Tom had been born and bred west of the Missouri, and was used to plenty of room.

"I ran away from home myself, once," he concluded.

"All the same, you've turned out all right," said a small boy with a savage voice, who was lying on the grass with an open Latin grammar, and kicking at both grass and grammar. "You are the best base-ball pitcher this side of Chicago. Go on, can't you?"

"It was not more than four years ago," Tom went on. "I was about your size—grown all this since—and my folks treated me just about as meanly as your folks treat you. I didn't have as many parents as you have; my father was dead; there was only my mother; but she made it amount to the same as if I had had lots of parents. Earned money for me like a father, and cared for me like a mother. Loved me?—oh no!—not at all. She had the same system of abuse that your folks have—square meals by day, three of them, and a good bed by night, warm clothes in winter and cool ones in summer. And she kept steady at it, there was never any let up, and when a boy has stood that kind of thing day in and day out for a dozen years, it gets to be very wearing."

"Oh, let up, now," said the small boy with the voice. "Don't pitch any more curved balls."

Tom went on quietly: "There were other things too. Mother had views on education. She wanted me to learn something and be somebody. Oh yes, I had to study Latin. I can tell you my mother had as many views as all of your parents put together. But then I knew everything worth knowing, and the rest I didn't care for. You see, I was like you in a good many ways—'now which had you rather do, or go a-fishing'?"

The small boy grinned aloud. Tom nodded.

"Of course. I thought so. That was the way it was with me, and when my mother found out that I had a habit of spending my days down at the slough, and that the only school I had been near was a school of fish, it struck her pretty hard, and she naturally took a strong position and impressed her opinions upon me, after the usual method.

"It was no pitapat of a whipping either; there is no foolishness about my mother when she undertakes anything. I went to school next day; but I had staid out so much I could not understand the lesson without putting my mind on it. I never liked to do that. I was always careful not to strain my brain whenever I came plump up against anything I did not understand. If I could not see right through it, nor get over it nor around it, I tried some light amusement—the mild spit-ball, the innocent paper wad, or that triumph of constructive genius, the bent pin. I was a dead-shot with a bent pin. I hadn't my equal.

"But the boy in front of me was a new one from the country. Even the teacher found out what it was and who had done it, and he hauled me over those seats and took me up by the coat collar, and he rattled me about a while, and showed me some stars and new moons. I saw enough. I felt as if I did not want to study astronomy any more in that school. And Arthur Grimshaw agreed with me.

"Arthur had got whipped for crowding on the stairs and jamming some little girls head foremost over the railing. It had been a field-day in our school. You know teachers break loose sometimes, like volcanoes, and there is no accounting for them, or calculating on them. If we had known it was coming we would not have been there. But as it was, Art and I were both of us pretty sore. We yearned for sympathy and consolation, but there was none of it in that town. Mother always stood by the teacher. So did Art's folks.

"'Why, it is likely I should get another whipping at home if I told of it there,' said he. 'And I tell you, Tom, I haven't any place for another whipping.' Then I owned that I had been pretty generally taken up in the same way.

"'Let's run away,' he said.

"'Well, let's,' said I, and we ran. There was no running about our gait, though; we just walked off in a quiet way, as if we did not aim for any place in particular, and we did not mean to at first. We thought we would get on a raft or boat and go down the river.

"We had thirty-seven cents between us. We got ten cents' worth of crackers at a little Dutch grocery away out of town. Art went for them, and I lay low behind a fence. I could see him coming back, eating all the way. This was not fair, because we had each put in an even five cents. We got a big bagful, and thought we had done well with our money, though crackers fill up a bag a good deal farther than they do a boy. We ate awhile on them and they did not seem very juicy, so Art went back and bought some taffy for ten cents, and some matches—a cent's worth. We might have brought the matches from home if we had thought about it, and saved a cent. But then I was glad we didn't. After the way my mother had used me I felt as if I had rather be perfectly independent of her; and Art said that his folks might keep all their old matches themselves for all he cared. Art was a fat boy anyway, but he swelled up like a wet dried apple as he said this.

"Oh, there's nothing like knowing you are all right and everybody else all wrong, for giving a boy his full size. Why, I felt just then as if George Washington and the Revolutionary army, and the cherry-tree and the hatchet were all bottled up in my heart, and were acting their small drama over again on its stage, with foot-lights and a brass band. I rose right up—I stood pretty tall for my height—and I folded my arms and said proudly, 'Arthur, let them take me alive if they can!'

"'Let them walk over my dead body to do it!' was the fierce answer of my hero friend.

"These were both choice offers, but nobody took them up. So we went fishing. We knew we would not be miss-

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ed until toward dark: at home they would think we had staid at school, and there they would think we were at home. About night-fall we meant to strike for the woods, fix up a nice bed out of leaves, and after we had cooked our fish and eaten our supper, we meant to sit in a circle around the fire and tell stories until we dropped off to sleep.

"But nothing turned out the way we had expected. We did not catch any fish, and Art's jacket fell into the water and wet the matches, so we had no fire. Oh yes, I have heard of rubbing two sticks together. We tried it, and since that night I don't believe in it. It was September, and cold enough when the wind came up. There were not many leaves on the ground, except last year's mouldy ones, and we did not want them; besides, Art said that if we slept on a log we would not be so likely to meet snakes. We found a nice log, but it was not made for two abreast, so we went to bed Indian file, just within kicking distance of each other in case of danger. There had been catamounts in these woods not long ago.

"It was awfully dark, and the wind roared around like a crazy thing. The leaves on the trees were old and stiff, and they rattled and rustled like thieves telling secrets over our heads. Sometimes a dry branch broke with a snap like a pistol-shot; then Art and I would kick each other just for company. It was an easy log to roll off from. We tried it a few times, and then we would sit up a while. There was plenty of room in the woods, but we were not wasteful of it. We sat pretty close together, and I was glad he was fat.

"'Who's afraid?' he said, after a while. 'You are not, are you, Tom? Because if you are, we can get out of this.'

"'Oh, I'm not afraid,' I said. 'It is queer my jaws rattle so. I am just a little shivery; it seems as if blue-and-yellow northern lights were streaking up and down my back and legs.'

"'That must be your blood curdling,' said Arthur.

"'What will that do to me?' I rattled out.

"'Oh, I don't know. It is not a good thing to have happen. You ought to get out of this into the open air; it is too close in here. A fence corner near the road would be better for you, and I'll go along with you.'

"So we started. You could not see your hand before your face; but we kept close together, creeping on all fours to feel our way through the underbrush. We were not very deep in the woods, but it took us a long time to reach the road. I suppose we went round in a circle or two. All of a sudden we saw afar off a light no bigger than a fire-fly; then we saw a lot of them, and there we were right into the fence. It seemed kind of nice and human, that fence did. I hugged the first rail I got hold of tighter than was necessary, but Art did not see me do it. Then we took balcony seats on that fence and looked at the lights in the town, and we got to telling whose house each spark was.

"'It is funny how each one of those little sparks would turn out if you were only near enough to it,' said Arthur. 'Because each one is some one's home, you know, with fires and lamps and carpets and sofas, and hot biscuits, and rocking-chairs, and cats and dogs, and folks and curtains, and gravy and beefsteak.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'and lessons and lickings, and mean folks and meaner teachers, and doing what you don't want to do; that is slavery!' I braced up pretty stiff as I said this, for the blue chills were not quite so active just then, and my jaw had left off rattling.

"One by one the lights went out as we watched them. The kindly fence rail grew sharp and inhospitable, and we slid down and went for a culvert at the bottom of the hill. It was a nice little arch of brick-work under the road, about four feet high in the middle, and perfectly dry. We had noticed this place in the daytime, and gave it up because we wanted an open fire. But just now we were not so stiff about modern improvements. We found the culvert cozy enough, and we just snuggled up to one another, and went to sleep.

"The next thing I knew something cold and clammy was gliding down my back and squirming over my hand, and glinting off my nose and chin. I thought it was a big snake and a lot of little snakes. The idea acted like dynamite on me, except, of course, I held together and did not fly into pieces. But I just banged myself against the top of that culvert, and bounded back on the bottom, and flanked off against the side, kicking and yelling. Arthur was roaring like a calf because I had bounced on him and braced my feet into him. The side of a culvert is no place to hang on to unless you have a place for your feet. So I let go my hold as soon as Art jerked my feet out of his stomach. I came down with a splash, and something spouted up suddenly as if a blood-vessel had burst.

"'Ugh!' I yelled, 'it is wet! It is blood! I'm burst! You've killed me.'

"Just then a great roaring and banging and tumbling shook the place. It was just as if the earth was caving in upon us, and I knew that I was not only killed but buried alive.

"After this there came an awful blue light, and it flared and quivered through the vault a minute and took our pictures. Boys who want to run away from home, or who have any hankering after the wide, wide world ought to have seen us then!

"It was not snakes, however, nor blood; nothing but a thunder shower, and the water coming in as easy as running down-hill. It was coming pretty fast, so we got out. The rain was pouring down by bucketsful. The thunder and lightning were clapping and snapping back and forth. We didn't go under a tree, because neither of us wanted to be struck, and there weren't any barns or sheds around. So we crawled under a log that had the stump end tilted up a little, and we lay flat on the ground. After a while the rain stopped and day broke.

"We had sixteen cents left, and we tossed up to see whether we had better get crackers or pretzels. But the old woman at the grocery had no pretzels; so we got five cents' worth of crackers and five cents' worth of dried beef, a cent's worth of matches, and two cents' worth of fishing-tackle. We loafed about pretty near that place all day. Neither of us spoke of running any farther away. The sun came out hot and shiny, and dried everything off very comfortable. We had no luck fishing, and we went to fixing up a place to sleep in. We put some fence rails into the culvert and lashed them together with wild-grape vines, making a sort of raft that would lie on the bottom of the culvert in dry weather, and rise to the occasion when the water came in. We were busy at this when we heard a horse on the road over our heads. I peeped out and saw a well-known policeman from town.

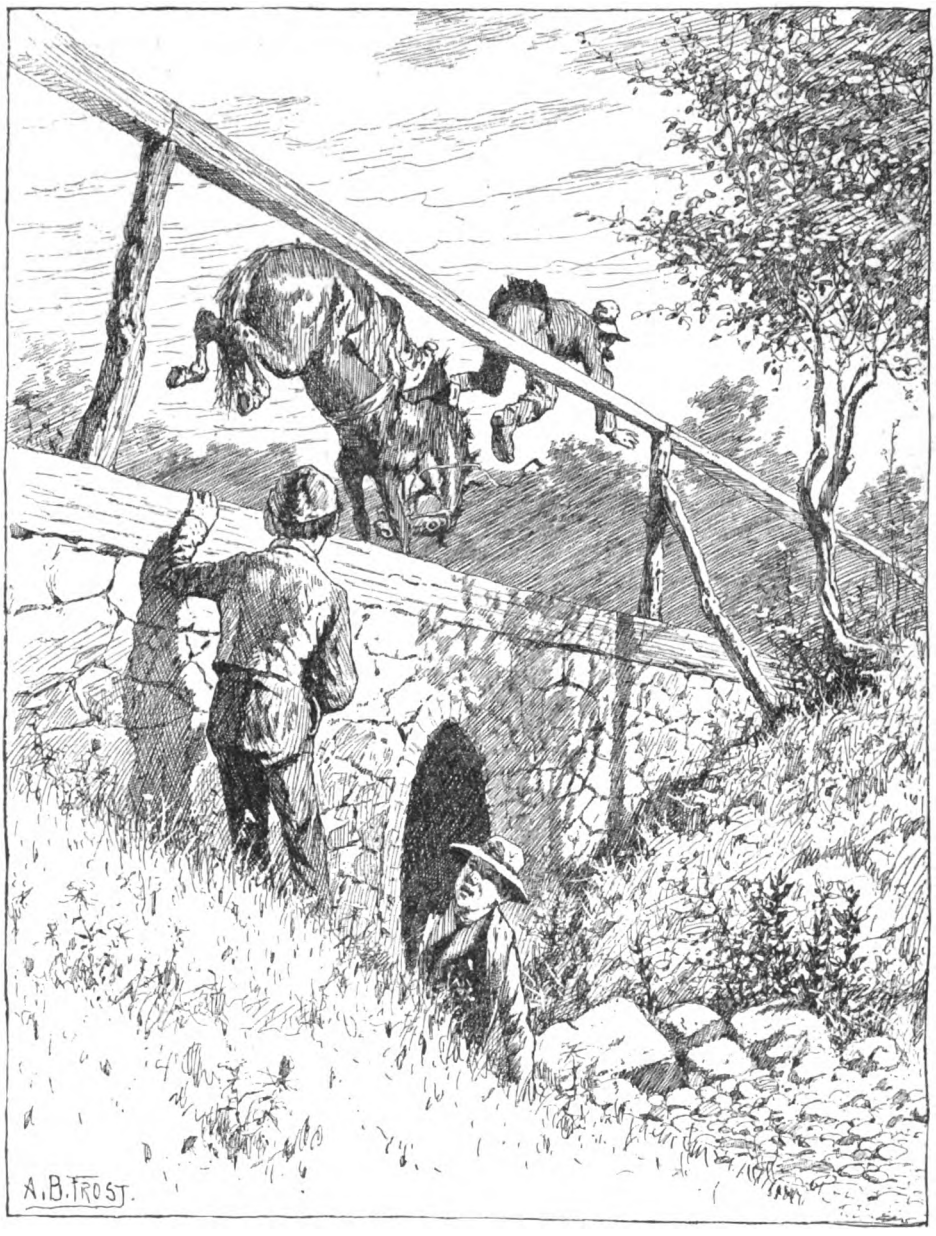
"'It is Big Sandy,' I whispered back into the vault. 'He is riding one of grandpa's horses. *He is after us! Lie low!*'

"The horseman stopped right over our heads and looked about, his nose up in the air, after the manner of policemen when they are looking for some one on the ground. He was staring up into the tree-tops and clouds, as if Art and I would be hanging out like an oriole's nest from some of those twigs, or sitting up in the clouds a-straddle of a sunbeam. And there I was, not six feet off, with my weather-eye on a level with his horse's shoe, and noticing how thin it was worn, and wondering if grandpa had observed it.

"Then he opened his mouth and hulload, 'Tom! *Tom!* TOM RUTHERFORD!'

"The gully echoed it grandly. The officer listened a minute, then he muttered: 'I guess that will bring out the little rat, if he is anywhere on this road.'

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HE SENT BIG SANDY OVER HIS HEAD.'"

"Then I threw a sharp stone and hit our Billy pretty near the saddle-girth. I knew the points of that horse, and I struck a tender spot. He kicked right up, about six feet, and sent Big Sandy over his head sprawling on all fours. Billy just stood there all quivering and trembling, with a look in his eyes like melted fire, as if he was holding himself in, and that was not the beginning of what he could do. Sandy did not whip him—he had better not! He just cooled him down a little, and then he got on and rode back to town.

"After he was gone we sized ourselves up pretty large, and said that all the policemen in the State of Nebraska should never take us alive. Then we went over to the bluff to see if we could not see some more people who were looking for us. The bluff was a good deal nearer home, but that did not keep us from going there. We skulked about in the brushwood or got up into trees. Once we heard somebody calling, and after a while we saw our minister on horseback, and the sexton with him on an old nag. They were picking their way along at the foot of the bluff, just beneath us. We could hear them talk.

"'There was young fools enough left in the town after them two had gone,' said the sexton, in his raspy voice. 'There's no sense in everybody setting out to whoop 'em in again.'

"'Then what did you come out for, Esek?' said the minister.

"'Well, it is on account of Mis' Rutherfurd. She's been mighty good to me. She was up all night, they say, and there was a look in her eyes this morning that made me feel as if I wanted to get hold of that Tom and break his bones for scaring her so.'

"'It isn't possible they are drowned, is it?' asked the minister.

"'Light tops like them! No such luck! They would not drown, and they aren't worth the earth it would take to bury them in, either.'

"That was all we heard. We did not think ourselves quite so large after that; but we planned a trick or two to play off on old Esek if we should ever go back home.

"The dark dropped down upon us pretty soon. It was time to start for the culvert. When we reached the road, instead of walking toward the culvert, we walked right the other way—a bee-line for town. Neither of us spoke a word for a long time. Then Arthur said:

"'Tom, you don't feel colicky or anything after those wild grapes you ate, do you?'

"'No; hollow as a stove-pipe,' said I.

"'Because if you're going to have a spell of cramps, I don't want the responsibility of taking care of you,' he said, cautiously.

"'Oh, never you mind me. I'm all right,' I answered.

"We walked on faster than ever. The stars came out and blinked at us. The houses began to thicken along the road-side. Now and then a dog we knew ran out and barked at us in a friendly way.

"'Tom,' said Art at last, 'let's keep right on up street, and—and'—his voice broke and trembled here—'and—and—perhaps we'll see our mothers out looking for us.'

"'Well, let's,' said I, for I was thinking I had rather see the look in mother's face when she forgave me than all the out-door scenery in the world.

"And shall I ever forget the way she put her arms around me and hugged me? and then she fell in a dead faint. My mother is a woman of splendid nerve, too; there's no fainting turns about her. I didn't feel like a mean sneak? Oh no! I was sick all night—regular green-grape cramps. But I slept in a bed, and next morning I came to the conclusion that the wide, wide world isn't anything like so good as it's cracked up to be."

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"'IT'S A NICE BOAT, ISN'T IT, HOW?' SAID FLORENCE."

## WHY FLORENCE REFUSED TO CONFESS.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

I.

"I DON'T care, Howard Williams, you're a mean thing, just as mean as you can be. It wouldn't hurt your old boat to let me look at it."

"Maybe it wouldn't, but I don't want girls bothering around here. Why don't you go and play with your dolls?"

"Dolls!" Florence's little nose wrinkled with scorn. "You think girls can't have any fun except with dolls." Then changing her tone to one of entreaty: "Won't you, please, How, let me see you build your ship?"

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"No, I won't," said Howard, crossly; "so you might as well stop teasing."

"All right for you, then, How Williams," said Florence, walking off with a grim air, which the elder brother knew from sad experience the meaning of.

"What are you going to do?" he called after her.

"Never you mind."

"Now you look here, Flo Williams, if you—"

But Florence had disappeared around the end of the house, casting at her brother as she went a grimace full of mischief, and leaving him to wonder uneasily what she was going to do.

"Come on, Bruce," he exclaimed, suddenly, to his cousin, a boy younger than himself, who had stood a silent listener to the conversation of the brother and sister. "If we don't hurry, it will be just like her to hide the key of the shop."

"I think you might have let her come," Bruce said, rather hesitatingly.

"Bosh!" said Howard; "I don't like to have girls around. You needn't worry about her; she'll take care of herself. There she is now, whistling for Bruno."

"She whistles 'most as well as a boy," said Bruce.

"Yes," replied Howard, with an air of disgust, "she wants to do everything boys do. She says she wishes she was a boy. That's why she wants to see me build my boat. At home I let her, because I had to work in my room, and I wanted her to sweep up the muss, but you've got a regular shop, you know, and we don't need her."

"Well," he exclaimed, in a tone of relief, as he saw the door was not locked, "we're ahead of her this time, that's one comfort."

"What," said Bruce, "does she really do such things?"

"Does she? Why, one day last winter I wouldn't take her skating with me, and she put a pair of roller skates in my skate-bag. I never knew anything about it until I got to the pond and pulled out the skates. How the boys laughed at me! Where's the plane, Bruce?"

"Isn't it in the box? I put it there yesterday."

"No, it isn't here, and I can't find the chisel either, nor the hammer, nor the— Bruce, she's hid 'em."

"Who has?"

"Flo. And we sha'n't see her again till dinner-time, you may be sure."

"Papa wouldn't like it if he knew," said Bruce, shocked at the way his cousins treated each other.

II.

While the boys were vainly searching for the tools, Florence, with her faithful friend Bruno, the big dog, was walking merrily down the road toward a piece of woods which skirted the lake.

Howard had been quite right in saying Florence could take care of herself, if he meant, as he probably did, that she would amuse herself; for she was too full of life to let anything keep down her spirits very long, and now she was on her way to console herself for not seeing the boat being built by making boats of her own from pieces of wood and bark which she would throw into the lake, and which Bruno would bring back to her when she bade him.

She was just climbing the fence—there was a gate, but it was more boy-like to climb—when she heard the sound of voices coming up the road. She sat on the top rail to wait. Presently she saw a boy coming at a half-run around the turn in the road. Behind him followed half a dozen other boys jeering and shouting.

Florence was sorry now that she had waited, for she was girl enough to dislike fighting. She started to get down, when the boy saw her, and quickening his pace, came near her, and cast at her a glance so pitiful and helpless that somehow the timidity in her heart turned suddenly into indignation, and almost before she knew what she was doing, she was standing in the road between the trembling lad and his tormentors.

"You leave him alone!" she cried. "I should think you'd be ashamed of yourselves."

"Hello, sissy!" exclaimed one of the boys, winking at his companions. "What's your name?"

"It doesn't make any difference what my name is," said Florence, scornfully; "but you can just leave him alone. You go on; they sha'n't touch you," she continued, turning to the boy behind her.

"We'll do what we please, and you can't stop us," said the largest of the boys. "I don't allow any girl to boss me."

"Don't you dare to touch him!" cried Florence, her gray eyes flashing.

"Who'll stop me?"

"If I can't— Here, Bruno—he will."

Bruno, who had been lying by the fence uneasily watching the altercation, was by the little girl's side in two bounds. She put her hand on his head.

"Now throw that stone," she said. "Bruno, watch him!"

Bruno uttered a low growl and showed a glistening line of white under his lips. The boys moved back.

"Don't you set him on me," said the leader, in a very much milder tone than he had used before.

"Don't you hit this boy, then," retorted Florence.

"It's Silly Billy; he's crazy," said the boy, as if that were excuse enough for tormenting him.

"The more shame to you, then!" cried Florence, indignantly. "I wouldn't be such a mean coward. If you don't go away from here, I'll set Bruno on you. Bruno!"

Another growl and another glimpse of those shining teeth sent the boys down the road in an agony of fear.

When they were gone, Florence suddenly remembered what they had said about the boy behind her being crazy, and she felt her heart sink. She turned to look at him, ready to scream and run at the first movement he made, and was astonished to see a gentle, timid-looking lad smiling gratefully at her.

Poor Billy! he had not much wit, but he was harmless enough, and when kindly treated was as gentle and good-tempered as a baby, as Florence soon found; for not only that day, but the succeeding days, he sought her by the lake and played with her at boat-sailing.

It was very little thinking Billy could do, but that little was quite at the service of the girl who had rescued him from the boys and always treated him so kindly; consequently when he knew how much she wanted a ship, he gave all of the little mind he had to making plans to obtain one for her. He only confused himself dreadfully, however, until one day he really found an idea; and then, though it was early in the morning, he rushed to the spot by the lake where Florence sailed her boats, and staid there until she came.

"Billy got ship for Florence," he exclaimed, with a bright, eager smile, when at last she came.

"A ship for me!" she cried, in astonishment.

He nodded gleefully, and held up a little boat which he had whittled out with his jackknife.

To say Florence was not disappointed would not be true, and she came near to saying something to show it; but she fortunately remembered in time how tender Billy's feelings were, and so said, "Thank you, Billy," and held out her hand for it.

"No, no, not this. This the seed."

"The seed!" exclaimed Florence, puzzled.

"Yes," replied Billy, triumphantly. "Plant it. Bime-by, three days, two months, big ship grow up. Nobody told Billy. Billy thinked it."

He was so happy over the fancy that Florence had not the heart to set him right, and, indeed, even entered into the fun, and when he commenced to dig a hole in the

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earth said she thought a ship would have to grow in the water. Even Billy could see the sense of that, and he solemnly buried his little boat in the mud under the water.

III.

In the mean time, Florence, having her time fully occupied, played no more tricks upon her brother, and, in consequence, the model schooner was completed.

As a very great favor Florence was permitted by her brother to be present at the launching; but no coaxing of hers could induce him to let her go with them in the row-boat with which he and Bruce were to follow the schooner.

"I think you might let me go, How," she pleaded. "I'll be just as still as can be."

"Oh, do keep quiet, Flo," answered Howard. "I said no, didn't I? Then what's the use of bothering? Will you get the oars, Bruce?"

"It's a nice boat, isn't it, How?" said Florence.

"Yes, I think it is," replied Howard, pleased to have his work appreciated even by a girl.

"I hope you won't lose it," went on Florence.

"Lose it! How should I lose it?" he demanded, with a superior air. "Don't be silly."

"I can't find the other oar," exclaimed Bruce, coming up with one oar in his hand.

"That's too bad," said Florence, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "I do hope you'll find it. Good-by. I'm sorry I'm not going with you." And off she ran, followed by Bruno, as her brother shouted after her:

"Flo Williams, come back here. Where's that oar? If you don't get it, you'll be sorry."

Florence stopped to wave a mocking good-by with her hand, and then was lost among the trees.

"Ugly, spiteful little thing!" snarled Howard. "Now we can't go, for she wouldn't tell if you killed her, she's so obstinate."

"Yes, we can," said Bruce; "we can paddle fast enough with one oar."

"Can we? We'll spoil her joke, then, after all."

The little schooner was pushed out into the lake, and, to the extreme delight of the boys, took the wind just right, and sailed gracefully and swiftly off.

They were some time in following, for some mischievous hand had twisted the boat chain into ugly kinks; but they finally got the boat out and were skimming after the flying schooner, which was now heading toward shore—toward the very clump of trees, in fact, where Florence was in the habit of sailing her boats.

"Why, what's that?" suddenly exclaimed Howard.

"It's a dog; it's Bruno. He's swimming out to the boat."

"He's taking it in his teeth. He'll break it all to pieces!" screamed Howard.

"Hi, Bruno! stop that! Go home!" yelled Bruce.

But Bruno either did not hear or did not heed, for he kept on biting at the schooner until he seemed to get a good hold, when he turned toward shore, and with the poor little boat half under water, disappeared behind a point of land before the boys could get anywhere near him. A moment later, however, they could hear Bruno's joyous bark, and could catch glimpses of something white flitting rapidly through the woods.

"It's Florence!" exclaimed Bruce.

"I know it is," replied Howard, between his set teeth.

IV.

"Flo Williams, where's my boat?"

"I don't know anything about your old boat."

"You do so."

"I do not."

"I say you do, and I want you to give it to me."

"I tell you I—"

"Florence! Howard!" commanded a severe voice.

"Well, Uncle James," said Howard, "she took my schooner that I had so much trouble to make."

"Give Howard his boat, Florence," said Uncle James, in a tone Florence had never heard him use before.

"But, Uncle James"—her lip quivered as she spoke—"I don't know where it is."

"Then she's thrown it away somewhere," cried Howard.

"Hush, Howard!" said Uncle James, sternly. "Now, Bruce, tell me what this all means."

He listened with a displeased air as Bruce told what had happened, though, as he said nothing about the missing tools or the oar, Howard added these details, and it was such a clear case against Florence that Uncle James said, "What did you do with the boat, Florence?"

"I don't know anything about the boat," she answered, ready to choke with the tears she could hardly keep back at the sight of Uncle James so stern.

"Leave us," he said to the two boys; and they, awed by his manner, left the porch, both of them—even Howard now—pitying Florence.

"Now, Florence, dear"—Uncle James spoke so kindly and took her hand so affectionately that the sobs she had been choking back broke out, and the tears trickled down her face all the time he was speaking—"I can overlook," he went on, "almost anything in the way of fun, though I don't like malicious fun either; still, I can forgive that if it be honestly acknowledged. Come, now, Uncle James doesn't like to think that his little Florence would tell a falsehood and persist in it. Tell me the truth about the boat, and we will try to forget all that has happened."

"I did—didn't—take it," sobbed Florence.

"Florence," said her uncle, sorrowfully.

But Florence only sobbed harder, and could not or would not say anything different. Uncle James waited a few minutes to see if she would not speak, but finding her obstinate, said:

"Florence, I can't keep a little girl with me who will not tell the truth. Go up to your room—supper will be sent to you—and think about it. If you change your mind before you go to bed, send for me. If not, I must take you home in the morning."

He waited again for some answer, but Florence only sobbed, and slowly left him to go to her room.

It was a very sorrowful household that sat at supper and in the sitting-room that evening waiting vainly for Florence to yield. The boys had begged hard for Florence when they learned what had been decided on, but Uncle James had said very firmly that home was the proper place for children who told falsehoods.

The next morning Florence, swollen-eyed from weeping, but still insisting obstinately that she knew nothing of the boat, took her place dejectedly in the carriage to be driven to the station. The little trunk she had packed with so much joy only a few weeks ago was now damp with tears of sorrow. The attempts of the boys to show sympathy she received with silence, and did not lift her head when the carriage drove slowly down the lane.

Suddenly Uncle James stopped the horse. Florence did not look up to see why. It was because a boy was coming up the lane as hard as he could run, holding something in the air which Uncle James thought he recognized. The boy in the lane was quick, too, to see who was in the carriage, and at once broke out: "See! see! Billy's ship growed. It's for you."

"Oh, Uncle James!" sobbed Florence, throwing her arms around his neck, "I did tell the truth. You believe me now, don't you?"

Poor simple Billy had seen the schooner coming toward him, and had taken it for granted that his little boat had grown. Bruno, accustomed to bringing in the boats, had fetched this one for Billy, while innocent little Florence was sitting in an apple-tree, "just like a boy," eating fruit.

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## HUNTING THE BELUGA.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

PROBABLY there are few of my readers that live near or have visited the sea-shore but are familiar with the porpoise, the sleek, shiny fellow that appears to go rolling along the beaches like a living wheel, now appearing just within the breakers, and again in deeper water, moving along one after another in a long, continuous line, so that we might almost think that the sea-serpent was before us.

If we sailed up our eastern coast in a yacht we should find porpoises at every move, but when we entered the wide waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, if we were still on the lookout, almost the first object that would appear would be an animal very much like our common porpoise, about ten or twelve feet long, with a fluked tail, and rising out of the water with the same wheel-like rolling motion. But here the resemblance ceases, as the porpoise before us, instead of being black, is almost pure white, presenting a rich and beautiful contrast to the dark water. In fact, it is not a porpoise, but a fourth or fifth cousin—the beluga, or white whale.




SHOOTING A WHALE ON THE WING.

These beautiful cetaceans are rarely found in warm waters, but from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the north, and in the same latitudes on the Pacific coast, they are very common, and their skin, bones, and oil are valuable commodities to the dwellers of the far north.

In the region I have mentioned many of the natives and Indians are engaged in their capture. Some take them in enormous nets made out of rope instead of twine; others build fences across shallow bays, and so endeavor to entrap them; while many more use the harpoon or rifle.

Not many seasons ago a party were cruising in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and were so captivated with the skill displayed by the Indian porpoise and white-whale shooters that they determined to try it themselves. Finally, arrangements were made with the Indians to take them out, and one morning, before the thick fog had lifted, the yachtsmen heard the hail of the Indians, and hurried on deck to find several canoes alongside waiting for them, each with a native in the stern, holding the slight craft against the wind with a single paddle.

"White whale get breakfast now, take um then," said one of the Indians. "When see white head, shoot quick, little low; high, no hit; make whale laugh."

By these disconnected sentences the white man assumed that he must shoot quickly, or the whale would laugh at him, and it occurred to him that it would be quite worth while to shoot slowly, if by so doing the white whale could be seen laughing; but a more serious object was in view, and, rifle in hand, the hunter crouched in the bow, and peered through the mist, while the canoe danced along over the waves like a living thing. For half an hour they sped on in the gloom, and then a curious change began; the mist assumed a brassy, metallic hue. The drops or atoms of moisture seemed to sparkle and shine like gems, and finally the sun—a great yellow ball—appeared, and before its smiling face the gloomy mist separated and sped away. As the mist arose a beautiful scene presented itself. The current was running swiftly out, and against a stiff northeast wind, the result being to produce a series of curious rollers in mid-stream that broke into white-caps, the foam flashing in the morning sun like molten silver.

To send the canoe into these seas seemed a perilous proceeding, but it was too late to consider it, for with a rush the slight craft leaped among them, and in a second was bounding along, rising and falling like a feather. As the hunter was observing this, a low "hiss" came from the Indian, and right alongside rose a white dome-shaped head, and a loud, piercing "hiss" or whistle penetrated the air.

"White man make whale laugh, sure," said the Indian, with a grin, as the hunter recovered from his surprise, and aimed his rifle where the whale's head *had been*. Here, indeed, was the belugas' breakfast table, as in the current now appeared numbers of oval heads, rising, puffing, and blowing all about, enough to confuse even an old hand at the exciting business.

"Now!" shouted the Indian, as a head appeared a short distance off. He held the canoe in position in a miracu-

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lous manner; the hunter brought his rifle to bear quickly, fired, and a great white creature hurled its tail high in air, and beat the water furiously.

"Good!" shouted the Indian, and with a quick motion of the paddle he put the canoe alongside the struggling creature, now darting this way and that to avoid the flying tail, then with a quick motion dropped the paddle and seized a sharp lance, with rapid blows putting the poor creature out of its misery.

"Worth five dollar," said the Indian, as he put his fingers in the animal's blow-hole, and held it while he attached a painted keg that would float the animal until it could be towed ashore.

"What parts do you use?" asked the hunter.

"Skin make leather; white man make box" (trunks), "bag, belt, all things; send over water; oil best kind for clock, small wheel; flesh Injun eat."

In fact, almost every part of the beluga was of some use. The leather is very valuable, and the oil is in demand for fine and delicate machinery. In a few moments the canoe was bounding along again in search of more game, and, as before, a white head popped up like a Jack-in-the-box almost ahead. The hunter was about to fire, when, in the same spot, not ten feet from the canoe, a monster whale rose clear of the water. The hunter staggered back, almost thinking that it was coming aboard; and then, when the shapely whale was high in air, he fired, shooting the animal in mid-air—literally a wing shot.

All this occurred in much less time than it takes to tell it, and before the gunner had recovered from his astonishment at the sudden apparition the animal had fallen with a tremendous crash that almost swamped the boat. With a wild leap of pain and terror it rose again, then fell upon its side, beating the dark waters into silvery foam with its powerful tail.

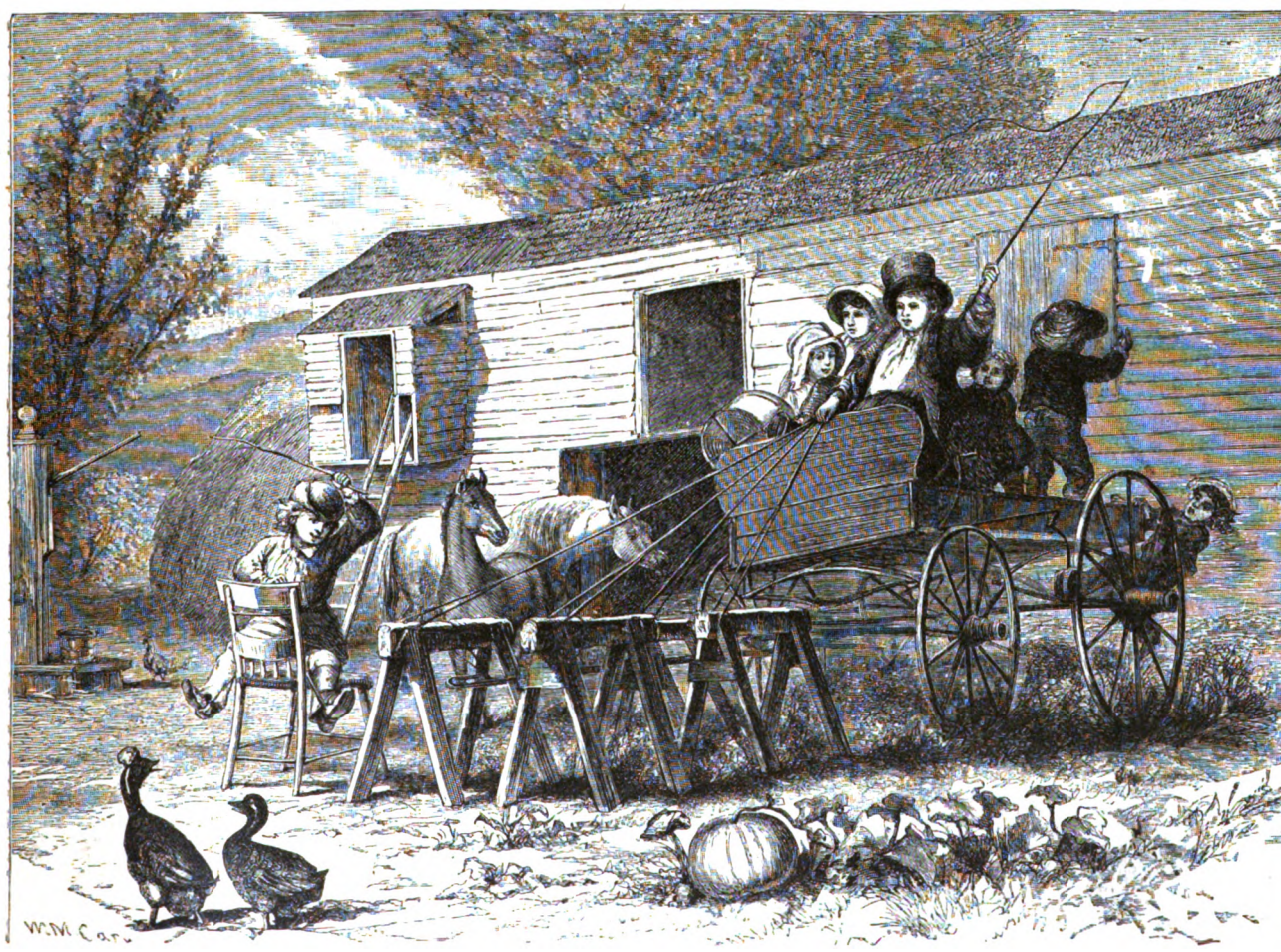
No approach was possible now; the animal was striking blows any one of which would have demolished the canoe, rushing blindly this way and that, darting about in circles, evidently badly wounded. For some time the canoe was paddled about the maddened creature; then deftly running in, the Indian, having attached a line to the lance, hurled it into the white hide, and a second later canoe and occupants were dashing along over the seas in a mad race after the whale.

In time, however, its strength failed, and the canoe was hauled alongside, and the work finished with another lance. After several more whales were killed—and it must be confessed a larger number missed by the amateurs—the canoes finally took the game in tow and hauled them in shore, where they were cut up, and the valuable parts removed.

The white whales breathe ("spout") just as do other whales, and it might be well to state here that although whales are often pictured in the act of spouting great streams of water, it is an impossibility.

There is a special arrangement in the blow-pipe of the whale to prevent the entrance of water, and what is seen coming out—the so-called "spouting"—is merely the hot air from the lungs, that condenses when it strikes the cold open air, and falls in a shower of fine rain or mist.

When salt-water is seen to go up it has been hurled into the air by the rush of hot air, and merely happened to be over the blow-hole at the time. So sudden and complete is this condensation that even old whalers are deceived, and are indignant when told by a landsman that the animals do not spout salt-water.



A DASHING FOUR-IN-HAND.

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Three little maids from school are we,
Pert as school-girls well can be.
—*The Mikado.*

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

NEWBERRY, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Perhaps you would like to hear a little about Naples, where I have been living all my life until a year ago. I did not know how I should miss the view I had there until I came here, where there is no view at all, except of ditches, and banks of red mud, and a low, flat, marshy country. The house we lived in in Naples for the last six years commanded a most beautiful view. The house was large, cream-colored, and built of stone, and faced southeast. All the houses there are built of stone, and the people rent apartments in them. But our view is what I began to tell about. We were situated in a sort of elbow of a hill called the Posilippo. To our right was a hill covered with vineyards. A broad road called the Posilippo was the one our house was on. To our left we could see a part of the city, mostly hidden, however, by the hill. Four hundred feet below us stretched the Bay of Naples, said to be rivalled in beauty only by that of Constantinople. Northeast of the bay we could see a part of the Apennines. To their right is Vesuvius, sending out great clouds of smoke; to the right of Vesuvius, the spurs of the Apennines stretching westward, and ending in Punta Campanella. Then comes an interval of sea, broken again by the island of Capri, famous for its Blue Grotto. About sunset the bay and surrounding mountains are more beautiful than at any other time. It assumes a delicate pink, and turns deeper and deeper. The mountains turn even redder than the bay. Vesuvius is fairly wreathed with houses around its base, so that one day about sunset a lady said that Vesuvius had on its coral necklace. After sunset the bay loses its pink tint, and begins to resemble an opal, all soft colors, always changing and flashing as the glassy waters gently stir about. After dark, but before the moon rises, the bay becomes dotted with moving lights—the lanterns from fishermen's boats. Then the moon rises and sheds a broad strip of its light across the water, which we always called the "golden bridge." I have often been on the water in a row-boat at such a time.

But it is not to be supposed that Naples has no attractions except the bay. True, it has its disadvantages as well, such as dirt, annoying cab-drivers, and beggars. Often a cab-driver will follow you for a long distance to try to get you to go for a drive, while beggars are certain to show you whatever maimed limbs they may have, and I have even known one or two to feign blindness.

But I have said as much as I care to against Naples, and will tell you something else. Outside of the city is one of the royal palaces. The park is almost indescribable, but I can say something for the palace. Outside it is very imposing. Inside are rooms filled with statuary and paintings and curiosities. There is his Highness the Prince's baby cradle, lined with satin, and outwardly adorned with precious stones. The people are very religious. They continually are having processions of men in flowing white robes, priests swinging pots of incense, men carrying great banners of white, red, or blue, and spangled with silver and golden stars. They nail horseshoes to their doors, wear charms about their necks, and do a great many superstitious things. They have many festivals, too, and at such times they have all kinds of fire-works—rockets, pin-wheels, and such things.

I would like to tell a great deal more, but I must save it for another time, or my letter will be too long to publish.

Your little friend, MAMIE D.

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PARIS, FRANCE.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—May I tell you about a circus, called Le Cirque, which I have seen in Paris? It was not in a tent, like Barnum's travelling circus which comes once a year to Boston, and the audience was in appearance a more refined and intelligent one than is generally seen at Barnum's. It is built in the form of a dome, with many fanciful windows of stained glass, and is situated on the beautiful Champs Élysées. It contained fifteen large gas chandeliers, as well as many other jets of light, making it brilliant in the extreme. Directly under four of the largest chandeliers was the race-course.

You have not space for all that I saw and heard. I simply desire to write you the most wonderful part of it. After young girls had stood on one foot upon gayly embroidered white satin saddles edged with heavy white and gold fringes, often turning somersaults upon the backs of horses (which were going at their utmost speed), jumping through hoops, etc., and after the clown had provoked the audience to laughter, and the large orchestra had given forth its sweetest music, a little black, meek-looking pony trotted gently into the ring, and went through a variety of exercises, obeying the slightest motion of the clown. When he told him to jump over a pole, to run faster, or to kneel down, the pretty creature obeyed instantly. Presently another man came into the ring, exclaiming, "I can make the pony perform the same tricks. That's easy enough." "Very well," said the clown; "begin." The man now pointed to the pole, saying to the pony, "Jump over it, I say; jump, sir." But the clown at the same time forbade him to do so, and told him to go under it. The clown at this time had left the ring, but was just outside of it, and could govern the pony with as much power as ever. The man tried again and again to make the animal jump over the pole, but, obeying his master, he went either under it or on one side of it, convulsing the audience with laughter. After the man saw that his endeavors were useless, the clown returned to the ring and took the pony by the halter, and the man gave the clown a blow on the cheek, whereupon the pony raised his two hind-feet and kicked the man for assaulting his master, but the man, being an accomplished acrobat, of course did not receive the full force of the animal's heels. After this the man tried to pull the animal out of the ring by main force, but at a signal from the clown the pony planted his two fore-feet firmly in the earth, after the manner of donkeys who will not go, and although three strong men undertook to make him move, he still stood there unmoved and immovable.

The performance on the tight rope came next in order. A graceful figure of what appeared to be a young man ascended a ladder, made his bow, and began walking upon a tight rope which was stretched across the ring. As he stood, he took a hat out of his pocket, which, by some magic touch, suddenly assumed the appearance of a tall beaver hat, which he placed on his head as he walked, took a handkerchief out of his pocket, used it, and dropped it at his feet, stooped, and recovered it again. He then took a cigarette from his pocket, lighted it, and smoked a few times. Then he took off his coat, vest, trousers, boots, hat, and wig—all this on the tight rope—and revealed to our wondering gaze a beautiful young girl of a fairy-like figure, dressed in the brilliant gay dress of a French acrobat; after which two men, who stood under her to catch her in case of accident, threw her a Chinese parasol, with which she pirouetted up and down the tight rope. This was all very difficult, fairy-like, and wonderful, but the wise little pony won my warmest admiration.

Shall I write to you again from Florence, where we hope to go in November if all goes well?

I love music, and am now playing a nocturne and some waltzes of Chopin, and also selections from other musical authors of note. I also am much interested in painting, and I hope to make great advancement in this beautiful art at Florence.

I hope you may find my letters worthy of publication, for my dear papa, who is in America, has been long looking for something from my pen in your delightful paper. I hope he may not be disappointed.

Your very affectionate friend,
MARTIE LE B. S.

Write from Florence, by all means, Martie.

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PARIS, FRANCE.

I am French, and I am afraid my letter will not be printed, for I have studied English only one year, and I am sure that I make some mistakes. I have seen your lovely journal at the house of a little American friend; it is very amusing, and I am very sorry there is not a journal for children like this in France. The American children must be very happy to have a journal so interesting, with the engravings so beautiful. J'envole mes félicitations aux enfants américains. I go to a school taught by the nuns, and I go to take my diploma the next coming month.

Your constant reader, MARIE LOUISE.

I think a little French girl might find the reading of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a very pleasant way to study English.

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Did you ever camp out? I have three times. The last time was this summer, at Bluff Point, on Lake Champlain. We called our camp Camp Lookout. My friend and cousin went with me, and I wish I could tell you about the nice times we had. We are trying to get up a secret society, and our badge is a narrow red ribbon with a gold Maltese cross and the letters K. R. R. in gold. I am very anxious to correspond with some girl who is from twelve to fifteen years old, and lives in Old Mexico, Scotland, Spain, or some other foreign country, also with Ruth S., Thanet, England, and Ettie C., Boxmoor, Hertfordshire, England, whose letters I see in the Post-office Box. I am ill most of the time, and am confined to bed in winter, so I have plenty of time to write. I am fourteen. LOTTIE E. B.,
Box 261, Morrisonville, Clinton Co., N. Y.

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RIFTON GLEN, ULSTER COUNTY, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—May I answer one of the little letters in your weekly budget?—always a charming revelation to me of childish tastes and occupations. It is from Effie and Ethel, and the subject is the keeping of a double birthday. They say that they want a new way of celebrating this happy event. Why not give a feast to some of the poor little waifs and strays who have no birthdays? All the chosen friends could assist, in picturesque costume, and a dance or merry-go-round of games might conclude the entertainment. And how long it would be remembered! Fun and frolic are all the sweeter for a drop of the milk of human kindness. Sincerely yours, HELEN HAYS.

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ALLACUTYA STATION, DIMBOOLA, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—We live on a station in the bush, three hundred and fifty miles from Melbourne and fifty miles from the nearest township. We have a great many pets—eight sheep, two horses, one black swan, three sweet little birds, one pet chicken (which was hatched by the sun), one ferret, three Angora goats, and two dogs (a Beddington terrier and a stag-hound). We have a great many more animals, but these are our pets. Monkey, the little terrier, is a smart little dog. He has now caught over five hundred rabbits; he also kills iguanas and lizards, and is very fond of chasing wild dogs. We have a second edition of Diogenes up here, but instead of a tub, he wheels a wheel-barrow all over the colonies; he goes by the name of "Wheel-barrow Jimmy." He will not sleep in a hut, as he says he will catch cold. We have been having a very dry season, and old Wheel-barrow Jimmy says we will have floods if all the white people do not die out. We had a pink and white cockatoo once, which used to fly all over the bush after us when we went out rabbit-hunting. Sometimes he would fly away for a couple of days and join his own kind. Last April he flew away for good. Now and then he makes us a distant visit, taking care to keep a good way off. My sisters and I yoke two of our lambs up the same way as they do oxen; their names are Pet and Blobbs. They go very nicely. Little Daisy, our youngest sister, harnesses up her lamb Minnie, just like a horse, though she does not put a bit in its mouth, as that would be cruel. The pet chicken is very funny; it fights Daisy whenever she sees her. The swan, Jack, is very noisy, and will not go near the dam to have a swim. We had a great fright not very long ago at hearing an unearthly noise in the night. We found out the next morning that it was an opossum. They are "ringing" the trees all over the station. We are so sorry. When the trees are all dead the place will just be like the Sahara Desert, though without the palm-trees and oases. Papa takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us, and the MONTHLY MAGAZINE for the older ones. We like the books very much. Dear Postmistress, do you think this letter too long to print. All my sisters and I would like to see this letter in print, if you would be so kind. I like the pictures "The Confab" and "What Ye're Laughing At." I am thirteen years of age, and my eldest sister teaches my two sisters and me. I would like to know you very much. With kind love from LULU S.

I feel as if I do know Lulu. I have a picture of her in my mind.

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KING'S MILLS HOUSE, WREXHAM, ENGLAND.

I have never written to any magazine before. Almost all the little girls who write to you have a lot of pets. We have not many—Juno, a little Maltese dog, Tilly, a tortoise-shell cat, and a little kitten. My sister Nettie and I will begin school on the 15th of this month. Father and mother are at the sea-side. I hope that you will like the little picture I have drawn on the top of your letter. I will send you some funny pictures soon. I hope there will be room for my letter to be published, as it is the first I have written.

EIRLAN E. F. (12½ years).

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KING'S MILLS HOUSE, WREXHAM, ENGLAND.

We have only taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since January, and this is the first time I have written. I like the magazine very much. I am nearly nine years old, and I live in the country, and I have five sisters and three brothers. We have three large gardens—a flower-garden, a kitchen-garden, and a fruit garden. We have twenty-one hens and chickens, and we are going to have a Persian kitten. I can not write you a very long letter for the first one, but I will write to you soon again. NESTA M. F.

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NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND

This is the first time that I have written to you, and I thought perhaps it might interest some of

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your readers to hear about a visit I paid to Westminster Abbey a few weeks ago. We entered the abbey by the Cloisters, a long stone passage, where a number of monks and abbots are buried. On one side are large open windows, looking out on a small patch of green, with the abbey walls on each side. On one slab of stone is the inscription, "Here lie the bodies of twenty-six monks, who died of the black death in 12—." Then we went to the Chapter House. Just outside is a Roman sarcophagus. Councils used to be held here in olden times, and if any of the monks had done wrong, they were chained to the pillar in the centre and whipped. We went into the abbey itself. We saw the Queen's Coronation Chair, with the stone of Scone beneath it, which tradition says was Jacob's pillow when he dreamed of the ladder of angels, and on which the kings of Scotland were crowned, and the pulpit out of which Cranmer preached the coronation sermon of Edward VI. In the Poet's Corner was a bust of Longfellow, and some one had put flowers all down his coat and thown them at the foot of the pedestal. In one part of the abbey are some seats where the monks used to sit in service-time; they are so narrow that, during the sermon, if any monk fell asleep and nodded, even a tiny bit, he would fall straight on his face. We saw the graves of Henry VII. and his wife, of Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, William Pitt and Fox, and Dean Stanley, also many tablets and busts of celebrated people. I am afraid my letter is too long now, but I should like to know if, next time when I write, I may tell you about a visit I paid to St. Paul's on the same day. I remain your loving reader,

MARGARET MABEL W.

Certainly you may. A little traveller who uses her eyes to such purpose, and describes so well what she sees, shall always have a welcome.

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BRIGHTON, ENGLAND.

I have been wishing to write to you for some time, but have not known what to say. I have taken in your interesting paper for six months now, and I like it very much. We take in, besides, *Little Folks*, *Sunshine*, and *The Girls' Own Paper*. I am very fond of reading. I am always happy when I can get a book to read. Can you tell me of any nice book that I may read? Mamma is so particular about my books; she always reads them before I do. We have been in Brighton only five months. We like it very much. I am fond of the sea and of bathing, though I think it is too cold to bathe now. We have only one pet, and that is a little dog called Jip; he is very affectionate; he is two years and a half old. Can you tell me, dear Postmistress, at what age a girl is considered grown up? I am fifteen and three-quarters, but I am treated just as a child in everything. FLORENCE C.

At twenty-one a young woman is legally of age. Dear child, you are very fortunate in having a sensible mother who will not let you grow up too fast or permit you to be anything but a happy child for some years to come. All Miss C. M. Yonge's books, all of Miss Alcott's and Miss Warner's, also those of Mrs. Whitney and of Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie, are perfectly good books for girls of your age. I read lately a very lovely book by Flora L. Shaw, entitled *A Sea Change*. Have you read it?

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WOODHOUSE EAVES, LEICESTERSHIRE, ENGLAND.

I am a girl twelve years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since Christmas. I am very fond of it, and look eagerly forward to the time of its arrival. We are staying at this village for the vacation, but our real home is at Leicester. I have four sisters and one brother; the youngest is four years of age. I like "Rolf House" very much, and think that Nan has a beautiful character. I am very fond of reading the Post-office Box. Jimmy Brown's stories are very amusing, and I hope he will soon write some more. There are some lovely walks round this village, and a windmill on a hill. One of the pleasantest walks is to Swithland Wood, where there are quantities of blackberries in their season. Woodhouse Eaves is a village near to Beaumanor Park, the seat of Mrs. Perry Herrick. It is about three miles from Quorndon, where the celebrated Quorn Hounds are kept. I hope this letter will be published, as it is the first one I have written to you. EDITH ANNIE P.

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DALE, INDIANA.

I see letters in the Post-office Box from all parts of the world, but I have never seen one from Dale. I saw one from Evansville the other day, and since you said that all the readers of this nice little paper owe one letter apiece to the Post-office Box, I thought I would write. I am a little Hoosier girl. We live on a farm. The house is two stories high, and it faces north. It is nearly buried in trees, and in the back yard, under some great big locust-trees, I have a large swing. In the front yard there are great tall Lombardy poplar-trees, and when a high wind is blowing they bend until their tops almost reach the ground. All the little boys and girls tell about their pets, so I will tell about some of mine. One day my brother went hunting, and found a little bit of a squirrel. I guess he must have been nearly starved, for he was tame when my brother found him. When my brother brought him home, he would eat out of our hands. We called him Bunny. We did not have any cage for him, so we let him run around the house just as he pleased. One day we missed him, and we thought he had run away. We hunted all over the yard for him, and called him as loud as we could, but we could not find him. Mamma went up in the attic to look for him, and she heard a great scolding out on the roof; she looked out, and there sat Bunny out on the very edge of the roof, scolding away as loud as he could. Bunny went into the pantry once and helped himself to a walnut, and planted it in one of mamma's flower pots, and it grew into a nice little tree, and we transplanted it the Centennial year. It still stands where it was planted; it is the only Centennial tree we have. We gave Bunny to my uncle, because we were afraid he would run away to the woods and get killed; he took him away to Cincinnati, and kept him three or four years, until he died. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was first published, except for about four months, during which "Nan" appeared. I have read all the stories, from "The Brave Swiss Boy" to "Two Arrows." I liked Nan so much, and I was so sorry I did not hear all about her. I think I shall have to send for the book some day. In "Rolf House" I was so glad Nan found the will. I think Joan was very funny, and Love Blake was the nicest kind of a girl. I think Paul Grayson was a nice boy, and I felt sorry for his poor old father. The Jimmy Brown stories are very funny, and I can not help laughing at them. I think I shall like "Two Arrows." I send you some lemon verbena, with love. NELLIE S. C.

Thank you, Nellie.

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Yesterday was my birthday; I am ten years old. I wrote to you before, and you published my letter, which gave me more joy than you can imagine. My cousin Russel is visiting me, and we have lots of fun. My cousin is eleven years old. I have a hammock and a swing. I have for pets a dog and a cat. I call the dog Buff and the cat Nettie. We have a good many apples and pears. I had a squirrel, but he died. I have no brothers or sisters. I take this paper, and think it is splendid. I will close now. With love, dear Postmistress, your constant reader and friend, BEULAH M. W.

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NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK.

May I claim a wee bit of your attention? I know you are always glad when you can find time and space to put a little letter in your box. New Rochelle is a lovely place, and quite historical too. In a revolt in La Rochelle, France, many, many years ago, the Huguenots were driven from their homes. They came over here and founded New Rochelle. We have very many points of interest here, such as the place—a natural wharf—where the Huguenots landed, and things of that kind. We have also a bell they brought over from Rochelle with them, a communion-plate presented by "goode Queen Anne," etc. I enjoy this place ever so much, and am so glad I am going to stay until November. I read Mae E. Huyck's letter, and I have written to her. I hope she will answer me. LELIA S. M.

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BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thank you very much for printing "The Cat and the Mice" that I sent you; I was very glad when I saw it. I live in Birmingham, which is one of the largest towns in England, and is the centre of the iron trade. It has many manufactories and warehouses, and public places, such as Council House, Town-hall, Free Library, Schools of Art, and many other handsome buildings. The Free Library is a very nice building; it has different rooms in it, some for curiosities, others for pictures, and the largest, with a high gallery all around it, is for the books and papers, etc. I've been all over the building. The collection of curiosities is varied and very interesting, and the pictures are very good indeed. There are several parks here, but Cannon Hill Park is the best one, I think. It has several lakes, with swans and ducks swimming about them, as well as boats to row round in. Two of the swans are all black, with red beaks—Australian swans they are—and then there are two more that are all white except their neck and head, which are black. The flowers are beautiful in summer; they are laid out in patterns and divided off splendidly. You can guess how beautiful Cannon Hill Park looks in summer! Once when I was going for a walk in a field near Cannon Hill Park I found a wood-mouse—such a dear little thing!—and brought it home, intending to tame it, but I hadn't had it long before it died. We thought it had something the matter with it, though, because I read in a book that they are easily tamed and will live in captivity. My brother Charlie and I have written some puzzles, which we send you, hoping they are worth printing. I go to school, and am in the fifth standard, but shall soon be in the sixth. I study reading, arithmetic, writing, spelling, composition, geography, grammar, physiology, and botany; I think of all my studies I like geography best, it is so interesting. I think Howard Pyle's pictures and stories are so nice! I wish he would write often. I hardly know which is my favorite author, but I think I can say David Ker is. I went to the circus with my brothers not long ago, and we liked it very much. There were two dear little ponies which had a game at seesaw, and an acrobat on a bare-backed horse jumped through four rings at once, and turned a somersault as he was going through them. Another clever thing was a Japanese man balancing a long pole on his shoulder while a boy was doing several things on it, such as lying out flat on the very top. I am one of your boy readers, thirteen years old. GEORGE R.

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SOUTH ATLANTIC, NEW JERSEY.

I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the 17th of March. I will tell you how I happened to get it. After I finished reading the books which were given to me at Christmas, I complained that I had nothing to read. The next time we went down-town we were talking about some book, when my mother said, "I think a magazine would be nice, but the only one I know of for boys of your age is HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE." This is a beautiful place. We live in the yellow cottage by the sea. My father was the Liberator of Bulgaria. His remains were brought over to this country and buried in Ohio. I was quite sick, but now I am well. I am eleven years old. PAUL MACG.

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NAVY-YARD, CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have little twin sisters, named Bessie and Marie, but I have no brothers. This is a very pretty Navy-yard. It has over six hundred cannon. The dry-dock is very long and very deep also; it is made of granite. We have lived here about a year. I have no pets, but my little sisters have a cat named Puskum, and two birds named Dick and Bob. I have a little garden, which contains nasturtiums, geraniums, cultivated daisies, foliage plants, sunflowers, pansies, morning-glories, marigolds, callas, sweet-peas, and wild cucumbers. My favorite authors are Lucy C. Lillie, Louisa M. Alcott, and Jimmy Brown. With much love to the Postmistress, I remain your constant reader, ALICE P. J.

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ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

I am a girl twelve years old. My sister takes your lovely paper, and we all like it very much; she has five volumes of it. I have four dolls, one of which can sing. We have four different kinds of grapes. We also have water-melons, cantaloups, and other fruits. This is the first time I have written to you. EMILY P. H.

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

THREE SQUARES.

1.—1. To receive. 2. A girl's name. 3. A fastening. 4. Consumes.

2.—1. A useful article. 2. Before. 3. A trap.

3.—1. A musical instrument. 2. Surface. 3. Actual. 4. A kind of tree. DAISY.

### No. 2.

ENIGMAS.

1.—My first is in wood, but not in bark.
My second is in world, but not in globe.
My third is in bowl, but not in cup.
My whole is a bird.

2.—My first is in hat, not in cap.
My second is in fin, also in tail.
My third is in snap, not in bite.
My fourth is in gap, not in hole.
My fifth is in eat, not in drink.
My whole is in the room where you sit.

G. FREDERIC JOSEPH.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 307.

No. 1.—Golden-rod. Aster. Pansy.

No. 2.—Catnip.

No. 3.—
A R C H
R O L E
C L E W
H E W N

No. 4.—S-talk. B-rook. B-right. M-aggie. P-lank. B-ray. R-ear. S-h-are. F-oil. O-bit. D-ark. B-lock. G-rate.

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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Cora H. S., Alice Q., Gertie Purdy, Donald L. Lindley, Helen E. Nelson, Cockade City, Gracie Potter, James W. W. Lauber, A. L. Munder, Titania, Dimple Dodd, Mabel Lewes, George Wardell, Helen W. Gardner, Henry A. McNulty, E. Tallant, Sallie Pease, Tom Darby, Leander Folsom, Gene Sims, Daisy Slosson, Hattie Reynolds, and Susie Sprague.

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[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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A BROWN-STUDY.

LITTLE GIRL. "I wonder if I can see Grandma's faults with her Spectacles as well as she can see mine?"

## A FOILED CONSPIRACY.

BY C. J. M.

AN attempt to extort money in payment for an alleged injury was very cleverly foiled in Vienna a short time ago.

In a large factory, in which were employed several hundred persons, one of the workmen, in wielding his hammer, carelessly allowed it to slip from his hand. It flew half-way across the room, and struck a fellow-workman in the left eye.

This man claimed that his eye was blinded by the blow, although a careful examination failed to reveal any injury, there being not a scratch visible. He brought a suit in the courts for compensation for the loss of half of his eye-sight, and refused all offers of a compromise.

Under the law, the owner of the factory was responsible for an injury resulting from an accident of this kind, and although he believed that the man was shamming, and that the whole case was an attempt at swindling, he had about made up his mind that he would be compelled to pay the claim.

The day of the trial arrived, and in open court an eminent oculist, retained by the defense, examined the alleged injured member, and gave it as his opinion that it was as sound as the right eye. Upon the plaintiff's loud protest of his inability to see with his left eye, the oculist proved him a perjurer, and satisfied the court and jury of the falsity of his claim.

And how do you suppose he did it? Why, simply by knowing that the colors green and red combined make black. He produced a black card on which a few words were written with green ink. Then the plaintiff was ordered to put on a pair of spectacles with two different glasses, the one for the right eye being red, and the one for the left eye consisting of ordinary glass. Then the card was handed him, and he was ordered to read the writing on it. This he did without hesitation, and the cheat was at once exposed.

The sound right eye, fitted with the red glass, was unable to distinguish the green writing on the black surface of the card, while the left eye, which was claimed to be sightless, was the one with which the reading had to be done.

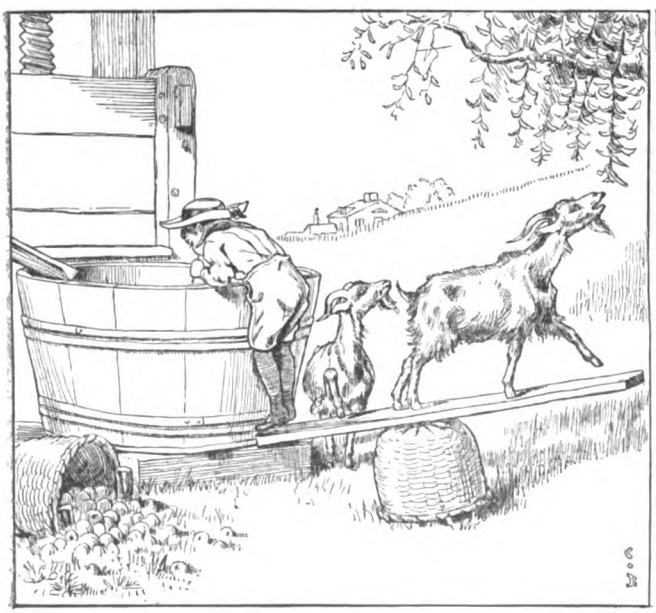
Thus the fellow was not only foiled in his attempt at blackmail, but he was in addition instantly arrested, and, after trial, sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

## AN AUTUMN FANCY.

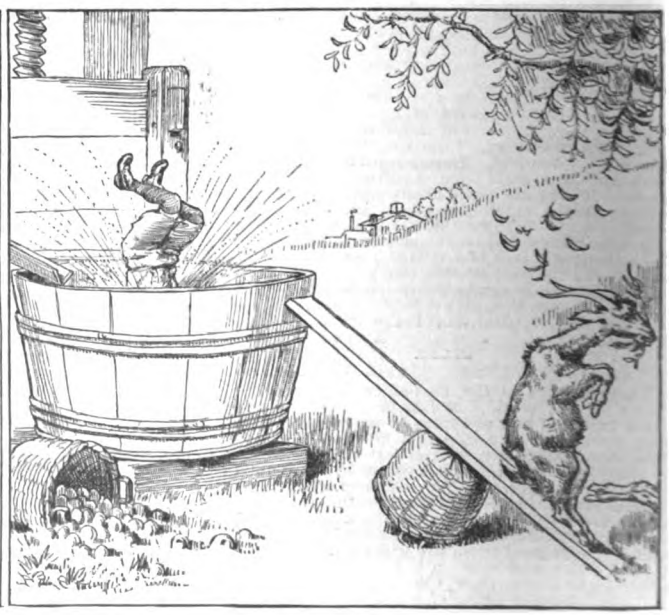
BY GEORGE COOPER.

GOLDEN and red, purple and brown,
Lightly the woodland leaves came down,
Fluttering here and whirling there,
All in the hazy amber air.

"Where are the birdies?" little lips say.
"Darling, they've journeyed far away."
Watching the leaves, she sighs, "Poor things!
The birdies forgot their pretty wings."



"I NEVER GOT ENOUGH CIDER YET, BUT I WILL THIS TIME."



AND HE DID.

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 311. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




SOLID COMFORT.—FROM THE PAINTING BY N. A. WELLS.


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## OCTOBER.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

LEAVES of crispy gold
Heaped in woodland hollows;
"Good-by!" chirp the birds—
Robins, jays, and swallows;
Amber sheaves in rows
On the upland stilly;
Brooks that shiver now
In the breezes chilly.
That's October.

Chestnuts patter down
From their cloven covers;
Hear the ringing shouts
Borne from woodland rovers!
"Bob White" whistled clear
Where the zigzag rail is;
Merry eyes that watch,
Wondering where the quail is.
That's October.

Hickories in showers—
Hurry, children, hurry!—
Thinner grow the leaves,
Squirrels in a flurry;
Apple-trees at play,
Tossing arms so olden;
See! they've bubbles blown,
Russet, crimson, golden.
That's October.

## "WHEN BROWN NUTS DROP."

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

ALL through the mellow, golden weather of early autumn every healthy country boy, girl, and squirrel is looking forward to the approach of Master Jack Frost and the day

"When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still;"

and when it comes at last, what a rustling there is among the dry leaves in the woodland paths as young creatures, whether on two feet or on four, go gayly scampering toward the kings of the forest, now scattering down a royal dower of glossy brown chestnuts, sweet-meated shag-barks, or the queer little three-cornered beech-nuts, like a fairy's cocked hat!

Of all the picnics of the year, these nutting excursions are the very jolliest, and the woods resound with glad young voices as the boys beat the branches and the girls gather the shower of nutty treasures—not forgetting, I hope, to leave a share for the timid, bright-eyed chipmunks which are the gardeners of our wild woods, and sow the seed from which spring many of our most stately oak and hickory trees.

It may be interesting for the young nut-pickers to know something of the various kinds of fruit they are storing away in their bags and baskets, for a nut means simply a hard-shelled one-seeded fruit.

The most extensive nutting frolics in the world are held in the Apennines, and the chestnut harvest, which takes place in October, is the great event of the year among the peasants of the little mountain villages. Schools have their annual vacation at this season, and parents and children all go to lead a pleasant gypsy life on the nutting grounds for a whole month, generally from September 29 to October 28, the time being fixed by municipal proclamation. Each person wears a long canvas pouch tied about his or her waist to pick into, and it must be a pretty sight to see the picturesque costumes flitting among the trees, now glorious with rich autumnal tints, the eager faces of the swarthy, dark-eyed little ones, and the bonfires lighting up the hill-sides, over which they boil the fresh chestnuts, and eat them hot from the husk.

These nuts are much larger than ours, but are not so sweet, and they are never shaken or beaten from the tree, but allowed to fall as they ripen. The greater portion are spread to dry on the floors of drying-houses, desolate-looking buildings, which are built in the woods for this purpose, and in which a low fire smoulders, to extract the moisture from the fresh chestnuts. When dry they are taken to the mill and ground into a fine flour, of which the peasants make *polenta*, or porridge, and round cakes called *necci* that are baked between chestnut leaves.

Chestnuts are now general favorites, although in former times the patricians of ancient Rome greatly scorned them, probably considering them as too vulgar for their refined taste.

The chestnut-tree is always beautiful, whether decked with its clusters of delicate blossoms, hung with green balls, or yielding its bountiful harvest. It often attains gigantic dimensions, but the largest one on record was one that stood at the foot of Mount Ætna, in Sicily, and measured 204 feet in circumference. It is said that a company of a hundred cavalry once found a refuge in its hollow trunk, from which it was called the Chestnut of the Hundred Horsemen.

The hickory nut, or shag-bark, is the best for winter use, on account of its keeping qualities, and it is always associated in our minds with a roaring fire, rosy-cheeked apples, and sweet sparkling cider. This is the true Thanksgiving and Christmas nut, and it is a prime favorite with the squirrel tribe, the wise little bushy-tails always laying up a goodly store of these to last until spring and fresh roots come together.

If you will examine the outer covering or husk of the hickory nut, you will see that it has no regular opening, but in drying it cracks irregularly, allowing the nut to fall out, while butternuts and black walnuts have to be forcibly removed from their outer coats. This is a distinguishing feature between the two kinds, *Carya* and *Juglans*, the hickories belonging to the former and the black walnuts to the latter.

Juglans is a Latin word, a compound of Jovis and *glans*, a nut. It means a nut of Jupiter. The ancients gave it this name in token of their appreciation of these rich, highly flavored nuts, and the valuable wood of the walnut-tree. Walnut is a corruption of Gaul nut, or the nut of Gaul, or France—Gallia and Wallia both formerly signifying Gaul. The English walnut is rarely seen growing in this country except in California. In spite of its name, it is a native of Persia, and was only introduced into England in 1562. Persian kings at one time held these nuts in such high regard that the common people were not allowed to eat them, they being reserved for their sacred and selfish majesties alone.

One of the pleasant little stories told of the cruel Emperor Nero is the delight he took in going to the theatre in disguise, and from an upper gallery pelting down nuts upon the bald head of the Prætor who sat below. Fortunately this official recognized his assailant, and did not resent the insult, and he was afterward rewarded for bearing the hard shower upon his pate so good-naturedly. Dr. Doran seems to think it may have been this incident that gave rise to the expression, "That's nuts," when anything pleasant and unexpected occurs.

After this, nuts immediately became the fashion in Rome; so the newsboys and bootblacks, who at the present day crack nuts in the top gallery of our modern theatres, have a royal, if not a very worthy example, to keep them in countenance.

In England, the nuts must ripen sooner than with us, for it was a very ancient custom there to always go nutting on Holy-rood Day, which falls on the 14th of September. In an old play called *Grim, the Collier of Croydon*, one of the characters is made to say,

"This day, they say, is called Holy-rood Day,
And all the youth are now a-nutting gone."

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And in a quaint manuscript relating to Eton School it is recorded that "in the month of September [probably the 14th] the scholars there were to have play-day in order to go out and gather nuts, a portion of which, when they returned, they were to make presents of to the different masters."

This corresponds somewhat to the "Picnic Day" granted every summer to the pupils in our public schools; but what would our boys think if they had to earn their holiday, as the young Etonians did, by writing verses on "the fruitfulness of autumn and the deadly cold of the coming winter?" I am afraid some of our American lads would find this a very hard nut indeed to crack.

Our own poet of nature, the late William Cullen Bryant, has written many charming verses about the season when the bonny brown nuts come showering down; and on his estate at Roslyn, Long Island, is growing what is said to be the largest black-walnut-tree in the country. It sprang from a seed planted in 1713, and three feet from the ground it measures twenty-five feet around. At the height of fifteen feet the trunk divides and spreads out, covering a space of a hundred and fifty feet in diameter. Beneath its protecting boughs its poet owner, no doubt, delighted to linger and weave his fancies into rhyme, while many generations of birds have piped away their happy lives in the old walnut homestead.

This year sun and shower have done their best, and now in the soft misty Indian summer every one of my young readers, I trust, will have an opportunity to

> "Gather from the rustling heaps of leaves
> The hickory's white nuts and the dark fruit
> That fall from the gray butternut's long boughs"

with which to while away the long winter evenings, and perhaps bring back pleasant memories of the time when brown nuts drop.

## HOW THE LIGHT-HOUSE LAMP WAS LIGHTED.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

THE cold, grim gloom of a winter night had settled on the ocean; the gray-black clouds, like shapeless forms of evil, swept over the sky with furtive backward glances at the pursuing storm, and the shrieking wind, swooping down on the rising waves, gathered up their curling tops and dashed them over the decks of the sturdy steamer plunging its way so anxiously through the darkness.

"The Mitchell Light ought to be hereabout, pilot."

"So it ought, cap'en, but I don't get a glimpse of it yet."

"No more do I. Hark! What's that!"

The two men, standing on the steamer's bridge, leaned over the rail and listened intently. Boom-m-m! crash-sh-sh! came a distant sound faintly to their ears.

"That's dead ahead, cap'en. It ought to be off port side," shouted the pilot through the gale.

"Something's gone wrong o' the Mitchell Light," answered the captain, hoarsely.

Neither spoke for a moment, and the same terrible thought flashed through their minds—"Lost if we don't find the light." The steamer was crowded with passengers.

Suddenly a broad stream of light shot through the black night.

"Hard over!" shouted the pilot.

"Hard over!" answered the quartermaster at the wheel.

"Oh! I thank God for that!" exclaimed the captain, fervently, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

If the light had come ten minutes later, five hundred souls would have risen from an ocean grave.

About four o'clock on the afternoon of that same day, twelve-year-old Nat Marble gazed out of the window of Mitchell's Ledge Light-house. Under the lowering gray clouds he looked, straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of the nearest point of mainland.

"Trim the wicks even, Tom—trim 'em even."

It was the light-house keeper, Nat's father, who, in the delirium of a burning fever, had his mind on his work. He lay tossing and talking on a cot bed on the other side of the room.

"Yes, father, yes," said Nat, nervously going over to the bed, and then, wringing his hands, going quickly to the window again.

"Why don't he come back?—why don't he come back?" he murmured.

"Good an' early, Tom—good an' early," muttered the sick man. "Better have the light early than late, Tom."

Tom, the assistant, had gone off to the mainland early in the morning for medicine, promising to be back before three o'clock in the afternoon.

The big hand on the dial crept round and round, the gray twilight faded into gloom, the gathering storm hurled the big waves defiantly against the light-house, and little Nat knew that he was to spend the fearful night with the father burning with fever down-stairs, and the lamp cold and dull upstairs.

He was only a visitor there, and knew as little of the lamp as he did of the fever. Was he frightened? He was indeed.

The strange, rambling talk of the father he had always known so precise and sparing of words awed him, and he sat cowering by the fire. The thundering roar of the waves, the moaning and screaming of the fierce wind, the trembling of the solid light-house, all filled him with terror.

And then he knew the lamp ought to be lighted, ought to have been lighted an hour ago. But he could not do it. How could he? He had only been there a week, and had never seen Tom light it.

But then—Nat started in horror to his feet—suppose a vessel should run ashore and lives should be lost for lack of that warning light!

Perhaps he ought to try. It might be simple enough, after all. At any rate, he could not sit still with his father's moans in his ears and his imagination filled with pictures of drowning people.

He took a lamp and climbed the winding stairs. How cold and gloomy it was up there! And how it shook at every buffet from the waves!

The great lamp was seemingly simple enough. He recalled his father's wandering words—"Trim the wicks even"—and looked to see if they were in good order. Not only they were, but it was quite plain that Tom had prepared the lamps.

Nat joyfully touched the wicks with the flame from his lamp. The wicks burned, charred, and went out. There was no oil in the lamp. But Nat thought he saw his way clearly now. The lamp was not very different from any ordinary lamp.

He rushed down-stairs for the oil-can and scissors—he had seen Tom put them away—and was back in a few minutes. As well as he could he trimmed the charred wicks to resemble what they had been before. Then he unscrewed the top, and tilted the oil-can to fill the reservoir.

The oil would not flow. The can must be full, too, it was so heavy. He shook the can. Nothing moved inside. He unscrewed the top cover and thrust his finger in. The oil was frozen! What should he do? He must be quick. It was pitch-black outside.

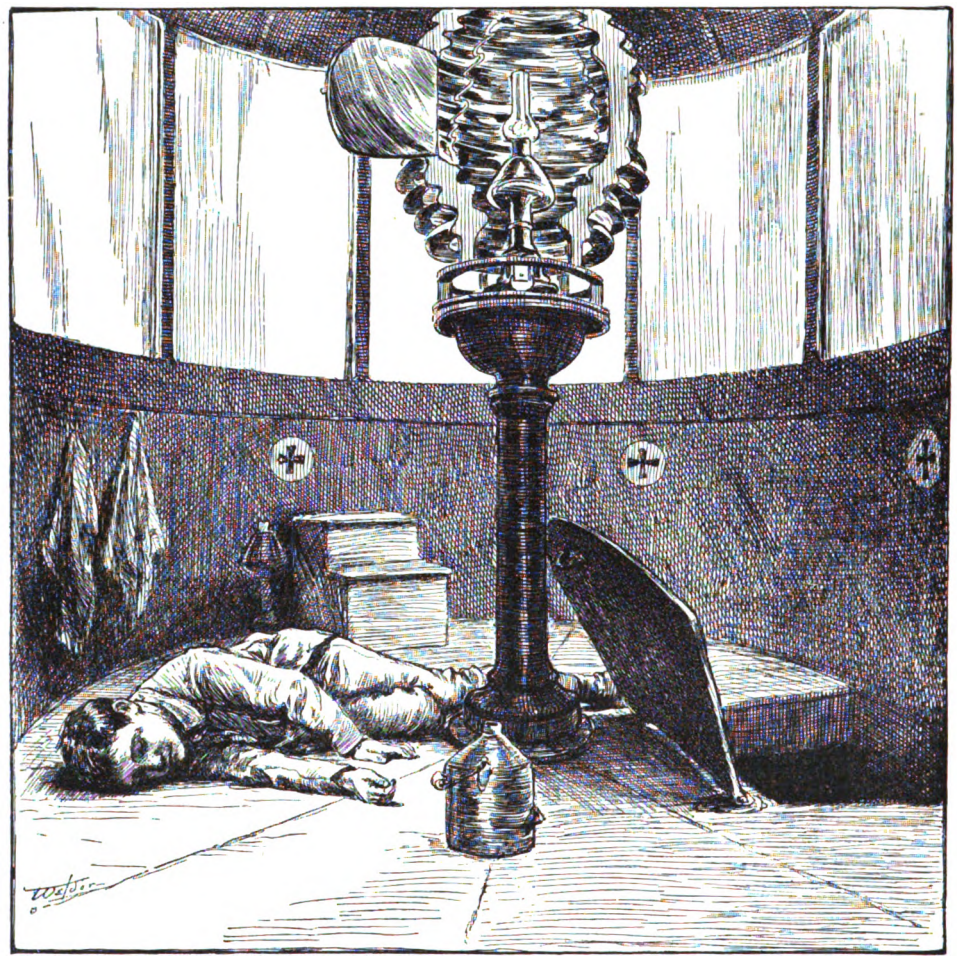
He thought of his father's rambling talk about the lamp. Perhaps he could pick up something from his words. Again he tore down the winding stairs.

"Shine up the reflectors, Tom—shine 'em up."

"The oil's frozen, father," said Nat, hoping to attract the sick man's attention.

"Mitchell Light's been the talk for its clearness, Tom—eh, Tom?"

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"NAT WAS LYING ON THE COLD STONE FLOOR."

"Father dear," said Nat, imploringly, "the oil is frozen. What shall I do? Tom hasn't come back yet."

"That was careless, Tom. Ye left a ragged edge; give me the scissors."

"Father! father! won't you hear me? The light is out. A vessel may go ashore. The oil is frozen."

"Don't get it too hot, Tom—not too hot."

Nat was wringing his hands in despair.

"Not too hot?" What did that mean? Why, it must refer to the oil. They were used to having it freeze, maybe. Of course that was it. How stupid of him! He would heat it at once.

Up the long stairs he flew once more. The can of oil he held near his lamp. He intended to thaw it slowly, so as not to get it too hot. He turned the can carefully around the flame so as to gradually heat all sides.

He thought it would take a long time, and so it was slowly trickling out of the spout upon his clothes while he was still absorbed in turning the can. A careless wave of the lamp, a flash of flame.

Nat's trousers were blazing. He tried to put the fire out with his hands. He spilled more oil on himself. The flame spread, and Nat felt himself burning.

Beside himself with terror, he still had presence of mind enough to know that he must quickly put the fire out or burn horribly to death.

But one thought suggested itself. He dashed blindly down the stairs, the hot flames scorching his flesh. Through the room where his father lay and out into the freezing night air he plunged. Once outside, he cast himself into the snow that lay heaped up on the little sheltered spot that in summer-time was the garden. Over and over he rolled in mad agony of pain.

The fire went out and left a seared and suffering boy lying weak and helpless in the cold snow. At first he thought only of his pain, but in a few moments the still unlighted lamp crossed his mind.

He must light that. What was his own suffering to that of the struggling, drowning crowds that might owe their death to the unlighted lamp!

Perhaps he would have lain out there in the bitter night and gone to his own death but for the unselfish wish to save others. As it was, he staggered to his feet and crawled into the house and up the stairs. Oh, how many of them there were!

He tried the can. The oil poured out. What agony he suffered! Every movement seemed to open a new wound. He felt as if he were still on fire.

With many a groan and cry of pain he filled the lamp and screwed on the top. He could scarcely hold out long enough to light the wicks and turn them right.

The light of Mitchell's Ledge hurried through the black night just in time.

When morning brought Tom, who had been kept away by the weather, he ran hastily up the stairs, and never stopped until he reached the light chamber.

The lamp was flickering, a poor, pale thing in the bright daylight, and Nat was lying on the cold stone floor.

Tom guessed at the story, and tenderly picking the brave boy up, carried him into the warm room below, and worked over him until he opened his eyes.

"I got it lighted, Tom," were Nat's first words.

"So you did, Nat, lad, and a sad day it would 'a been for us if you hadn't."

## HUNTING BUFFALO CALVES WITH A LASSO.

BY LIEUTENANT FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

OVER ten years ago I was living as an army officer where the two great forks of the Platte River join. At that time buffaloes were very numerous in every direction, and as we soldiers had more time than we knew what to do with, another officer and I made our plans to invade a well-known buffalo district not far away to try and catch some of the little ones.

No sooner had we announced that we were going on a buffalo hunt—a buffalo-calf hunt really—than we had scores of applications from soldiers who were anxious for the excitement of the trip as well as to escape the dull routine of garrison life. We picked about twenty of the best of them, and were soon ready to start, all our effects being in a couple of capacious army wagons.

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Our first day's journey was a long one of thirty-five miles, that took us to near the head of a pretty little stream called the Red Willow. From here on further south we hoped to see buffaloes enough to bring both our wagons home full of little calves.

All that we had brought to catch the little rascals with were some long ropes that cavalry soldiers (for such we were) call lariats, and which they use to picket out their horses at night. These we intended to make into lassos, and riding alongside the calves, throw them over the little creatures' necks.

Many of my readers have heard of hunters who lasso wild cattle and wild horses, and even grizzly bears, but these people have had many years of practice to make them perfect before they attempted such large animals, while most of us had had no practice whatever, and we had some amusing adventures owing to our awkwardness.

Before we got to the Red Willow that afternoon it was thought that we might see a herd of buffaloes, and soldiers were sent to ride parallel to the road, two or three hundred yards away from it, and the same distance in front of the main party on the road. We were within three or four miles of where we expected to camp on the stream, when a "flanker," as soldiers thrown out to discover the presence of anything are called, came to us from the west, and said that he had seen three or four old buffaloes grazing on a ridge about a mile away, and believed there was a herd of the animals beyond. We got our lassos, or lariats, ready in a great hurry, and with two or three of the party well armed, so as to kill one or two animals for fresh meat, we halted the wagons, and giving one driver orders to follow us as soon as he heard firing, started toward the buffalo herd. Having assured ourselves that it was a good-sized band, we put spurs to our horses, burst over the ridge, and by the time the buffaloes found out that something dangerous was near them, we were almost in the midst of the herd, yelling at the top of our voices, and waving the lassos in the air, so as to split the main band into several smaller ones.

Oh, what a dust they did kick up as they started on a headlong run to escape! The herd kept splitting into small bands, and men kept following and chasing these off by themselves, until finally I and a sergeant, mounted on a fine coal-black horse, were left in pursuit of a small remnant of the original band. The sergeant shouted to me that there was a buffalo calf in the herd we were chasing, and in a few moments, as the dust cleared, I saw the fat black little imp keeping up with the older ones just as if he had the endurance to do it all day. With loud shouts we dashed into the herd, and as I threw my lasso at the calf, he ducked his head so adroitly that it slipped to the ground, and the noose ran out.

The sergeant then threw his lasso, but missed the little rascal completely, and it encircled a yucca plant, or "soapweed," as they call it on the plains, pulling it up by the roots with a snap as it came to the end of the rope, and with bounds like a kangaroo it joined the swift-moving procession. As the sergeant pulled in his lasso, and the prickly yucca got in his horse's heels (this plant is so full of sharp-pointed leaves that it is called by the Mexicans "the Spanish-bayonet," and looks like a hundred bayonets gathered at the hilt), the steed began to kick his heels in the air at a rate that threatened to tumble the sergeant on to the ground.

All these attacks confused the little buffalo, and although we did not lasso him on this run, we at least got him separated from the other buffaloes, and had him at our mercy if our horses could only hold out. We ran him toward the



AN EXCITING CHASE.

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stream, making ineffectual attempts to get our lassos over his active, dodging little head, to some of which he would reply with a snort, and, turning, charge our horses as ferociously as if he were a full-grown specimen of his race. Seeing an arm of the stream full of stagnant backwater and overgrown with willow brake, he ran for it, thinking that it was his opportunity to escape at last. But no sooner had he plunged into it, off the low bank, than he sank into the bog over his knees; and seeing that he could not escape, he turned to fight us, his nose covered with mud and sedge from the swamp, giving him a most comical appearance.

The sergeant dismounted, and threw his lasso over his neck, and then handed it to me on my horse. He then took my lasso, and making a noose, passed it over the rope I was holding, and allowing the noose to run down to the calf's neck, by one or two jerks on this rope it was thrown over the brute's head, and we had two ropes around him. The sergeant now got out of his saddle-bags an extra lariat that he had with him, and converting it into a lasso, intended to throw it over the head of Mr. Buffalo junior as he had the second one. It was my intention to get these three lassos around his neck, tie two of them directly opposite each other to clumps of willows, and then taking the third in my hand, have my captive so fixed that he could do no harm in any direction—or "triangled," as the soldiers called it. I would then send the sergeant for the wagon to come and pick up our prize.

While the sergeant, who had dismounted, was untying a snarl in the new rope, he unconsciously backed toward the calf, that was blinking ferociously and angrily snuffing the mud out of its nostrils; and seeing its new enemy so close, with two or three desperate lunges it extricated itself from the bog, and with lowering head, in true bovine style, it started for the sergeant. I shouted to him to get out of the way, and he saw it just in time to make a couple of leaps, when the charging calf came to the end of the rope I held, with a snap that threw him on his head, and almost pulled my shoulders out of their sockets. Had the rope been five feet longer, the sergeant would have been assisted in his flight in the most emphatic manner. As it was, he struck the calf in the under jaw with his heel as he was running, so close were they together just as the animal was thrown. The calf now turned toward the sergeant's horse, who through the whole proceedings had acted as if he did not relish them, and with a snort he broke over the hills and started for what he evidently considered the more sensible portion of the party. We let him go unmolested, knowing that he would run to where he would find other horses, and there stop. In a few minutes we got the active little "butter" properly "triangled," and I told the sergeant to mount my horse and hunt up his own horse and the wagon.

As I sat looking at my prize, four or five yards from me, I noticed that he had little "nubbins" of horns about an inch long, and his fur was jet-black. In short, I thought we had caught a very big calf for that season of the year.

In a short time the sergeant returned, mounted on his own horse, and leading mine. He told me that the other parties had captured seven calves, and as soon as these were picked up they would come to us last, as we were nearest the camp on the stream.

The sergeant and I took turns at holding the rope for a while, until he suddenly remembered that he had a picket pin in his saddle-bags. This we drove in the ground at the end of the third rope, and then betook ourselves and horses to the top of the ridge, about a hundred yards away, where the wagon party could more readily see us at a distance, and direct their movements toward us, while the buffalo calf, after staring at us stupidly for a little while longer, finally lay down to rest behind the bank of the stream, which the limited play of the ropes allowed him to reach, and here, with sigh after sigh, tried to recover from the fatigue of his fearful efforts to escape.

In a few minutes after we sat down, the white canvas cover of the wagon showed above a distant ridge, soon followed by the wagon itself and the remainder of the party bearing toward us. As they came nearer, we mounted our horses and joined them, riding with them toward the calf, hidden behind the bank, which, hearing us come, jumped to its feet and up on the bank again, savagely facing the whole party.

The many and vehement exclamations with which it was received on all sides, followed by loud bursts of laughter and shouts of astonishment, were enough to make any one not in the secret ask for an explanation. The fact of the matter was, *the sergeant and I had lassoed a yearling buffalo.* It wasn't a buffalo calf at all, unless we might call it a yearling calf, if such titles are allowable. As soon as I got a good look at the other little fellows in the wagon, the size of the monster we had captured became evident.

The buffalo calves that are but a month or two old are of a light brown color, without the sign of the hump on their backs that is so conspicuous when they grow older, and although their bodies may be as large as the little calves we see at home, their legs are shorter, and this gives them the appearance of being very much smaller. They have a grunt very much like that of pigs, and a dozen of them in a wagon sound for all the world like a dozen hungry pigs. After all, they are cute-looking little beasts, and I felt quite proud of our success in capturing so many, and as the buffalo is considered by every one such a hardy animal, I had but little doubt that we should be able to raise them all.

# TWO ARROWS:*

## A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XVI.

### VISITING.

TWO ARROWS was treated to an excellent breakfast the morning after his capture. He also saw a white man eat with a knife and fork, and had all the sugar he wanted for the first time. It was a wonderful morning, and a very brilliant pair of eyes was drinking in its marvels greedily.

Rifles, pistols, and all that sort of thing were familiar enough to the young Nez Percé, but he saw new patterns of them, and gained tremendous notions of the wealth and skill of the pale-faces who could make such weapons.

"Father," said Sile, "I wish he could read. He's a bright fellow."

"Show him everything you have with a picture in it."

There was no fear that Two Arrows would try to run away after that process began. The printed matter of any sort did not convey to him an idea; it was so much mud; it meant nothing whatever. The pictures were another thing, and Sile had provided himself well with illustrated reading. Two Arrows almost gave up the sullen pride that refused to be astonished, and Sile began to understand "sign language." At all events he nearly twisted himself out of shape in an effort to explain to his captive the nature of ships, cannon, camels, and steam-engines. He felt as if he were a sort of missionary. At last Judge Parks himself handed Two Arrows a photograph of an Indian chief, given him at one of the frontier agencies a few weeks before.

"Ugh! Pawnee!" said Two Arrows.

"I told you so!" exclaimed Yellow Pine. "If you showed him dogerrytypes of every tribe there is, he'd

* Begun in No. 303, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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name 'em at sight. Jedge, it's about time we set out. I've got a mount ready for him."

Jonas more fully explained to Two Arrows that a visit of peace was planned, and that he was to be marched home again; but the face of the young Indian clouded. That was the one thing he stood in mortal dread of. He thought of the jeers and derision sure to greet him from all other Nez Percé boys when they should see him come home without any glory, and he hung back.

"Mount now," shouted Yellow Pine, with a motion toward the animal he had selected.

A horse! To ride back, instead of returning tired and on foot. That was quite another matter.

"Whoop!" he could not have restrained that yell of relief, and in an instant he was in the saddle. He had been used to riding a bare-backed pony, and that made his present outfit the more splendid. All his vanity and ambition came pouring back upon him, and he almost felt as if he had captured that squad of pale-faces and was bringing them in as prisoners. He dashed forward at once, with Sile on one side, Yellow Pine on the other, and the rest following, except a camp guard of two miners.

Less than an hour later, all the Nez Percé band came out under the trees to see what was coming.

"Two Arrows!" almost breathlessly exclaimed Na-tee-kah. "Caught some pale-faces this time."

"Got horse," said Ha-ha-pah-no.

Long Bear and his warriors did not say a word, for they were all but dumb with astonishment from the moment that they recognized the returning wanderer. What would not that remarkable boy do next? Had he killed anybody? Had he really stolen all those white men, or had they stolen him? There he was, anyway, and in a few moments more Yellow Pine and Judge Parks had said "How?" to Long Bear and his best men. Indian manners required that Two Arrows should be silent before his elders until spoken to, but Long Bear almost instantly inquired,

"Where find boy?"

"In camp," said Yellow Pine. "Try to steal horse. Too many pale-face. Catch him. All safe. Big thief some day. Boy now."

All of Two Arrows's dream of glory went out of sight before the grim smiles with which the Nez Percé warriors heard that explanation. They perfectly understood the matter, and that the pale-faces before them wished to be good friends. On their part, they were a good deal more than willing, for they had much to gain from peace and very little from war with mounted riflemen.

"Prisoner?" groaned Na-tee-kah.

"Boy all right," grumbled Ha-ha-pah-no, indignantly. "Find pale-face camp anyhow. Go right in. Old brave all asleep. Never find anything. Big chief by-and-by."

There was some truth in that view of the matter, and Long Bear made a remark that had a little the same sound. At all events, Two Arrows was permitted to dismount and walk away while the conference with his captors went on. In ten seconds he was exhibiting his little hand-mirror to Na-tee-kah and a crowd of other young people, and found his importance coming back to him. None of them had ever ventured to creep, all alone, into a white man's corral. Not a boy or girl among them had such a treasure as that mirror. He had made friends with the pale-faces, at all events. In fact, his standing in that community was rising with tremendous rapidity, until somehow or other the story of his wrestling match with Sile Parks began to be whispered around, and it became necessary for Two Arrows to point at Yellow Pine as the great brave who had really pinioned him. There was not a Nez Percé in the band, old or young, who felt any longing for a grapple with the sinewy, big-boned old miner, and all would have been right but for the fact that Two Arrows had not at once escaped from Sile.

A good understanding was easily established between the miners and the red men, and it was not long before Sile was off his horse and was going around among the young people. He used his eyes as busily as Two Arrows had done, but it is to be doubted if he saw as much, even in what there was to see. It was not long before Na-tee-kah had as good a looking-glass as her brother, and a general distribution of small presents sealed the arrangement that the miners were not to be plundered by that particular band.

"Now, Jedge," said Yellow Pine at last, "it's time we moved. S'pose we fetch along that young cub and his sister? Company for Sile. Make the old chief feel fine."

Long Bear gave several grunts of assent when spoken to, and once more Two Arrows felt as if he were growing very fast indeed.

"We'll go back and move the wagons," said Pine to Sile. "You and your young redskin can scout on down the valley. You've got your directions 'bout finding us. Don't go too fast nor too far. The Indian 'll smell any danger long before you will. He won't be roped in by anybody in broad daylight, I can tell ye."

He did not look like it as he rode proudly away from the village. Jonas had mounted Na-tee-kah behind him, but Ha-ha-pah-no was to follow the wagons on foot, that the chief's daughter might have somebody to superintend her visit. When Ha-ha-pah-no set out in her turn, nearly half the village went with her uninvited, and it took all the authority of Long Bear to keep the other half from keeping them company.

"Come," said Two Arrows to Sile, after a few minutes of silent riding. "We go. Ugh! Shoot a heap."

He had picked up more English words, somehow or other, than he had at first acknowledged, but Sile found it needful to work the sign language pretty industriously.

Na-tee-kah had spent her life in the close retirement of an Indian village. She had been housed up among plains and mountains from all the world, and knew nothing about it. She had lived in a narrower prison than the smallest country village in all the East. The idea of visiting a white man's camp and seeing all there was in it made her tremble all over. She knew her father and ever so many others would be there in an hour or so, and that her wonderful brother had gone on a hunt with the son of the pale-face chief, but she was to enter a strange place with only white warriors for company. It was an awful thing to do, and she could not have done it, nor would Long Bear have consented to it, but for something they both saw in the face of old Judge Parks when he patted her on the head and said,

"Be my daughter a little while. Make a white girl of her for a week. Take good care of her."

Red men have keen eyes for character, and Long Bear understood. So did Na-tee-kah, and yet she would have run away and hidden but for her curiosity, stirred up by what Two Arrows had told her of the contents of that camp and its wagons. An offer to a white girl of a trip to Paris might be something like it, but it would not be much more. Her eyes danced and her fingers tingled as they drew near, and yet the only thing she could see was a couple of commonplace tilted wagons and a lot of horses and mules. The moment she was on the ground the old Judge came to her assistance.

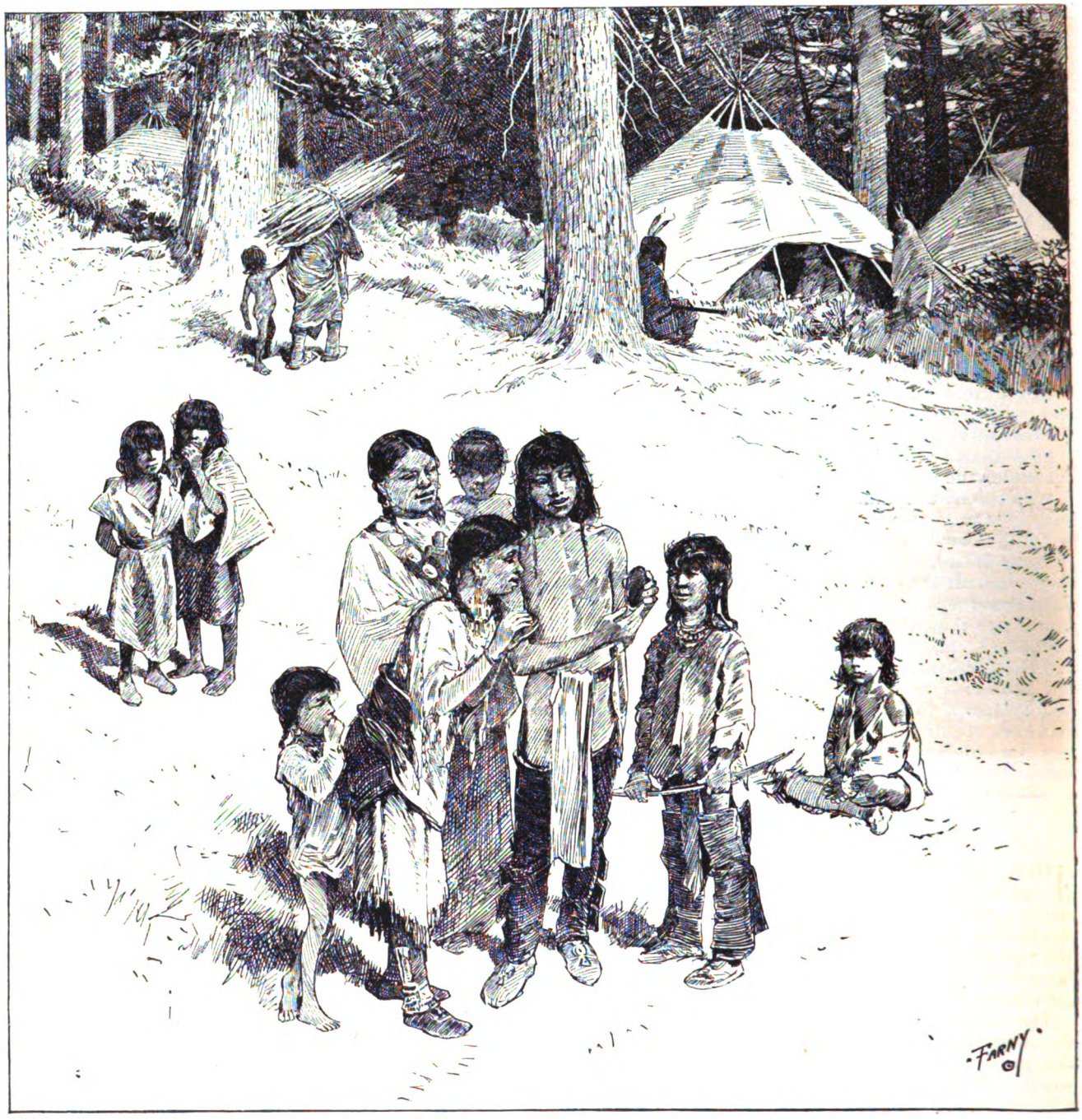
"Now, Na-tee-kah, I'll show you something. Come this way."

She stood as straight as an arrow and walked along courageously, but it required all her strength of mind and will to do so. She watched him in silence as he went into and came out of one of those mysterious rolling tents full of all unknown riches.

"There, now. That 'll keep you busy while we're getting ready to move."

She held out both her hands, and when Ha-ha-pah-no

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"NOT A BOY OR GIRL AMONG THEM HAD SUCH A TREASURE AS THAT MIRROR."

at last put her own hand upon her shoulder and said, "Ugh!" Na-tee-kah started as if she had been waked from a dream. She had been looking at pictures that told her of another world.

"Heap lie," said Ha-ha-pah-no. "Pale-face tell 'em. Make lie about squaw. There!"

It was a picture of several ladies in evening dress, and Na-tee-kah had been looking at it for five minutes. No such women as those could possibly be, nor could any human beings get themselves up so wonderfully. It was all a lie, and any intelligent squaw could detect the fraud at a glance.

Na-tee-kah drew a long breath that sounded like a sigh, and just then the shout of Yellow Pine announced that all was ready for a move.

"We'll reach that mine to-morrer night, Jedge, if we're lively. Everything's goin' prime now."

With or without an invitation, the relatives of Na-tee-kah trudged along with the wagons mile after mile, and Long Bear gained an extra pound of tobacco by sticking to Yellow Pine until the train halted at noon.

Ha-ha-pah-no scolded Na-tee-kah pretty nearly all the way for not knowing more about pale-faces, but she broke down at the noon camp-fire. She undertook to play cook, and in half a minute Jonas discovered that she did not know how to make coffee.

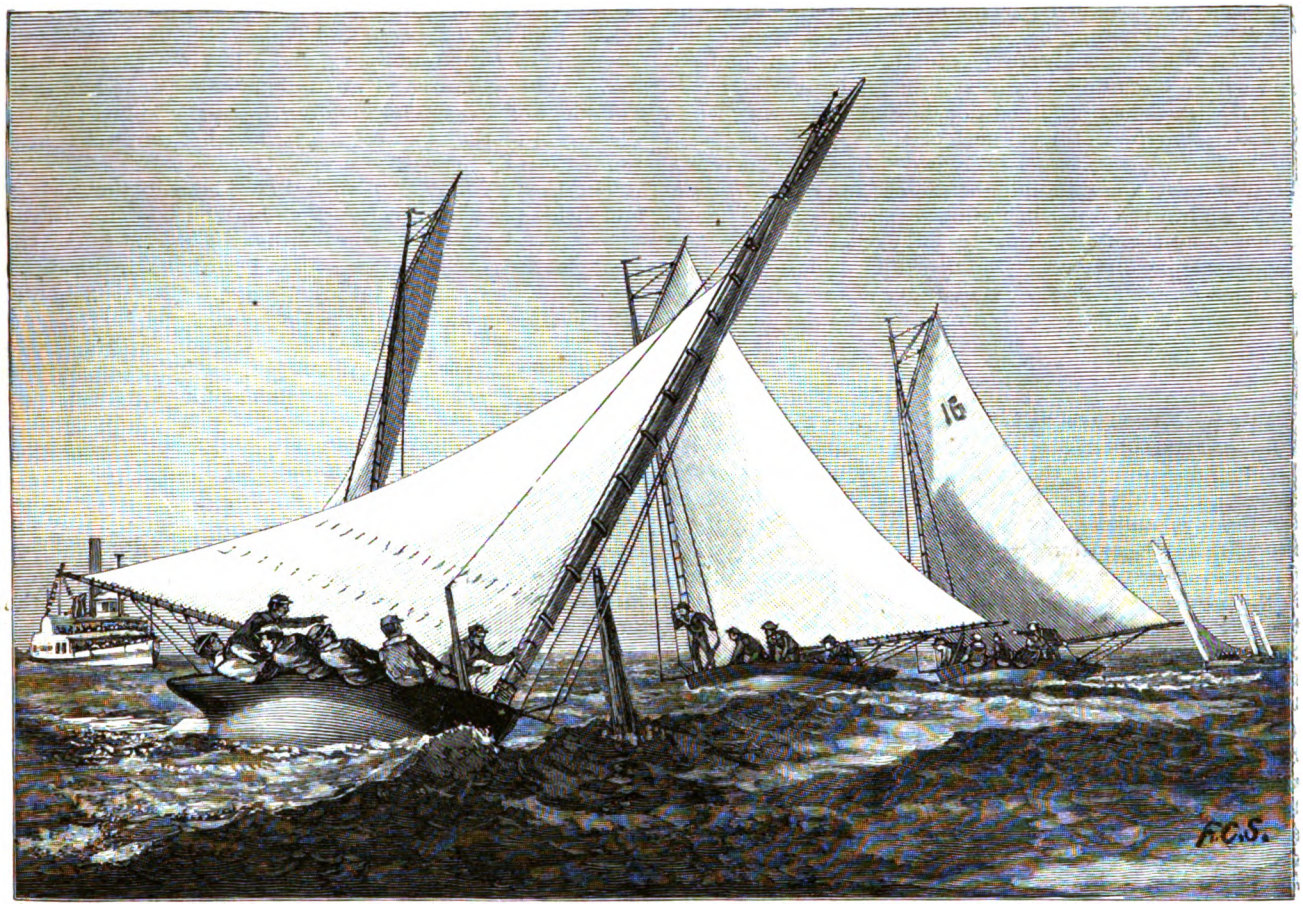
"Wouldn't you have b'iled a black soup?" he exclaimed.

"Poor old squaw!" said Ha-ha-pah-no. "Know all about him. Drink some once; bitter. Put sweet in. Stir him up, so."

"Ugh!" said Na-tee-kah. "Knows so much. Ask Two Arrows when he come."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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HIKERS RACING ON THE DELAWARE.

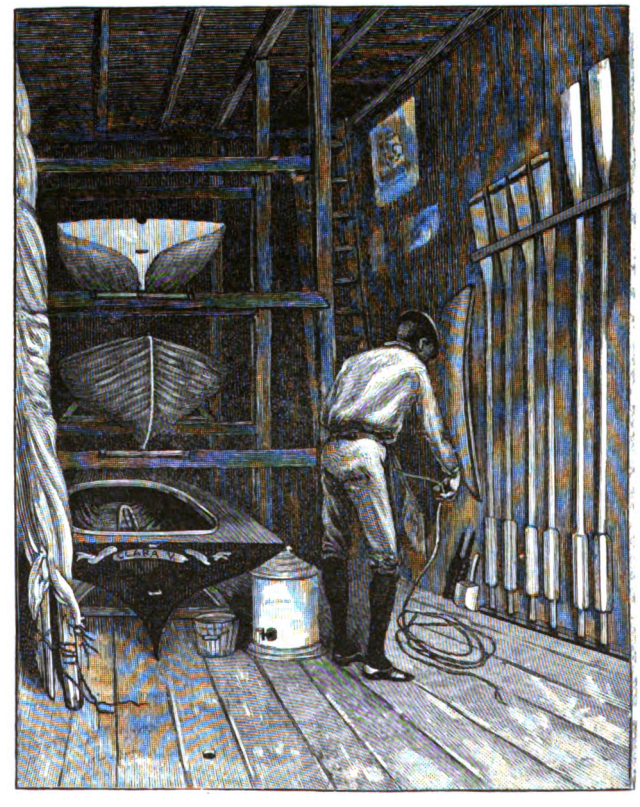
## "HIKERS."

THE "hiker," or "tuck-up," as it is more generally termed, is a craft peculiar to the Delaware River, and is to the youth residing along the banks of that stream what the racing shell is to the Torontonian, the "can-you," as the residents along the Chesapeake call their unique double-masted and double-ended canoe, and the saucy little cat-rigged boat to Eastern waters.

The origin of the name "hiker" is veiled in mystery. No member of the clubs engaged in sailing these boats can give anything like a satisfactory derivation of the word. The most common explanation is that it is corrupted from the local verb "to hike," which means to run or fly swiftly. So popular is the boat on the Delaware that a large number of organizations bearing the ambitious name of "yacht club" have been in existence for many years, and the boats belonging to them and to individuals are many hundreds in number.

Being wide and shallow, they are provided with centre-boards. Attached to the "well" of the centre-board are ropes with knots tied in the ends, sometimes with bars of wood fastened to them. These ropes are long enough to reach over the side of the boat into the water, and it is to these that the crew cling when "laying-out" to prevent an upset; but the size of the sails is so large in proportion to the beam and draught of the boats, and their crews are so daring in risking a full sheet to a gale of wind, that capsizing is of frequent occurrence, and when no race is in progress, it is considered part of the sport to indulge in a ducking of this character.

In races, "turning turtle," as it is called, happens very often, and it is told of a certain amphibious crew whose craft had unfortunately been overturned when leading in



INTERIOR OF BOAT-HOUSE.

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a regatta, and when within half a mile of the home stake-boat, that they righted her, made sail, and ran in a winner while still bailing her out.

Another time a boat "turned turtle" when on the lead, and within one hundred yards of the goal, and *drifted in ahead* with the strong flood tide, her crew cheering while seated upon the upturned keel of the victorious "tuck-up." The writer was an eye-witness of the occurrence. The crew were employing themselves on their "turtle-back" and in the water in various capacities, and evidently enjoying themselves hugely—all except one, who, perhaps becoming nervous at the near approach of evening, signaled for assistance, the remainder of the jolly fellows joining in the children's old-time refrain,

"Here we sit a-washing,
And nobody comes to see us."

In a light breeze or a calm, and during a race, after the sand ballast has been disposed of, and occasion demands the further lightening of the boat, the Captain orders the live ballast overboard, and the member of the crew to whom the order is addressed goes overboard, head first, without the slightest hesitation, when the craft, thus relieved of part of its cargo, creeps along until the commander thinks it advisable for another fellow to dive. It thus happens that a boat will occasionally arrive at the stake with only the Captain at the helm and the "twine sharp" (that is, the one who works the halyards) out of a crew of from four to eight men. But the Captain must be very careful how he disposes of his ballast, for if a sudden gust or a heavy breeze comes up, he stands a great risk of capsizing, thus spoiling his chances in the race, and allowing better ballasted boats from the rear to pass him. The live ballast are usually picked up by the following steamers, but if in any excitement they should be overlooked, they swim to the nearest shore, and make their way home the best way they can. The boys being capital swimmers, drowning never occurs.

The boat-house shown in the illustration is that of the famous Philadelphia Yacht Club. The house is provided with racks for four boats, frames to hold oars, rudders, masts, and other movable parts of the boat; and everything necessary for the pleasure and enjoyment of the members can be found either upon the first floor or in the loft overhead, where dressing closets, wash-stands, a library, lounges, carpet, pictures, etc., give an air of comfort to the place, and serve to draw the attention of the members to the house as a place of resort in winter, when a stove is provided to make things comfortable.

The boat-houses on the Delaware River are kept in a condition that would put many housewives to shame. Everything is so methodically arranged and carefully brushed and polished that one would naturally suppose the boys had their lady friends to do their house-work; but such is not the case, for the boys (if it must be confessed) are rather selfish in their amusement, and seldom if ever does one of the female sex enter either the boat-house or the boat itself. The sport is rather too dangerous for girls, and it is on this account, if on no other, that the latter are not greatly put out by the neglect of their male acquaintances to entertain them at the boat-houses.

## BESSIE'S PIGEONS.

BY EDWARD WILLETT.

WHEN Jacob Carter moved with his family from Indiana to the far West, they stopped for several weeks at a frontier fort before going on to their final destination. As one of the officers of the garrison was Mrs. Carter's cousin, they were well received and pleasantly entertained.

One source of amusement while they remained at the fort was found in Bessie Carter's pet pigeons, "genuine homers," as Bess called them. The pair of old birds had been given to the child by a friend of the family, and she had named them Possum and Tippet. She had raised two young ones, Chip and Spark, and all were great pets with her. When she was at an Indiana school she had used Possum and Tippet for sending messages home, and on that account they had been prized by her parents nearly as much as by herself.

The Carters moved to their new home in the spring, and it happened that before they had settled down in the new house some Sioux who had been removed to the Indian Territory became dissatisfied with their location, broke out, and started toward their old Northern home, plundering and murdering as they went.

A report of this raid reached the Carters, but too late to enable them to seek safety in flight, and when they were "struck" by the hostiles there was nothing for them to do but defend themselves as best they could.

This seemed to be an almost hopeless task, as there were but three fighters at the homestead—Jacob Carter, his nearly grown son Harry, and Andrew Patchin, the hired man. But they barricaded the doors and windows of the cabin, seized their rifles, and fought for dear life.

It was a small party of Sioux that made the first attack, and they were easily repulsed; but others arrived, and the situation became more serious. Angered by the desperate defense of the cabin, the Indians showed a determination to stay right there and capture it at all hazards.

When Andrew Patchin was severely wounded, Mr. Carter began to despair, and he sadly told his wife and Bessie that he saw no chance to escape from death or capture.

"If it comes to the worst," he said, "you two must die rather than fall into the hands of those fiends. There is no hope of help, and no one of us could pass the Indians to take a message to the fort, even if they had not got our horses."

"There is one that can go, pa," spoke up Bessie.

"What do you mean, child? Who can go? Not Harry?"

"Not Harry, pa, but Chip or Possum."

Mr. Carter had not thought of the pigeons, and he eagerly seized the idea.

"Do you think that either of them would fly to the fort?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. We were so long at the fort, and the birds have not yet got to think of this place as home. I am sure they would do it."

"Get one of them, Bess, and I will write a message."

Bessie had brought her pigeons into the house for safety, and it was easy to secure Chip. The message was fastened to him, and he was let loose. After circling in the air for a minute or so he settled upon his course, and flew away in the direction of the fort.

Another message was sent by Possum, and then they waited. They had to fight, too, as well as wait, and Mr. Carter and Harry continued to make their rifles crack in the hope of keeping the Indians away from the house as long as possible.

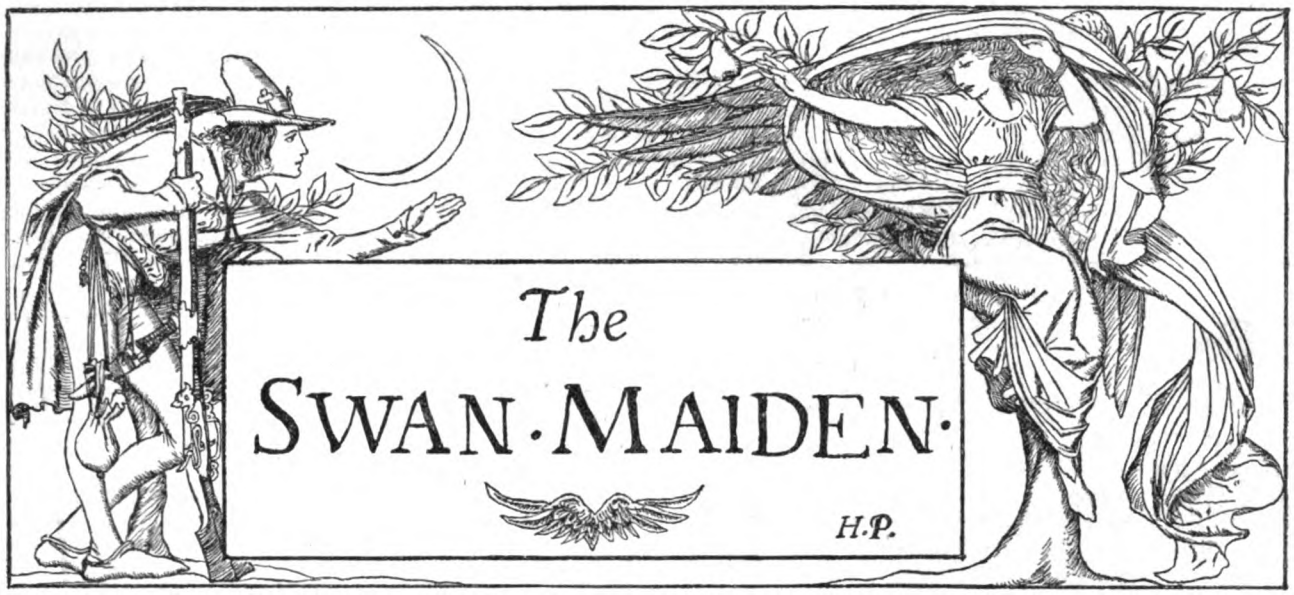
The hours of the afternoon were long and painful, and it could be seen that the Sioux were only delaying their attack until darkness should put the besieged party at their mercy.

Darkness came, and they started toward the house yelling and firing. But other shots were quickly heard, and the galloping of many horses, and a well-known cheer, as the blue-coated cavalry dashed down upon the red raiders and scattered them.

Captain Morris, Mrs. Carter's cousin, had caught sight of Chip when the bird flew to his old quarters at the fort, and he at once secured him and found the message.

In a very short time the men were mounted and speeding away over the prairie, and so the Carter family were saved by Bessie's pigeon.

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BY HOWARD PYLE.

ONCE there was a King who had a pear-tree which bore four-and-twenty golden pears. Every day he went into the garden and counted them to see that none were missing.

But one morning he found that a pear had been taken during the night. Then how he fussed and fumed and fretted! He would like to know who had been plucking his pears, that he would. So off he went to his son, and said:

"See; if you will watch the pear-tree to-night and will find me the thief who stole the pear, you shall have half my kingdom now, and the whole of it when I have gone."

You can guess how the Prince was tickled at this. Oh yes, he would watch the tree, and if the thief should come, he should not get away again so easily. The King could set his mind at rest on that score.

Well, that night the lad sat down beside the tree with his gun across his knees to wait for the coming of the thief.

He waited and waited, and about the middle of the night there came a loud clapping and rattling, and a white swan flew overhead, and lit in the pear-tree above him. It began picking at one of the pears, and then the Prince raised his gun to shoot at it. But when he looked along the sights it was not a swan that he saw, but the prettiest girl that he had ever looked upon.

"Don't shoot me, King's son—don't shoot me," cried she.

But, prut! the Prince had no more thought of shooting her than I, for he had never seen such a charming creature in all of his days.

"Very well," said he; "I will not shoot, but if I spare your life, will you promise to be my sweetheart and to marry me?"

"That may be as may be," said the Swan Maiden. "Now listen. My mother is the witch with three eyes. She lives on the glass hill that lies beyond the seven high mountains, the seven deep valleys, and the seven wide rivers. Are you man enough to go that far?"

"Oh yes," said the Prince; "I am man enough for that and more, too."

"That is good," said the Swan Maiden; and thereupon she jumped down from the pear-tree to the earth. Then she became a swan again, and bade the King's son to mount upon her back at the roots of her wings, and she sprang into the air and flew away, bearing him with her.

Well, the swan flew on and on and on until by-and-by she said, "What do you see, King's son?"

"I see the gray sky above me, and the dark earth below me, and over yonder is a glass hill, and on the hill is a house that shines like fire."

"That is where my mother lives," said the Swan Maiden. "And now listen: When you come to her and she asks you what it is that you came for, tell her that you want to have the one who draws the water and builds the fire for your wife, for that is myself."

Well, when they had come to the top of the hill of glass, the King's son stepped down to the ground, and the swan flew over the roof.

Rap! tap! tap! he knocked at the door, and the old witch herself came and opened it.

"Who are you?" said she.

"No matter," said the Prince; "I may be one and I may be another."

"And what do you want here?" said the old witch.

"That I'll tell you," said the Prince. "I come to find me a wife, and I want the one who draws the water and builds the fire."

At this the old witch scowled until her eyebrows met.

"Your mother's wit taught you none of that," said she. "All the same, you shall have your sweetheart if you can clean my stables to-morrow between the rise and the set of the sun. But I tell you plainly, if you fail in the doing, you shall be torn into as many pieces as there are spots on the moon."

The next morning at the rising of the sun the old witch came and took him to the stables where he was to do his task. There stood more than a hundred cattle, and the stable had not been cleaned for at least ten long years.

"There is your work," said the old witch; and then she left him.

Well, the King's son set to work with fork and broom, and might and main, but—prut!—he might as well have tried to bale out the great ocean with a bucket.

At noon who should come to the stable but the pretty Swan Maiden herself. "Are you tired?" said she.

Well, yes; the Prince was tired.

"When one is tired, one should rest for a while," said she. "Come and lay your head in my lap."

The Prince was glad enough to do that, for nothing was to be gained by working at that task; so he laid his head in her lap, and she combed his hair with a golden comb till he fell fast asleep. When he awoke, the Swan Maiden was gone, the sun was setting, and the stable was as clean as a plate.

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"Come hither and lay your head in my lap for a while."

Well, the same thing happened as happened before. The maiden again combed his hair with a golden comb until he fell asleep; and when he awakened, the sun was setting and his work was done. He heard the old witch coming, so up he jumped to the roof of the stable, and began laying a feather here and a feather there, for all the world as though he was just finishing his task.

"You never did that work alone," said the old witch.

"That may be so and that may not be so," said the Prince; "all the same, it was none of your doing. And now may I have the one who draws the water and builds the fire?"

But no; he was not to have his lass just yet; there was still another task to be done before that. Over yonder stood a fir-tree, on the tree was a crow's nest, and in the nest were five eggs. Now if the Prince could harry that nest to-morrow between the rising and the setting of the sun, neither breaking nor leaving a single egg, then he might have his sweetheart and welcome. If he failed, he should be ground into powder, body and bones.

Very well! That suited the Prince; so off he went to where he could get meat and drink and sleep for the night.

Then what a spite the old witch was in! "You never did this by yourself," said she.

"That may be so and that may not be so," said the King's son, "but you lent no hand to help, and that is the truth. And now may I have the one who builds the fire and draws the water?"

At this the old witch shook her head; no, no, the Prince must not hurry matters so. There was more to be done yet before he could have his lass. Now, if he could thatch all of the roof of the stable with bird feathers, no two of which should be the same color, and could do it between the rise and set of sun to-morrow, then he might have his sweetheart and welcome. But if he failed, his bones should be ground as fine as malt in the mill.

Very well; that suited the King's son well enough; so off he went to where he could get meat and drink and sleep for the night.

At sunrise he arose and off he went to the fields with his gun; but if there were birds to be shot, it was few of them that he saw, for at noontide he had but two, and they were both of a color. At that time who should come to him but the Swan Maiden. "Do you have luck?" said she.

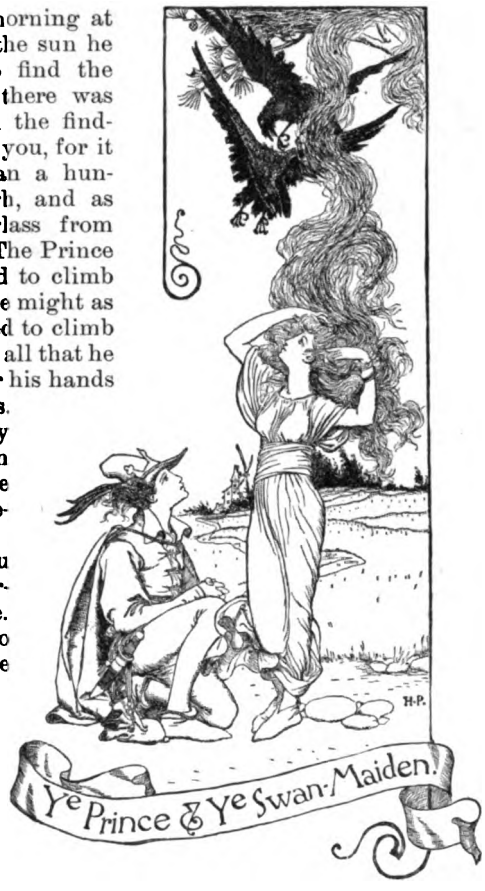
"None to boast of," said the King's son.

"One should not tramp and tramp all day with never a bit of rest," said she.




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The next morning at the rising of the sun he started off to find the fir-tree, and there was no trouble in the finding, I can tell you, for it was more than a hundred feet high, and as smooth as glass from root to tip. The Prince tried and tried to climb the tree, but he might as well have tried to climb a moonbeam: all that he did was to tear his hands and his clothes.




By-and-by came the Swan Maiden as she had come before.

"Do you climb the fir-tree?" said she.

"None too well," said the King's son.

"Then I may help you in a hard task?" said she.

She let down the braids of her golden hair, so that it hung all about her and upon the ground, and then she began singing:

"Blow, blow, God-mother Wind,
Blow the locks to the boughs above,
So that the Prince the eggs may find,
And God-daughter Swan may find her love!"

As soon as the Swan Maiden had ended, the wind began to blow and blow, and, catching up her hair, it carried it to the top of the fir-tree, and there tied it to the branches. Then the Prince climbed the hair, and so reached the nest. There were the five eggs. He gathered them, and then he came down as he had gone up. After that the wind came again and untied the maiden's hair from the branches, and she bound it up as it was before. Then the Prince laid his head down in her lap, and she combed his hair with her golden comb till he fell asleep.

When he opened his eyes again the sun was setting, and the old witch was coming.

"Have you gathered the five crow's eggs?" said she.

Oh yes, he had done that; there they were lying on the moss yonder.

"You never got them by yourself," said the old witch.

"That may be so and that may not be so," said the Prince. "And now may I have the one who builds the fire and draws the water?"

At this the three-eyed witch muttered and muttered to herself, but there was nothing for it but to let the Prince have the sweetheart whom he had earned.

After that the Prince would have liked to have had his sweetheart and be jogging, but the old witch would not let him. No; he must stay and have a good soft bed for the night; then he and his lass might start fresh and fair in the morning.

Well, he would rather be going; but the upshot of the matter was that he had to consent to stay. Then they had a good supper, and after that the Prince went to sleep.

Presently there came a knocking—ever so light—and when the Prince opened the door, whom should he see but the pretty Swan Maiden. "Come," said she, "for if my mother finds you sleeping, she will kill you with a sharp knife, and pick your bones in the morning."

She took an apple and cut it in half; one part of it she put at the head of the bed, and the other at the foot. After that she and the Prince went down into the kitchen; there they made a figure out of honey and barley meal, so that it was quite sticky. Then the maiden dressed the figure in her own clothes, and set it in the chimney-corner by the fire.

After all these things were done, she became a swan again, and, taking the Prince upon her back at the roots of her wings, away she flew, over hill and over dale.

As for the old witch, she sat on the stone door-step sharpening her knife. By-and-by she went to the Prince's room and knocked on the door. "Are you sleeping?" said she.

Then the piece of apple that lay at the head of the bed answered, "No; I am only just taking off my shoes."

So the old witch went back to the stone door-step and began sharpening her knife once more. The next time she went to the door the second piece of apple cried out, "I am only just taking off my coat now."

So back she went to sharpen her knife a little while longer. When she went and asked for the third time if the Prince was sleeping, there was no answer, for there were no more pieces of apple. Then into the room she went with her sharp knife in her hand, but there was nothing there but the bed, and it was cold and empty. Then if anybody was ever in a rage it was the old witch. Off she went, storming and fuming, until she came to the kitchen. There sat the woman of honey and flour beside the fire, and the old woman thought that it was the girl herself. "Where is your sweetheart?" said she; but the woman of honey and barley meal answered never a word.

"How now! Are you dumb?" cried the old witch. "I will see whether I can not bring speech to your lips!" She raised her hand. *Slap!* she struck, and so hard was the blow that her hand stuck fast to the honey and barley meal. "What!" cried she, "will you hold me?" Slap! She struck with the other hand and it too stuck fast. So there she was, and, for all that I know, she is sticking to the woman of honey and flour to this day.

As for the Swan Maiden and the Prince, they flew over the seven high mountains, the seven deep valleys, and the seven wide rivers, until they had come to the Prince's home again.

And a grand wedding they had of it, with music of fiddles and kettle-drums and plenty to eat and to drink.

And this is all.




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HAPPY AUTUMN DAYS.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

WHEN grandfathers honor us by writing for our information, it is due to them that they should sit in the easy-chair and have the place of honor.

I read with pleasure your "Chat about Snakes" in a late number of your paper. We have many more kinds of venomous serpents in North Carolina than you think. First, we have several kinds of the deadly rattlesnake; then the swamp lion, or ground rattlesnake, also called the poplar-leaf snake; then the copper-belly; then the highland moccasin. These are all very venomous, and their bite is commonly fatal. We also have adders and water-moccasins, whose bites, though venomous, are not mortal.

We have a great many harmless snakes, such as the king-snake, which wraps round other snakes and kills them by constriction, and swallows them; also the black-snake, the chicken-snake, the coach-whip, the garter-snake, the green-snake, and the glass or joint snake, which last, when struck a severe blow on the back, comes to pieces, each piece being as long as your finger and having a joint at each end. The latter class have no fangs, and are *oviparous*, that is, they are produced from an egg.

Mr. T. P. Clarke and his sister, Mrs. Mary D. Morgan, who are taxidermists, and carry on business in this city, have a large collection of snakes skinned and stuffed. Some of them are very beautiful, and, if you could get over your natural dislike to a snake, you would enjoy looking at them. They have several rattlesnakes, some of rich color and beautifully marked. Ophiologists—that is, naturalists who make snakes a study—call the rattlesnake a *crotalus*. This name is derived from the Greek language, from the word *krotalon*, which means a little rattle, like the castanet which is used by dancers on the stage in the dance called *cachuca*.

The Indians have a way of preserving the poison of the rattlesnake, and they smear their arrows with the preparation, and a wound given by such an arrow is as bad as the bite of the snake.

There are men in the mountains of North Carolina who, for a little money, will allow a rattlesnake to bite them, and they use something which is an antidote or cure for the bite. This is said to be hog's lard and powdered charcoal. But I would not like to risk it.

I must tell you about a swamp-lion snake which Clarke & Morgan have. This is a very large black-snake, six feet long and as large as the arm of a boy, coat sleeve and all, above his elbow. It was a female, and I was present when it was skinned. I took out of her sixty-three young snakes, each of them inclosed in a sac like a bladder. It is a well-known fact that when young snakes become alarmed they run to their mother, and she opens her mouth and they run down her throat.

I almost forgot to tell you that the sink in the forehead of a snake, between his eye and nostril, is his ear. Isn't it a funny place for the ear? I have skinned snakes, and know what I am talking about. GRANDPA.

NEW BERNE, NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. Morris, who wrote the "Chat about Snakes," says: "It is very difficult to trace any animal by its local name. In some cases the same name is applied to different species; in others, one species will have different names in different localities. It is a well-settled fact that in some species the mother receives the young into the mouth for protection, but it is very questionable if they run down her throat." Mr. Morris adds that the ear of the snake has no external opening. Anatomists do not consider the pit on the side of the head of the rattlesnake and copper-head an organ of hearing.

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TRENTON, TENNESSEE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am one of six sisters. Our mother teaches us at home. I want to tell you our method of studying geography, dictionary, and current history. We take two copies of a good illustrated newspaper. We have lessons selected from the leading events. We have to give the geography of every locality mentioned in our lesson, also to hunt out the meaning of every word that we do not know, and spell it and give its definition. The idea is this, that with every locality we look up we have an event or personage of interest associated, which serves to preserve it in our memory. In this way we followed General Gordon in his African campaign, Admiral Courbet in the Chinese seas, the Russian movement in Afghanistan, and lately the German occupation of the Caroline Islands, etc. Will you please tell me what you think of this method? If you will permit me I will write you another letter telling you more of our studies. We have a little brother not three years old; when you ask him who loves him, he will say, "My mudder and my farder and my six devoted sisters." It is the only brother we have. I shall be fourteen years old to-morrow. HAIDEE E.

Your mother has found out a very suggestive way of teaching, and I think it is an excellent plan for making cultivated women of her girls. By-the-bye, perhaps some of our older readers might take up this idea, and find it a pleasant occupation the coming winter to study the geography and history of places in connection with events which are now happening. You know that we are living to-day in what the children of twenty or thirty years hence will be studying in their school histories. Isn't it wonderful, when you think of it? Possibly some of you will have your names in the history of the future.

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Every boy who has a faithful dog to love him will take an interest in the card which Arthur S. J., a Richmond boy, has sent to the Postmistress. It would have pleased so great a man as Sir Walter Scott to have read this testimony to Davie. He said, you remember: "The misery of keeping a dog is his dying so soon; but to be sure, if he lived for fifty years, and then died, what would become of me?" Here is Arthur's card:

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
DAVIE,
A THOROUGH-BRED SCOTCH TERRIER,
WHO FAITHFULLY FOLLOWED OUR FORTUNES
FOR THIRTEEN YEARS,
AND WAS SHOT
IN THE NIGHT OF FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1885,
REACHING HOME ONLY TO DIE.
"TREU UND FEST."

---

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl seven years old. I have long wanted to write to you and tell you about HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I enjoy reading the stories very much. I have taken it for three years. My brother has it bound for me at the end of every year. I have four brothers, Johnnie, Willie, Sydney, and Frankie. I have a sister Sarah, and my name is Lucy. My mamma can make all kinds of fancy-work, and my sister is learning to make them too. We are also taking music lessons. All my brothers love me very much, for I am the pet and the youngest in the family. Your little loving friend and reader. LUCY C. V.

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BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

There is a spring about twenty minutes' walk from our house, called the Undine Spring. When we go there, after leaving the main road we go down a hill into a field; crossing the field, you reach the spring. It has a high stone wall, which is overgrown with ivy. Last week, at sunset, I was at the spring. As I sat down on a stone to catch the running water in my can, the scene spread before me was truly lovely. Directly in front of me was a hill thickly wooded, and the sun was just disappearing behind it. At my feet lay a large pond, some parts of the rippling water still glistening in the last rays of the sun. On the other side of the pond a solitary cow stood drinking, and that part of the pond lay so perfectly still that the cow's reflection was quite distinct. A man following the cow, and calling "Bossy, Bossy, Bossy," was the only human figure in sight. A few old ice-houses were also in the distance. Masses of white clouds floating through the blue sky were just touched by the sun. The whole scene gave one such a feeling of peace that I was reluctant to leave it.

Of course I must tell you about my kitten. She is very intelligent and affectionate. She can "fetch and carry" like a dog. The drawer in which the corks are kept has a metal handle, and whenever she hears that touched, up she jumps to get a cork. MARY R. B.

Your description of the spring is a very good bit of word-painting for a little girl.

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This story of a haunted house comes from a gifted little contributor whose home is in Hawaii, Sandwich Islands. Of course I need not assure such brave and clever children as the readers of the Post-office Box that there are really no ghosts anywhere of which to be afraid, and that a fear of ruined houses is a very silly thing. Let me give you a piece of advice, dears. If ever you have the shadow of a fear of any thing or any place, in the dark or in the light, walk boldly up and find out what it is. If you can not make up your mind to go alone, ask some one who is not timid to go with you:

### THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Harry, Kate, and Milly Butler were coming along the road about seven o'clock one evening. They wanted to get home early, as they knew their mother would be waiting tea for them.

"I shall go through the field by the Haunted House," said Kate, "and will take Milly with me, as it is the shortest way."

"Catch me going by that place!" said Harry, who was not very brave.

"You needn't go with us if you are afraid."

The children parted, Harry running along the road, the girls going through the field at a more sedate pace. Harry got home in good time, but the girls had not yet arrived, the reason of which I am about to relate.

When they were going past the Haunted House they thought they heard a cry, and then another. They were very much afraid, for the house had the reputation of being haunted.

"Oh, Kate, I wonder what it is!" said Milly.

"It sounded just like Baby's voice. Let us go back and see," said Kate.

"I'm so frightened I daren't go."

"Well, you stay here, and I'll go."

So it was settled, Milly sitting on the fence, while Kate went back to the old ruin. The place had fallen to decay, and was covered with ivy. The country people told each other stories of how a man had been killed there, and that his ghost haunted the place. But Kate had no fear, for she would never believe these idle tales, as she called them. So she went fearlessly through the rooms, and at last stopped at the top of a flight of stairs leading into a cellar, and suddenly she heard her name called. "Yes, it is Baby," she said to herself. She then went down two or three steps, but they being slippery, she lost her balance, and falling down the whole flight, she received a deep gash in her forehead, and lay at the bottom quite senseless.

Meanwhile, what were they doing at home? Only Harry had returned, and all the information he could give was that he had left the girls in the field coming home. Baby, about two years old, was missing also, and could be found nowhere.

"I can't bear this," said the father. "Harry, we must go in search of them again."

"They may be in the Haunted House," said Harry. "They said they intended going by it."

"Very likely," said his father.

So, taking a lantern with them, they started, fully determined not to return until the missing ones were found. They looked in all possible places, but suddenly Harry cried out:

"Who is that on the fence? Why, I declare it is Milly!"

They both rushed to her, and found that the poor child had been calling her sister, but not receiving any answer, had begun to cry, and it was in this pitiable plight they found her.

"Where is Kate?" was the first question Mr. Butler asked his little daughter.

"We thought we heard Baby crying, and she went to look for him, but she has not come back yet, and I was so frightened."

"Are you very tired?" asked her father; "or would you like to come with us? for we are going to look for them in the ruin."

"Oh, please let me go with you, father."

"Come along, then."

They all went to the house as quickly as they possibly could. When they got there, Mr. Butler told them that each was to go in a different part of the building; but Milly was afraid, and so she staid with her father. They went through all the rooms. At last they came to the steps leading into the cellar, where they found Harry, who said,

"I think they must be down here, for I can't find them anywhere."

"We will go down and see, and if they are there, you can help me to get them up."

So they all went down, and the first thing they saw was poor Kate lying quite unconscious, with a deep cut in her forehead, from which the blood

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was oozing. They soon found Georgie asleep on the hard stone floor. Harry took the little fellow gently up in his arms and carried him to the room above without awaking him. Mr. Butler raised Kate from the damp floor and carried her up. They then set off for home, and reached it about nine o'clock, where Mrs. Butler was looking out very anxiously for them.

What with the fright, the loss of blood, and everything combined, Kate was kept in bed with a long illness, and Milly was her devoted attendant all through the weary hours. As for little Georgie, he was none the worse for his adventure, and was soon running about as lively as before, having quite forgotten his fright.

At last Kate was well enough to come downstairs, and about a month later they all went on a visit to their grandmother, who lived by the sea-side. They spent many happy days in looking for shells, sea-weeds, and many other curiosities for their cabinet at home. Their visit came to an end all too soon, and Kate returned to her parents looking very much better. And here we will leave them. LILLIE GREENWELL.

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DRESDEN, GERMANY.

I think the postman who brings the mail to your box must have his hands, or rather his bag, quite full of letters and exchanges, hopeful of appearing in print to delight the many eyes in different countries. I am one of your American admirers, and am always glad, even to sacrifice the cooling of my morning coffee, to open the door and welcome from the postman's hands the arrival of home letters and papers.

I like Dresden very much, especially for its beautiful country surroundings, and much enjoy a day spent in one of the ravines among the rocks near this place. Roaming in the green haunts of Rabenau Grund, climbing the rocky, rugged heights of Saxon Switzerland, and enjoying quietly a ride on the Elbe River, are all charming ways of spending a summer day. I have been fortunate enough to have had pleasant days when visiting these places. Part of the way to the Grund (Rabenau) I rode on a railroad, the track of which was about two and a half feet wide, and the cars much resembled American street cars.

Once in the ravine, the beautiful wild flowers, ripe berries, and green trees seemed to lure me in my happiness to their abode. But in Saxon Switzerland the scenery is different. The massive rocks projecting over the green parts in some places formed beautiful nooks for the saucy daisy faces and delicate ferns to peep from. It is really pleasant, while seated on a moss-grown rock, to imagine the little daisies and other wild flowers fine ladies with crowns of gold around their lily-white faces, giving balls and banquets under the waving arbor of friendly ferns.

I could write much about our visit here, but choose to leave the subject and give a short account of our visit to the King's palace. As it is situated a short distance from Dresden, at Pilnitz, on the Elbe, we enjoyed a pleasant boat ride also. We soon approached Pilnitz, and as the King and Queen were pronounced to be "spazierenfahren," or gone for a drive, we were allowed to enter their private garden in the presence of their royal attendant. In this palace the King and Queen of Saxony reside in the summer. Parts of the garden are adorned with rare plants and trees imported from other countries, and here I saw, among other American trees, our well-known fir. The doors and windows of the palace were open, and we could see the interior of the Queen's fine rooms. NELLIE H.

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RIDGELAND, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I read in the Post-office Box about a setter dog which could shut a door, so I thought I would tell you something about a smart old pointer named Cupid. Cupid was a native of Albany, Georgia. His owner had been dead several years before the time I speak of, but he seemed to belong to everybody who lived in Albany, and they all took care of him. Whenever a stranger came to Albany, Cupid would go to him and beg until he got some money; it did not matter how much, if it only was a coin. But he would not be satisfied with the money alone; he wanted it wrapped in a little piece of paper, and would not take it unless it was wrapped. When he had succeeded in getting it covered to suit his fastidious fancy, he would take it in his mouth to a butcher's-shop, put it on the counter, and wait until the butcher gave him a piece of meat. Needless to say he always got it. He was very particular not to beg from a citizen of Albany; only from strangers.

We once had a black setter named Nelly. She was a splendid bird dog, and we were all very fond of her. Sometimes papa would go to walk, and leave his hat at home on purpose. When he had gone a good way he would call Nelly, pat his own head, and say, "Nelly, hat—hat." Then she would dash back to the house and bring it, never mind where it was; she would hunt through the whole house—on the tables, on papa's desk, and everywhere else—until she found it. Sometimes papa would tell her to bring his *straw* hat, and sometimes his *felt*, and she would always bring the right one. Don't you think she was clever to know the straw from the felt?

Papa plants rice on the Savannah River, and when there is a great storm or a freshet the whole plantation is overflowed. There was a storm in 1881 when the water was nearly five feet high in our house on the plantation. None of the family were there at the time—we were all in Savannah—but Nelly and two or three other dogs were drowned. We have been having a quantity of rain here. I hope the poor people in Porto Rico have had some of it. EMMIE C. W.

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NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I did not spend my vacation in the country this summer. I have been to the Flower Mission, and had a very nice time. They had a great many flowers. The expressman brought in large baskets and put them on tables, and then the ladies took all the roses and other flowers out and sent them upstairs to make into bouquets, after which they are taken down-stairs to be packed into baskets for the ladies to take out to hospitals and to sick people in tenement-houses. The people in the country send these flowers, and sometimes they send fruit. I went out with flowers twice with my aunt. First we carried two hundred bouquets to the Child's Nursery, and the second time we carried forty-five bouquets to the Home for the Destitute Blind, and as soon as we got into the room one of the women said, "I smell flowers." MABEL A. S.

I am very glad to hear from a little girl who has been doing her part in making the poor and destitute happy.

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SAND SPRING, IOWA.

I am a little boy six years of age. I go to school when it is held, but we are having our vacation now. I have two brothers and one sister. I live on a farm, and drive cattle and ride horseback. My father has five horses. I would like to correspond with some little boy about my age. For pets we have a canary-bird and a Newfoundland dog. May I write again? My sister wrote to you, and her letter was printed. FLOYD BOWEN.

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NEW MIDDLETON, TENNESSEE.

DARLING POSTMISTRESS,—I would so love to see you, because I know you are just as sweet as you can be. You always say such sweet things at the end of the letters. I think you have more friends than anybody else, because everybody who reads HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE loves you, and I believe it is read by nearly everybody. I am always afraid that my letters will be too long, and when they are printed they are not long a bit, so I am going to write more this time. I am doing the ironing now for twenty-five cents a week. I have been staying out here all summer, and I have learned many things. I believe I could keep house by myself if the house were not very large. I have learned to milk, and I like it ever so much. One of our Sunday-school teachers died not long ago, and the Sunday-school scholars formed a procession and marched to the church where the funeral sermon was preached, and from there to the grave. Your correspondents are always trying to guess what color your eyes are, and you won't tell them. Perhaps you have the misfortune to have green ones, like myself. I am sorry for you if you have. Sister and I began our lessons the 7th of September. We study at home, as we have to help auntie, and we couldn't do so if we went to school. I spent two weeks with a cousin this summer, and some boys down there had some barrel hammocks; I think they are very nice. Sister and I have a net hammock. Some of the children receive HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE at the end of the year: I think it's nicer to have it every week. The continued stories always leave off at the most interesting part, and then one has the pleasure of imagining what the next will be. DAISY D.

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KONA HAWAII, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I will write a letter on what I saw in a ride, and not a walk, for I can not walk much here, the roads are so bad and full of stones. Papa and I went for a ride, and with us Joe Frost, who is not like Jack Frost, because he is pleasant, and does not break the jugs of water. We rode under a monkey-pod tree. It has flowers all over it, some one color and some of another. The leaves shut up at night, and the bird Polly sleeps up there. The lautana grows everywhere, and has beautiful flowers, but very prickly stems. I saw one grow on a stone without any earth for it to grow in, but the stone was like a sponge, and the water stays in it. A tree was bent into a half hollow, and the rain kept there, so we could get it if thirsty: some people do drink out of it. In the forest flowers and weeds grow. Coffee grows under other trees on little trees; green leaves; the berries are green, and some red—the old ones left are black—and the flowers are white. One place the hill was like that, /, and we had to walk down it like a letter S—a lot of them together—to keep on, and we saw a native's house made of ferns. Some of the ferns grow on the ground, and some up the trees and over old rotten trees that have fallen down. I took hold of one tree to go round it, when it fell down; it was full of ants. The plants have all kinds of different leaves. On some trees the leaves are of a different kind than they are on other branches of the same tree; the leaves on the old branches are not anything like those on the young ones. I saw two trees standing together; one had big branches on the top, that looked like a long stick with fingers on each side, and the other had branches like a great hand, with its fingers sticking out as they do on a hand. HAROLD.

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**H. C.** (Jersey City), and other inquirers: Send five cents in postage stamps to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York, and ask them to send you No. 238 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, containing the article on "A Canvas Canoe."—**G. L. Blakeslee:** See answer to H. C. above.—**R. A. McA.** and others: We do not insert exchanges beginning thus, "What have you boys to offer or exchange" for a banjo, printing-press, or other article. Every exchange should state precisely what particular thing is desired in return for the article offered, and should not be left in any way indefinite. Exchangers are not allowed to offer articles for sale, and birds' eggs and fire-arms are always prohibited. Please state first what you yourself have to exchange, and afterward what you want in return.—**R. S. B.:** I am sorry there is no room for your pretty little poem on the "Chestnut-Tree." Do you like to go nutting? I used to.—**Dado E.:** Life at a military post must be interesting. I have thought so always, but since I have read *Boots and Saddles*, by Mrs. Custer, I am more convinced of it than ever.—**Charles F.:** Are you ever allowed to drive those great horses?—**G. W. McE.:** The matter of which you speak is not forgotten.—**Charles E. H.** went on a morning walk, and saw, he tells me:

> First a little robin,
> Then a little mouse,
> Then the pretty bush
> Where he made his house.

Was it the robin or the mouse, Charlie, who had a house in the bush? Mousie, of course, belonged to the field family.—**Daisy M.:** Thank you for your little letter.—**Sarah May I.:** Your kind words are welcome.—**Carrie L. Pierce,** Morrisonville, New York, would like to correspond with **Adele McC.,** of Porto Rico.—**E. N. W.:** Alas, dear! the pencil marks were so dim that I could not read the letter. Ink, please, for me!—**Bertha Mabel H.:** You darling child! I am glad you and brother saved the humming-bird.—**Annie C.:** Sketching is a charming employment.

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

ENIGMA.

My first is in melon, not in pear.
My second is in lion, not in bear.
My third is in evening, not in dawn.
My fourth is in meadow, not in lawn.
My fifth is in streamlet, not in pond.
My sixth is in brake, and not in frond.
My seventh is in gem, but not in bud.
My eighth is in ripple, not in flood.
My whole is a time of the year's delight,
When we study and play both morning and night. LULU JAMES.

### No. 2.

ACROSTIC.

1. An American orator. 2. An English Queen. 3. A conqueror of the olden time. 4. A conqueror of modern days. 5. A hero and saint. 6. A philosopher and man of letters. 7. A Viceroy of India. 8. A Queen of Spain. 9. A Czar of Russia. 10. A daughter of the Tudors.

Initials give the name of the heroine of a very lovely poem by an American poet. MAGGIE E.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No 808.

No. 1.—G-round. G-rove. G-rub. G-ruff. G-rum. A-base. A-bridge. B-rig. T-otter. L-arch. F-ox. C-row. G-oat. G-aunt. G-ash. G-ray.

No. 2.—Harrison Weir.

No. 3.—Shakespeare.—Hare. Shark. Spear. Pear. Sheep. Spark. Rake. Hark.

No. 4.—

| | |
|---|---|
| H A L T | L I M P |
| A R E A | I D O L |
| L E A P | M O D E |
| T A P E | P L E A |

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from L. A. M., Georgie W. R., F. B. H., Maud Langdon, Cockade City, Bessie Shaw, Morris Ellsworth, Emory Pulsifer, Jessie S., Susan Bingham, Kitty Grace Weed, Archie Holmes, Frances Dinsmore, Carlisle H., Gene Waxholm, and C. R. Kirkwood.

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[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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MISPLACED AFFECTION.

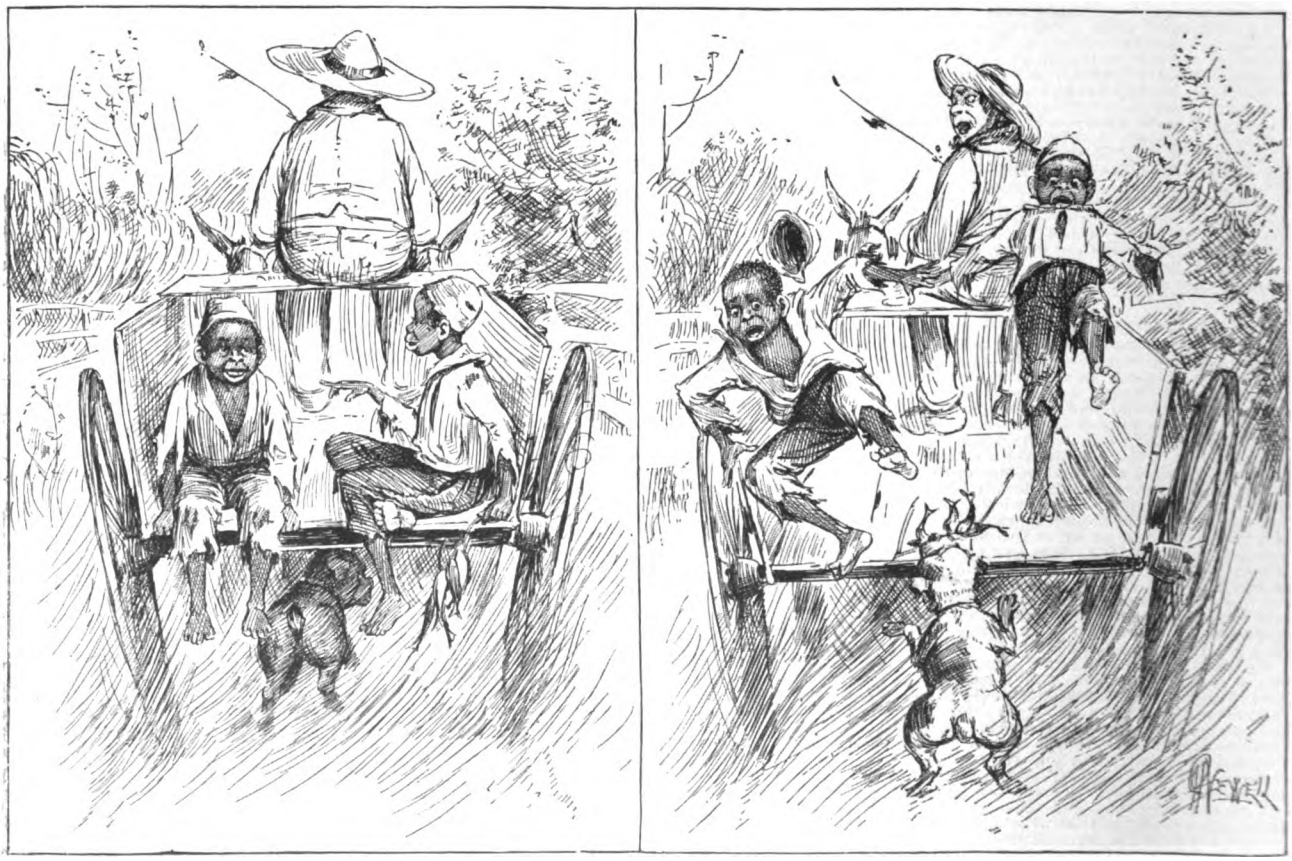
## THE HAPPY FAMILY.

MANY years ago, while strolling along that street of London called the Edgeware Road, I came to one of those free exhibitions on the sidewalk called a "Happy Family." These shows, by no means uncommon in the English metropolis, consist of a large cage containing a number of animals of opposite tastes and habits, such as cats, rats, foxes, dogs, pigeons, hawks, and other enemies which forego their natural appetites and reside together in peace.

The particular show of which I now speak contained, besides a pigeon and a rabbit and some other creatures, two monkeys, an old one and a young one. The elder sat curled up on a perch in one corner, solemnly dozing. The younger, with all the sportive thoughtlessness of youth, was otherwise engaged. On one side of the cage was a compartment pierced with little arched doorways for the use of such small animals as rats, guinea-pigs, or squirrels. From one of these arched doorways protruded the tail of a rat. The young monkey was amusing himself by catching hold of this tail, and slowly pulling the rat out backward till he could about see its ears, and then letting it run in again. I stood some time watching him go through this performance, until at last there was a flash and a flurry, and for one instant the rat hung by his teeth to the monkey's nose.

When released, the little imp flew to the bars right in front of me, where it clung, the most comical object of woe-begone misery, I think, I ever beheld. Its little mouth drawn up like a bullet-hole, its eyes half closed, its brow wrinkled, and blood trickling down its poor little snout, it gave forth the most piteous wailings—"Wo-o-oo! wo-oo-oo!" It was only for an instant, however; for the old monkey had awakened like lightning at the first sound of the scuffle, and was at its side before it had fairly got through the first "Woo-oo!" The elder looked anxiously in the young one's face, and then putting the tips of its fingers gently on the bleeding nose, carefully scrutinized the stain for half a second.

Whish! There was another flashy scramble, and the next thing I saw was that the old fellow had the rat by the tail, and was pounding its head with the rapidity of a sewing-machine on the floor of the cage. In a few seconds the poor rodent lay dead and limp. The old monkey gave it one contemptuous glance as it turned away, as much as to say, "There! I have settled you," then clambering up to the side of its youthful companion, took another look at the bleeding nose, gave the youngster a cuff on the head, and gravely went to sleep again.



STOLEN PLEASURES ARE NOT ALWAYS SWEET.

ONE LITTLE DARKY (*quietly*). "Quit yo' gigglin', ur de man 'll see us an' bounce us of'n de waggin'."

TWO LITTLE DARKIES (*excitedly*). "Hi'ee! Whar dat ting come f'um?"

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 312. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.




TURNING THE TABLES.—DRAWN BY J. CARTER BEARD.—SEE PAGE 802.


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## TURNING THE TABLES ON PUSSY.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

MOST birds are as fond of a frolic as any of you little people. We seldom catch them at it, to be sure, but that is partly because we do not watch them closely enough, and partly that we have taught them to be afraid of us, and they take care to keep out of our sight.

Any one patient enough to wait for them, and careful not to frighten them, may see birds amusing themselves in many ways even in our city streets.

One of the drollest things of this sort was seen lately by a clergyman. It was plainly a bit of fun, a kind of practical joke, and the victim was a dignified cat. Pussy had seated herself comfortably on a gate post, where she was out of the way of impertinent dogs or boys, and yet could see everything and everybody that passed, which I need not tell you, if you are knowing in the ways of these pets, cats are very fond of doing.

She might have had a quiet hour in this spot, but unfortunately she was noticed by a small flock of swallows which were skimming over the fields in merry mood, as it proved.

No sooner did they spy their old enemy in this exposed place than they apparently resolved to pay her off for the frights she had given them by a little fun at her expense.

Do you know how a small bird worries or teases an enemy bigger and stronger than himself? He does it by flying swiftly over the foe, and giving it a peck in passing. In this way a bird like the swallow or kingbird will annoy and even drive away a crow or, it is said, an eagle.

Well, this was the plan of the swallows against Pussy. Each one in turn flew past her, flapping his wings in her face, almost touching her ear, and making her think he would surely peck her. Naturally she did not like it, and tried to turn the fun on her side by catching one of them for her supper.

But they were too quick for her. Around and around they flew in a perfect circle, or like an endless chain, each one coming as near as he dared, and evidently enjoying the joke greatly, while Pussy snatched and clutched wildly at them as they passed—as you may see in the picture.

If she had caught one of her tormentors in that cruel paw, he would have had a sorry time. But she did not; and when she had endured the rough play for some time, till her patience was gone, though long before the birds were tired of the sport, she gave up the strange contest and came down, very huffy indeed.

It is all right, in her opinion, for a cat to play with a bird or a mouse before she is ready to eat it, but for these insignificant creatures to turn the tables upon a dignified cat—that is quite another matter!

## CAPTAIN TRUSTY.

BY MATTIE B. BANKS.

A PAIR of gray eyes, clear and steady; an honest laugh that seemed to come straight from his heart and to go straight to yours; a persevering, intelligent mind that kept him ahead in his classes; an active young body and strong will which made him leader on the play-ground, and earned for him the title of Captain; and a habit of doing things in the right way and at the right time, which gave him the name of Trusty: that was Jack.

A pair of gay blue eyes; a light, merry laugh; a nervous body that could not keep quiet, but did not like work; a brain that jumped at conclusions, and sometimes landed in the right place and sometimes didn't; a will like a weather-cock; and a habit of putting off everything that he should do to-day until to-morrow, and then slipping through the task as easily as possible: that was Morris.

If Mrs. Allen should send Jack to buy some buttons, back he would come in about ten minutes, buttons and change just as they should be. If Morris undertook the commission, he would return after an hour's absence with three dozen buttons instead of two, blue buttons instead of black.

"After all, mother," he would say, "what difference does it make being so careful about buttons and little things like that? If it were a matter of life and death, now, I would be as particular as Jack."

Suddenly, in the midst of their every-day life, the boys were confronted by one of these "little things" that was to become a matter of life and death. Jack stood ready, with tried armor, while Morris—well, he would have been prepared too, of course, if he had only had warning.

About the middle of March their married sister, Kate, came home with her three children to make a visit. After she had been at the house about a week, Mr. Allen was obliged to go away, and as his wife needed a change, he took her with him, leaving Mrs. Kate to keep house.

"Of course you'll guard the castle, boys," said their father, as he stood at the station waiting for the cars, "and take care of Kate and the children. And if a hurricane or a flood should come, or the house should burn down, save those papers in the lower drawer in my desk," he added, with a laugh.

"Oh, yes, father," replied Morris, confidently. "We'll fight for the old place as long as there's a board left."

"Yes, sir," said Jack, quietly.

The first night all went well. Morris took a large club into his room, hoping that the family would be visited by burglars, and he might have that opportunity, so long waited for, to prove himself a hero; but if those spirits of the night were abroad, they did not favor the Allens. Something else came to the boys the following day, however, and that was a temptation.

It was a very pleasant-looking temptation in the shape of their cousin Ralph, with an invitation to go home with him to a candy pull, and to spend the night at their house in the next town.

Morris accepted at once, and Jack at once refused.

"Father told us to stay at home," he said, "to take care of the house and Kate and the children."

"Oh, well," returned Morris, "he only said that because it happened to come into his head the last thing. He only meant to look after things in a general sort of way. He didn't say we couldn't stir out of the house. I'm going to ask Kate if she'd mind."

"There, Jack," he continued, when he came back, "Kate says she doesn't care at all. Andrew sleeps in the house, you know, and the other servants are here."

"Papers," said Jack.

"Oh, pshaw! The idea of our house burning up or blowing down, or anything! Father was joking."

"Told him I'd stay," persisted Jack, his sentences becoming shorter as his disappointment increased.

"Well, if you want to be such a goose of an old Cas, you may," said Morris.

"Who's old Cas?"

"Why, that fellow that's been stuck up on that burning deck so long for all the school-boys to pelt at."

So Morris deserted his post and lost his chance, and Jack was left to be the hero of the occasion. The occasion was already in preparation. Something had been out of order in the steam furnace, and a man had been to the house that afternoon to put in a new pipe. What was the trouble, or what was done to remedy it, no one could exactly discover afterward; but later in the day a most peculiar odor was noticed. Jane went into the cellar for coal, and came back with her nose in the air. After a while the same odor crept upstairs and invaded her in her own domains.

"It must be the new iron of the pipe," explained Kate. "It's always unpleasant when first heated."

Very soon it had penetrated to all parts of the house.

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Andrew was called, and the furnace carefully examined. Nothing seemed wrong.

"It must be the iron," said Mrs. Kate again. "We'll have to endure it for to-night. It will probably be gone in the morning."

They passed a cozy, pleasant evening. Kate did her best to make Jack forget his lost frolic, and was very entertaining. They had a gay game of dominoes with the children, and when the younger ones had gone to bed, Kate read aloud from the *Pickwick Papers*, and Jack played his favorite pieces on the piano to his sister's admiring ears. One by one the family went off into the darkness of night and sleep, as confident and unconcerned as they had been so often before; and all the time there was a cunning, cruel enemy in the house already coiled for his terrible spring, but waiting, waiting until his victims should have sailed afar down on the river of sleep.

How he started on his tour no one ever knew. No sign of his presence at half past ten except through the stifling odor for which no clew could be found, but at some time during the night he was creeping with small, crackling feet from beam to beam in the cellar. Then he pushed his hand through the floor of the first story. What had he there? A closet full of old magazines. Ha! that was what he liked. So dry! so crisp! so quickly devoured! Still the night wore on, and still slept on the unconscious family.

"I will suffocate them first," thought the crafty enemy. "There shall be no chance of escape." He called smoke, his grand ally. Together they could do the work. Quietly it stole into the rooms. It had a white hand to lay on every mouth. It was gentle, but so strong! It could blind the eyes, confuse the mind, lead footsteps astray. Denser and thicker it came—more than all into the room of faithful little Captain Trusty, who slept over the dining-room, which was next to the magazine closet. He was dreaming that he was one of the princes in the tower on the point of smothering, when he jumped up suddenly. What was that? A feather-bed? No. Smoke? Then their house was on fire. And what had his father told him to save? Kate and the children and the papers.

He was out of bed in an instant, and hastily slipping on a few clothes, seized the lamp, and rushed to Kate's door.

"Kate! Kate!" he called. "Are you awake? The house is full of smoke. Do you suppose it's on fire?"

Kate started. She had been trying for the last half-hour to awaken. She had a queer feeling in her throat, and an indistinct idea that the odor was knocking at her door asking for admittance. No; the door was open, and that was Jack's voice. He said smoke. So it was. Kate was up in an instant, while Jack went on to arouse Andrew.

She wrapped the baby in a shawl and started to call the other children. Of course it would be only a little fire; still she would like to feel that the children were near her; and grandma! somebody must speak to her.

Jack succeeded at last in rousing sleepy Andrew, and they went straight to the dining-room. "For," said Jack, "there was more smoke in my room than anywhere else." And as he spoke he opened the door of the magazine closet.

"It really is on fire!" cried Jack. "We must get the people out in a hurry. You'll have to carry grandma, Andrew; I'll get Kate and the children. Oh, and the girls!"

"Yes, yes," answered Kate, as Jack came flying back upstairs, stumbling along through the smoke and coughing constantly; "it really is, then, Jack, and we can't do anything but run; can we? Grandma's awake, but she doesn't understand how bad it is. Hurry her, dear Jack, and I'll call Jane and Matilda."

The old lady was very calm and collected; Jack was nearly wild with impatience.

"Oh, grandma, never mind tying your shoes! Here's Andrew; he'll carry you right down."

"Yes, yes, Jack, I'm hurrying. Let me see; I'll take my watch, and your grandfather's gold-headed cane, and my cap—I may as well wear my best one—and, Jack, don't you think you could find—" But Jack gave her no more time. He completed her wardrobe by wrapping the table-cover around her, and Andrew picked her up and carried her down-stairs as though she were an infant.

Kate followed with the baby, and two frightened, crying children clinging to her skirts and tripping over her train. Jack stood at the top of the stairs, waving Jane and Matilda forward with his grandfather's cane, and in his excitement wiping his hot face with his grandmother's best cap.

The alarmed servants insisted that they could not go down, for the flames would catch them before they could reach the bottom of the stairs, and they would surely fall, for the balustrade was so hot that they could not touch it. However, the whole party made the passage in safety, but no sooner were they all on the piazza, than the flames burst out from the parlor and took possession of the staircase.

"Oh, I've forgotten something," exclaimed grandma.

"What was that?" asked Jack, wondering if he could perform the heroic but impossible feat of climbing the burning staircase.

"My teeth," murmured the old lady. "I forgot them."

Even then Jack laughed. It seemed so queer to think about teeth when everything else must go—the dear old home, the familiar furniture, the pictures, books, family treasures, gifts from friends, old associations, relics of all sorts; the pretty little sitting-room where they had sat last night.

Was it all to be shrouded in smoke and eaten by flame? The paper-cutter surprised half-way through *Pickwick* and stopped in its course; the *Shepherd Boy* open on the piano that was never again to answer to the touch of Jack's light fingers; the dominoes scattered over the table, Kate's work lying in the big arm-chair, both to be sacrificed together. All this went through the boy's mind in a flash. Then came the thought of the papers.

A moment later Kate turned to Jack to say, "Our lives are all saved; what is everything else to our lives?" but where *was* Jack?—dear, brave little Jack, who really had saved them all by his timely warning. Had he gone back into the house? The flames were making rapid progress now. Kate, holding fast to the baby, picked up the train of her wrapper and rushed around the house, crying:

"Jack! Jack! wherever you are, don't try to save anything, but come out as soon as you can." Oh! what had become of their dear Captain Trusty? Just as she reached the other side of the house, a form dashed out of the back door, and the next moment she was hugging Jack, and laughing and crying together.

"Just in time," said Jack, coolly. "I had to get those papers, you know. The fire hadn't got to the library yet. It's pretty hot, though, coming through that back hall. One time I felt all swallowed up in fire." His beautiful long lashes were burned off, his straight eyebrows and hair crisped and scorched, but Jack himself was safe.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen had a rather sad home-coming when there was no home to come to; but Jack found himself so much of a hero in the family that his simple soul was much perplexed. Why should he be praised for doing what he could not possibly have passed over?

"So you've distinguished yourself at last, have you, old Trusty?" asked Morris, with his usual sweet-tempered serenity. "I would have staid round home myself if I'd known there was going to be anything special to do; but the house never burned up before. Anyway, I don't see as you did so very much; I could have done just the same if I'd been here."

"Ah, Morris," said his father, "how can you expect to do your duty when you run away and leave it? I hope that you have learned at last that it is only the boy that forms the habit of being faithful in little things that is ready for the great ones when they come."

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## DUMDAWDLE.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

DUMDAWDLE was the capital city of the kingdom of Twiddle. In Dumdawdle the people were always twiddling their fingers. At an early age the boys were



"IT WAS DONE BY MEANS OF FANS."

taught how to jiggle and the girls to flutter. Every girl had eleven streamers of ribbon attached to her dress, and a regular course of instruction was given so as to make all these bunches of ribbon stream out. When a girl was running, or the wind was blowing, there was no difficulty in fluttering the ribbons; but when she was sitting down, or it was a dead calm, it was very troublesome. The way it was done was by means of fans. Every girl carried two fans, and no matter how cold it was, she fluttered her ribbons with her fans.

A girl's mother in Dumdawdle never thought of buying a dress because it might be of a strong or a warm material, or light and cool, but what she looked for was that it should rustle. Nobody wanted a shoe unless it would creak.

The people in Dumdawdle were celebrated for their fondness for music. Their favorite instrument was the piano stool. Pupils sat on piano stools, and turned them round and round, and they squeaked high or low as they spun on them quickly or slowly.

They talked in a language composed of words of from nineteen to forty-three syllables. It was perhaps their way of writing which was the more peculiar. Their letters did not differ from ours, but the shapes of them were quite lost in the flourishes. It made no matter how ignorant boys or girls were, or how badly they spelled, or how wrong was their grammar; so that they made with their pens all kinds of zigzags and quirlequies between each word, they were considered quite perfect. Scholars learned to flourish first, and then they picked up spelling afterward as they could.

As to the way of cooking the food in the city of Dumdawdle, the more troublesome it was to prepare, the finer it was thought to be. Some highly popular dishes took many years to finish entirely. One boy would invite another to dinner, and say, "Come and dine with us this day two years, for then our tarts will be quite done, for mother has been cooking them for seventeen years."

The Dumdawdlers wasted an enormous amount of time over everything they did. It never took them less than a fortnight to wind up an eight-day clock, so these clocks were always behind time. There was a special officer whose duty it was to blow the fuzz out of watch keys, and, unless he came, nobody was permitted to wind a watch.

Twiddle as a country had a large and very well dressed army. The army was very brave and quite willing to fight, but before the soldiers could march, the plumes in the hats of the men had to curl exactly one way, as the military laws required, and so, before the exact droop of their feathers was arranged, many months would be lost. When actual war took place, although it took fifteen days to load a cannon, to touch it off only required seven hours.

For many years there were no battles fought, but at last, when least expected, it looked as if there would be a war.

The cause was a very serious one, and was about the way boots were to be blacked. A Dumdawdler from time immemorial had never been allowed to black his boots but in one precise manner. The Dumdawdler had to have two separate brushes, a right-hand and a left-hand one, for every day in the year, and that made 712 brushes, and as each brush had to be flourished seven times before and after each polishing, that made 9968 flourishes during the year, always providing a person blacked his boots every day.

All the trouble about the war which was threatening was due to Bill Smith. Bill had smuggled himself into the city, and had brought with him his box of blacking and two brushes. It happened that Bill had seen a Dumdawdler lounging on a street corner, who had mud on his shoes. Before the Dumdawdler knew it, in two minutes his shoes were blacked.

Now this inhabitant was both amazed and delighted at Bill's quickness, and had mentioned how rapidly his shoes had been cleaned to several of his friends. The story



"BEFORE HE KNEW IT, HIS SHOES WERE BLACKED."

spread like wild-fire, and was so contrary to custom that when the Mayor of Dumdawdle heard it he decided that the inhabitant should be banished, and that Bill should be hanged.

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"WHAT A FUSS ABOUT NOTHING!"

Of course the inhabitant, though he was very much alarmed, knew that a special railroad would have to be built, so that it might carry him to his place of banishment. As to Bill, he too was quite frightened, until he learned that the hemp with which the rope was to be made had to be grown from a certain kind of hemp seed only. He read in the papers about his own case, and how the Minister of Justice and the Minister of Agriculture had put their heads together, and had decided that an agricultural fair should be held, devoted only to the growing of hemp, and that from the best sample only could the rope be made. Bill knew that it would take at least fourteen years, therefore, before any harm could be done to him.

In the mean time the Dumdawdler whose shoes had been cleaned, and who was the very quickest witted man in the city, sat up for two whole nights and figured it up, that having lived so far thirty years, he had spent rather more than half his life in cleaning his shoes. After that discovery he sat still for several more days, making, however, flourishes with his slate-pencil, when he exclaimed, "POOH!"

He invented this word himself, and was frightened half to death because it sounded so short.

The inhabitant called a town meeting, and addressed it. As was the custom in Dumdawdle, during the first meeting, all a speaker did was to compliment his listeners for having come to hear him. Bill, who was present, under a guard, found out that after about six months of constant meetings, then only would the inhabitant come to the point, and tell the story in eighteen hours of how he, Bill, had blacked his shoes in two minutes.

Bill Smith's patience wore out. He escaped from his guards (who in order to secure their prisoner would have been forced to go to a superior officer in order to learn exactly how they must catch him again), and he seized hold of one of the listeners who had his mouth very wide open, and, before the man knew it, Bill had blacked his boots. This was very effective. Sides were at once taken. Hot words were exchanged—a very unusual thing in Dumdawdle; but it was agreed to fight it out, that is to say, in six years and six days to come, because, as they all agreed to it, an endless amount of things had to be gone through before the fighting was to actually begin.

Six months, according to custom, had to be taken by people who were to write why the war was certain to take place, and six months more to printing these books, and a year's time to sell the books in. Then a year was to be devoted to the two sides making faces at one another, and daring one another to do this or that, and the rest of the time to manufacturing brass bugles, copper kettle-drums, and composing quicksteps and marches, and to making court-plaster of various colors.

It was decided, however, no matter which side won, that Bill must be punished, and so at once the farmers were all ordered to plant hemp seed for the next fourteen years.

Before the actual declaration of war was made, the Dumdawdlers were exceedingly busy. Folks in favor of the Rapid Blacking Movement would send their respects to those opposed to it, begging the loan of a bushel of gunpowder and a quart of bullets. The Slow Blacking Flourishers would send the powder mixed with black sand, begging in exchange a few gallons of nitro-glycerine. The nitro-glycerine was sent, but so mixed up with oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, and chopped hard-boiled eggs, that it made an excellent salad dressing.

Bill kept on blacking people's boots. Sometimes fifty




THE MAYOR SIGNING THE MARRIAGE PAPERS.

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people would be standing in a row, wagging their heads and twiddling, but before a single one of them could say "No," he would have cleaned the very last of their boots. Strange to say, Bill, who was, of course, working to save his life, made many friends. Gradually the Rapid Movement Blacking Party became larger and larger.

One day, as Bill was walking through the city, he saw through the window of a house a very beautiful girl looking sadly at a clock on the mantel-piece. He heard her say: "I shall never know what time it is, for the clock has stopped and wants winding, and the Fuzz and Fluff officer will not be here for six months. I shall be late for lawn tennis, I know." Bill had been long enough in the city to understand the language, although it had taken the young lady twenty-seven minutes to say this. He marched in, picked up the key, saw that there was some dust in it, blew it out, looked at the sun, guessed it was twelve o'clock, wound up the clock, set it, and said, "What a fuss about nothing!"

The young lady wanted to faint; but though fainting was taught as an art in Dumdawdle, it never was done right off. First a girl had to say "she never was so much frightened in her life as on this occasion, not even when she saw her first mouse or her last caterpillar;" next she said, "Please look out: it is my positive intention to faint;" then she begged that "somebody would bring her a goblet of cold water, with three lumps of sugar in it, with four drops of orange-flower water, and a silver spoon"; and finally a request was in order "to be good enough to take out her hair-pins." Then finally, having fluttered her fan up to the very last minute, she fainted.

But it happened that this young lady was so very much astonished that she dropped her fans, and she, too, invented, right on the spot, two words, which took her breath away. She said, "Oh my!"

The father of the young lady, who was the Mayor of the city, coming in just then, and seeing the clock going, was delighted. At once an explanation took place, and a Rapid Clock Winding Party was formed, which took sides with the Anti-flourishing Blacking Band.

Soon all the city were of one mind, and the matter of fighting one another was no longer thought about. It took, however, ten years before it was positively determined that there should be no war. The people who were the most disappointed were the manufacturers of grindstones (who had hoped to make large fortunes by sharpening swords) and the court-plaster makers.

Bill courted the Mayor's daughter at once. His fortune was quickly made. Dumdawdle, finding the advantages of going a little faster, made Bill a present of the many millions of blacking brushes in the kingdom of Twiddle. These he shipped off to foreign countries, and sold them at good prices. Gradually, following the example of the Mayor's daughter, the girls cut off their ribbon streamers. A girl could have three ribbons, and no more—one around her neck, another in her hair, and a third for a book-marker.

In a short time Bill Smith married the Mayor's daughter. Her first name was a pretty one, and much shorter than was the custom among the leading families in Dumdawdle. As to the last name, you might begin with the first syllable before breakfast, and, providing you ate no dinner or supper, reach the end of it before going to bed. This young lady's first name was Maryolandaisieleanorebeelaranna. Bill, respecting the peculiarities of the Dumdawdlers, called her Maryan.

When the wedding took place, of course the marriage papers had to be signed. The Mayor began to write his name on the first sheet of a ream of foolscap just before the wedding ceremony. Then Bill and his Maryan went on a bridal tour of seven weeks, and when they came home, the old gentleman was still making flourishes and calling for more bottles of ink.

## BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

### CONCERNING DISAGREEABLE THINGS.

OF course nobody prefers disagreeable to agreeable things. I never heard of any one who was delighted to sit in the dentist's chair; did you? I never found it very pleasant to beg pardon for having done wrong, nor charming to go a mile or two out of my way on an errand which was made necessary by my own forgetfulness; nor, I confess, are pills quite as much to my taste as sugar-plums.

But, my dears, your aunt Marjorie learned a great while ago that sometimes disagreeable things must be done. And the best and wisest way is to do them at once and bravely. If you grasp a nettle firmly, it is much less likely to sting you than if you take hold of it lightly and carelessly. If there is a lesson for to-morrow which you do not like—that "old" arithmetic or those "old" boundaries—do not put off studying it until you have finished your history and peeped into your botany and colored your map, but tug resolutely at the hard lesson first. Get that out of the way, and then with a clear conscience you may attack the others.

Nobody admires a coward. If you happen to know that there is a cowardly drop of blood in a certain boy, how you despise him! Why, I've heard tiny children in the street call a playmate "'fraid cat," and point at him with an air of contempt, as though that word left nothing more to be said.

But, Fred, Will, Jenny, what if you are aware that you are, 'way down in your heart, a bit of a coward now and then? You do not like to own it when you make a mistake. There are certain stiff and dignified people who rather frighten you, and when papa sends you with a message to their houses, you hesitate and say, "Can not Tom go?" You are sometimes afraid to say "No" when you are urged to do something which is against the home law or the rule of the school. You are the very tiniest bit in the world a coward.

Trust your aunt Marjorie, dears. This will never do. A girl or a boy, to amount to anything, must be brave.

And when a disagreeable thing faces you, face it. You will always find that it was not half so bad nor so dreadful as it seemed in the first place. Half the trouble was in your own fancy.

## TWO ARROWS:*

### A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### MORE FUN.

SILE PARKS and Two Arrows had the whole valley before them and all the mountains and valleys beyond, and one knew as much about them as did the other. Neither had ever been just there before, and yet the young Nez Percé was at home, and Sile was in a new country. Sile could ride well and he could shoot well, but here at his side was a born hunter. With all sorts of descriptive signs he asked him,

"Did you ever kill a deer?"

"Ugh! heap deer. Heap bear. Heap buffalo. Big heap."

And then all the pride of Two Arrows came to help

* Begun in No. 303, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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him explain that he had killed a cougar all alone, and a big-horn and a grizzly. By the time he had succeeded in doing so Sile regarded him as a red-skinned wonder, but had so interpreted some of his signs as to include a big snake, a land-turtle, and a kangaroo in the list of asserted victories. It gave him some doubts as to the others, for he said to himself,

"No rabbit can jump as far as he says that thing did. There are no kangaroos here, and they have no horns. I give it up. Maybe he is lying, but he doesn't look so."

Two Arrows was boasting quite truthfully, and the trouble was with Sile's translation.

"Ugh! look. Rifle—"

Sile's eyes followed the pointing finger in vain for a moment. At first he saw nothing but a clump of sumac bushes, but for once he asked no questions. What could be among them? One seemed to move a little. Could it be possible?—the horns of a buck?

"Maybe I can hit him. I've heard of such a thing. I'll aim below them; his body is there somewhere."

Two Arrows could have told him just how that deer was standing, but Sile's guess-work was pretty good. He let his rifle muzzle sink on a line with one of those antlers, and had lowered it a little too much when he pulled the trigger. The kicking of the rifle made the aim a good one, for the sharp report was answered by a great bound from the cover of the sumacs, and in an instant a mortally wounded buck was dashing across the open, with One-eye close at his heels.

"Ugh! got him," said Two Arrows. "Heap shoot. Bow not so good."

Sile had offered to lend him a rifle at starting, but Two Arrows had prudently refused to disgrace himself. He had never owned one, and did not care to show his lack of skill.

That was a fine dash, after One-eye and the wounded buck, but it was a short one. The bullet had done its work so thoroughly that there was little trouble left for the dog when he seized his victim's throat to pull him down.

There had been some hunting done by the mining party on their long journey, but Sile could have told Two Arrows, if he had chosen to do so, that here lay the first deer he had ever killed. He could also have told him that it appeared to be the largest, fattest, finest, most miraculous buck that anybody in the world had ever killed; as it really was, even Two Arrows spoke well of the buck, and thought well of the shot which had brought it down.

"If I knew where to find our train I'd take it right in," said Sile, as they hoisted the buck to his own saddle. "I'd just as lief walk."

"Find him," said Two Arrows, understanding the searching look Sile gave toward the mountains. "Go so. Come. Get on horse; ride."

He took the lead at once, but it seemed to Sile that he was going in the wrong direction. He was not at all aware that his friend had skillfully directed their hunt on a line nearly parallel, at no great distance, from that which the train must follow. He was therefore doubly astonished when a brief ride brought them within sight of the wagon tilts. They had halted, and Sile had double comfort: he could show his father his first deer, and he could get a hot dinner, for Ha-ha-pah-no could do very well with a steak, if not with coffee.

"Which of you killed the deer?" asked the Judge, as they rode in.

Sile was silent long enough for Two Arrows to point at him and remark,

"Heap shoot."

"So I did, father, but he pointed him out. I'd never have seen him if I'd been alone."

"Jest so," said Yellow Pine. "There isn't anything else on the earth like the eyesight of an Indian. I've had 'em sight game more'n once that I'd ha' missed sure."

It puzzled Na-tee-kah somewhat that anybody else should have won anything while her wonderful brother was near by, but Ha-ha-pah-no relieved her by remarking, "Ugh! The red-head kill deer. Two Arrows show him how. Good."

One of the miners had ridden out from the line of march and returned with another deer, so that fresh venison was plentiful in the camp. Two Arrows felt no longing for any more hunting that day, and he bluntly said so. It was ten times more to his liking to ride along with the train and keep his eyes busy. He was studying white men, and all the world knows what a curious study they are. One white boy was also studying him and his sister, and could not understand them at all. Sile's eyes and thoughts ran about over everything he heard or saw until he almost had a headache.

"Tell you what, father," he said to the Judge, "when we go into camp again I'm going to show them my box."

"It's a curiosity box. Show it to them."

The road was necessarily somewhat rough, and wagoning was slow work, and before sunset a place was chosen for an all-night camp. Then came Sile's experiment. He hauled a stoutly made, leather-covered trunk out of one of the wagons, before the eyes of Two Arrows and Na-tee-kah, and it was instantly evident that neither had ever seen one, but that both understood its use. He unstrapped it, but it did not open, and he made them try it. Lock and key were mysteries they had no thought of, and they almost started back with surprise when Sile pushed a thin bit of steel into one side of that contrivance and all the upper part of it could be tipped right over.

Sile's "box" would have been first-rate rummaging for any boy of his acquaintance, and it was a mine of wonders to the two young savages. He had put into it some things which could hardly be useful to him, even if he should be cast away upon a mountain, as Robinson Crusoe was upon an island, and it was so much the better fun for Two Arrows and Na-tee-kah. The fishing-hooks, lines, reel, etc., made the eyes of the former fairly dance, and Sile brought out a joint-rod and put it together, with a reel on, to show him how the machine worked. Two Arrows grew thoughtful over that affair.

"Big fish break him."

"No. Show you about that to-morrow morning."

"Ugh! ugh!" suddenly exclaimed Ha-ha-pah-no. "Red-head got squaw? Boy!"

He did look young to be married, but she was pointing straight at a brush and comb and some other articles which, to her notion, did not belong in the treasury of a young warrior. Sile at once explained that he used them himself, but there were several brushes and combs, and she added,

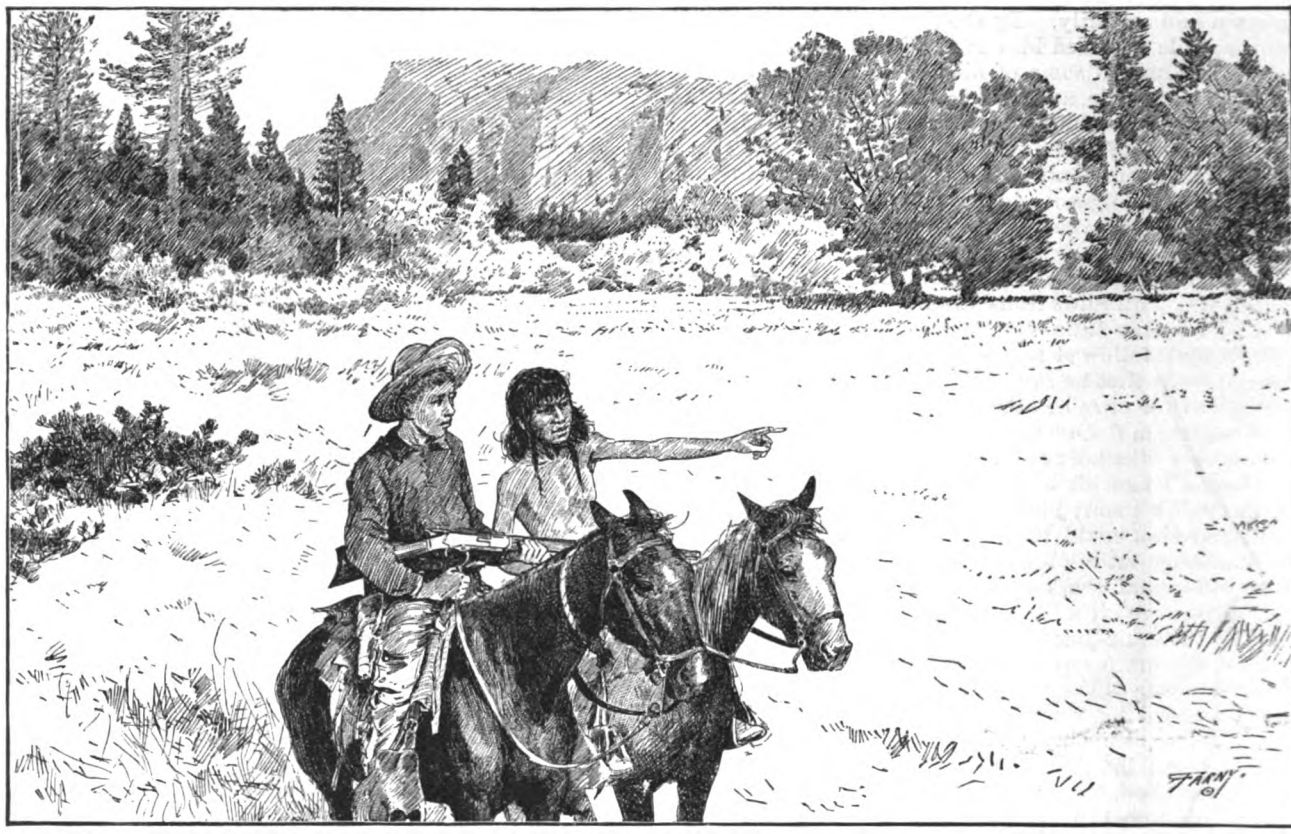
"Ugh! Beat squaw. Take 'em away from her. What she do?"

"Try it on," said Sile, handing a brush and comb to Na-tee-kah, and a peal of laughter announced the pleasure of the two Indian ladies, old and young. Even Two Arrows dropped a "spoon-hook" to take an interest in that proceeding.

"Come," said Ha-ha-pah-no, with a long string of merry gutturals of explanation that she had seen a white lady at one of the forts putting up the hair of another. She herself could do it, and in twenty seconds more there was a yell from Na-tee-kah and a tooth out of the comb.

"Let me show you," said Sile, and from that moment there was not one sound from the lips of Na-tee-kah. Whether she was hurt or not nobody knew, for if the comb had extracted hair by the handful she would not have whimpered. Ha-ha-pah-no insisted on having her

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"SILE'S EYES FOLLOWED THE POINTING FINGER IN VAIN."

hair combed by Na-tee-kah. She must know how now, it was evident, and she did, for the comb lost another tooth in the very first tangles of Ha-ha-pah-no's hair.

"That's fun," said Yellow Pine. "Jest look at them critters! That there squaw 'll crack that lookin'-glass, twistin' her face, 'fore her combin' is done."

She stood it pretty well, but the other contents of the box had less interest now. She and Na-tee-kah preferred to go on with the brush and comb. Even Two Arrows looked at them so enviously that Sile told him the white chiefs did comb their hair. It was enough. Squaws were made to serve braves, and they were both commanded to take charge of his long, bushy, and decidedly tangled barbering. Not for his life would he have uttered a cry of pain, but he made up his mind that a pale-face can endure a great deal before they got through with him.

Supper had to be eaten, and sharp appetites helped them to get away long enough for that duty, but then the brush and comb began again under Sile's constant instruction.

"That there comb won't last long," said Yellow Pine. "Tell 'em to put on some grease, Sile, and some ribbons. Ribbons, Sile, and some beads, and—"

"And some red flannel," said Jonas, "and some tinware."

"I'd forgotten all about that," exclaimed Sile, springing up.

In a few moments his visitors were in a new state of excitement, for they were tying up their now glossy locks with brilliant ribbons and strips of gay cloth. To these were added some of the brilliant white-metal ornaments that pass for silver among the very youngest pale-face children. Two Arrows put on his full share of all that was offered, and became a very gay-looking young Indian. There was no danger that he would stand on his head and spoil his ribbons, but he felt almost too proud to stand on his feet. He felt more and more sure that the world did not contain quite such another hero, and longed for the presence of his whole band, and of his entire tribe, and of several other tribes, that he might walk up and down in front of them and be admired. No white boy with a new stove-pipe hat and a pair of yellow kid gloves ever wanted to walk through so many streets or past quite so many "boarding-schools" as did Two Arrows—only that his showing-off places were such as he was best acquainted with.

Na-tee-kah was more quiet than even Ha-ha-pah-no, for that highly respectable squaw had done up her head remarkably.

"All she wants to finish it off is two tin dippers and a set of sleigh-bells. I saw a squaw do that once. There's no telling what they won't put on. But I say, Jedge, that there littler one is a born lady, and she's right down good-lookin', too. All she needs is good dressin', and she'd kind o' shine."

There was not a doubt of it, and her highly colored ribbons had been put on with better taste than those of Ha-ha-pah-no, and they showed to good advantage her clear, dark complexion, brilliant eyes, and regular features. Old Long Bear had a right to be proud of both his children.

It was grand fun, but there came an end to it at last. Two Arrows went out to share with Sile his camp watch, and Ha-ha-pah-no and Na-tee-kah were shown to a small tent which had been pitched for them. It was something of a trial to take all that finery away from the admiring blaze of the camp fire and carry it into the dark hiding-place of that tent, but it had to be done. At all events they could rise early in the morning and comb their hair again and arrange the ribbons and things in some other way.

Na-tee-kah's new world was opening to her wonderfully, and she lay for a long time wide awake, staring into the darkness, and trying to imagine pale-face squaws and their ways of doing up their hair and painting themselves and putting on whole heaps of blankets of the most striking colors and patterns.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE SISTERS.—See Poem on Page 810

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## THE SISTERS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

DEAR little maidens, your hair is bright,
And mine has its threads of gray,
But my heart is filled with a sudden light
As I look in your eyes to-day;
For I had a little sister when
My steps were in Childhood's land,
And over the paths of hill and glen
We ever went hand in hand.

Together we tripped through the forest ways
When the nuts were dropping down,
When the fiery maples lit their blaze,
Or the solemn oaks grew brown;
Together we studied, or worked, or played
From dawn until candle-light;
Together our evening prayer was made
When the sun bade the earth good-night.

I have lost the clasp of the loving hand,
I am stepping with slower feet,
But I have not forgotten Childhood's land,
When the days were long and sweet.
And I gaze in your eyes, dear sisters twain,
And I wave you a greeting gay;
You have shown me a leaf of my life again
That I thought had passed away.

## LIMPETS AND LAND SNAILS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

LIMPETS are attractive little gasteropods living on those parts of the sea-shore that are left uncovered at low tide. Our best time to watch them will be when the shallow water is rippling over their bodies, and their conical shells are lifted to enjoy the full benefit of the bath.

The univalve shell, you will observe, is not spiral, but it is a simple oval shell, tapering to a point on the top like a tent. This shape gives the shell great strength, and it can support a heavy weight without injury. The exterior is of a dull gray color without much ornamentation, but the interior is peculiarly smooth and lustrous, and is prettily marked by the pallial line.

When under water, limpets move about slowly by means of a round foot, but as their gills can not long bear exposure to the air, when the tide is out their shells are drawn down close to the rock and held there tightly.

The foot has some power of adhering firmly to surfaces as if it were glued, and when the limpets are alarmed it is difficult to remove them. In attempting to pry them off, the shell is often broken before they let go their hold. Limpets sometimes remain so long in one spot that the rock is hollowed out to their exact shape. Sea-birds are fond of eating them, and are so cunning as to thrust their bills under the shell when it is lifted.



Fig. 1.—LIMPET SHELL.

The limpet's head is furnished with a pair of eyes and a pair of tentacles. The lingual ribbon is covered with sharp teeth set in three rows, and it is three times the length of the entire animal. Limpets feed upon sea-weed, sometimes making a noise with the tongue as it strikes upon the hard upper jaw in biting.

The limpets in tropical seas are larger and richer in color than ours. One species is found at the Strait of Magellan having a shell nearly a foot in width, which is used by the natives as a basin.

Limpets furnish us an example of gasteropods that live partly out of water, but here are their cousins, the snails, which have gone a step farther and live altogether on land.

It is amusing to watch the motions of these curious snails as they crawl about with their great shell houses on their backs, stretching out their feelers, then suddenly drawing them in again. All at once some fancy strikes these uncertain individuals, and the whole slimy dark gray body is pulled back into the shell.

The shell is remarkably light and delicate, and you may easily trace the coil upon the outside. In some species the edge is plain and sharp, while others have the edge folded back to make a smooth firm border.

Snails are better travellers than limpets, and far more active. Like them, they have a foot and a lingual ribbon. Besides the long tentacles tipped with black eye-specks,

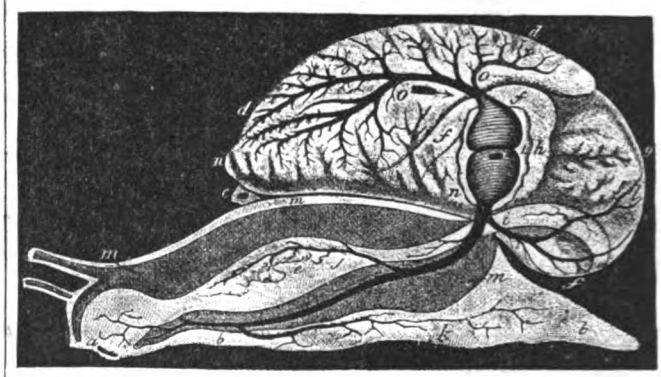


Fig. 2.—ANATOMY OF A GASTEROPOD (*Snail*).

*a*, Mouth; *b*, Foot; *c*, Anus; *d*, Lung; *e*, Stomach, covered above by the Salivary Glands; *f*, Intestine; *g*, Liver; *h*, Heart; *i*, Aorta; *j*, Gastric Artery; *k*, Artery of the Foot; *l*, Hepatic Artery; *m*, Abdominal Cavity; *n*, Irregular Canal communicating with the Abdominal Cavity, and carrying the Blood to the Lung; *o*, Vessel carrying Blood from the Lung to the Heart.

snails have a shorter pair, which, it is thought, are organs of smell. This latter sense is apparently more keen than their sight, since they are attracted by odors of fruit and vegetables, though they do not seem to see obstacles placed in their way.

The breathing organ of snails is a chamber lined with a net-work of blood-vessels (*d*, Fig. 2), and supplied with air by a small orifice which may be seen to open occasionally. The air is then expelled from this chamber by drawing the body into the narrower part of the shell, thus squeezing out the air.

Snails delight in warm damp weather, and they may be easily found in shady places in the woods. When winter comes they hide in the ground, and close their shells with successive layers of mucus, which, when dry, form a hard membrane. Their eggs are laid loose under damp leaves and stones.

These land mollusks have perhaps gradually accustomed themselves to living, first in marshes, then in damp, swampy places, until finally we have some species living entirely upon dry land. Still their favorite spots are the cool, moist ones.

In many parts of Europe snails are eaten for food, and they are sometimes painted on the sign-boards of restaurants and drinking shops. They were considered a delicacy by the ancient Romans, who served them at their funeral entertainments. In the buried city of Pompeii, among other curious relics of a luxurious civilization, heaps of snail shells, which are the remains of these funeral feasts, are found in the cemetery.

Common snails kept through the winter in the damp earth of our window plants will prove a source of great interest. In the spring they will deposit tiny white eggs, so delicate as not easily to be lifted. On breaking one, a perfect little snail shell may be seen within. Later on we have the gratification of seeing the baby snails start off for themselves, creeping up and down over the rough

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places, and performing, on a small scale, all the manœuvres of their elders.

Charles Lamb wrote these lines on "The Housekeeper":

"The frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out, and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile amain.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn, 'tis well—
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no quarter-day;
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam,
Knock when you will, he's sure to be at home."



## TOM FAIRWEATHER AT BOMBAY.

BY LIEUT. R. W. STURDY, U.S.N.

IN Bombay Tom saw a great deal that was entirely new to him. And yet when he first landed there and found so many beautiful buildings, and saw carriages driven about, and even horse-cars in the streets, he was a little disappointed, not to say astonished.

From the ideas he had always cherished, he expected at least to see a turban on every man's head; and here, on the contrary, many people were sweltering in tile hats and black clothes, while horse-cars and hack-carriages took the place of the palanquins he had read about.

"And this," said he, "is British India."

"Now, Tom," replied his father, "you don't see native India where we are just now. This is a business portion of the city of Bombay, occupied for the most part by Europeans and Parsees. It is true that not all you see in black hats and coats are Europeans, but English customs are 'catching' in this country. An Indian goes to London, and comes back more English than an Englishman."

The public buildings which they saw on all sides were very imposing, especially one called the Secretariat, and another, University Hall.

Having occasion to stop at several offices where Englishmen were at work over their big account-books, Tom looked in vain for a punkah, and not seeing one, he wondered if these men brought a cool atmosphere along with their dark clothes, for certainly every one appeared to be decidedly cool and comfortable.

His business finished, Captain Fairweather said to his son: "Come; we will take a carriage, and drive through what they call the native town. Perhaps you will be more interested there."

It certainly was something novel, for when they reached that quarter the streets presented a very different appearance. The bright and fanciful costumes, varying with the religion and race of the wearers, had all the pleasing effect of a kaleidoscope as the people moved in and out and from street to street. Here the European shops gave place to Oriental bazars, where were displayed precious stones and costly fabrics in some, and in others curious carving in sandal-wood and ebony; in others, still, were all kinds of merchandise, from calico to china-ware.

They entered one of these shops to look at shawls. "Now, Tom," said his father, "you will see a very shrewd attempt at a swindle. This man won't demand for his goods what they are really worth, but what he fancies I will give for them."

But as the demure-looking merchant displayed his shawls, Tom thought it impossible that he could be a rogue. And then he was so well-mannered. Unlike those in the United States, he did not urge one to buy against one's will, but patiently waited till his purchaser pleased his own fancy. While his father was busy with the shawls, Tom looked about and found some pretty work in woven silver wire.

Another shop-man waited upon him, and although he bought nothing, simply giving the man a civil "thank you" for his trouble, he received in return a smile and a bow, as if to say, "If the young gentleman had purchased, it had been well; as he has not purchased, it is also well."

Tom turned again to his father, who had selected a small chuddah shawl, and was now settling upon a price. This determined satisfactorily, what was Tom's surprise to hear the man propose to toss a rupee with his father to see whether he should pay double the price or have the shawl for nothing!

Captain Fairweather declined the offer, and explained to Tom, as they went out, that these fellows were inveterate gamblers, and would lose a shawl worth hundreds of dollars without showing the least concern.

Followed by the carriage, they strolled on, finding something of interest at every step. They met several Borahs, or travelling peddlers, carrying their merchandise through the town. On several verandas the peddlers had collected groups of ladies, to whom they were exhibiting their pretty goods. The white dresses of the ladies, the flutter of their fans, the sheen of the silks and gauzes as they were unrolled, made a striking picture, while the Borahs stood by as though time was to them a matter of no importance.

Walking about grew to be unpleasantly warm work, so they called up their carriage, and said to the driver, "Victoria Gardens."

These gardens extend over more than thirty acres, and are very artistically laid out with lakes, rustic bridges, and mounds. There is in them a deer park, where black and spotted deer, elks, and antelopes roam about. A little farther on is a menagerie, with tigers, bears, and panthers, and here Tom made quite a long visit. Driving in these gardens was a pleasing change from the hot town, and our friends had a capital opportunity to observe the various classes of people strolling about.

One of the most interesting of the many short trips Tom made during his stay at Bombay was a visit to the Towers of Silence, the place where the Parsees deposit their dead.

"Who are the Parsees?" inquired Tom, as they drove along. They were mounting a hill which finally ended upon a ridge commanding a magnificent view of Bombay.

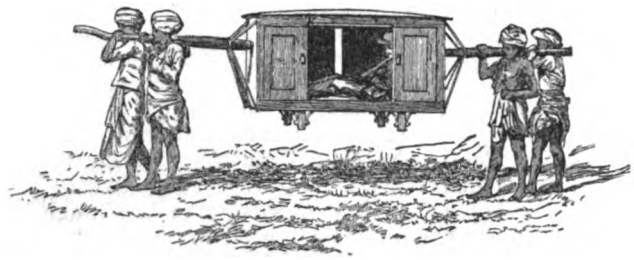
"Who are the Parsees?" repeated his father. "Let me see. To begin with, they are Fire-worshippers who left Persia after its conquest by the Mohammedans, as they disdained to change their religion. They first went to the beautiful island of Ormuz in the Persian Gulf, and later migrated to India, where, after the arrival of the English, they prospered, and many acquired great wealth and prominence. Some have been made knights and baronets. They are among the most respected citizens of Bombay."

Arrived at the entrance to the inclosure where stand the Towers of Silence, their card of admission was presented, and they passed into this very curious place.

The towers were five in number. At a short distance from them was a house of prayer for persons attending a funeral. There was also a little temple in which the sacred fire is kept always burning, and from which its rays, escaping through apertures in the walls, fell upon the towers. There was a well laid out garden, in which an excellent model of a tower was shown to the visitors by an English-speaking attendant.

In explaining this model and the manner of conducting a funeral the man said: "The corpse of a deceased Parsee, clothed in white, is brought up the hill on an open

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A PALANQUIN.

bier, covered with a white cloth. In front of the bier walks a man carrying a loaf or two of bread, and in the rear, at a short interval, a man leads a white dog. Then follows the procession of priests and relations of the dead, who, also clothed in white, walk in pairs, each pair holding a handkerchief between them.

"When the procession arrives near the tower, the dog is made to look at the features of the dead man, and is then fed with bread.

"Meanwhile all the followers go to the house of prayer, and chant prayers until the corpse-bearers enter the tower with the body." Pointing to the model, the man continued: "You see here is a door leading into the tower. The interior, which is open to the sky, has a circular flooring sloping downward on all sides to the centre, where is a pit. The outer ring of the flooring is for men; the middle one for women; and the inner one for children. In a niche in these rings the body is deposited. Now if you will look out at the towers in the garden you will see that on each one of them is a number of vultures. As soon as the body-bearers leave the tower, these birds swoop down and strip the body of every particle of flesh in less than two hours. After a few days the bones are collected and deposited in the well in the centre, where they are decomposed by the air and rain."

Tom listened to this description, and as it was finished he looked in silence at his father, as though he would like to know what he thought of this extraordinary custom.

Captain Fairweather asked, "Why do they have a dog to look upon the body, and eat bread?"

"It is a belief of the Parsees that unless this be done the soul of the dead man will be assailed by evil spirits."

"Well," ejaculated Tom, "I suppose it is all right, but I think I'd rather be buried at sea, and I've always thought that a pretty hard fate."

The garden itself was green and inviting, but a very short walk seemed to satisfy father and son, for the vultures, perched before their very eyes, effectually prevented a pleasant impression.

On another day a visit was made to the infirmary for animals, an institution maintained by the Hindoos. Aged and worn-out animals were kept here and provided with food. There were horses and cattle, sheep, monkeys, and even porcupines; in fact, the very lowest orders of animal life were preserved with every care. The class of Hindoos who have this queer hospital are Banians, whose religion teaches, among other things, the greatest veneration for animal life.

One morning, at a very early hour, a steam-launch came alongside the *Neptune* for Captain Fairweather, Tom, and as many others as could be spared from the ship. Their Bombay friends had planned a trip to the Caves of Elephanta, on an island some six or seven miles up the bay.

"We will give you a cup of coffee in the launch," said the hosts; "so don't wait for that."

They drank their coffee after the launch had started, but Tom thought he would like breakfast as well. Of course he said nothing, but he wondered how long they were to be away.

In less than an hour they were on the island exploring these remarkable caves, which are supposed to have been excavated nine hundred years ago. It was a wonderful place indeed. In the cave were rows of massive columns cut out of the solid rock in such a way as to form three grand avenues from the principal entrance to a colossal idol. Besides this idol, the walls of the temple were adorned with sculptured figures which are joined to the rock only by the backs. The great temple is 120 feet long, and there are chapels and chambers opening out and extending farther into the rock. The figures were mostly in a dilapidated condition, but enough was to be seen to indicate the stupendous work in carving them. They were from ten to fourteen feet in height, while a great three-faced bust of the Hindoo Trinity was nineteen feet high. Nothing accurate is known about these caves, but they were evidently a place of worship in the centuries past.

The effect on Tom was rather awe-inspiring as he moved about in the dim light. He had never seen anything of the kind before, although he was now told that there were many similar caves in India, and that these were called Elephanta, from the fact that a statue of an elephant, cut in black stone, used to stand near the landing-place.

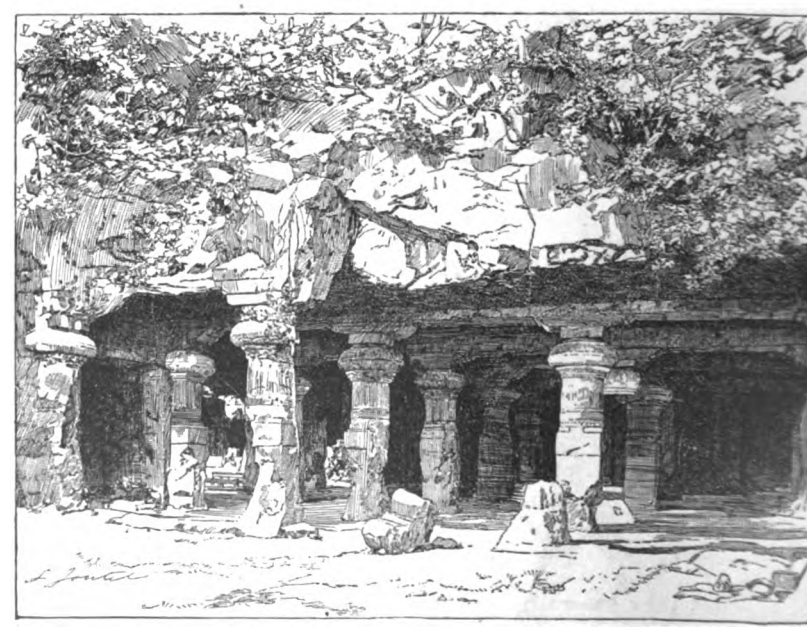
Making their way down the hill to the landing, the Neptunes realized that they were growing hungry. What was their surprise, on reaching the launch, to find that during their absence the after-part of the boat had been converted into a very pretty breakfast-room! There was a table bountifully laid, and a delicious breakfast awaiting them.

It was a genuine transformation scene; and when a hot roast turkey was placed before them, in addition to the numerous other dishes, they asked themselves, "How was this ever managed in so small a boat?"

Said Jollytarre, "I thought, on coming up, that there were more servants in the bow of the boat than were necessary to prepare a cup of coffee."

Said Captain Fairweather, "My friends, you have given us a delightful and novel entertainment."

Said Tom (to himself), "This is a jolly good breakfast."



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.

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# What a Little Woman Can Do.

By M. W. E.









Can make a little Butter,
And bake a little Bread,
Can cook a little Pudding,
And dress a Lady's Head.





Can darn a little Stocking,
And write a little Prose,
Can hem a little Handkerchief,
To wipe a little Nose.



# What a Little Man Can Do.



He can fly his little Kite,
With all his little Might,



He can roll his little Hoop Along the Street.





He can spin his little Top,
And Skip, and Jump, and Hop,



So when Night-time comes, He can Sleep.



M. L. D. Watson. del.

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AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

### THE LAST OF THE FAIRIES.

Many, many years ago, when each beautiful star in the heavens had a little sprite or fairy on earth to tell it what was going on in this great world of ours, there was a very rich man who was building a magnificent castle on the bank of a stream.

It happened that there was only one kind of stone in the world which suited this rich man, and that was near Fairy Mount, where all the little spirits had their homes. So he ordered his workmen to obtain this stone at any price, and to be sure each piece was perfect; it must contain no flaw of any kind. Accordingly the busy workmen began, and all went well until one day one of the laziest and most careless of the masons found he was about to use a stone which was hollow, and, upon thinking it over, he concluded it would not matter if *one* of the thousands and thousands of stones was *not* perfect, and besides it was a very warm day and he was tired. Then he placed the stone in the wall, and forgot all about it. Now the hollow stone had been the home of a family of fairies for many generations, and you may be sure they were not at all pleased when they saw that it too must go to help build the castle.

Then the King of the Fairies sent messengers to all parts of Fairy Mount, telling them to assemble near the place where the hollow stone once stood, as he had something important to tell them.

So on the appointed day every sprite, fairy, nymph, and gnome in the kingdom arrived; they were all talking loudly to each other about the wicked man who had deprived so many of their number of a home, when one very little fellow with a high peaked hat, a pair of green trousers made of a pea pod, and a thorn in his hand for a cane, climbed upon a mushroom, so that he could be seen by all, and exclaimed in a high, weak, piping voice, "The King has called us together this day to inform us that a wicked mortal has insulted the whole kingdom by taking from their midst the residence of one of our most distinguished families. Will ye abide it? Are ye not filled with anger at this demon? If there be one spark of honor in you, arise, I say, and redeem the lost home. Arise, and let him see that we still live!"

The enthusiastic little orator was so overcome with emotion that he succeeded in rousing all the assembly. All shouted, hurrahed, and clapped their tiny hands; some said to smother the cruel man with a spider web, others said to hang him up on the tallest rose-bush, and still others to kill him by putting pebbles in his well; but it was finally decided that they were to wait until midnight, then get their numerous conveyances together, go to the wall where their stone had been placed, and by their united efforts remove it from the wall and grind it into pieces.

The wall was soon reached, and the revengeful little creatures pushed and pounded until almost daylight, and it was not out yet. Weary and hungry they went back to Fairy Mount, and it took many long dreary nights ere the stone was ready to fall. Alas! the last night arrived; with one heavy pound not only the hollow rock, but almost all the rest of the wall, fell with a crash, covering the poor little elves instantly. It was so sudden that they scarcely knew what had happened; and the only audible sound came from the maimed body of the once enthusiastic orator, who said that "one mischief entered brings another in."

And thus ended the race of the fairies. That is the place, children, where all your fairy godmothers lie buried. Had it not been for the lazy workman, who had never heard the words of the little orator, you might each one have had a little coach made of pumpkins to drive about in; and if you were extremely good, could get the juice of a flower from them which would keep you young and happy always.

SAMUEL WILDER,
Hiawatha, Kansas.

---

I live in a town in New Hampshire which joins Massachusetts close by where the poet Whittier was born. I send you a little bunch of grass which was gathered in the field in front of the old Whittier house yesterday. I suppose the spears of grass are great-great-ever-so-great-grandchildren of the grass that "the little Quaker barefoot boy" used to help make into hay.

My father is a farmer, and my only brother is a little older than myself. Our house has a great many shade trees in front and many fruit trees behind, and then come our mowing fields and vegetables; then a thick wood and cow pasture. My brother and I go down to the wood to set traps, and we have a great many pets. Our father remembers that he was once a boy, and lets us have just as many pets as we want. We have bantams of our own, so that we can sell the eggs if we like. We have a very nice rabbit pen in the corner of the largest barn; we have as many as a dozen now. We have pigeons and ducks, five squirrels, a cat, and a big kitten, which follows the person it sees going to the pasture after the cows.

Last summer we had the most charming pet of all. We boys had caught a young crow, and everybody laughed at us, for he was such a noisy fellow, but he soon got to be very wise, and when the chickens and ducks flew to their meals he flew down and filled his big mouth so full it wouldn't hold any more; then flew to a post, and took his time to dispose of it. He had his night perch on a high stick of wood in the wood-house. He always followed my father around, to get him (as he was taller than we boys were) to put him on the high perch; near this was a little window, always open, through which he would fly very early, and go to every outside door and call out, "Caw, caw, caw!" till somebody opened the door and gave him something to eat. Every day he would go down into the field. When we went to work he would hop and fly after us, and when he saw us at work he would fly into a tree and wait patiently till we were ready to go to the house, when we called out, "Billy, Billy! we are going home." Then he would light on the top of some one's hat and ride home that way. He never once offered to go into the woods where we caught him, and never would follow strangers. My grandmother was very much pleased with Billy, and said when she went home she would look in her Audubon's *Book of Birds*, and she wrote us a letter saying that Audubon said that he knew all about the black crow in its wild state, but had never seen a tame one, so you see we know something about a bird that Audubon did not.

Poor Billy! He left us strangely after he had been with us a year. One day last March my father opened the outside cellar door, and went in to pick out some apples. While he was sitting there tipping the barrel, Billy came and stood on the edge of the barrel and rubbed his head on the side of his face and talked in his usual way; he then left and went out-doors, and we never saw or heard a word from him after that. We thought of cats, of naughty boys, and of gunners in the woods; of the possibility of his going to find or make a crow's nest; but all we know is, he is gone away.

I must leave and go to school. CARL R. L.

---

LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Time passes so quickly by that it is nearly two years since I wrote you last, and I shall never forget how pleased I was to see my letter in print. I had no idea you would notice it, for you receive so many letters from your little friends that I suppose it is impossible for you to print them all.

We are still living here in these beautiful mountains. The weather has been just lovely for a long time, but to-day the sky is rather cloudy and the wind is blowing, though not very hard. Our winters are very pleasant. We have never known the snow to fall to a greater depth than two inches at one time, and that we think quite a heavy fall of snow. Our mountains are popular summer resorts; there have been a number of families camping near where we live. Just below our vineyard there is a picturesque little lake, surrounded by woods and rolling hills. We young people have moonlight sails on the lake sometimes, as our summer evenings are very beautiful. A short distance from our house there are two very beautiful old black-oak trees, under which we have a platform. The leaves form a lovely canopy above. We have a hammock, hammock-chair, two lounges, and a few other chairs out there. Mamma has a carpet on the floor, and she keeps her sewing-machine there. We all stay there as much as we can, for it is very pleasant. We also have a large swing near the platform.

We still enjoy our musical instruments, and since I wrote you last my elder brother, who was then in Kansas, is with us. He plays on the violin, piano, and guitar. I have a little sister, seven years old, who plays on the piano and violin, and we have altogether four violins, each of us having an instrument. We enjoy our music the more, I think, living as we do away up here in the mountains.

I have painted many pictures by myself, and have sold a number of them. I have never painted anything except landscapes and flowers as yet. Will some of the older sisters please tell me how to do Kensington painting? I am quite anxious to learn, but have never been where I could do so.

I hope that my letter is not too long for a little place in the Post-office Box. ADA B. W.

---

NEW YORK CITY.

I would like to tell you about the pleasant summer I spent in the Berkshire Hills. It was on a farm, and after the hay was in the barn I had great fun looking for hens' nests. Once I found a nest with fifteen eggs in it, and another time I discovered in some bushes two turkeys' nests with twelve eggs in one and eleven in the other. I also caught a good many splendid butterflies, of which I have a collection, and one good-sized trout. One day while we were out driving we saw a large mud-turtle crawling across the road. I put it in the wagon and took it home, where I fastened a string inside its shell and took it down to give it a bath in the tub at the barn. After its bath I was very much surprised to find that it had begun to shed the outer layer of its shell. In a short time it all came off, leaving the under shell a bright yellow, and the sides yellow, red, and brown, looking very handsome. I carried it down to a little brook in the pasture where it could bask on the bank or swim in the water, and paid it a visit every day until the day we came away, when I unfastened the string and left it to go where it pleased. Another day we visited the glass factory at Berkshire, where we saw the process of casting. A mixture of sand, lime, charcoal, arsenic, manganese, and soda is put into clay pots manufactured for the purpose, which are put into a furnace, together with all the glass which has been broken, for about fourteen hours, when it is melted. It is then skimmed and dipped out by huge clay ladles, which are carried by three men to the casting table, which consists of a large plate of iron with an iron roller. The melted glass is emptied out on the table in front of the roller, which is rapidly rolled over it twice, spreading it smooth; then two inches at the end it is turned over like an omelet, and is cut off. Then it is placed in an oven to be tempered, and it remains there a week, when all the sheets are taken out ready for use.

I found two large caterpillars in the road; one was brown, and the other was yellow striped with black. They both made chrysalids, the first being rough and hairy, and the other, shaped like a pear, was pea green with yellow spots. I brought the cocoons to the city, and yesterday I found that an orange-colored butterfly with black bands had come out of the green chrysalids, leaving only a shell.

I would like to tell you of the pleasant drives we had, but my letter is too long already, so good-by. CHARLES LOUIS P.

---

STUTTGART, GERMANY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the 17th of May; my father gave it to me for my birthday because I had nothing to read except German. I am a little American boy eleven years old. I have been in Frankfort-on-the-Main, but now I am in Stuttgart in an institute. I like it very much. There are five boys in my room. So I must say good-by, my dear Postmistress. I am your affectionate friend, FRED C.

---

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I was reading the letters in the Post-office Box, and I saw that an American girl liked reading the letters from English girls, so I thought I would try to write one.

I have taken in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE monthly since January, and I think it the nicest magazine I have read. I love reading it, especially "Rolf House" and "Into Unknown Seas."

I am fifteen, nearly sixteen, and the eldest of eight. My eldest brother goes to St. Chad's College in Staffordshire, and we others (except baby Noel, who is only a year old) have a governess, who is very kind to us.

I wish some American girls would correspond with me; I should be so pleased if they would. My address is Ardendale, Dore, near Sheffield, England. I live in a pleasant village in the north of Derbyshire, but I would like to go to America very much. Mother has an uncle in North America; he is the Bishop of British Columbia.

We are beginning to look forward to Christmas already. Perhaps some readers of the Post-office Box would like to hear how we have our Christmas presents.

We tie all the presents up in paper parcels and give them to mother, who puts them all on a

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large tray. Then we are allowed to dine with mother and father at six; after dessert the tray of presents is brought on the table, and father distributes them. We all give each other one, and mother and father give us each one, and we generally have some sent to us; so you may imagine what a number there are. From one of your loving English friends, JESSIE B.

---

I wrote to you two years ago about my interesting trip to Russia, and I thought that a short account of my journey to the Yellowstone National Park might possibly be of interest to some of your numerous readers. I shall not attempt to describe my journey there, but will confine myself to the wonder-land itself. On arriving at Cinnabar, Montana, coaches conveyed the passengers into the Park and to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel. The next day we started on the six days' trip in a coach around the Park. The roads are very bad. They are in some places filled with stumps, in others pass over very steep hills, and sometimes the wagon goes on the two side wheels, the sides of the road are so different in height. The first objects of interest are the "Obsidian Cliffs" and the "Paint-pots." The former are tall columns of solid, jet-black glass, which shine in the sunlight like countless little mirrors. In a spot forty feet by one hundred are the "Paint-pots," or mud pools; but the first name is the more appropriate, as the natural paint which they contain is actually used for most of the painting in this region. I found it in its natural state very warm, as I burned my legs very badly while I was testing the thin crust over them. Green, yellow, red, gray, and pure white paints lie within a few inches of each other, sputtering and bubbling. At noon we passed through the "Norris" geyser basin, which contains nothing very remarkable, but as these were our first boiling springs, they seemed so. The largest one of these was four feet by ten, and the water was boiling up to the height of five feet. The "Monarch" geyser, a short way from here, threw a stream fifty feet high as we passed it, and did the same when we were on the way back. It was never known to spout at mid-day before, and it seemed as if this was for our benefit. We arrived at the "Tower" geyser basin at seven o'clock, to spend the night, and the little hotel looked inviting, as we were pretty well tired out with the hard day's ride. The following day on our way to the "Upper" basin we saw the large geyser "Fountain" go off, and the Giant's "Caldron," which is a small lake of boiling mud, sixty feet by forty, and an appalling sight; the crater of the "Excelsior" geyser is two hundred by three hundred feet, and once threw a stream of water seventy feet in diameter and three hundred feet high. The craters of the "Grotto," "Giant," "Castle," and "Morning-glory" geysers, appropriately named, are passed just before reaching the "Upper." The principal feature of this basin is the "Old Faithful" geyser, which spouts every hour. The stream is beautiful, reaching the height of nearly two hundred feet. The last and greatest feature of the Park came the next day. After a thirty-mile ride we arrived at the "Grand Cañon" camp, and a little walk from there took us to the best place for viewing the Grand Cañon itself. As we were descending the last hill a break in the pines showed us the most glorious sight in the world. Just that one look would have repaid one for coming thousands of miles. For four miles up the river great walls of the most gorgeous and brilliant shades and tints of yellow, orange, buff, ochre, and gamboge, with streaks of fine green, red, scarlet, vermilion, and in some places shaded down to a delicate brown, rose for fifteen hundred feet above the stream. There were turrets and pinnacles of red and yellow, which seemed ready to plunge into the depths below. To crown this glorious panorama are the magnificent falls, an unbroken three hundred feet. This was the crowning piece in this great wonder-land, and although parts of the journey are hard, this repays one over and over again.

ELIOT W.

---

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.

I go to a private school, which began last Wednesday. We have a set of tennis, and I got my racket last night. I see that Gertrude K. has drawn the head of Agnes Wakefield, called "Little Dreamer." My cousin also drew it from your copy, and made a very pretty picture of it. I am very fond of cooking, and I have a cook book of my own. J. C. N.

---

BOXMOOR, HERTS, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have taken in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since last Christmas, and I like it very much indeed. "Rolf House" was a very nice tale. I also have *Little Folks* every month. I have been trying for the *Little Folks*' "Proverb Painting Book Competition." I don't know if I have succeeded; I fear I have not.

I have been to Folkestone, Kent, in the summer holidays, and very much I enjoyed it. The town is a most curious old place. You can go into one person's cellar, through doors and up steps, and find yourself in quite a different house. It has been a very great place for smuggling; I suppose on account of the little distance across the English Channel to "la belle France." We crossed over to Boulogne, and saw the quaint-looking fisher-women in their funny caps. I have given you a little drawing of some.

We live in rather a historical county, Hertfordshire. Not far from us is the extensive park of Ashridge, belonging to Earl Brownlow. The house is an old mansion, built mostly of gray stone, and containing a large court-yard and church. Our Queen Elizabeth, in the reign of her sister Mary, was kept as a state prisoner here, under the care of Sir Henry Bedingfield. Our own little town of Hemel Hempstead is two and a half miles from our house. King Henry VIII., who often used to pay it a visit, gave it a charter, that for twelve miles round the townsfolk need pay no tolls. Anne Boleyn came to the Moor. St. Albans, situated on the site of the ancient city of Verulam, is nine miles away from Boxmoor. We very often go there. The abbey is an extremely interesting old place.

I have no sisters or brothers, but generally in the holidays my cousins come and stay with us; they have been for a week this summer.

One day we went to a dear little village called Chenies, in Buckinghamshire. It is quite a model village. The houses are all of the Shakespearean style, and there is a dear old church, and a village green with a pump, and big elms all round. The place belongs to the Russell family, descendants of that Lord William Russell who was executed in Charles II.'s reign, and with his wife, Lady Rachel, was buried in Chenies church. Lord Wriothesley Russell is the present rector.

ETTA C.

---

LENARD, FLORIDA.

My papa has a large orange grove, and oranges will soon be ripe. I wish you could be with me to enjoy eating them. Papa is preparing to set out a grove for little brother and myself; we already have a few bearing trees. I will now tell you something about my pets. I have two beautiful little colts that will soon be large enough to ride and harness to the buggy. I have a nice little stable, and I feed the colts every night and morning. I think it is so nice to attend to them. I have several cows and calves, each with a name of its own, and I drive them up every night and put them in the pen. I have another nice pet, a little deer; it follows me everywhere I go, and is very playful. I have two little brothers, one ten and the other one year old, and they also have several nice pets, but I will not tell anything about them at present, as I have already written enough. I am thirteen years old. MINNIE L.

---

NEWTON, IOWA.

I am a little girl seven years old. I have two older brothers, I have twin sisters, and also a little baby sister four months old. We have not named her yet. Mamma says she can't find a name pretty enough. Can you send us a pretty name?

I go to school, and read in the Second Reader. My teacher takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and reads us a story almost every day. I like to read the letters best, and as this is the first one I have ever written, I hope you will publish it.

Your little friend, NELLY RAY K.

Gladys, Ethel, Gertrude, Eleanor, Grace, Alice —will none of these do for the baby?

---

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am among your older admirers, but nevertheless I enjoy the lovely paper very much, and am very much interested in the Post-office BOX.

Now while I am writing to you, I may as well tell you about my studies. I study all those taken up in the high class of the grammar school, with the addition of music, both singing and on the piano, together with German. Last year I took French, but did not continue, for mamma said I was not strong enough, and I think there will be time for that study later. I am sixteen years old.

WILHEMINE N.

---

BREAKEALE, LOUISIANA.

I will tell you about a walk I took in the afternoon. The road I went by is not fenced off from the Red River, but it was in part hidden from my view. By-and-by I came to a cotton field, where there were red and white blossoms, closed up bolls, and those ready for picking. Presently I came to a cotton-gin; I went into the lint-room, and as the cotton came in from the gin-stand the lint-room looked like Jack Frost's palace.

I can sew on the sewing-machine, and do all the machine-work on my dresses. I can make shirts and pantaloons. May I join the Little Housekeepers? I am twelve years old.

DORA F. A.

You are a clever little housekeeper already, I fancy, and what a help you must be to your dear mother!

---

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—A few friends and myself are going to have a little fair, the proceeds of which are to go to the missionary work. I wish some of the readers would write to the Post-office, describing things to make. DOROTHY M.

---

The Postmistress asks the attention of her older friends to this capital number of the Post-office Box, in which the boys and girls have done their very best. She can not help feeling proud of her young contributors, and greatly pleased with them.—**Vesta E. T.:** An article on the subject of which you speak will appear in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE shortly.—**Alfred Hunter,** 1424 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C., wishes to correspond with a wide-awake, intelligent boy in some other part of the country.

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**Edith R. R.:** Your contribution of $1 25 has been sent to Sister Catherine, St. Mary's Free Hospital, 409 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York, to be used for the little inmate of Harper's Young People's Cot. Thank you, dear child.

---

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I consist of 12 letters, and am to be found on the map of North America.

My 5, 3, 9 is a bird.
My 1, 2, 3 is something fresh.
My 8, 5, 3, 7 are soft feathers.
My 8, 10, 3 is a bird.
My 5, 3, 7 is to possess.
My 9, 10, 12 is a noun of masculine gender.
My 4, 2, 3 is a scarcity.
My 4, 5, 3, 9 is a winged creature.
My 5, 9, 8 is not recent.
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 is to establish.
My 4, 5, 7, 8 is loving.
My 9, 10, 11, 12 is the soil.
My 4, 5, 9, 8 is to inclose.
My 8, 2, 3 is atmospheric vapor.
My 3, 2, 8 is to unite.
My 5, 7, 2 is a number.
My 1, 5, 8 is a motion of the head. M. BRISON.

### No. 2.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—In pipe, not in cigar.
In church, not in abbey.
In wine and in gin.
In moon, not in sun.
In girl, not in boy.
In good, not in bad.
In see, not in look.
In eat, not in drink.
My whole is a flower.

2.—In cat, not in dog.
In box, not in basket.
In man and in woman.
In cover, not in dish.
In Europe, not in Asia.
In long, not in short.
In van, not in cart.
In us, not in we.
In lick, not in bite.
In use, uneasy, and under.
In sing and in singer.
My whole is a flower.

ERNEST SHEDLOCK.

### No. 3.

THREE DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. Before. 3. An article of food. 4. An organ of the body. 5. A letter.

2.—1. A letter. 2. Single. 3. A serpent. 4. To increase. 5. A letter.

3.—1. A letter. 2. A kind of fish. 3. A fruit. 4. A field. 5. A letter. BOLLING SIBLEY.

---

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 309.

No. 1.—The pieces weighed 1, 3, 9, and 27 pounds each.

No. 2.—

Our common mother sits and sings,
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favors every year made new,
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent.
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

No. 3.—Umbrella.

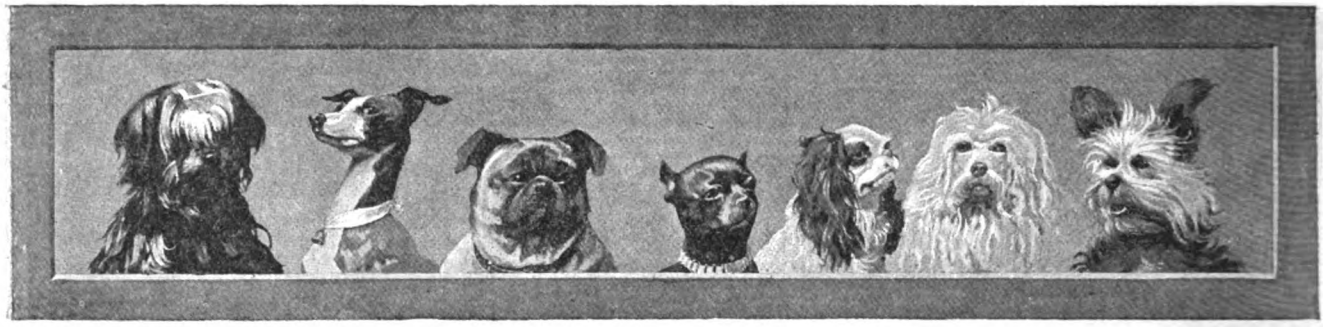
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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Sallie Hutchinson, A. L. Munder, No Name, Dimple Dodd, Harry Lydenburg, Charlie Davis, Charlie Brister, Charlie Seaton, Robbie Briggs, Alice Wandless, Ida Norton, Edith White, Winnie Gaul, Mary Jane Nicholson, Minnie Dana, Francis Jessup, Frederick Bond, and Thomas C. Bacon.

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[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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A GALLERY OF PORTRAITS.

Skye Terrier. Italian Greyhound. English Pug. Black and Tan. King Charles Spaniel. Spanish Poodle. Scotch Terrier.




"DO YOU KNOW WHO THAT IS?"

## A FAIR EXCHANGE.

WHEN I was a barefoot boy of ten years, the earthly possession I prized most was a very small black and tan terrier, to which I had given the name of Pinkie. I did not think that there was quite so clever a dog in all the world as my Pinkie.

But I have never yet heard of a dog doing one thing that Pinkie did. We had an old gray cat who came home one day bringing with her five little kittens with their eyes still closed. She deposited her rather large family one by one on some rags in a snug corner of an out-house. A day or two later Pinkie threw me into a frenzy of delight by leading me to another snug corner of the out-house, in which I found four of the prettiest little black and tan puppies that ever a proud mamma frantically barked over.

A day later we were all amazed to find pussy's five kittens snugly curled up in Pinkie's bed, while her four sleek little puppies were in charge of pussy. Both Pinkie and pussy, as well as their offspring, seemed perfectly satisfied with this arrangement. A fair exchange had been made, and there was no robbery in the case, although I think Pinkie had made the exchange, for she fought most viciously when we attempted to take the kittens from her. From the day of the exchange Pinkie utterly refused to have anything to do with her puppies, and cared most tenderly for the kittens of her adoption. Pussy was a kind and gentle mother to the little outcasts, and seemed perfectly satisfied with the care given her own family, as she never sought to reclaim them, and both kittens and puppies throve wonderfully until several members of each family mysteriously found their way to the bottom of a frog pond near the house. A string around their necks, with a heavy stone at the end of it, was the only clew to the manner of their taking off.

## A CHARADE.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

MY first, a highway broad, where young and old
Have fared with varying lot for centuries past,
Still tempts man's thirst for glory and for gold,
And gives, perchance, an unknown grave at last.
My second, rising to the light of day,
A boon to man and beast, to bird and tree,
Delays for none, but hastes to run away,
Though with a march it sets the captive free.
Look for my whole where busy, faithful hands
In daily rounds give aid to those who ask;
Destroy my whole, and then a king's commands
Could not give power to these to do their task.



A "CANDY PULL."

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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

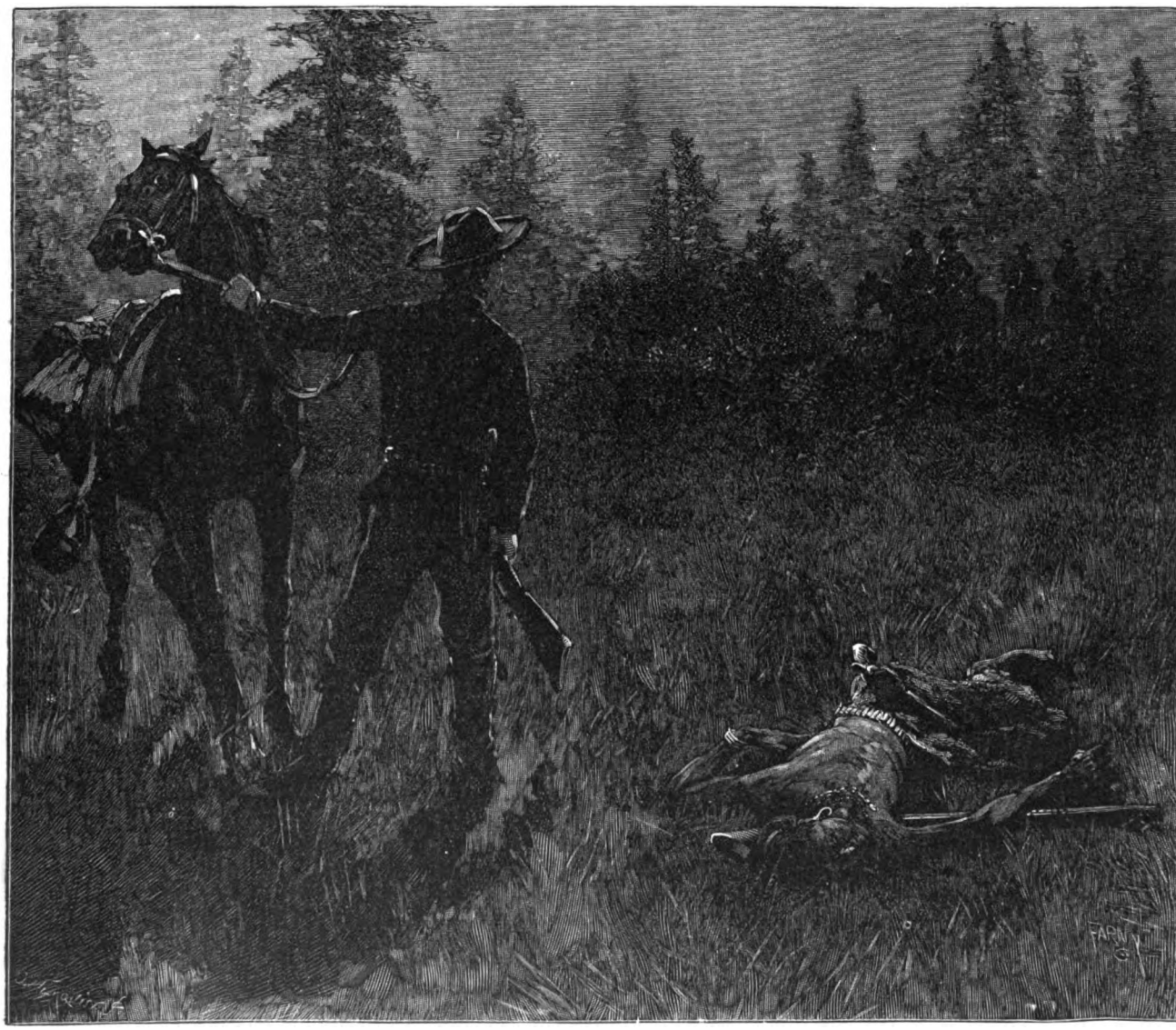
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VI.—NO. 313. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1885.


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$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

"A STERN, HOARSE VOICE RANG OUT: 'HALT!'"—SEE PAGE 818.


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# TWO ARROWS:*

## A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

### TWO WAR PARTIES.

THAT was a time of uncommon interest and excitement to the entire Nez Percé hunting village. They had plenty to eat and to drink, and some of them had received presents, and the prospect ahead seemed to brighten a little. By night-fall all the warriors were returned from accompanying the mining party, and it was a time for a grand smoke. Some of them had begged Yellow Pine for "fire-water," but not a drop had been obtained. Instead of it, they had been informed:

"We're not jest that kind of white men. There isn't a pint of tangle-foot in this 'ere outfit. Ef I want to murder a feller I'll take a rifle to him and do the job clean. I won't go around the bush and massacre him with a whiskey jug."

The red men understood perfectly well that there was no "fire-water," but that was all they gathered. Plenty of smoking tobacco they did obtain, and it was a grand addition to the dignity of their "council," if every half-naked brave with a pipe in his mouth had a right to consider himself a councillor. They all smoked, and they all wondered what it was best to do next, and they all said so, and every brave among them regretted that it was out of the question for them to acquire possession of the quadrupeds ridden and driven by Judge Parks and his men. The Big Tongue and a few of the younger braves even went so far as to "talk war," but the wiser heads merely grunted at the suggestions volunteered. The Big Tongue had much to say to the smokers nearest him concerning a pale-face warrior whose scalp was among his own treasures. Ha-ha-pah-no was not there to make any sly remarks as to how he actually obtained such a trophy as that and some others, on which his reputation as a warrior mainly rested.

They sat up until they had smoked all the wisdom out of several pipes of tobacco, but did not seem to be any nearer a conclusion. The camp was under the special charge of One-eye, but that dog was becoming quiet and solemn. His especial master had departed, he knew not whither. All the bones in camp now belonged to him, and he had no time to bury so much as one of them. He was not fond of tobacco, and as soon as the smoking began he walked out of camp to patrol the edge of the woods and to keep his single eye on duty against possible intruders. He had no faith in a country which was evidently infested by pale-faces.

If he had known more about that valley and the region into which it led, he would have had an even worse opinion of it. The fact that it contained a large stream of water had already suggested many things to the experienced mind of Long Bear. All such water, he well knew, kept on running, no matter what might be its crooks and turnings. If he and his braves could have followed that stream far enough while they were smoking and talking over plans, they might have reached a place where it turned a corner of the mountains and was joined by another and larger stream. The two in partnership were able to float a canoe.

There was no canoe afloat there, but there was something yet more important away down below the fork made by the junction of the two streams. There was a camp occupied by red warriors only, without one squaw to be seen in it, and it was therefore the camp of a "war party." It was accompanied by a large drove of ponies, horses, and mules, and some of these had saddles and others carried packs. These were signs that the war party had been successful, and that pale-faces had been the sufferers. Every quadruped visible wore an air of being more or less fatigued, in token of having been driven or ridden both fast and far. From this it might have been gathered that these red men, however successful had been their expedition, believed or feared that they were followed by somebody whom they preferred to get away from. All these signs told the exact truth; it was also true that some pains had been taken to discover whether or not the supposed pursuit continued.

At the very hour when One-eye was making the best use he could of the bright moonshine in front of his own camp, and knew nothing at all about this other, a tall man stood in the deep shadow of a pine-tree, miles and miles down-stream from the resting-place of the war party. The bridle of a horse hung over his right arm, but the animal stood as motionless as did his master, and both were intently watching a dark shape that rode nearer and could be seen more and more clearly, and that paused at last upon the river-bank within thirty yards. Just as it did so there came from under the shadow of the pine-tree a flash and a sharp report, and all the upper part of the dark shape on the bank fell suddenly to the earth, uttering a loud, fierce yell.

"Got him!" was shouted from under the pine-tree, and the man walked out, leading his horse, while instantly there could be heard the sound of galloping hoofs beyond him. In a minute or so a stern, hoarse voice rang out:

"Halt! What is it, Garry?"

"Got him, Captain. 'Nother of them 'Paches. He won't carry back no news. Dead as a mackerel. Reckon they can't be far away now."

"We have taken pretty good care of their scouts, anyhow."

"Jest so many the less to fight when we come up with 'em. They'll outnumber us bad enough, I reckon, best we can make of it."

"Back to camp, Garry. Corporal Peters, take the same post, with two men. There may be more of them."

"All right, Captain."

There was a little more talking done, but these seemed to be a somewhat quiet set of men. There were six of them besides the Captain. They were all dressed in blue, and wore brass buttons, and carried short-barrelled carbines and sabres. A good look at them would have recalled to the mind of Two Arrows all the arguments he had ever heard as to the wisdom of keeping the peace with the pale-faces. When they reached the camp, after "changing the guard" at Garry's river-side post, it was easy to see that their entire force consisted of several times as many men of the same sort. Every man was on his feet, wide awake and waiting for orders. One squad of five stood with each man's hand upon the bridle of a saddled horse, ready to mount, just as the first squad must have been when it heard the warning report of Garry's carbine. A company of United States cavalry, veteran Indian fighters, following a "hot trail," keeps itself wonderfully ready for action. It is not easy to take such men by surprise. Now, however, at the word of command, all was instantly quiet again. The actual meaning of the alarm was rapidly told from man to man, and several remarked:

"Good for Garry! We'll catch 'em yet."

All who had a right to go to sleep did so as unconcernedly as if they had been in a hotel. On the whole, it looked as if something else than peace was on its way into the valley where One-eye was keeping watch for the smokers. The last man to lie down was the Captain, and one of the wide-awake squad nodded at him and said to

* Begun in No. 303, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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another, "If there was forty alarms 'fore sun-up, old Grover 'd be the first man to turn out every time."

"Not much reg'lation 'bout him."

"But there's lots of fight."

"He can get more hard work out of men and hosses, and he can do more himself, and he can sleep less, and say less about it all, than any other captain I ever served under."

That, therefore, was the kind of soldiers from whom the Apaches were wisely trying to get away, and Garry's carbine had destroyed their prospect of learning how very near he and his might be. It looked very much as if two days more of hard riding would bring them into a sort of trap, with the mountains before and the cavalry behind. Still, even then, there would be the pass, if they knew where to find it. There also were One-eye and all of his men, and Sile Parks and his party; and the wicked old mule, too, with his command, was in the valley somewhere. Only a few days earlier the entire sweep of forest and "open" and mountain-side had been unoccupied by anything more dangerous or more interesting than wild game and the wild animals that fed on it. It is very curious how suddenly immigrants will sometimes pour into a new country if there is a good trail pointing out the way.

The spot chosen by Yellow Pine for the camp of the mining party was by a dancing little brook which came down from the mountain to the right of them, and the path by which they had travelled that day had barely kept them outside of the rocky slopes. Some coyotes came prowling around, to yelp over the faint smell of roasted meat that floated out to them from the camp fires. Once during the night the cry of a wandering cougar came wailing through the silence, and was followed by that of a horned owl that had noiselessly flapped near enough to blink his great eyes at the blaze. For all that, it was the loneliest kind of a place, and the hours went by until sunrise without the smallest real disturbance or hint of perils to come.

Judge Parks himself was on watch in the first gray of the dawn, and the camp was dim enough even after there were rosy tints upon the distant mountain summits. He stood gazing at these and leaning upon his rifle, when Yellow Pine walked out to take his customary survey of matters.

"We're going to have a fine day, Jedge."

"Splendid weather. Pine, just think of all this magnificent country as it will be when it's settled. Farms, towns, villages, mines, railways, factories—"

"There won't be any game then, or any red Indians, either."

"There isn't a finer country in all the world. The new time is coming, Pine."

"Of course it is. Our mine's coming first thing. We'll get there 'fore sundown. Wish I knew what else was coming."

"Afraid of anything?"

"Got a curious kind of feeling in my back. Always have it when there's something up. It's as much like the rheumatiz as it is like anything."

"Perhaps that's what it is, then."

"I don' know 'bout that. I've had all sorts of things happen when I had this 'ere feeling onto me."

"Exactly, Pine. I've had dinner happen to me a good many times just when I had a sort of feeling that it was coming. Soon as I got right down hungry I knew it was a sure sign. I say, look at those boys."

"Going a-fishing, I'd call it. Well, it's a good thing for 'em to do. They can't miss bringing in a good string. Sile, see here!"

"Halloo!"

"Get back with some for breakfast if you can. We'll be right here till the critters have done feeding. Catch a heap."

"All right," shouted Sile. "He says the water's full of 'em."

"Of course it is."

"Sile," said his father, "don't throw away your time on fly-fishing. Use bait, and pull them right in. They'll bite."

"I'm going to spoon for 'em. Can't find any bait."

"Never mind, Jedge," said Pine. "I've seen trout in some of these mountain streams jump for a bare hook quick as it tetched the water. There's too many on 'em, and they get the hungriest kind."

"They won't mind much what they jump at, that's sure. I must say I'd like some for breakfast, though."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE LITTLE LEAVES.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

"WE must go," sighed little Ruby,
Orange, Topaz, Garnet, Gold;
"For the chilly breeze is calling,
And the year is growing old.
Good-by, quiet, sunny meadows
That we never more shall see;
Good-by, winding brooks of silver,
Snowy lambs, and dead old tree—
Dear old loving mother-tree."

From the branches down they fluttered,
Like a rainbow scattered wide;
And the old tree looked so lonely,
That was once the woodland's pride.
But the wind came wildly piping,
And they danced away with glee.
Ruby, Topaz, Garnet, Orange,
Soon forgot the poor old tree—
Poor old loving mother-tree.

But when skies of drear November
Frowned upon their wild delight,
All the little leaves grew lonely,
And they wandered back one night;
And they nestled in a hollow
At the foot of the old tree,
Sighing, "All the long white winter
We shall now so quiet be
Near our dear old mother-tree."

## A SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

I'VE found out one thing, and that is that you can't satisfy girls, no matter what you do. You may do your very best, and then they will find fault with you. I always knew that was the way with Sue, and now I know it's the way with other girls too.

We have had what Sue calls a straw sleigh-ride. The way it is done is this. You get a big box sleigh and cover the bottom with straw. Then six young men and six girls get in and sit on the straw, and have a long ride, and think they enjoy themselves. I can't see what people want to ride that way for, when they might ride in a sleigh with cushions and buffaloes and everything nice. But what can you expect of girls!

For the last month Sue has been talking about a straw sleigh-ride, and at last she got it all arranged. Mr. McGinnis was to let her have his box sled, and the livery-stable man was to furnish four horses and a driver, and Sue and Mr. Travers, and five other girls and their young men, were to go, and Tom and I were to sit with the driver. You see, she couldn't help but let Tom go, because the sleigh was his father's, and then I had to go to keep Tom company.

Tom and I promised to see that the sleigh was nice and clean, and we did it. We washed it all out the morning before the ride, and made it as clean as a church pew.

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Only the water that we washed it out with froze, and when we went to put the straw in there was about two inches of ice in the bottom of the sleigh. We couldn't get it out, so we just put the straw over it and said nothing about it.

The sleigh-ride began about seven o'clock in the evening, and we drove about twenty miles, to a hotel, where we had supper. Everything was very nice when we started, but in a little while the girls began to complain of being cold. Then they got cross and wouldn't speak, and when we got to the hotel some of them were stuck to the straw and had to be pulled loose, and some of them said that their feet were perfectly soaked through, and those boys must have spilt water in the sleigh, and they all said they were perfectly froze to death. The young men said they were cold too, and the thermometer must be mornamile below zero, and they wouldn't have come if they had known it was such a bitter cold night. Tom and I weren't very cold, and the driver said he didn't know as he thought it was so extra cold as Mr. Travers said it was. It's my belief that it was the ice in the bottom of the sleigh under the straw that froze the party, though, as they didn't notice the ice, Tom and I didn't say anything about it.



"THE WHOLE THING JUST WENT ALL TO PIECES."

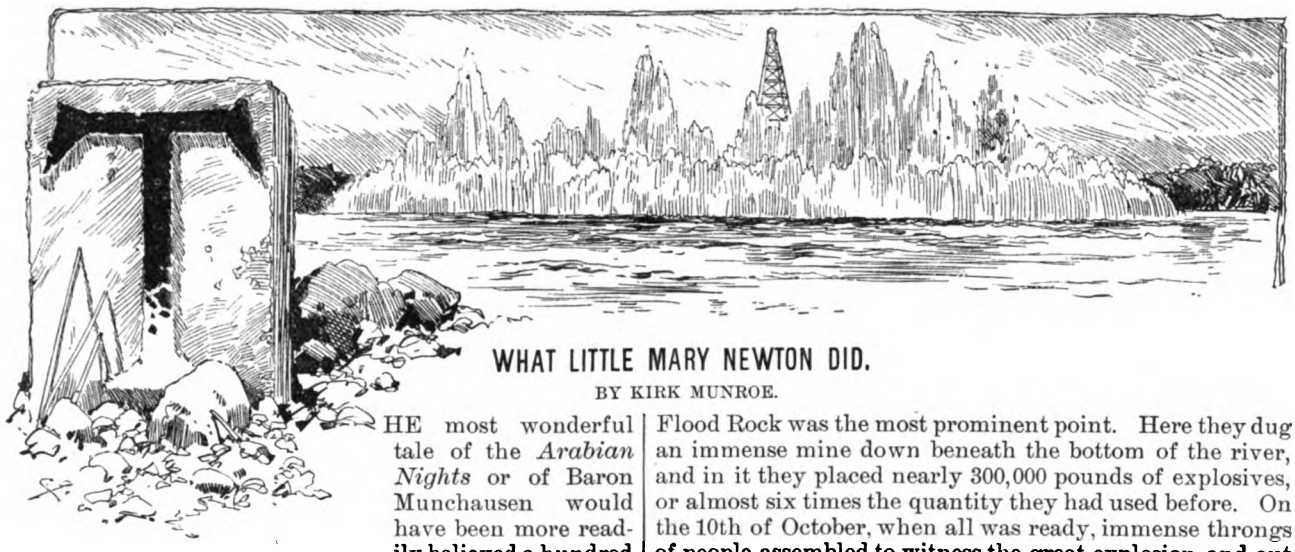
However, we felt real sorry for the girls, and I told Mr. Travers that I would make the sleigh more comfortable before we started back. There was a great pile of kindlings and wood near the hotel, and I proposed to Tom, after the driver had unhitched the horses and taken them to the stable, that we should build a fire under the sleigh and melt the ice. I didn't tell Mr. Travers just how we intended to manage, but when I told him that I would make the sleigh real comfortable he said you're a good fellow Jimmy and I'll give you half a dollar if we live through this nonsense.

So while the folk were at supper, Tom and I built a tremendous fire under the sleigh. Of course we weren't afraid of burning the sleigh, because the bottom was full of ice, and ice is cold, and anything that is cold won't burn. After a while all the ice melted and ran out, and then we put out the fire, and got some dry straw and put it in the sleigh, and covered over the place where the fire was with snow, so that folks wouldn't see the ashes and ask foolish questions. I do hate to be asked foolish questions.

We got it all done just as everybody was ready to start, so we didn't have any supper except some cake that Mr. Travers brought out and gave us when he found that we hadn't had anything to eat. But some people think boys don't need anything to eat, and Sue said Tom and I were a great deal better off than we would have been if we had stuffed ourselves full of oysters late at night. It never hurts girls to eat nice hot suppers just before they go to bed, but boys must never eat anything between meals. I suppose it's because we are so much more delicate than girls.

Well, everybody got into the sleigh, and the girls said why how much warmer it is I feel all in a glow. Then we drove off, and they all began to sing. All of a sudden, just as the sleigh jounced over a stone, there was a loud crack, and about half the girls and young men went clear through the bottom of the sleigh, and some of them got under the runners, and made the sleigh jounce again, and then the whole thing just went all to pieces. The girls screamed and the young men laughed, and the driver said swear words, and Tom and I couldn't imagine what was the matter. The driver got on the back of one of his horses and rode home to get another sleigh, and Tom and I walked after him, for we didn't care to stay with the folks, especially when Mr. Travers said why this sleigh has been burnt all to charcoal. I am not going to tell what happened when Sue got home and spoke to father about it, but I'm real sorry that we hurt the sleigh, when all we wanted to do was to make the girls comfortable. But you can't satisfy girls. They don't like it if you give them cold straw, and they don't like it if you make the bottom of the sleigh warm. I'm glad I'm not a girl.

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## WHAT LITTLE MARY NEWTON DID.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

THE most wonderful tale of the *Arabian Nights* or of Baron Munchausen would have been more readily believed a hundred years ago than the story that little twelve-year-old Mary Newton, by merely pressing her finger upon a button, caused an explosion of such gigantic force that it tore the solid rock bottom, the reefs, and islands of a great river to pieces. Not only is this a perfectly true statement, but everybody believes it, and accepts it as a matter of fact; for so many wonderful things happen nowadays that people are inclined to think that almost everything is possible, instead of doubting everything, as they used to. So when they are told that a touch of Mary Newton's finger caused the greatest explosion ever produced through human agency, they say, "Oh yes; electricity, of course," and never for a moment question the fact that the little girl has done this wonderful thing, but only inquire what sort of a little girl she is, and how she looks and acts, and if she is not very proud of being so famous.

The way it all happened was this. For a very long time, ever since the Dutch first settled New York, a great number of vessels have been wrecked and lost each year on the rocks of Hell Gate, through which all vessels must pass to get from the East River out into Long Island Sound. In this narrow passage were quantities of reefs and rocks, bearing such names as Hallet's Reef, Middle Reef, Flood Rock, the Pot, Gridiron, Hen and Chickens, Nigger Head, Frying-Pan, etc. Over and around these the tides rushed and boiled with such terrible fury that the chances were very greatly against a vessel passing them in safety, and all the mariners of those waters dreaded Hell Gate more than any other place.

About thirty years ago the United States Government undertook to clear away these reefs and rocks, and thus to make Hell Gate as safe as any other part of the East River. The government engineers blasted away a number of the smaller rocks, and finally dug a great mine down under Hallet's Reef. It took three years to dig this; but finally they had it finished, and had packed away in it 50,000 pounds of dynamite and other terrible explosives. When the mine was ready to fire, they led a slender wire from it to an electric battery half a mile away, and there General John Newton, the engineer having charge of the work, held the hand of his baby daughter Mary, and showed her how to press the button that sent the electric spark flying down through the water, and exploded the whole 50,000 pounds of dynamite at once, tearing the reef into small bits.

This was nine years ago, in 1876, and as soon as Hallet's Reef was thus blown out of existence, the engineers began to plan the same fate for Middle Reef, of which Flood Rock was the most prominent point. Here they dug an immense mine down beneath the bottom of the river, and in it they placed nearly 300,000 pounds of explosives, or almost six times the quantity they had used before. On the 10th of October, when all was ready, immense throngs of people assembled to witness the great explosion, and out from among them all stepped little Mary Newton, when her father called her, to fire the mine. She was no longer a baby, but a bright little girl about twelve years old, with a very fair complexion, blue eyes, and long light hair falling over her shoulders.



MARY NEWTON.

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It was not necessary for anybody to guide her hand this time, for she stepped right up to the little telegraph instrument, and when the word "Now!" was given, she pressed the key, and, presto! away went mountains of rock and water, flying sky-high with a great terrible roar, and the worst reef of Hell Gate was torn into a million pieces.

The mine that was blown up by this awful explosion extended beneath nine acres of the river's bottom. Get somebody to show you a field, or, better still, a pond that covers nine acres, and then imagine it all flying hundreds of feet up into the air at once. The galleries that ran to every part of it, and were cut out of the hardest kind of rock, would have been four miles long if they had been strung along in a straight line.

Many people thought that the blowing up of this great mine with such an enormous quantity of explosives would cause a sort of an earthquake, that would tumble down chimneys and houses, and kill people, and they were much terrified at the idea. Little Mary Newton might have been frightened at what she was about to do if she had not had perfect confidence in her father; but when he told her that she would be perfectly safe, and that nobody would be hurt, she knew it would be so, and with a smile on her face and a firm hand she pressed the button, and set loose all the mighty uproar.

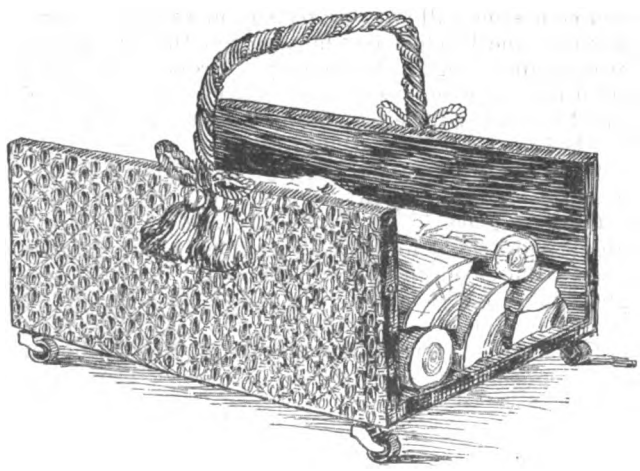
## A WOOD-HOLDER.

DURING the cool summer evenings and autumn days the pleasantest and all-sufficient means of heating a room is an open wood fire. But it has its drawbacks in the eyes of a good housekeeper, for it needs frequent feeding, the logs are ungainly when piled beside the hearth, and when a new supply is brought in, its course can be traced by a litter of chips.

A pretty wood-holder, however, goes far toward reconciling the neat housewife to a wood fire, and the holder need not be made of expensive brass or polished oak, either.

The one here described is both economical and tasteful. All the materials needed are four balls of coarse twine, a pine box, brass casters, and some black paint. The box must be ten inches high, two feet long, and a foot wide. It should be planed thoroughly both inside and out, and the ends taken off before it is painted. The color may vary, but just now ebony seems the most desirable. Put a little Japan varnish in with the black paint, and cover it inside with two coats, and on the outside with one.

The handle is made from a barrel hoop nailed across the box, and twine is wound close around it once. The twine may be twisted and put over a second time at greater distances, for a finish, if liked. For an outside covering crocheted cord is the neatest, for it can be either put on temporarily, so as to be easily unfastened for washing, and ornamented more or less with ribbon run in.



The stitch in the design is given below. It is made with some light shade of cord, and shellacked after being tacked to the box. Brass-headed nails are put round. Gold-colored twine used this way makes quite a good imitation of brass. The benefit of this work is in the convenience of being able to rub off any spots or dust with a wet cloth. The crochet-work is also preferable to cloth, because it does not catch in rough sticks.

The felt and cloth holders are made this way: Cut a piece of cloth the shape of the box sides, with four or five points at the bottom. Pink all round. Cut out of velvet some leaves and flowers, and embroider them on with appliqué stitch. Between and on the points different-colored balls or tassels are hung.

### CROCHET STITCH FOR THE OUTSIDE.

1st row.—Make a chain two feet long. 2d row.—Crochet one *, pull a loop through the first chain stitch, put the twine over the needle, and make another loop in the same stitch; repeat from * across the chain, keeping all the stitches on the hook. 3d row.—Crochet through three stitches until there is only one left on the hook. 4th row.—Repeat from the second row, working between the stitches made before. Ten inches is the height to be covered.

## ETHEL AND THE CASH-GIRL.

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

ETHEL was "shopping" one day with her mother in one of the great Sixth Avenue fancy-goods stores, and not being particularly interested in the particular shade of red which her mother was vainly trying to match, turned her attention to a little blue-aproned girl, no older than herself, who was standing by her side. The basket which she carried showed, as indeed Ethel already knew, that she was a cash-girl.

"Do you like being a cash-girl?" inquired Ethel, in a friendly way.

The little girl looked uncertain. "I don't know," she said, slowly; "I never thought. One might as well be that as anything else."

Ethel nodded quite decidedly. "Oh yes," she said; "there are a great many things that are worse than that. You might have to work in a factory, you know, and that wouldn't be nice at all. It isn't such hard work, is it?"

"I have to get here at a quarter to eight in the morning, and stay till six at night," said the little girl, as though that told the whole story.

Ethel shivered as she thought how seldom she was out of bed at a quarter to eight. "Dear me!" she exclaimed; "that's very early."

"We think it's awful late," said the little girl. "I live 'way up in Fifty-fifth Street, near the East River, and I don't get home till seven."

"Oh no," Ethel hastened to explain; "I mean it's very early to get here in the morning. I don't see how you ever do it."

"Have to get up at six o'clock," said the cash-girl.

"But you get breakfast?"

"Sometimes," said the child; "if it's ready. If it isn't, I grab a piece of bread and come away."

Ethel thought of her own nicely cooked breakfast, served at half past eight, at which she usually spent not less than half an hour.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed. "I don't see how you get along at all. But don't you have anything else all day?"

"Cash!" cried one of the sales-women just then, and the little girl rushed off to answer the call, leaving Ethel for the moment alone. Presently, however, she came back, and of her own accord took up the conversation.

"Oh yes," she said; "they give us twenty minutes at noon, and then I go up to the restaurant and get a sandwich or a piece of pie."

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"And when you go home at night you have dinner, I suppose?" said Ethel.

"I have what's left," the girl said, simply. "Maybe there's some meat, and maybe there isn't. Pork goes further than boiled beef, because the children don't like it. When they have that, I'm always sure of finding some."

"Are there more of you?" asked Ethel, trying not to appear too curious.

"There's six besides me," said the child. "I'm the eldest. I'm eleven."

"Dear me!" said Ethel again.

"You see," she said, "we're poor—poorer than most of them, I guess. Father only gets two dollars a day when he's busy, and that ain't more than half the time. Mother she washes, and I'm a cash-girl."

Ethel wondered how much the little girl got. Her own father gave her the extravagant allowance of two dollars a week, most of which, I am sorry to say, she spent for candy, excepting five cents which she always took to Sunday-school. "I suppose they pay you a good salary here?" she said, in quite a business-like way.

The cash-girl smiled. "They give me a dollar and a half a week," she said.

Ethel stared. "A dollar and a half a week!" she exclaimed. "And you have to pay for car fares and lunches out of that? What is there left?"

"There wouldn't be anything left," said the child, "if I bought lunches and rode in the car every day. It takes nearly half of it anyhow. If I ride only one way, that's thirty cents a week, and if I buy a five-cent sandwich every day, that's thirty cents more. So you see there ain't much chance of my getting rich."

"Is that what all cash-girls are paid?" asked Ethel.

The child nodded. "'Most all," she said. "In one of the stores, though, they pay them by the checks—forty cents for every hundred. That's a better way, too," she remarked, approvingly. "It makes a girl hurry up, if she thinks she can make something by it. Why, in the busy season some girls make as much as three or four dollars a week."

"That is a good deal," Ethel admitted; "but then you have to work hard. You must get dreadfully tired."

The child seemed to be tired then, though it was yet early in the day. The flush had died out of her face, and there were great rings under her eyes.

"I do get tired," she said, quietly.

"Cash!" another voice cried just then, and the child was off like a flash.

Ethel's mother had not yet succeeded in matching the ribbon, nor had she done it when the cash-girl came back.

"But don't you ever have any time to read?" asked Ethel, "or play, or sew."

The girl's face brightened. "I wouldn't," she said, "but for a lady over on Sixteenth Street. She makes up parties of cash-girls, and has them at her house twice a week, twenty or thirty at a time. And she teaches us macramé lace," the child went on, eagerly, her cheeks once more flushing with excitement, "and crocheting, and gives us a nice supper, and then she lets us all go in the parlor and sing, or maybe some one will read to us."

Ethel began to regret that she was not a cash-girl herself. "Dear me!" she exclaimed; "how I should like to go there!"

The cash-girl's eyes beamed a cordial invitation. "Oh, do come," she said. "It's in Sixteenth Street, just below Third Avenue. Mrs. Judge would be ever so glad to see you, and I would too; only, if you wait till after next week, you won't see me, because"—sorrowfully—"my month's up then. Perhaps, though, Mrs. Judge will let me come again. She does lots of good," the child added, warmly. "Since Christmas she's found ever so many girls places. There was one little girl whose place I took here last summer because she had to stay home and nurse her mother. Well, when her mother got well she went to Mrs. Judge and asked if she wouldn't get her a place. 'Have you ever been a cash-girl?' says Mrs. Judge. 'Yes, ma'am,' says Jennie. 'And won't they take you back?' asks Mrs. Judge. 'Yes, ma'am,' says Jennie; 'but if they take me back, they'll have to turn off Carrie Weinberg'—that's me, you know—'and that wouldn't be right.' Now wasn't that good in Jennie?"

Ethel smiled as approvingly as her little friend could desire. "Yes, indeed," she said, warmly. "I hope Mrs. Judge found her a place."

The cash-girl nodded. "Yes, she did," she said, "and it wasn't in an old store either. She got Jennie a place out in the country, where she gets five dollars a month for waiting on the table, and doing that kind of work, you know, besides her board."

"Well, she deserves it," remarked Ethel, decidedly.

"And this summer," the cash-girl went on, "some Saturday afternoon when we close up early, I'm going to see her and stay all day Sunday. The lady has invited me herself. Is the country anything like Central Park?"

"You don't mean to say you've never been in the country?" exclaimed Ethel.

The child shook her head. "Unless the Central Park is country," she said; "I've been there."

Ethel thought of all the places she had seen—Lake George, the White Mountains, Saratoga, her grandfather's farm in Connecticut. In her eagerness she would perhaps have given the little girl some rash invitation to accompany her to one of these places next summer had not her mother just then turned around. "It's no use, Ethel," she said; "we'll have to go somewhere else."

At the same moment a voice from across the store called out "Cash!" The child hesitated for a moment, looking from Ethel to the one who had called.

"You won't forget to come," she said, timidly.

"Oh no," said Ethel; "I'll come sure—mayn't I, mamma?" Then the voice called "Cash!" again; and the little girl ran away, smiling "Good-by" over her shoulder.

Ethel's mother was not at all unwilling that she should spend an evening at the "Cash-girls"; and so one night she and Uncle Fred went down there, and watched the process of lace-making, and heard the girls sing "Sweet Violets" and "Wait till the Clouds roll by," and listened to a young man read, and a young girl from Brooklyn, who was also a visitor, sang the "Blue Alsacian Mountains" so sweetly that one little cash-girl very nearly cried.

Ethel was filled with admiration as she looked around at the home-like scene, and began once more to wish that she was a cash-girl; until seeing Carrie Weinberg's pale face across the room, she remembered suddenly the early and late hours, the scanty meals, and the work which made Carrie's day so toilsome, and felt grateful that she did not have to earn her own living. With the gratitude, too, came the disposition again to do something to make Carrie's life brighter; and so I dare say that before next summer comes she will have contrived some scheme, with her mother's and Uncle Fred's help, to give the little cash-girl at least an outing in the country. Promptly at nine the children were dismissed, and as they filed out of the room, Ethel found her little friend lingering by her side.

"Did you like it?" the child whispered.

"I think it was perfectly lovely," exclaimed Ethel. "I wish I could come always."

Carrie sighed. "So do I," she said; "it's my last night, and I don't know if I can come again for ever so long. But then, you know" (earnestly), "there's lots of girls that haven't been at all, and if we didn't go, they couldn't come."

Ethel leaned forward impulsively and kissed the small philosopher, while Uncle Fred patted her approvingly on the head.

"Ah," he said, "if Mrs. Judge teaches you to be unselfish, that is better even than macramé lace."

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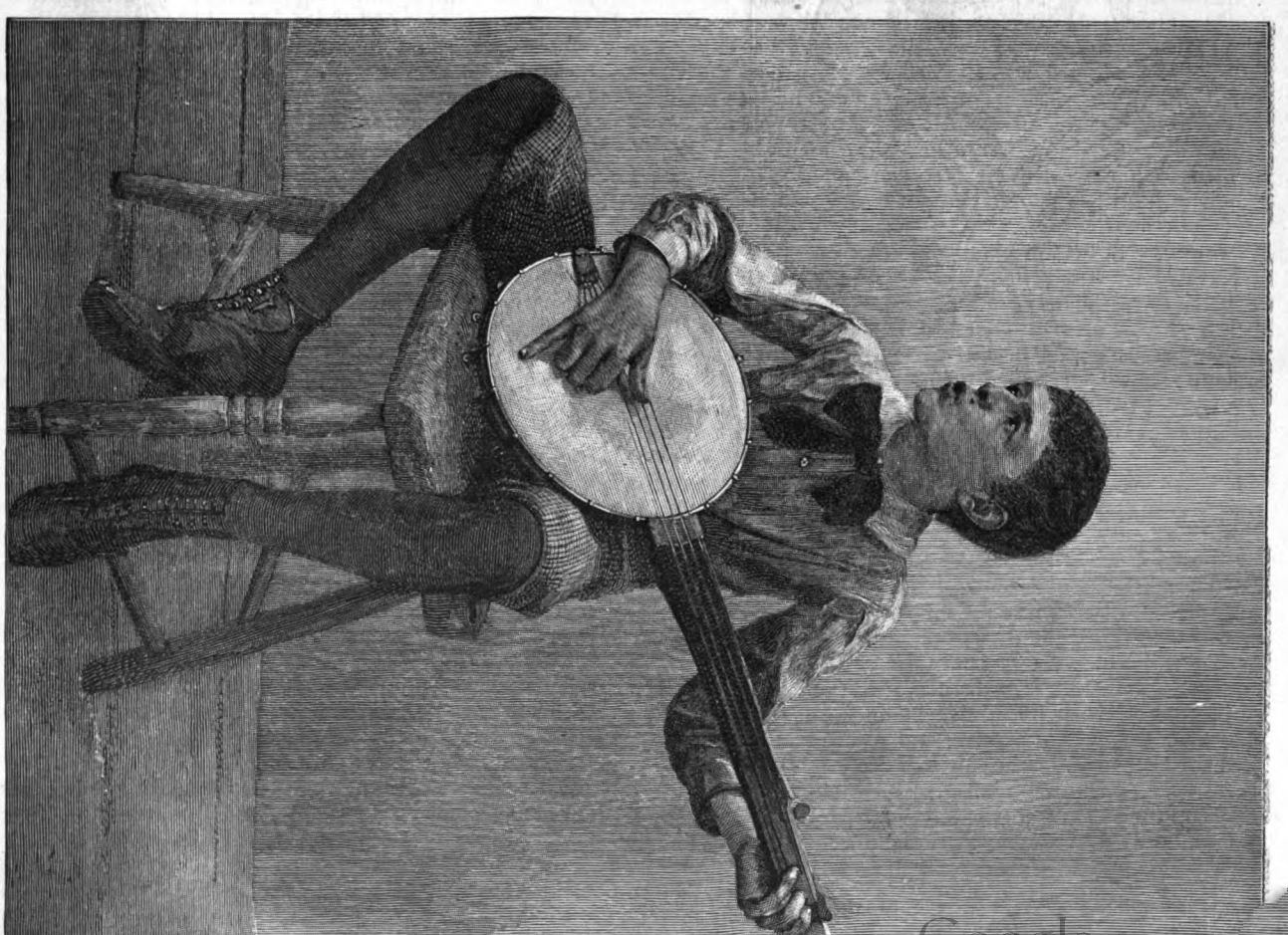

WORK AND PLAY.

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THE CRITICAL AUDIENCE.

From Phot. by George B. Wood.



THE TALENTED PERFORMER.

From Phot. by George B. Wood.

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## "THE MISSIONARY TO HORSES."

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

BOYS are always fond of reading about heroes—men who have done great and noble deeds, and who have left the world better off for their having lived in it. The hero I want to tell you about here has done all his work for the good of suffering animals—the "missionary to horses," he has been called by one author who has written lovingly about him.

Edward F. Flower was born in England in 1805. His father was a man of wealth, and at the age of five his son received the welcome gift of a pony. "Little Moses" was the pony's name, and almost with the gift came the boy's first lesson as to the way in which he should treat dumb animals. Edward was displeased with something the pony did, and whipped him, whereupon Mr. Flower the elder promptly whipped Master Edward, asking him how he liked the operation. "Not at all," was the boy's reply. His father then explained that an animal should never be punished except for grave misconduct any more than a boy. Edward learned the lesson well, and from that time he never failed to treat with kindness any animal that he had to do with.

Mr. Flower's boyhood was spent in the western part of our own country, where his father established a large stock farm. Here his time was mostly spent among animals, which became his friends and playmates. He was an accomplished hunter. One of his biographers tells us that when he returned to England, at the age of twenty, he was dressed "in corduroy trousers, a hunting shirt with fringes, moccasin shoes, and a cap made from a 'coon's skin, with the tail hanging down behind." What a figure he must have made in Birmingham, where he went into business! It probably did not take him long to change his dress, however, for we learn that he was very successful in pleasing his employers, and in time he became the head of a business of his own, and realized a large fortune.

On going from the free life of our Western plains to the crowded streets of English cities, one of the first things Mr. Flower noticed was the cruelty shown in the treatment of animals. Every overdriven cab horse, every unhappy-looking dog, every mule or goat compelled to work hard and suffer blows from unfeeling men and boys, appealed to his heart. He resolved to do everything he could to help the poor creatures who could not speak to tell their own wrongs.

The way in which carriage-horses are harnessed, and especially what is called the "bearing-rein," aroused Mr. Flower's fiercest indignation. He issued a pamphlet entitled *Horses and Harness*, in which he says, "A tight bearing-rein is used to pull the horses' heads up, a fixed martingale to pull them down, and close blinkers to prevent them from seeing their way." He maintained that no horse could have his head so strapped up without suffering the greatest misery. Yet it is done by people who claim to be thoughtful and considerate. He even tells about going to a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and finding a dozen carriages at the door with the horses suffering in this way. He tried to call the attention of the meeting to the subject, and they ordered him to be put out of the room.

But the more difficulties Mr. Flower met with, the harder he worked. Everywhere he went, particularly in southern countries, like France, Italy, and Egypt, he saw animals overworked and overladen. He did all that he could in the way of talking and writing and interesting influential people in the cause of the poor speechless creatures. In conjunction with Sir Arthur Helps he issued a book on the subject, entitled *Animals and their Masters*. When he was seventy-five years old he prepared, with the help of his wife, a volume called *The Stones of London*. This was to call attention to the various methods of paving city streets. Bitterly he denounces the terrible cobble-stones over which the poor cart-horses are compelled to drag their heavy loads. Their disappearance from the main thoroughfares of nearly all our great cities is the direct result of his efforts.

Few men have worked more faithfully in a good cause than Mr. Flower. The story of his life in the West, and the incidents of his long and faithful struggle to lighten the troubles of animals, read like a romance. No man was ever more interested or enthusiastic in any work he had undertaken. Of the terrible "bearing-rein" which troubles the horses so much he has been heard to say, "Though I am old I do not despair of living long enough to have it engraved upon my tombstone, 'He was one of those men who caused the bearing-rein to be abolished.'"

## UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD:

### A MISSIONARY'S ADVENTURE IN BURMAH.

BY DAVID KER.

"KILL the white men! kill the traitors!"

"To the market with them! to the market!"

"Death to all *farangs!*" (foreigners).

"Fling them into the river, and let them float down to their countrymen!"

Never had there been such an uproar in the old Burmese city of Rangoon since its many-colored temples first looked down upon the broad brown stream of the Irrawaddy. Any stranger who had come suddenly into the midst of that rushing crowd of lean, dark-skinned, fierce-eyed men in their quaint Eastern dress, whose bare brown arms were brandishing knives, hatchets, stones, or heavy clubs, as if hunting down a mad dog, would have wondered very much what could be the matter. He would probably have wondered still more when he found that all this fury seemed to be directed against two quiet-looking men in European clothes, quite unarmed, and to all appearance as harmless as men could be.

But there was a good reason for all this excitement. England was at war with Burmah, and some native fishermen had come in that morning with the news that they had seen a squadron of British ships coming up the river to open fire upon the city.

When this news got abroad, the whole town seemed to go mad at once. Hitherto the Burmese had always believed that there were only a few thousand Englishmen altogether, that those few were all needed to keep down the people of India, and that, although England might declare war against them and threaten to attack them, she would never be able to do it. The King of Burmah himself—who never lost a chance of boasting what a great man he was—had put forth a proclamation declaring that if the "English pigs" dared to disturb him, he would sweep them all into the sea, or chain them as slaves in front of his palace.

But now that the enemy was really at hand, the people of Rangoon began to recollect how many of their guns were out of order, how much of their powder was bad, and how old and tumble-down their walls were. Some of them were frightened out of their wits, some were mad with rage. Many rushed into the temples, and threw themselves at the feet of the idols that stood there. A few went down to the river to see for themselves, hoping that perhaps the terrible ships might not be coming after all. But the great mass ran wildly up and down the streets, yelling for the blood of the two American missionaries who were living in the town.

Ever since the war broke out these two missionaries had been in constant peril. To the ignorant Burmese all white men were of one nation, and repeated attempts had been made to kill them both, as a defiance to the other "white faces" who dared to fight against Burmah. Some

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of their Burmese friends had begged them to leave the town, offering to hide them in their own country houses till the danger was past; but the brave Americans were not to be moved.

"No soldier would desert his post just before a battle," said they; "and we, who are soldiers too in another way, must not desert ours."

Now, however, their courage seemed likely to cost them dear. Dragged before the Governor of the city by a howling rabble (which was only kept from killing them on the spot by the hope of making them suffer still more before they died), they had been sentenced to death as enemies and traitors, and were now being led away to the place of execution in the great market, with a line of fierce-looking native soldiers on either side, and the raging mob yelling around them.

Only one thing could save them now, and that was the coming up of the English ships. They knew well that the batteries of the town had no chance against men-of-war, and that the first broadside would probably send the Burmese flying. But would the ships come in time?

Just in front of them stalked the public executioner, a tall, lean, hideous-looking man, whose gaunt brown face was spotted like the hide of a leopard. He wore nothing but a white turban and a pair of cotton drawers (both thickly stained with blood), and carried in his hand a huge knife, broad and heavy as a butcher's chopper. But even this horrible sight had no effect upon the two gallant men, who walked calmly on without a sign of flinching.

And now they reached the fatal spot, and the savage crowd pressed eagerly forward to see them die. The soldiers tied their hands behind them, and forced them down on their knees, while the headsman, feeling the edge of his cruel knife, looked toward the Governor for the signal to strike.

Just then one of the Burmese officers, a man of high rank, who was secretly friendly to the two captives, stepped up to the Governor, and whispered that if the city were really to be attacked, these men might be valuable as prisoners, whereas their murder would only stir up their countrymen to take vengeance. The old tyrant paused in uncertainty; but at this sign of hesitation such a yell of fury arose from the blood-thirsty mob around, that he could see plainly what he had to expect if he dared to disappoint them of their prey. He held up his hand, and made the signal of death.

The doomed men looked at each other, and their lips were seen to move, but those last words of farewell were heard by none but God. The executioner strode forward, and his terrible blade glittered in the morning sunshine as he brandished it for the fatal blow.

There came a roar that seemed to rend the very sky, timbers and roofs flew in splinters on every side, houses came crashing down, the air shook as if a storm were sweeping past, and the savage crowd fell like dead men to the earth, which trembled under them with the shock of the English cannon. The ships had come at last!

The two Americans had been thrown down in the confusion, thus escaping the cannon-balls whistling overhead; but as they lay, they could hear broadside after broadside come thundering from the shore, drowning the feeble fire of the Burmese batteries. At last, as the cannonade slackened, they ventured to rise and look around them. The yelling mob had vanished, the Governor and his soldiers were gone, the vast square was empty and silent as a grave, but the grim executioner lay headless beside them, with the knife still clutched in his stiffening hand.

Suddenly a hearty English hurrah was heard above the distant firing, and a body of sturdy blue-jackets, just landed from the fleet, came charging across the market-place, cutlass in hand. They unbound and carried off in triumph the rescued men, who lived to do noble work in other lands, and to tell many a time how they had once been saved even under the shadow of the sword.



## HALLOWEEN SPORTS AND CUSTOMS.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

ALL-HALLOW EVE, or Halloween, is so called because it is the vigil of All-saints Day—a high Church festival in the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches—but the sports and customs for which it has become famous have nothing to do with Christianity. They are really of pagan origin; and as nuts and apples play an important part in Halloween frolics, it is likely to have come from the fact that the first of November was formerly the festival of the goddess Pomona, when the summer stores were opened at the approach of winter.

It has also been known as "nut-crack night" and "cake night"—the latter because in some counties of England it is a very old practice always to "have seed-cake at All-hallows, at the end of wheat seed-time." In reference to this, Tusser writes:

> "Wife, some time this week, if the weather hold cleere,
> An end of wheat sowing we make for this year;
> Remember you, therefore, though I do it not,
> The *seed-cake*, the pasties, and *furmentin' pot*;"

while in Staffordshire peasant girls go from house to house *a-souling*, begging of the farmers' wives:

> "Soul, soul, for a soul cake;
> Pray you, good mistress, a soul cake."

These being triangular sweet cakes, so named in honor of All-souls Day. Goldsmith, in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, speaks of "religiously cracking nuts on All-hallows Eve."

Many of our charms come from Scotland, where, in addition to apples, nuts, and cakes, they add a bowl of soured oatmeal porridge, called "sowens," to their Halloween supper; and of this every one must taste if he wishes good luck during the coming year.

The spacious kitchen of an old manor-house was usually the scene of these quaint revels. Nuts were named for particular youths and maidens, and placed on the grate or range, and as they snapped apart or burned quietly, the amount of affection was determined. Or perhaps they were thrown into the fire, where those that burned brightly denoted prosperity to the owners during the coming year, but those that turned black and crackled betokened misfortune.

From the ceiling was suspended by a string a stick two feet in length, on one end of which was stuck an apple, and on the other a small bag of sand. The string was twisted, so that the stick revolved rapidly, and boys and girls with their hands tied behind them took turns in running up and trying for a bite of the apple. Nine times out of ten round would come the bag of sand, striking them in the face, greatly to the amusement of the company.

"Bobbing for apples" in a tub of water always causes great sport, and little lads will duck and duck again, particularly if a silver dime is stuck in one of the apples as a prize. Girls generally prefer spearing them by holding a fork high in the air, and dropping it prongs downward into the water, when, if they succeed, they may choose their valentine.

Another favorite charm was to set three saucers in a row, one containing pure water, one soapy water, and the other empty. Blindfolded, a girl was led up to these, and was told to dip her left hand into one. If by chance she

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touched the clear water, she would marry a bachelor; if the soapy, a widower; and if the empty saucer, would never marry at all. This was repeated three times, the position of the dishes being altered each time.

At one party I remember great fun was had over a blazing platter of snapdragon, when we burned our fingers and tried our tempers in snatching hot figs from the flaming alcohol, in each of which was concealed a poetical fortune written on a slip of paper.

A mound of flour containing a ring was another test of the evening. The flour was pressed tightly together so that it was firm and compact, and armed with a large knife, each cut a slice from the white loaf. The boy or girl gaining the ring was supposed to be the one to be married first. I can't say, however, that it proved a very true prophet.

Melted lead poured into cold water, together with a little imagination, will show most wonderful things; while if there is a cabbage patch near the house, an amusing charm is for the older boys and girls to be blindfolded and go out hand in hand to pull up cabbage stumps. Lots of fun and dirt will be the result. One girl may return with a small crooked stalk to which a great deal of mould adheres, denoting a short, misshapen, but rich husband, while a boy holds up a long, slender one with little soil about it, and is told he will marry a tall, thin bride with no fortune.

It is an ancient Scottish custom to light great bonfires on Halloween, and carry blazing fagots about on long poles; but in place of this American boys delight in the funny grinning jack-o'-lanterns made of huge yellow pumpkins with a candle inside. Any lad skillful with a penknife can carve the eyes, nose, and wide mouth with huge teeth that seem like those of a veritable goblin when they appear suddenly at a window or adorning a gate post.

The most peculiar ceremony performed on this curious night, however, was formerly practiced on the little Scotch island of Lewis. It was the heathenish custom of sacrificing to a sea-god called Shony. At Hallow-tide the inhabitants of the island (who must have been very superstitious) came, bringing a quantity of provisions with them, to the old Church of St. Mulray. Each family contributed a peck of malt, which was brewed into ale. A man was then picked out, who waded into the sea, and holding a cup of ale in his hand, shouted, "Shony, I give you this cup of ale, hoping that you'll be so kind as to send us plenty of sea-ware for enriching our ground the ensuing year," and then threw the vessel of ale into the ocean. On his return all hastened to the church, where a candle was burning on the altar. For a time they stood silent, until, at a given signal, the candle was extinguished, when all adjourned to the fields, and spent the remainder of the night in drinking their ale, dancing, and singing. It was many years before the ministers in Lewis could put a stop to this superstition.

Dreams have always been supposed to have more significance on All-hallows than at any other time, and many a silly girl, having eaten an egg full of salt, has spent the night in misery, hoping to see some one come and offer her a glass of water, and generally of no avail.

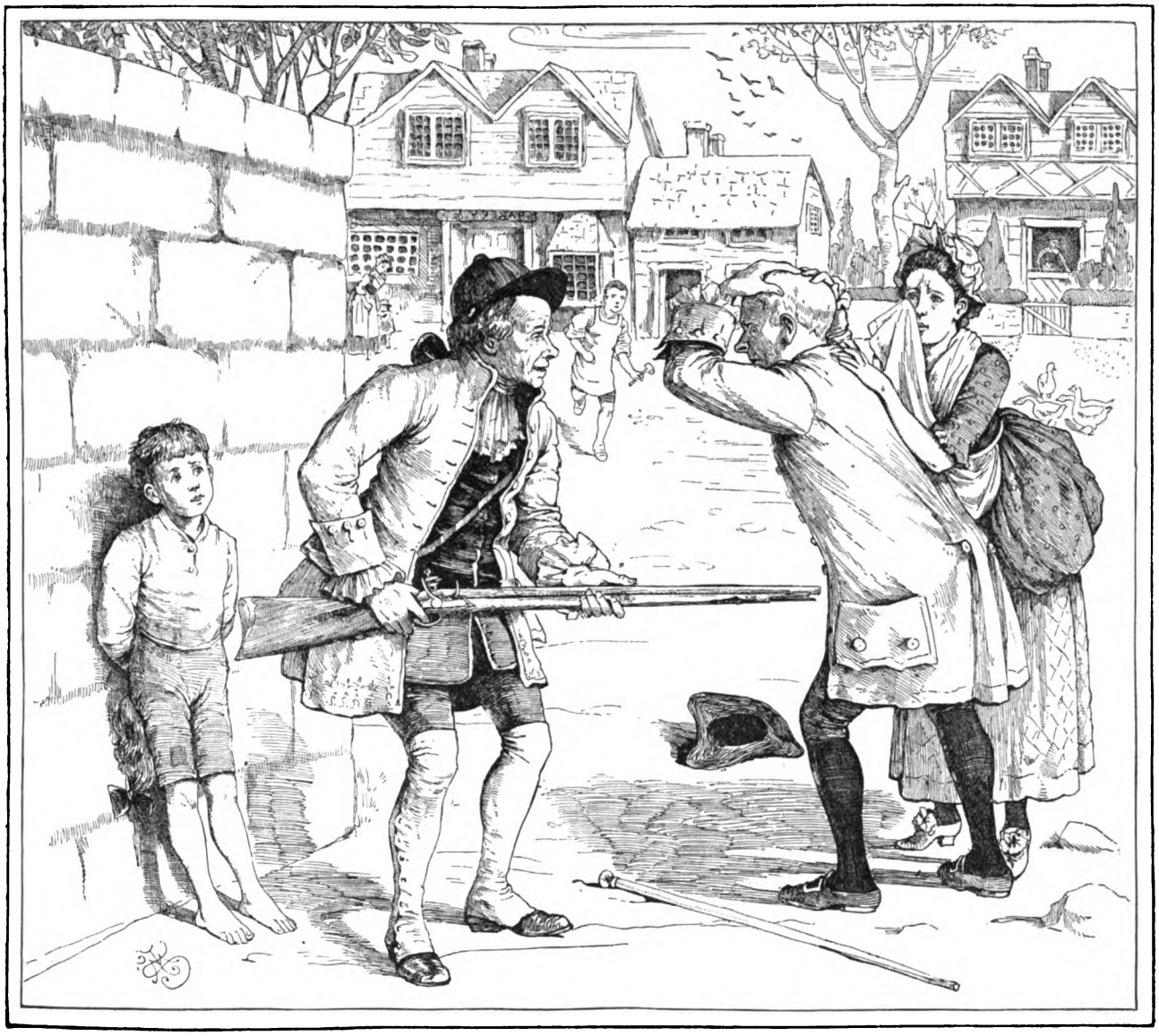
I only know of one Halloween dream that actually came to pass, and that was more mercenary than sentimental. Well do I remember, when only a very tiny, curly-headed girl, how on one 31st of October, having gone through some sort of incantation over my shoes, I retired to bed backward, and held my lips tightly shut for fear I should speak a word and thus break the mystic charm. Sleep soon came, but, alas! no knight galloping by on a milk-white steed. The only one who walked through my dreams was my own father, who presented me with, not a rose or a true-lover's-knot, but a very substantial *two-dollar bill.* What a laugh the family had next morning when I related my dream! but my father only said, kindly, "Well, Halloween dreams ought to come true," and produced the money from his pocket-book. This was a case of a dream being its own fulfillment, and with Christmas looming up in the near future, I don't doubt I was perfectly satisfied.

How these customs arose will probably always remain a mystery; but, like the fairies, dwarfs, and giants of our nursery days, they add a poetical charm to the prose of life; and I hope these few old Halloween ceremonies and sports may add to the fun of many merry kitchen frolics on "nut-crack night."



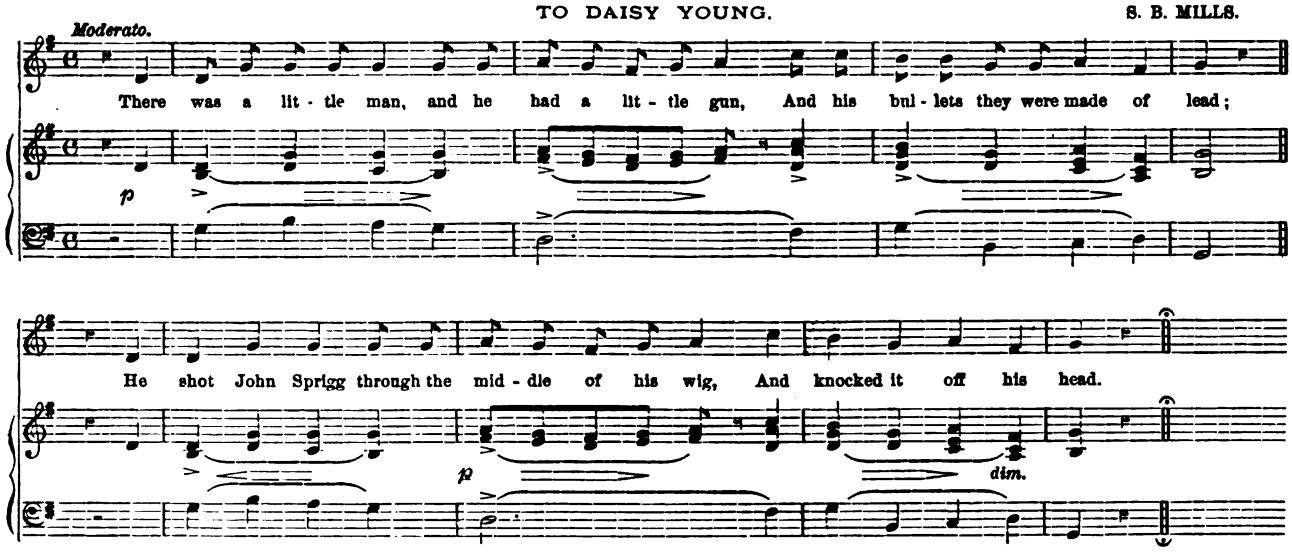
A FLIGHT OF STEPS.

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# THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN.

TO DAISY YOUNG. S. B. MILLS.




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SETTING THE CAPTIVE FREE.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

### THE END OF THE VOLUME.

WITH this number the Sixth Volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE comes to an end. It has been a notable one, and the fifty-two weekly numbers, when bound up together, will make a large and elegant volume, containing much of the best of current literature for young readers, with numerous examples of the work of the foremost artists and engravers, and representing a vast amount of care, diligence, and expense on the part of its conductors. *Le Roi est mort; vive le Roi.* The old volume is finished; let us cry success to the new one.

And now what is there to look forward to in the new volume? In the first place, many thousands of young readers will rejoice to hear that a new serial, by Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie, the author of "Nan" and of "Rolf House," will soon be begun under the title of "Jo's Opportunity." It is a story for girls, and it possesses all the charm of Mrs. Lillie's previous stories, while it surpasses them in interest, if that be possible. Two, or perhaps three, other serial stories will be begun in the new volume.

Mr. Howard Pyle, who is both author and artist, will contribute one of his illustrated old-fashioned fairy tales every month.

Those who read Mrs. Herrick's valuable and entertaining articles on the curiosities of plant life will be glad to learn that she has consented to write a similar series of articles on the wonders to be found in the earth we live upon—literally, in the earth—and those who read the articles attentively as they appear will acquire a fair knowledge of the science of geology. Articles on music, art, and other subjects in which young people are interested will appear from time to time.

Sports and pastimes for indoors and out-doors will be well cared for, as usual. An early number will contain the former of two articles on horseback riding, by Colonel Theodore A. Dodge, of the United States army, a gallant officer, and the author of the best of recent books on riding.

The Christmas Number will be published early in December, with an extra four-page Supplement. Among other attractive features will be a musical comedietta in two acts, by H. C. Bunner, the well-known poet and dramatist.

But to give even a hint as to the many attractions of the new volume would occupy too much space. In every respect—both in the variety and interest of the stories and articles and in the number and excellence of the illustrations—the seventh volume will surpass the sixth, as that volume surpassed its predecessor.

Therefore do not miss the first number of the new volume—it will be a very handsome one—but if your subscription has expired, make haste to cut out the subscription blank on the third page of the cover of this number and inclose it (with a money-order or postal-note for $2) to Messrs. Harper & Brothers. You who enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE so much should show it to your young friends, and induce them to subscribe also. The larger the circulation, the richer and more attractive will its contents be.

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TEN MILE, OREGON.

I am a girl twelve years old. I live on a ranch ten miles from Fort McDermitt; my papa and brother Freddie have gone there to-day. I have three brothers and two sisters. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like to read the stories and letters. Mamma engages a teacher for us, and we go to school. We study arithmetic, spelling, writing, singing, grammar, geography, and reading, and on some Fridays we speak pieces, and on other Fridays we write compositions.

MARILLA W.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I am a young girl in my seventeenth year, and have been quite ill during four years, confined to the bed for months at a time, and consequently am very fond of hearing from the outside world from places where I can not go, especially the warm climates, Texas, California, and Florida. Then I like to hear from—well, in fact from everywhere and anybody who reads HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and can spend the time to take pity on a lonely girl. I am the only child at home; papa is down-town all day long, and mamma has, of course, many things to do. I do a great deal of fancy-work, and often I get so tired of that and so nervous, I wish some one would write to me. I have only a few friends, and only one that I see oftener than about once in three months. Then my being always in *pain* makes me sometimes fretful. I received a great many lovely letters last year, but one by one they dropped away, as it was hard for me to answer immediately. One of my dearest correspondents is an invalid boy; we became acquainted through HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which I think is the loveliest paper in existence. I am making a crazy-quilt, and have not enough pieces; will some of you send me some, please? Now I must stop, or my letter will be too long. With love to all, I remain truly yours,

NELLIE A. MASON,
708 North Park Avenue.

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NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

A few of the girls in our school have organized a club, and each one of us writes a story every week and brings it in on Thursday. We meet at the president's house. Our ages range from ten to eleven. Don't you think we have a nice little club? We all are in the same class at school, and we generally play together. We have a very nice teacher, and we think that is one of the principal things for a jolly set of girls to have. All of us except one play on a piano or organ. I wish that we six could come all alone to see you. Wouldn't that be nice? We will send you a paper soon. Now, dear Postmistress, we must stop, for we can't think of anything else to say. We remain ever your loving little friends.

| | |
|---|---|
| JOSIE B., President. | DAISY E. |
| MAY H., Editor. | JENNIE G. |
| CORA C. | MAUD R. |

I should enjoy meeting these young ladies.

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BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a boy of thirteen, one of your Boston subscribers. I have no pets, my father's horse having died this summer, also my canary-bird. Our horse was taken sick at a boarding stable in Germantown, where we were spending the summer. He was an elegant animal, and suited my father in every particular, which is more than can be said of a good many horses. His name was Roger, and he had a trick of giving his paw for sugar, apples, etc. Several other horses died there also, and it was thought that something was the matter with the oats they ate, as one old horse twenty-six years old, who was fed on different oats, lived. My canary-bird I left in Boston, and he died of hot weather.

HERBERT M. C.

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BERVIE, ONTARIO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—This is the first time I have written to you. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for over six months, and like it very much. I live about seven miles and a half from Lake Huron. I go to school and study arithmetic, geography, grammar, literature, and geometry. I would like very much to see this letter in the Post-office Box, as I want to surprise my papa and mamma. ERNEST E. G.

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ELAM, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am twelve years old, and go to school. My studies are reading, writing, spelling, geography, history, language, arithmetic, anatomy, and physiology; besides these, I can play three pieces on the organ, but haven't taken any music lessons yet, though I expect to do so before long. I haven't any sister to play with, but have one brother, and he is married and lives here. I am not lonesome, for I have many playmates and pets. The latter are as follows: two cats, Aunt and Toppy; a darling little kitten whose name is Blinky (he will get in the hammock and play); two dogs, Patty and Rover; two ducks, a black one and a white one; two horses, Dolly and Jenny; three cows; and some pet chickens. Our Sunday-school is held in a church just across the road. I like all the stories, but like "Rolf House" and the Post-office Box best. My kind aunt sends me this nice paper. L. ANNA C.

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MATAGORDA, TEXAS.

I have been reading the Post-office Box, and I thought that I would write to you. I read all the letters in the Post-office Box. I am a girl fourteen years old. I live in the country. My papa is a farmer. We had a great many watermelons this summer. I go in bathing in the Gulf of Mexico every summer. We have a good many cows, and I like to milk very much. I have one little motherless calf; its name is Daisy. I have one brother and three sisters; one is a baby fourteen months old. She is very good, and is so pretty; her name is Lizzie. SUSIE P.

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### THE TALK OF THE FLOWERS.

One day when Sue and Nell were out for a walk,
They heard the flowers in the garden having a talk.
"Of all the flowers I am the queen," the Rose said,
"Whether I am crimson, yellow, white, or red."
Cried the Lily, "Who so grand as I?
Do not people cry, 'How beautiful!' when they pass by?
Am I not lovely and white and pure?
Who in a flower could wish for more?"
"Ah," said the Dahlia, showing off its beauty fine,
"I would like to know who has colors to equal mine?
To be sure, there are many quite as grand,
But people think I am the stateliest in the land."
Then up spoke a little sweet Forget-me-not:
"I am loved by all, and easy is my lot;
Therefore I am happy if I try to please.
And I send forth my fragrance, while my conscience is at ease."
Among the flowers in that garden large a silence fell.
They were rebuked, and unbroken was the spell.
Never more were they heard to upbraid each other;
Were they not like unto all as sister and brother?

G. W. F.

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### BLACK HECTOR, THE DWARF.

Once upon a time there was a little black dwarf named Hector, who used to steal children and turn them into cats, dogs, birds, and wild beasts. There was a bear in the forest that belonged to a king. The king used to hunt in this forest, but he had to stop, because the bear was always killing his men. This bear was a wicked fairy in disguise. The dwarf Hector was this fairy's subject, who made him steal the children and turn them into animals.

The king said he would give his only daughter to the man who would kill the bear. There was a poor man named Sam Trump, who said he would try to kill it, but he knew if he did not he would lose his head; so he took his spear and started for the forest. On the way he met the dwarf Hector, who told him he must get the sword of Giant Okosh to kill the bear, whose real name was Hotbreath; he must wave the sword around his head, and the bear would fall dead.

Sam travelled for a year and a day before he came to Giant Okosh's castle, and then he hid under the giant's bed. When the giant went to sleep, Sam took the sword and started for the forest. But the noise he made woke the giant up. The giant gave Sam a kick, and he fell down right before the bear Hotbreath. He quickly swung the sword around his own head, and Hotbreath's head dropped off.

Sam picked up the bear's head and started for home. On the way he met Hector, who said to him, "When you come to the king's palace wave the sword *twice* around his head, and his head will fall off, and you will be king, and marry the daughter, and I will be your servant."

Sam did as Hector told him, and was made king, and Hector was turned into a beautiful prince, and never changed any more children into animals, but was Sam's faithful servant; and Sam married the king's daughter.

LOUIS N. WALTON, JUN. (11 years old).

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WAVERLY, MARYLAND.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since I can remember, and I don't know what it would be to be without it. I take *St. Nicholas*, and I used to take *Wide Awake*. My favorite authors are Lucy C. Lillie, James Otis, Kirk Munroe, and Louisa M. Alcott. I would like to correspond with some little girl about thirteen years old who lives in Florida or somewhere in the South. I am thirteen years old, and am in the

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Sixth Grade, but my great drawback is my writing. I have many friends who take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we all enjoy it very much. I wish Mrs. Lillie would write some more stories about Nan, as I almost feel as if she were real and I knew her. I have four sisters and one brother, all younger than myself. I think the Postmistress ought to put her own portrait in place of one of the pictures at the head of the Post-office Box; then we could all see what she looks like.

Your loving reader, CARRIE G.

MARIETTA, GEORGIA.

The last time I wrote you I was ten years old, now I am eleven. The only pet I have is, as I told you, a large yellow cat. Since I wrote you last winter a little black and tan dog has been given to us. We named her Gypsy, and call her Gyp for short. She is very pretty, glossy black, with tan dots over the eyes, and little tan paws. It is very funny to see her playing with Pluck, the cat. They roll and tumble and scratch and bite like little furies; Pluck scratches Gyp, and Gyp squeals and bites Pluck, and Pluck growls and does not like it, and the same thing is repeated. I think that Howard Pyle's stories are very funny, and I think that "Into Unknown Seas" is splendid. I like "Baa! Baa!" very much. My brother and I have a croquet set, and we play a good deal. I have no sister, and only one brother, and how I wish he was a girl! After I have read your lovely little paper, a friend of mine reads it: she likes it very much. I go to school; there are about twelve pupils, and at recess we play croquet. MABEL C.

My darling Mabel, you ought to be very glad that you have a brother. I think a family is very incomplete without a boy or two; and a kind little fellow, as I am sure your brother is, can do much to make a sister happy.

GRAND MEADOW, MINNESOTA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—As the last letter I wrote was not published, I thought I would try again. I have no pets. Our school began the 21st of September. I am in the highest room, but in the lowest classes. The books I study are geography, grammar, reading, arithmetic, and spelling. We are going to have a Sunday-school concert here this week. THORA S.

I had a pet robin, but a cat caught it and killed it, and I haven't had another pet. My brother is five years old and I am nine years old. We have a pet kitten; she will give you her paw. I am going to have a dog for a pet. I have to go now to breakfast. Good-by. I am your friend,

HARRY F.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I am ten years old, and live in Cuba, but nearly always spend my summers here. I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, and I like it very much. I have a dear little brother: his name is Jack. I have a very large doll, which we brought from Cuba, and a little dog which was born without a tail. DUMPSEY S.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl of ten. I do not take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but as my cousin does I always read it, and like it very well. This is my first letter to you, so I hope to have it printed. My father is a navy officer. I have been to Japan and China, and have also been down to Florida. My father was Light-house Inspector there, as he is here, only we are now at New Brighton, Staten Island. I went overland to San Francisco, and took the steamer to Yokahama, where we staid two very pleasant years. The next year we went to Canton, Shanghai, and a good many other places in China, which are too numerous to mention. I was sorry to leave China, but felt still worse about leaving Japan. We came home on the man-of-war *Richmond*, with papa. I know this is a long letter, but as most other girls haven't been around as much as I have, I wanted to tell you about some of the places that I have visited. I wish that little girl that lived in Hong-Kong would write to me; her name is Patty C. I would like so much to correspond with her. Can I please write again. My address is, care of Captain Benham, U.S.N., Tompkinsville, Staten Island, New York. From your devoted reader,

EDITH BENHAM.

EASTVILLE, BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

I go to school, and I study Scripture, geography, history, French, Latin, poetry, and arithmetic, and last term I had a very good report.

H. C. B.

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

We have been readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly three years. Papa and mamma gave it to us for a Christmas gift, and we like it so well that we have come to think we can not do without it. The entire contents of the books are so interesting we don't know which is the best. I, Frankie, am eleven years old, Walter seven, and Bertie nine. Walter does not read well enough to understand, so mamma explains it to him, and makes up pretty stories about the pictures and tells him. We have no pets except a little black dog named Dean. We live in the beautiful valley of Hot Springs. We go to the Convent St. Mary's Academy. We went there three sessions, and to the public school one, but we did not like the public school, so papa sent us back to the convent. Our teachers are so kind, and we love them very much. When we are not at school we help mamma; we help carry wood and water, cut kindling, sweep the porch and steps, and help keep the yards clean. Mamma tells us we are her little men, and says she couldn't keep house without us. But our letter is already too long, so we will close, hoping you can find a corner in the Post-office Box for it.

Your loving little readers,

FRANKIE, BERTIE, and WALTER E.

WATERFORD, VIRGINIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little boy six years old, so I'll get my mamma to write you this my little letter. My papa gave me a year's subscription to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for my Christmas gift, and I do enjoy the reading so much, and I feel very proud every Tuesday when I get it from the office and see my name on the printed slip. I have no brother nor sister, and my only playmate is my dog Tom, and he is a big, playful fellow, and we have a nice time together. My mamma is going to Baltimore to-morrow to see my uncle married, and I am going with her, and I am so glad, as I used to live there. Please print this.

Your little friend, LEON B.

MATAGORDA PENINSULA, TEXAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a boy twelve years of age. We live on the coast. The Gulf of Mexico is on the southeast of the peninsula, and Matagorda Bay on the north and west. My father raises cattle and sheep. I have four sisters. My eldest sister takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; I take the *Youth's Companion*. The stories I like are "Nan," "The Lost City," "Left Behind, or Ten Days a Newsboy," and "Wakulla." I hope this will be printed, for it is the first one I ever wrote to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. JOHN A. P.

POTTSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since last December, and like it very much. I go to school, and study geography, arithmetic, reading, spelling, and How We Live. I like to go to school, and am never absent unless kept away through sickness. I have but one pet, which is a pussy, and I call it Booby; it follows one around like a dog, and when I come home from school it runs down the yard to meet me. At one time Pottsville had a great many coal mines, which are now worked out above water level, and if any one wishes to mine coal they would have to go down a great many hundred feet to get it. I live within a few miles of where there is a great deal of coal mined, but have never been down a mine yet. HARRY E. M.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE with much interest, and I like especially the Post-office Box, to which I turn as quick as I get the paper into my hands. I am studying German, and I very much desire a correspondent of my own age in that language. I should prefer a girl who is a resident of Germany. This correspondence will be for mutual benefit, of course. We study German in such a nice way that I wish all students of the language could do it in the same manner. Our teacher's parents are well-educated natives of Germany; he speaks both German and English fluently. In class we sit round a little table, and talk, ask questions, and read to our heart's content, all in German. We are not allowed to speak English during the recitation hour.

If my request is an unreasonable one, or against the rules, please mention it. I am seventeen.

Yours truly, VICTORIA BENNETT,
Holton, Kansas, U. S. A.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am a girl fourteen years of age. I go to school, and study spelling, arithmetic, reading, drawing, grammar, geography, history, writing, map-drawing, and composition, and take music lessons besides. Our last vacation I enjoyed very much, taking short pleasure trips in the country and to the sea-side. I was glad when it was over, though, to return to my school and my classmates. My school days are not weary ones to me, for I enjoy them very much indeed. I would like to correspond with some girls about the age of thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen.

LULU O., 24 Patchen Avenue.

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA.

I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and I think it is such a nice book. I go to school in the winter, and take music lessons. I have just come from the sea-shore, where I spent three weeks very pleasantly bathing and sailing. I am not so fond of pets as some of your correspondents, but I have a pretty pony, which was sent me from Cuba, and I am also very fond of my doll Edith. She is bisque, and very pretty. I make her lots of nice clothes; she has a trunkful. I went to the New Orleans Exposition, and I thought it was very nice, I saw so many beautiful things. B. R. P.

**Martie M.:** A turtle and a dog named Topsy are your pets, and you care for them both, of course. What is the turtle's name?—**John W. S. B., Lulu S., Willie M., Robert W. C., Fred B., Katie D., Alf B. M., Gracie P., George J. H., Agnes S., Fred E., Leon P., Arthur W., Florence S., John A. P., John C., Addie S., Aggie W., Florence A. F., Jeanie R., Florence H., Prue T. B., Kitty C. W., Anna R. M., M. Louisa M., Matie W.,** and **Alfred J. M.** are all asked to write again. Their letters were read with pleasure.—Thank you too, **Nellie A. M.,** of Chicago, and you, **Maury B. W.,** of Elba, Virginia.—Dear little **Sallie B. A.,** do you enjoy being auntie to those darling babies? I fancy I should if I were you. I wonder whether guinea-pigs are interesting pets? Are they not rather stupid? Yes, little girls may send money for the child in Harper's Young People's Cot, even when they do not take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.—**Merton R. W.:** You may send us an exchange.—**Rhoda** proposes that **Effie** and **Ethel,** or any other little girls who may wish to do a pleasant thing on their birthdays, shall have a Mother Goose party. The idea is that each little guest shall personate a character from dear old Mother Goose, and come dressed in the costume of the part, and that there shall be an elder sister or friend who shall be Mother Goose herself, introduce the children, and guide the pretty play for the afternoon or evening. In my opinion, the afternoon is always the better time for a children's party. Little eyes should be shut early at night.—**Arthur V. Taylor,** Box 47, Bedford, Ohio, wishes the name of a correspondent in Geneseo, Illinois, who sent Arthur stamps and forgot to sign his name. Arthur is at a loss how to fulfill his part of the exchange.—**Eva S.:** A setter, if well trained, is a valuable dog, so be careful to give yours a good education.—**Maudie M. C.:** You came all the way to New York, and then had no time to call on me? I am sorry. Be sure to come when next you are here.—The poetry about a dying soldier, by **Nellie J. P.,** is very good indeed for a little girl only ten years old, and I think if she keeps on writing she will do very good work by-and-by. I am sorry there is no room in the Post-office Box for the pretty stanzas.—**Mary H.:** Many thanks for your story, but it is rather long for this crowded part of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Will little correspondents write only with BLACK INK, on one side of the paper. Please send answers to puzzles not with your letter, but on a separate slip of paper.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO SQUARES.

1.—1. A fish. 2. Possessing power. 3. A narrow piece of timber. 4. Plants.

2.—1. A thin piece of marble. 2. To load. 3. A cutting instrument. 4. A vegetable.

CHARLIE DAVIS.

No. 2.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. To place. 3. A step. 4. A miller. 5. A boy's name. 6. A fish. 7. A letter.

CHARLIE DAVIS.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 310.

No. 1.—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| T A K E | P E N | H A R P |
| A N N A | E R E | A R E A |
| K N O T | E R E | R E A L |
| E A T S | N E T | P A L M |

No. 2.—Owl. Hinge.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Sallie N., E. C. Wilkins, James W. W. Lauber, May F., Katy Ernst, Harry Gaylord, Miles Babb, Dimple Dodd, M. G., Francis Baker, K. M., Florence Baker, Cockade City, S. H. Mollison, Jun., Paul Wells, Randolph W. Holland, and Helen and Gertrude Gardner.

[*For* EXCHANGES, *see 2d and 3d pages of cover.*]

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A HALLOWEEN JOKE.

"My lan'! If de Moon ain't coolin' off, an' turnin' as black as a coullud pusson!"

## PANIC AND CRISIS.

BY LOUISE V. BOYD.

I'VE a "panic" girl and a "crisis" boy.
  Ah, me, but they make me a world of woe!
I try to be quiet, I try to rest,
  But I hear their voices and off I go,
Swift to the rescue and swift to the work.
  She's crying, "A spider! Oh, let me in!"
He says, "Hurry, mother! button my shoe;
  The bell is ringing for school to begin."

My girl is a beauty, with golden hair,
  And I love her with mother-love most true,
But I'm quite distracted to think of her
  In a constant state of "What shall I do?"
I look on the face of my boy with pride
  When from his rosy mouth comes the old song,
"Mother, this minute, come help me to start!
  Quick! they are calling me—hurry along!"

Must I carry weapons for her defense—
  A broom or a poker, or this or that—
And fly at his bidding as if a serf
  And he an unterrified autocrat,
All the bright days of the summer and fall,
  All the weeks of winter and spring-time through,
With no escape? But the "Panic" is here;
  And, pity me! here is the "Crisis," too,

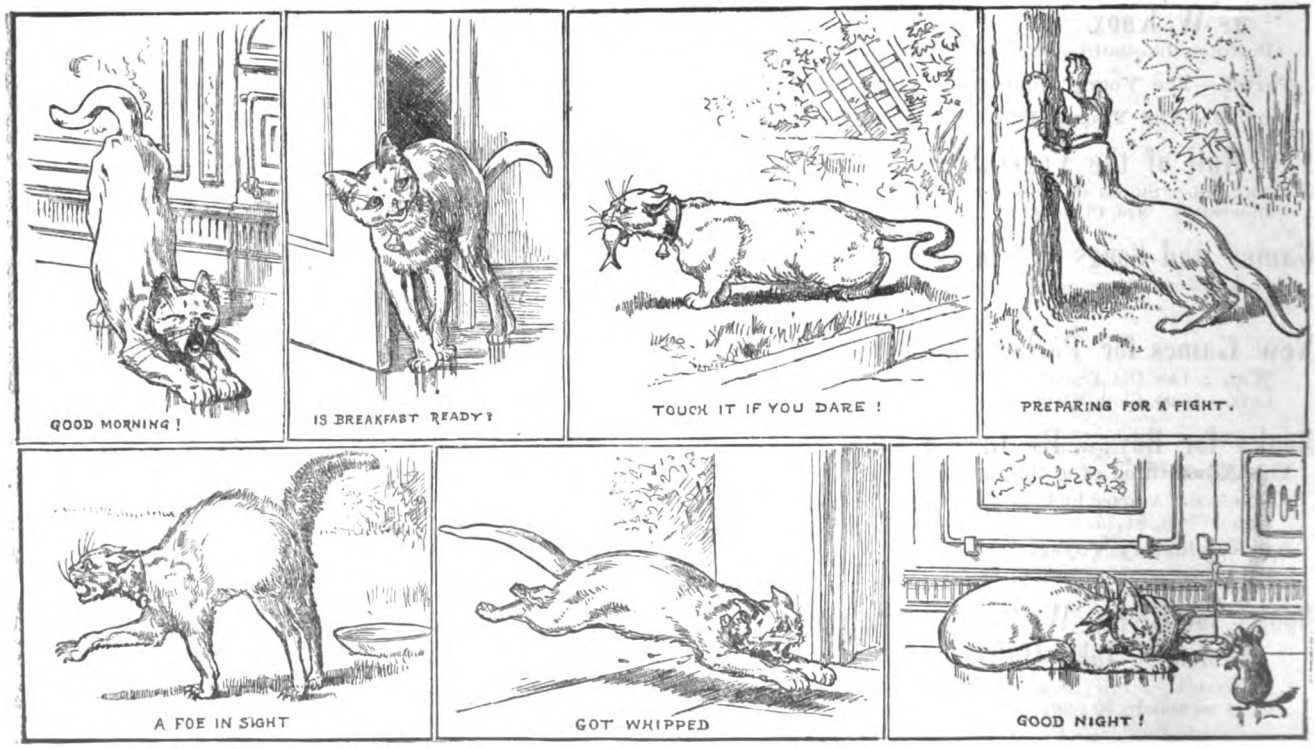
Rushing upon me. I open the door
  To hear her "Goodness! there comes a cow!"
And he calls, "Just give me the hatchet—quick!
  For my father must have it, and have it right now."
My girl in a tremble, my boy in haste,
  I'm all in a fever, they fret me so.
Run, "Crisis," to father; come, "Panic," to me:
  You're the dearest plagues in the world, I know.

## A BORROWED SERMON.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

BLACK Mammy bends over her tub;
  She cheerily rinses and wrings,
And merrily suits to that gay rubadub
  The words of the song that she sings:
"A little less rinsing may pass,
  A little less rubbing may do,
But if yo' on'y takes or'nary pains to yo' wuk,
  Yo' wuk 'll be or'nary too."

Alas for the work that one meets—
  The sermons and speeches and songs,
The shams and deceits in the shops and the streets
  Where this little sermon belongs!
To whom, then, her song may concern:
  (My boy and my girl, is it you?)
If you only take "or'nary" pains with your work,
  Your work will be "or'nary" too!




A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A PET CAT.

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